She, however, had had enough of the whole conversation and reached up for the light. At the turn of the stairs.
NEW WILDERNESS LETTER, volume 2, number 8, Spring 1980, edited by Jerome Rothenberg & published by the New Wilderness Foundation, 365 West End Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10024.


Copyright © 1980 by Jerome Rothenberg. All rights revert to the authors & artists on publication.

CONTENTS

Lawrence Ferlinghetti: Mule Mountain Dreams 1
George Economou: From AMEPIKH (AMERIKI) Two 4
Ernesto Cardenal: Mayapan 6
David Guss: The Atta 14
Alison Knowles: The House of Dust: A Chronicle 17
Philip Corner: Elementals 25
Toby Lurie: Barber's Pole 31
Charles Amirkhanian: Dutiful Ducks 34
Rose Drachler: For Witches 36
Jerome Rothenberg: A Pre-Face for Rose Drachler 41
Clayton Eshleman: Cuahxicalli 42
Michael Davidson: Exiled in the Word (discourse) 43
Charles Stein: The Projection of Archetypal Force onto Language (discourse) 47
George Quasha: Traveling in Typographic Freespace 56
Jerome Rothenberg: Tristan Tzara inside back cover
Ken Friedman: "New Wilderness 8" insert

EDITOR'S NOTES: Where the earlier issues of New Wilderness Letter tried to lay out certain points of entry to the new/old wilderness—as place, as structure, as language, as mind—the intention now is to open more fully to the work at hand & its attendant discourse. The present gathering moves from images of discovered & wrecked Americas to the construction of new if sometimes fragile edifices (thus: the HOUSE OF DUST, etc.) & to those elemental acts of language that emerge within their precincts. A further opening—by way of discourse per se—is explored in a new section at the end. It's my hope that this may subvert the opinions divergent from my own. (My own & other comments will appear next time around.) The external political context—likely to grow more apparent in future issues—is 1980 & the re-mythologization of war as instrument of destiny.

The current number is also the first to be set & printed by the Open Studio Print Shop at Barrytown, New York, under supervision of old friends George & Susan Quasha & new friend Patricia Needs. The Open Studio's own Station Hill Press (Barrytown, New York 12517) is now fully operative, with recent works from Jackson Mac Low (The Pronouns), Robert Kelly (The Cause of the Pray), Paul Metcalf (The Assassination), Charles Stein (The River Menace), George Quasha (Gluing the Lily Back Her Hands), & others (Eshleman, Irby, Rothenberg, et al) scheduled for the future.

As for other contributors to New Wilderness Letter 8, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, who was my own first publisher in the late 1950s, appears here for the first time with a sequence of poems written in shadow of abandoned copper quarries while attending the first Bisbee (Arizona) Poetry Festival in August '79. The initial segment of George Economou's Greco-U.S. epic, AMEPIKE (AMERIKI), was published in 1977 by Sun Books. The Cardenal poem—in new translation by Kevin Power—appears in these pages as homage to his synthesizing work of many years & to his triumphant appointment as culture minister of revolutionary Nicaragua... Among David Guss's forthcoming works—following return from Venezuela, etc.—are the selected poetry of Vicente Huidobro (New Directions) & The Watunna (Makiritare creation narrative) from Jack Shoemaker's new North Point Press in California. (Other North Point books include C.H. Kwok & Vincent McHugh's Old Friends: 150 Chinese Poems from the Great Dynasties, David Melzer's revised &

Lawrence Ferlinghetti
MULE MOUNTAIN DREAMS

1

White hot sun fallen
over the stone rim
of the steep hills
of Bisbee Arizona

the tops of the hills still aglow
in white sunlight
the air still bright above them

the little weather-beat hillside houses
still incandescent
with leftover sun
fade like filaments
in turned-off light-bulbs
and await
the desert mountain night
windows agape like mouths
to breathe the first cool night air

In my memory somewhere
a donkey brays
No border exists
The Mexican night
closes in

2

Stood on the roofs of Bisbee
watching Pancho Villa
galloping by
down Zacatecas Canyon
Apaches hunkered up
in gullies
Cochise holed up
Yaquis
run out of Sonora
into the Mule Mountains
hiding out
  in the rocky mountain passes
  through dry eternities
skulking into town on black nights
  for women & liquor

Years later
  finally run down
  shot down
  in dry arroyos
and buried heads down
  their small taut drums
  left swinging
  in burned-out trees

3
Moved deeply by the dancers
  I move toward the center
  of their circle
  intent on the first Indian maiden
  to bare her breasts
  to the White Man

The Hopi dancers
  prance about me
  leaping into the air
  and with great lost cries
  bury their spears
  in my skull

4
An Apache in the back row
  during a Hopi film
  showing their desert lands at sunset
  suddenly lets out
  a wild warhoop
  and hurtles his tomahawk
  over the heads
  of the all-white audience
  straight through the screen

5
Heads and drums
  birds and hands
  drawn on an adobe wall
  come alive
  in the night

Drumbeats and hoofbeats
  echo among the yucca
  raising the dust
  along the canyon roads

From the desert plain far off
  comes the hard sound
  of wagon wheels
  and the harsh cries
  of drivers
  flicking their whips
  over wagon-trains

Prairie schooners into Pullmans
  their dark saloons
  sheeted in oblivion
  flashing down
  the desert roads
  of the future!

Nature is neither beautiful nor ugly, neither good nor bad. It is fantastic, monstrous, and infinitely unrestrained. It knows no reason, but it listens to reason when it meets with resistance. Nature wants to exist and develop, that is all. Being in harmony with nature is the same as being in harmony with madness.

-Hugo Ball, Fight Out of Time
A PROLOGUE

To call this: goddess
over which you fly
six miles above
no more

beloved.
Caught again
looking down
the barrel of
a metaphor?

DON'T SHOOT!
(yourself)
Think-fast, talk
your way out ....
invoke (yes) some daughter of memory
but use your own to celebrate
the animal daughter-
mother plainly.

The Lay of the Land—
Go Home!

They knew they'd been in paradise
as soon as they had to leave.
So
how different would it seem
today from that golden age
of living loose and free
as any animal
to the mountain man
that could see it now?

Could its message still be
of America the heavenly—
sit in the stem end
of a pear-formed world
(on the aureole of the globe)
in the navigator's eye
and letter of Columbus—

an earthly paradise?

Is it recovery of
that we strive for
ever destined to ripen
& ruin in our hands
burnt out
by the very Sun-Worm
that had blazed their splendor?

As the first trappers
approached these hills & mountains
solitary, weary & thirstful
it struck them
to recover in a name
what they yearned for—
Teton teton!

Our heroes...once again
outstretch their arms
to clasp
no one
but themselves....
Ernesto Cardenal
MAYAPAN (from Homenaje a los Indios Americanos)

Stelae covered with hieroglyphs polychrome ceramic stone temples
found by the Carnegie Institute, Washington
all at the same time
found all together in Uaxactún

before even the earliest known date (Stele 9)
April 328 reads the almost obliterated hieroglyph (Stele 9)
and still standing, just as Morley found it, seventeen centuries later.
Stele 10: the glyphs far too faint
to be deciphered . . .

Erection of the Stelae, in the VI century
at Tulum, at Ichpaanhtún (Yucatan coast)
at Lacanha in the forests of Chiapas, at Pusilha (British Honduras)
south of the Usumacinta
(shit who cares about all these names)
stelae everywhere, more and more of them
and then less and less
until finally, in some cities, none at all
none at Tikal none at Uaxactún
to be followed by another Renaissance ("Classic Period")
changes in the drawings of the wine vessels, changes in their shape
changes in the architecture
the profiled figure turns around
no longer just one foot (one foot hiding the other)
but full-face, the whole body and both feet
with only the head in profile (the neck curving gently
inwards)
the finest stone on the facades
An unknown artist in his studio
bent over his work trying out different lines
different styles, avant garde
poets with new isms
may isms
creating
a new period of civilisation for the maya people
and the stela-fever spreading from town to town, the
new wave of stelae
the school of stelae
sacred
skyscrapers, mystic skyscrapers
in the forest

—if only I could
fly to Tikal
again —
"artificial volcanoes" they called them

and Tikal chock-full of stelae, hieroglyphs
magnificently carved texts
Calakmul with even more stelae than Tikal
Palenque
Copan
Yaxchilán

magnificently carved texts on the altars and lintels
texts
long texts
texts on the steps
long texts up the whole flight of steps
the poem carved in the utmost detail on the stone stairway
up into the sky
It was
when the Honduran astronomers . . .
A finer line at Yaxchilán and at Copan
the head-dress
the jewel on the dress, the grain of corn, all in sharper detail
the hieroglyphs alive with meaning (from former masters)
its dance freed
within the stone.
When the Congresses of Astronomers in Honduras . . .
Above the tropical forest, the skyline of Tikal, and
not so far away, another skyline,
“Building Boom in Guatemala”
“Stelae Boom”
Cities? Yes, of course
but holy cities
Ceremonial Centers
not commercial centers, ceremonial centers
line after line of stelae, no
neon, no adverts
(poems not adverts in these stones!)
The rooms are dark: cells
for prayer and fasting
Novices . . . nights of vigil
Tikal white in moonlight
or in long nights of rain
or Tikal white in sunlight!
darkness within
and the sounds of shouting from the sacred base-ball court below.
And to the tourist-eye?
Pyramid after pyramid, temple after temple
("when the Pyramids were white . . .
south-facing facades
stairways in bright sunlight or in shadow
one wall dark, the other light
black and white
black and white in the green
some pyramids on top of others, some higher than others
right here in Tikal's
main square, like Broadway hitting 42nd Street
DISSOLVENCY
Broken stairways
  grey against sky
worn away by time
monkeys in the overhanging trees
  rubber trees  chicle trees
And now let's have a look at the room
debris entangled in the creepers
lianas
  thick as fire-hose
... to fly to Tikal
again. Over the town of Flores
in the middle of its lake.
The roads were made for rituals
  not for carts
holy roads
The cities had no defenses
  (and the small mayan village is still, today, defenseless
  in its fields)
They had neither walls nor barracks
  no word for "wall" in their language
  no word for "barrack" in their language
So democratic
  that archaeologists can tell us nothing about who governed them
But I've already mentioned that (Classic Period)
And it no longer interests me. I'm interested in the Cocoms
the Cocoms family ("A creeper with yellow flowers")
  ie. a vine
  and Mayapan  THE WALLED CITY
Mayapan, not a maya city
  "... because of Hunaa Cee's treachery, head-chief of Mayapan ...
Disinterred in Mayapan
-Carnegie Institute Washington
the cultural poverty of that military regime!
Centralism in Mayapan. Totalitarianism. Control over Yucatan.
many palaces
hardly any hieroglyphs in Chichen
even fewer texts in Mayapan
Dictatorship. A second-rate temple in Kukulkán
second-rate temples (copies)
Huge facades of stone, bare stone
badly worked
Shitty columns

Monochrome ceramic, as dull and repetitive as
at the very beginning, like Olmec work
or gas-station adverts on a Texan highway
No precious stones in their graves
for the Far Beyond, nothing but skulls
Not one single beautiful object for the Far Beyond
these chiefs leave nothing but prisoners, slaves, and food (in cheap baskets)
Mass executions. That's what they leave for the Far Beyond
Chichen Itza destroyed
  the Caracol Tower crumbling
a direct result of Hunaa Cee's victory
(as we learn from the pottery)
  (1200 a.d. it says)
  and nothing else after that.
Because of his treachery
  ("because Hunaa Cee broke his word")
says the Chumayel
And so metal comes to Mayapan. Let me say that again
metal comes to Mayapan. Then the exiles
Oh the exiled of Chichen Itza
  "I was but a young child
  in Chichen
  when the wicked one
  the Lord of the army
came and plundered the land
  And Atheism, alas,
  was born in Chichen Itza"
The bow and arrow imported
  unknown to them before
  not invented by them
The best masonry
  no longer in the temples but in the nobles' houses
The best sculpture (Puuc style) (Antiques in other words)
in the houses of the rich
Second-rate work in the temples
incense burners, made in moulds, from poor and highly porous clay
gods in series, mass production, assembly line, Henry Ford
Indisputable technical advances
and then the whole Hunaa Cee dynasty, the Cocoms family
250 years in power, the Cocoms
and what does Cocom mean in Maya:
  "A creeper with yellow flowers, Somoza family, Mata Palo"
The Ah Canul (bodyguards), Aztecs
and the Cocoms selling the Maya people
  selling Mayas to foreigners
  "... and so he brought Mexicans to Mayapan. That
Cocom was the first to make slaves ...
Until Ah Uxpan rebelled
A successful rebellion
They murdered all the Comcom
all but one, a son who was in Honduras or god knows where
Charcoal and blackened beams in the debris
flint blades between their ribs; in the pelvis . . .
Yet the pyramids
were no longer being built
Mayapan fell!
Mayapan fell!
Mayapan the walled city fell
The green bird, the Comforter
the green quetzal on the green branch
sings of the break of day
and with him the Morning Star, the early riser
and the chachalaca-sun-face-bird
the village watchbird, shrieking
shrieking with the rising sun
MAYAPAN THE WALLED CITY HAS FALLEN
No more building of pyramids
palm-huts took the place of temples
roads fell into disrepair
and from then on civil wars
Mata-palo all over the pyramid, wearing it away
and prophet-poets predicting ill-fated katuns
13 Ahau: "All days are unlucky for us"
11 Ahau: "a mean katun: scarce are its rains . . . misery"
7 Ahau: "Carnal sin, gangsters in government"  
5 Ahau: "harsh its face, harsh its tidings"
10 Ahau: "drought is the burden of this katun"
And no more worship of Quetzalcoatl — the Mayas
no longer
worship Quetzalcoatl today —
Guatemalan Artcrafts, that's all that's left
woven goods for tourists, Mexican Curios
in color but sad
Colorful
(That toucan I saw next to the hotel
at Tikal . . . )
The soldiers were to blame
Mayapan was not a Maya city
And
just like coming down a pyramid
(1200-1450 a.d.)
the loss of maya values
from a high pyramid
to the forest below

Time Time Time
passion for time's mystery
hidden in these steleae
or, obsession for eternity
Dates moving back in time
looking for the future
moving back, into eternity
always further and further back
the almanac of one year Ninety Million years back
(at Quirigua, Honduras)
and Four Hundred Million years back
(in the same place, Quirigua, on another steleae)
and still further back!
The advances of astronomy and mathematics in these stones
the progress made by priest-astronomers, priest-scientists
and the best artists to work the stone — the "god's" face finely carved
But progress backwards, backwards into the past
always further and further back
towards the beginning of time (if beginning there was)
through the Past
as if opening a road through a forest
some endless rain-forest in Peten!
Right back to the beginning
when everything was in suspense
everything motionless
in silence
only sea and sky all alone at rest
and nothing had come together
no noise
and all was invisible
motionless in the sky
only the still water
only the calm sea
and nothing, nothing of what was to come
nothing but stillness
in the darkness
in the night
nothing but the Sky's Heart
Hurricane, its name

The Cosmos a field of maize
and the invention of the huge calendar
374,400 years
for the Great Field of Maize
or rather:
for universal immortality
A religion of the infinite in its astronomy
And the building of one pyramid after another
the old pyramids under the new one
a new structure laid down on the old base
— pyramid E-VILL sub
under pyramid VII from Group E
their eyes on the eternal
Until the Field of Maize has been harvested
and the Great Calendar completed
and all is once again
in silence at rest
only stillness silence
nothing but the Sky's Heart Hurricane, its name

Yet Time is circular it repeats itself
past present future are all the same
revolutions of the sun
of the moon
synodic revolutions of the planet
and history itself a revolution
And the priests
adding up
the revolutions
And each 260 years (a year of years)
history repeats itself. Katuns repeat themselves
Past and future katuns are the same
history and prophecy are the same
Katun 8 Ahau spoke of fighting
and political change
and with its return come fighting and political change
In Katun 8 Ahau "Mayapan fell"
(says the CHILAM BALAM OF CHUMAYEL)
... "to rid the city of Mayapan
of the power concentrated therein ..."
The Maya Ideas of March
Katun 8 Ahau
... "There will come the desperate snatcher of purses
the swift and violent war of covetous thieves:
all this and more the Katun holds for Christianity"
(CHILAM BALAM)
and (those terrible words of the Chumayel, Book X)
... "No need to hand your head over to the Archbishop
... they're with the Cocoms ...
It'll be an end to all oppression and misfortune. Such
is the word of God ...
" (CHILAM BALAM)
And so it can be said that Mayapan will fall again
Again and again the fall of Mayapan in this Katun

the Maya hule for Goodyear
the Maya chicle for Chiclets Adams
The soldiers were to blame, and nowadays
a calendar from CARLOS OCHOMOGO AND SONS on the palm-hut wall
A pin-up combing her hair
"Bargains of all kinds — at the cheapest prices"
(And the Bristol Almanach)
And Dorothy Lamour at the village cinema
0.50 quetzal a ticket
at par with the dollar
The quetzal with its grass-snake tail, the quetzal-Quetzalcoatl
Is that at par with the dollar too?
That stinking quetzal isn't worth a thing
It lives free in the forest
(I saw a quetzal on the writing desk of President Arevalo
a stuffed one)
it flies green in the forest
Real grounds for hope remain
"Nobody wants more than his fair share
(vis-à-vis present day Mayas)
knowing that it'd be at somebody else's expense
and in any case
"money only plays a very small part
in the Maya economy"

1200-1450 a.d. | Este es la Estela (this is the stele)
— Thompson
— Translated from the Spanish by Kevin Power
These observations on house-qua-universe follow two years among the Makiritare, a Carib-speaking nation of 1500 people, living in thirty, independent villages along the tributaries of the Orinoco River in southern Venezuela. Of the aspects of Makiritare sacred tradition (Wanadi) covered below, Guss writes: "Because of the ecological demands of the tropical rain forest, each village is placed at some distance from all neighboring ones. The village itself is referred to as a 'house' or atta and is conceived of as a self-contained universe. In support of this view, the round-house is constructed as a replica of the cosmos.

David Guss
THE ATTA

The part in the center is hollow and full of water, blue from the kaahi plant that feeds it with its essences.1 Shamans come with tinamou eggs to drink from it, get stoned and fly to other heavens, bringing bags full of bones to toss in and see emerge as full-skinned animals once again. That center called "Water Vagina" or Aku'ena, also called the fourth house of Kahuña, the "Sky Place", where all souls pass to be reborn, is the Lake of Immortality at the center of Heaven, at the center of Wanadi's house. Wanadi himself, unseen and invisible, said to "shine like a sun that never sets" in the highest part of Heaven, looked down and saw that part called Earth, empty and uninhabited, like a part of Heaven, distant, but still connected. Wanted to put something there. Took a double out of himself. Made damode de himself visible through this damode de he sent down to Earth to make something. Now this damode de comes down to Earth four times and each time he takes a different form which represents a different cycle of creation. The first two fail and now the third damode de comes down to Earth. He's the Wanadi of our time, of the present cycle of creation. His name is Attawanadi, the Housebuilder.

When Housebuilder came down to Earth, the Old People, the ones from the first two cycles of creation, were "living in fear, hiding like animals." They lived in caves and crevices. They didn't have any houses. They didn't know what an Atta was. Everything was chaos and fear and disorder. The Earth was ruled by Odo'sha and his forces of darkness. That's why Housebuilder made the first house, the first Att a for them. He created Heaven on Earth. Made divine order here. He rebuilt his own house here on Earth. He just remade it and showed the Old People how to do it. That's why the Att a is an exact replica of the universe. It's the same as Wanadi's house in Heaven which is Heaven, the Sky Place, Kahuña. And so the architectural parts of the earthly Att a reflect the structure of the universe, become a mirror or microcosm of it.

The roof of the Att a is the Firmament of Heaven. The two main cross beams that hold it up and go from North to South, are called ademie doladi, "Spirit of the White Tree," and represent the Milky Way. In addition to the Milky Way, there are ten himonoo, or "sky trees" which form the infrastructure to which the roof is thatched. These twelve beams, forming both roof and sky, rest on an outer circle of twelve posts called sidiyadi, "star supports," which represent the "feet of Heaven" that Kahuña itself is said to stand on. The walls that encircle the Att a are made of mud. This is the Earth, the skin that holds the center. Two concentric circles of breadth and form, the Att a, like Heaven, sit around its center. The outer ring is where the extended families live and, like the outer parts of Heaven which surround Lake Aku'ena, this part too is divided into various extended families. They live in this outer section the way the shamans and Sadashe (Grandfather Spirits) live on the shores of Lake Aku'ena, continually tapping its waters to be restored. In the Att a this inner circle is called the annaka — "in the middle." This is the tribe's ceremonial center and they enter the annaka for the same reason one enters Aku'ena, to be reborn. This is a womb. It is where the young, unmarried men hang their hammocks. It is where the elders eat and share their dreams, where the So'to dance and the shamans cure — by the center post, the anjatuddu, the umbilical cord that links Earth with Heaven. This is the post that holds up the Heavens, a replica of that first upside-down tree which grew with its roots in Heaven. This is the Yuca tree, the one that holds up the world. This is Mount Kushamakari, the center of the universe where Housebuilder built the first Att a. You can still see it there, in the Headwater Country. It goes straight up to the center of the Milky Way. They call it Kushui's house (Kushui + homakari = Kushamakari) because he was the first one to climb the center post to Heaven. That's why the anjatuddu has rungs painted on it. They were the ones Kushui, the kinkajou, used that first time when he went to Heaven. Now the shamans use those rungs today when they go up to the Sky Place. They sit down on their jaguar benches right by the foot of the anjatuddu. They drink kaahi and shake their maraka. They fly up that center post all the way to Heaven. Some leave their bodies right there on the floor of the Att a. Others take them with them. Sometimes they leave a hole in the roof where they've flown out.

---

1One of three hallucinogens used by the Makiritare, kaahi (Banisteriopsis kaapi) is derived from a vine found throughout the South American tropics, also known by the names jagua and ayahuasca or "dead man's vine."
IN PLACE OF A COMMENTARY: OUTSIDE THE CIRCLE

To be at the center of the universe at every moment looking toward yourself inside

Standing in place

a culture organizes the furniture of the world to give us just this view — the best one of ourselves reflecting us at every moment being created in the image of god what we touch like a bolt of electricity connecting us, “can’t leave go”

It’s hot

and at every moment we are at the center of the universe never unimportant, never observers, always participants, always it matters what we do, effects everything, nothing is irrelevant at the center

4 IS THE NUMBER OF HEAVEN

which is lost, can’t be found, where is it where am I where are we about orientation, culture and architecture are one to orient us which is lost, can’t be found, where is it where am I

4 IS THE NUMBER OF HEAVEN

4 IS THE GATE

Think of an arrow where the center post stood

Think of a circle unravelled in sand

Think of them sitting in a seat watching tv looking for the center of the universe

In outer space

where it’s happening

where it’s at

who knows, who’s making it happen we aren’t we don’t matter from the sidelines watching it through a glass on a tube not even in the world

that’s new wilderness

out here outside the circle

architecture and culture orient us, put us in the center something we inherit like a song turns a key and we walk into ourselves

standing in place

4 IS THE NUMBER OF HEAVEN

IMPRINTED ON THE EARTH

THE HOUSE OF DUST: A CHRONICLE

A HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF DUST

The House of Dust was initially a poem made by computer in 1967. This computer poem used four lists—a list of materials, a list of places where the houses described might be situated, a list of how each might be lit, and a list of who the inhabitants might be—prepared by the artist, programmed in the Fortran language by the composer James Tenny, and randomly mixed throughout the progress of the poem. (The total work, in fact, progresses for several miles of computer print-out!) Tenney reports that when he first ran it at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute there were four hundred quatrains generated before there was a repeat of a whole quatrian (four-line verse).

The poem was picked up by Gebr. Konig Verlag in Cologne and was run off by the Siemens 4004 in 1970. (This small edition of 21 pages of computer print-out, packaged in plastic with a silk-screen label, is now a collectors’ item.) Excerpts from the poem were later published in George Quasha’s anthology Open Poetry (Simon & Schuster, 1972) and in Fantastic Architecture (ed. Vostell and Higgins) from the Something Else Press in 1970. Other excerpts appeared in Computers in the Arts, a Something Else production, in 1970, under the original title, Proposition No. 2 for Emmett Williams. (In the German edition the name had been changed to HOUSE OF DUST, referring to both the poem and the object—the physical HOUSE—derived from it a year later.) A photo image of the HOUSE built from one of the quatrains appeared in the anthology Women in American Architecture, edited by Susana Torre and published in 1977 by Watson-Guptill Publications, and slides were included in that year’s Brooklyn Museum exhibition of the same title. In 1970 Michael Bell, a poet and student at the California Institute of the Arts, wrote an article about the poem and the HOUSE in the Experiments in Art & Technology Bulletin.

The poem won a Guggenheim grant for the artist in 1968, and this made it possible for the physical HOUSE OF DUST to appear. The HOUSEs (two in number) were first made as plaster models held in the hand; they were then cast in fiberglass by the George Krier Company in Philadelphia. The artist commissioned Max Neuhaus to add some sound to the smaller of the two HOUSEs. He chose thermal circuits sensitive to sunlight that would pick up the path of the sun moving over the HOUSE each day and would change that heat into sound for the people sitting inside the HOUSE.
In the meantime the artist had been permitted to use an acre of ground owned by the International Ladies Garment Workers Union Coop Apartments in New York's Chelsea district (26th Street and Eighth Avenue) as the home for the HOUSES. This was largely the result of efforts by William N. Breger, an architect and teacher of aesthetics at Pratt Institute, who managed to see the plans through the New York City Building Department (about eight months of work), and those of Henry Margulies, who managed the Coop and who convinced the Board members that the two-ton fiberglass poem should be placed on the Coop's lawn. The first poem—the smaller HOUSE (and the one still in existence)—was set down, and the artist began work on its facade, collecting and adhering objects from two local public school art classes. This further evolution in the process of turning the HOUSE into a physical object followed a second randomized print-out programmed by Jeff Raskin of the University of California at San Diego. Raskin's print-out gave instructions for color and compass direction; for example, that a two-ounce black object would be placed on the NW quadrant of the HOUSE, etc. [See accompanying illustration.]

While working outdoors, the artist encountered growing resentment from the tenants under the windows of whose apartment the HOUSE had been placed. These tenants understood the poem as a disturbance of the peace, and after a walking petition against the poem one night, the gardener of the Coop was bribed to drench the HOUSE with kerosene and throw in a torch. The attempted destruction of the HOUSE took place on October 23, 1969: a five-alarm fire at about three in the morning. The artist received a color photo of the blaze, though it was never discovered who had snapped and sent it. The HOUSE itself survived its trial by fire, was shipped back to Philadelphia for repairs, and went into the possession of whose apartment the HOUSE was placed on the NW quadrant of the HOUSE, etc. [See accompanying illustration.]

This early mention of the House of Dust was found in 1979 in the Epic of Gilgamesh, the king of Uruk in Mesopotamia, one of the buried cities of the Middle East. The story was recorded on tablets dating back into the third millennium B.C., written down according to the original Sumerian language and collated in the palace of Assurbanipal, King of Assyria.

"I entered the house of dust and I saw the kings of the earth, their crowns put away for ever; rulers and princes, all those who once wore kingly crowns and ruled the world in the days of old. They who had stood in the place of the gods like Anu and Enlil, stood now like servants to fetch baked meats in the house of dust, to carry cooked meat and cold water from the-water-in the house of dust which I entered were high priests and acolytes, priests of the incarnation and of ecstasy; there were servers of the temple, and there was Etana, that king of Kish whom the eagle carried to heaven in the days of old. I saw also Samugan, god of cattle, and there the Earth King the Queen of the Underground world; and Belit-Sheri squatted in front of her, she who is recorder of the gods and keeps the book of death. She held a tablet from which she read. She raised her head, she saw me and spoke: 'Who has brought this one here?'"*
C: Human animals can take every form. Someone you love and trust can kill you. We all have the full range....

A: I guess that's what astrology's all about. I tried once to go over there and talk to this group at the COOP. It was impossible, such rage! I decided to just go on with my work, imbedding objects that I'd been collecting. Without the fire I'd never have moved the HOUSE. You could look at it that it wasn't in the right place. The whole previous year I'd been struggling with the Building Department. They gave it a terrible time because it lacked a category. You see, the object is partially inclosed and has only one exit.

C: Not that it was an eye-sore but that it was inclosed?

A: There's an area in the back under the skylight (one can view the moon) where conceivably one could hide. This was surely Mrs. Levey's spot is right to call forth new contributions. For instance, its seven years at Cal Arts after I'd tried once to go over there and talk to this group at the COOP. It was impossible, such rage! I decided to just go on with my work, imbedding objects that I'd been collecting. Without the fire I'd never have moved the HOUSE. You could look at it that it wasn't in the right place. The whole previous year I'd been struggling with the Building Department. They gave it a terrible time because it lacked a category. You see, the object is partially inclosed and has only one exit.

C: Not that it was an eye-sore but that it was inclosed?

A: There's an area in the back under the skylight (one can view the moon) where conceivably one could hide. This was surely Mrs. Levey's spot is right to call forth new contributions. For instance, its seven years at Cal Arts after I'd tried once to go over there and talk to this group at the COOP. It was impossible, such rage! I decided to just go on with my work, imbedding objects that I'd been collecting. Without the fire I'd never have moved the HOUSE. You could look at it that it wasn't in the right place. The whole previous year I'd been struggling with the Building Department. They gave it a terrible time because it lacked a category. You see, the object is partially inclosed and has only one exit. It wasn't open enough to be a sculpture. They finally arrived at a new category.

C: Not that it was an eye-sore but that it was inclosed?

A: There's an area in the back under the skylight (one can view the moon) where conceivably one could hide. This was surely Mrs. Levey's spot is right to call forth new contributions. For instance, its seven years at Cal Arts after I'd tried once to go over there and talk to this group at the COOP. It was impossible, such rage! I decided to just go on with my work, imbedding objects that I'd been collecting. Without the fire I'd never have moved the HOUSE. You could look at it that it wasn't in the right place. The whole previous year I'd been struggling with the Building Department. They gave it a terrible time because it lacked a category. You see, the object is partially inclosed and has only one exit. It wasn't open enough to be a sculpture. They finally arrived at a new category.

C: Not that it was an eye-sore but that it was inclosed?

A: There's an area in the back under the skylight (one can view the moon) where conceivably one could hide. This was surely Mrs. Levey's spot is right to call forth new contributions. For instance, its seven years at Cal Arts after I'd tried once to go over there and talk to this group at the COOP. It was impossible, such rage! I decided to just go on with my work, imbedding objects that I'd been collecting. Without the fire I'd never have moved the HOUSE. You could look at it that it wasn't in the right place. The whole previous year I'd been struggling with the Building Department. They gave it a terrible time because it lacked a category. You see, the object is partially inclosed and has only one exit. It wasn't open enough to be a sculpture. They finally arrived at a new category.

C: Not that it was an eye-sore but that it was inclosed?

A: There's an area in the back under the skylight (one can view the moon) where conceivably one could hide. This was surely Mrs. Levey's spot is right to call forth new contributions. For instance, its seven years at Cal Arts after I'd tried once to go over there and talk to this group at the COOP. It was impossible, such rage! I decided to just go on with my work, imbedding objects that I'd been collecting. Without the fire I'd never have moved the HOUSE. You could look at it that it wasn't in the right place. The whole previous year I'd been struggling with the Building Department. They gave it a terrible time because it lacked a category. You see, the object is partially inclosed and has only one exit. It wasn't open enough to be a sculpture. They finally arrived at a new category.

C: Not that it was an eye-sore but that it was inclosed?

A: There's an area in the back under the skylight (one can view the moon) where conceivably one could hide. This was surely Mrs. Levey's spot is right to call forth new contributions. For instance, its seven years at Cal Arts after I'd tried once to go over there and talk to this group at the COOP. It was impossible, such rage! I decided to just go on with my work, imbedding objects that I'd been collecting. Without the fire I'd never have moved the HOUSE. You could look at it that it wasn't in the right place. The whole previous year I'd been struggling with the Building Department. They gave it a terrible time because it lacked a category. You see, the object is partially inclosed and has only one exit. It wasn't open enough to be a sculpture. They finally arrived at a new category.

C: Not that it was an eye-sore but that it was inclosed?

A: There's an area in the back under the skylight (one can view the moon) where conceivably one could hide. This was surely Mrs. Levey's spot is right to call forth new contributions. For instance, its seven years at Cal Arts after I'd tried once to go over there and talk to this group at the COOP. It was impossible, such rage! I decided to just go on with my work, imbedding objects that I'd been collecting. Without the fire I'd never have moved the HOUSE. You could look at it that it wasn't in the right place. The whole previous year I'd been struggling with the Building Department. They gave it a terrible time because it lacked a category. You see, the object is partially inclosed and has only one exit. It wasn't open enough to be a sculpture. They finally arrived at a new category.

C: Not that it was an eye-sore but that it was inclosed?
steamboat, and over and over the phrase, "Our Fort".... Having been through the trial by fire, and there are vestiges of that along with the graffiti, now I hope it's a peaceful poem: A house of stone among small hills, lighted by natural light and inhabited by collectors of all types.

C: Not a HOUSE OF DUST...

A: It's always a HOUSE OF DUST, eternally so to speak.

C: Just shellac over the graffiti.

A: Let it go on... adjust it a little.

C: An aesthetic chiropractor! (Laughs) Why do you invite this participation?

A: The chance operations on which the poem is based, the random circuit that made the print-out, already frees it from me as an artist. Chance operation frees the work so it can find its own center outside. The participation just continues that idea. I feel apart, I am apart from the work, I adjust what goes on. That was my favorite page of the BIG BOOK [large-scale earlier work in form of a massive, walk-in book]. I sent a dozen or so people a goat print from the N.Y. Public Library picture collection. These friends cut it up, collaged it, bottled it, etc., and sent it back to make up the goat gallery. Think Jeff Raskin's print-out for the surface of the HOUSE used chance again to distribute small found objects by color, compass direction and weight. So that a black object hand-held at 10 oz. gets adhered to the Northwest corner of the large HOUSE. This print-out for the objects has had its day, I won't use it again. I'm inviting the objects in again, but I'll decide something new for what to do with them. I'm considering man-made rocks.

C: What do you mean man-made? artificial?

A: Yes, I'll mix them right in with the real rocks that are there. The objects will be imbedded in the surface of the rocks with resin. Did you get your invitation yet to send something?

C: I'm convinced nothing is as difficult as finding a site. I sent a dozen or so people a goat print from the N.Y. Public Library picture collection. These friends cut it up, collaged it, bottled it, etc., and sent it back to make up the goat gallery. Think Jeff Raskin's print-out for the surface of the HOUSE used chance again to distribute small found objects by color, compass direction and weight. So that a black object hand-held at 10 oz. gets adhered to the Northwest corner of the large HOUSE. This print-out for the objects has had its day, I won't use it again. I'm inviting the objects in again, but I'll decide something new for what to do with them. I'm considering man-made rocks.

C: Among these cast rocks or bubbles with objects in them. This stuff isn't biodegradable, is it? Does it give off an odor too? Fiberglass?

A: Yes, very slightly. Hannah [her daughter] asked me if it still smells! It does. Always will. Just enough to distinguish it from the other stones. Did I tell you a man named Andy Voda, a poet in machine language, is making an animated film based on the HOUSE OF DUST? These are some of the frames in black and white.

C: An aesthetic chiropractor!

A: Among rocks already existing...

C: Among these cast rocks or bubbles with objects in them. This stuff isn't biodegradable, is it? Does it give off an odor too? Fiberglass?

A: Yes, very slightly. Hannah [her daughter] asked me if it still smells! It does. Always will. Just enough to distinguish it from the other stones. Did I tell you a man named Andy Voda, a poet in machine language, is making an animated film based on the HOUSE OF DUST? These are some of the frames in black and white.

C: Among these cast rocks or bubbles with objects in them. This stuff isn't biodegradable, is it? Does it give off an odor too? Fiberglass?

A: Yes, very slightly. Hannah [her daughter] asked me if it still smells! It does. Always will. Just enough to distinguish it from the other stones. Did I tell you a man named Andy Voda, a poet in machine language, is making an animated film based on the HOUSE OF DUST? These are some of the frames in black and white.

C: Among these cast rocks or bubbles with objects in them. This stuff isn't biodegradable, is it? Does it give off an odor too? Fiberglass?

A: Yes, very slightly. Hannah [her daughter] asked me if it still smells! It does. Always will. Just enough to distinguish it from the other stones. Did I tell you a man named Andy Voda, a poet in machine language, is making an animated film based on the HOUSE OF DUST? These are some of the frames in black and white.

C: Among these cast rocks or bubbles with objects in them. This stuff isn't biodegradable, is it? Does it give off an odor too? Fiberglass?

A: Yes, very slightly. Hannah [her daughter] asked me if it still smells! It does. Always will. Just enough to distinguish it from the other stones. Did I tell you a man named Andy Voda, a poet in machine language, is making an animated film based on the HOUSE OF DUST? These are some of the frames in black and white.

C: Among these cast rocks or bubbles with objects in them. This stuff isn't biodegradable, is it? Does it give off an odor too? Fiberglass?

A: Yes, very slightly. Hannah [her daughter] asked me if it still smells! It does. Always will. Just enough to distinguish it from the other stones. Did I tell you a man named Andy Voda, a poet in machine language, is making an animated film based on the HOUSE OF DUST? These are some of the frames in black and white.

C: Among these cast rocks or bubbles with objects in them. This stuff isn't biodegradable, is it? Does it give off an odor too? Fiberglass?

A: Yes, very slightly. Hannah [her daughter] asked me if it still smells! It does. Always will. Just enough to distinguish it from the other stones. Did I tell you a man named Andy Voda, a poet in machine language, is making an animated film based on the HOUSE OF DUST? These are some of the frames in black and white.

C: Among these cast rocks or bubbles with objects in them. This stuff isn't biodegradable, is it? Does it give off an odor too? Fiberglass?

A: Yes, very slightly. Hannah [her daughter] asked me if it still smells! It does. Always will. Just enough to distinguish it from the other stones. Did I tell you a man named Andy Voda, a poet in machine language, is making an animated film based on the HOUSE OF DUST? These are some of the frames in black and white.

C: Among these cast rocks or bubbles with objects in them. This stuff isn't biodegradable, is it? Does it give off an odor too? Fiberglass?
A: Ancient?
C: It's like holidays, like New Year's each year. We're used to it and yet we say, here comes another year, and we begin...again.
A: Of the portable environments, the BIG BOOK, the HOUSE OF DUST and the BEAN GARDEN, this is surely the heaviest, the most ceremonial, ritualistic and ponderous at six thousand pounds! And yet it's moved three times.
C: Sometimes the least expected things continue to move.
A: The very weight of it doesn't seem to be a problem.
C: (Laughs) Right...perennially coming into bloom. How would you feel if the HOUSE were to move again? If you gave it over to another person for another of its transformations. After you're not around. You should leave instructions, and be severe: every ten years the need to make a huge change.
A: I could see it that even as a gift permanently to this museum it would enjoy a ten-year residency elsewhere.
C: I believe that's called on loan.
A: Hmmmm....
C: You see, I think that right now is an excellent time in the writings about the piece to specify its future. Get it into the contract. Make a day in each decade by which time the next transformations will have taken place. The piece is about time, and it's about all time that you as the artist who made it can envision. Every ten years a HOUSE cleaning.
(Laughs) You'd certainly hate to see it behind glass in a museum.
A: Oh...well, that would never happen. No one in his right mind would drag that thing indoors!
C: Too smelly.
A: (Laughs) Too smelly!

At the time of this discussion between Charlie Morrow and Alison Knowles concerning the HOUSE OF DUST, the five-alarm fire is being remembered. This fire took place when the HOUSE was first put down on public ground on Eighth Avenue by invitation of Henry Margulies who directed the COOP, championed the object, and whose unfortunate death a week after its arrival triggered the attempted destruction of the HOUSE by fire in October of 1969.

Nov. 7, 1979

The curator of the Oakland Museum finds the difficulties of moving the House of Dust to his museum insurmountable and has withdrawn the invitation. The gift objects will travel, however, to Minneapolis and Milwaukee along with the computer poem this winter. Until further notice the House of Dust will continue into the next decade at the California Institute of the Arts in Valencia, California.

—Alison Knowles
GNU WILDERNESS

"My inventory is a wilderness."
— L. Eigner

Elenora Antinova as The Assyrian Movie Star in Men Friedman's epic ballet "Futurism in Kansas."

"It is danced with the fear of Antinova. Her roes are the glory of Daghela."

"I have listened at the boundaries."

I HAVE LOOKED TWICE

"It is spoken with the tongue of Antinova. He wears the lures of discourse."
This Is the Pontiff of Something New

JACKSON MAC LOW

The pope proceeds
The pope issues
The pope issues forth
The pope issues forth as from a source
The pope issues forth as from an origin
The pope comes
The pope comes forth
The pope comes forth as from a source
The pope comes forth as from an origin

Alpine Software
BY
Pauline OLIVEIRO

If fountain pen
in di
Matthew

Allen Higrinow
The Virtue of the Goat
GNU

Charlie Morrow
dressed as
John Double-Horn

FRIEDMAN UND

MANDELBAUM

WILSON

WHITCRAFT

FRANK

FREUND AND FRIEND

FREUNDE... FRIED

E'9
(±) Once I felt my music taking me in the direction of utmost simplification and I too became interested in going there with it. (±) I thought I might find out the limit where "the interesting" must disappear into such a reduction. (±) I had another reason for wanting this: I had already felt the need to "know" what I was doing in music; and I considered that to reach the essential might bring me to the understanding of something. (±) Actually I hoped (perhaps not actually believed) that I would come to understand something, and that that something would be a certainty. (±) Actually, I know that it is not necessary to come to any such understanding to make music. (±) I knew that. (±) Music is its own understanding, I thought. (±) But that would be only so if I'd known what to do, had no problem with writing music, but I did have a problem with writing music, with the kind of music with the kinds of music with what is music with what music might be or what music ought to be. (±) It seems somewhat curious that I should have to think so much out of music in order to put music into practice. (±) I notice that every sentence so far has contained an "I." "I" "I" "I" "I" "I" [repeat this f, saying f in the same way an indeterminate number of times...]. It is certain that that "I" was not me. This "I" is not me! Neither of the two previous sentences contained any "I"—nor did that one. The next one will.

I notice that "one" happens to be written in our language the same as "I." Did anyone notice that I stopped clearing my throat? I need the white light now. [shine a black slide "square" adjacent to the speaker] [step into that light before speaking] I am one. [wait] One. [wait] One? [wait] One what...? [step out of the light quickly] One of whatever I am, that is, whatever it is that I am one of. [light out] So is a note. Hm. Ahh!! (intoning, perhaps a bit more towards speech at the beginning of the sentence) I am going to hum the m of that hm. [hum, on the same pitch] Mm—Mm., [with the inflections of pleasure] Wasn't that nice, that M? [mm] Melody! M [em] with the inflections of pleasure. [again, pure as before, softly] M—M. Ah! I wonder if that "ah" were a word. Was the "m" a word? Hm. Would I say that because it has no meaning that it has no meaning? In fact: m[m]. The fact is that I have found a form for the m[em]. A hum. I'll hum it. I'll sustain it as purely as possible and, to further conform to our conception of purity, I'll hum it softly as possible. And, in fact, this is a condition affecting the physical production of sound which will make it possible to prolong the length of this sound as much as possible. Mm—Mm. That was so beautiful I want to do it again. M—M, [with the inflections of pleasure] I wish to correct myself: the preceding statement should have said, That seemed so beautiful to me that I want to do it again, I could have used as well the word "lovely," meaning "I love it!" Mm—Mm. [sustain as before] It would please me to hear, when I do this again, voices from out there joining with me in sustaining the tone. [Assuming that this will happen, let it continue, indeed stimulating it by repeating the tone after each breath, until it comes to an end by itself] [After a not-too-long pause, go on.] Make (reduce, if you insist) the tones of a melody into only one of them. Anyone tone. This is the most utterly simple statement of the possibilities of pitch. The possibility of pitch; therefore the very possibility of melody. It does not matter at what place in the musical space this will have its existence, since it will necessarily have existence as a place in musical-possibility space at any place in musical space. This spectrum has no real end at either end. In the middle somewhere is simplest; we've done that. There is no way of saying that high or low is more of anything, except maybe of the other. Certainly not of information content. This is different from the condition of a musical, of a melodic, message.
again, uncommented. That brought to symbolic unity, there remains the question of its presented intensity. "Intensity" is a specific word known by musicians to designate a sound's "volume." Excuse me, "volume" is a word in use in less technological circumstances, meant by the same musical facts. Do they in fact, intensity and volume, mean the same thing? Well, as evidently wrong as this sounds, they do mean the same thing, if you mean music. Or, not meaning the same, they sure sound the same. How loud is it? How soft.

"Intensity" is how much you shout! Intense? when it is so much harder to control oneself. An intensity of restraint, rather. As in singing so close to the soft extreme. When anything gets too loud, we'll start calling it noise. Make us follow with our ears' attention and we might be prepared to call it music.

Anyway, with whatever intensity, I'm going to sing that tone again, loud. [do it] One thing that that loudness has just forced upon our notice is the less than oneness of that one note. Apart from the fact that a note, a tone, is not and cannot be less than one of a complex of sounds (but I don't mean to get into harmony here), it was never, no matter how minimally, free from changes in itself. What one was it, then? A constant by virtue of a definition only. Then so are we all. I'd never say that such an abstraction was not necessary. I'd never say anything can even be conceived as positive, but I can hardly think about that. [a·hi .]

The grasp of definition is at once a bold stroke of imaginative conception and at the same time a failure of perception. Whatever can be said to be must be made less. What I need to show the fact of my existence would be the sign of pure existence. That is all: a point. [light on again] Ah, the existence of the possibility of existing — my sheet of paper!

In a sense, any sign would do. A blot of black ink imagined here. But since a musician would want to sound any one's specific uniqueness, just settle for the one which must always be exactly the same, one single simple dot here... existence of all existences.

This could serve as the score for that, performance of that one tone, sufficiently. No wonder that I may find it so meaningful: reduced to the one thing all other sounds express, no matter what they express otherwise, it is the expression of existence. (So must all music be that.) And, no matter what the single note may mean, the existence of that dot on a page must mean that, I know what to play to: play it. This meaning is not merely conventional, and in that sense it is typical music notation. That pitch sounded is in just the same way a place in space.

And in time too this can be interpreted as a point. Therefore: a—. Now, all of us "I"s, don't we form together a larger one? So we can all say it together. An "a" as short as possible. [step into the light to conduct the audience] [if there is any fault in the performance (likely!) point it out, ask whether they want to do it over. If yes, then do it.] I want to comment that this can be interpreted as a realization of a work by Dick Higgins done quite a few years ago. This kind of thing will be happening as we build systematically on the basis of that ultimate of the possible which I name "elementals". The work to be done now includes scholarship into historical precedents, including manifestations in other cultures. Creativity, of course, will have it to explore and to bring into their realized existence the many versions of what is possible in this possibility. These must necessarily be common cultural property. [light off] Next (and now for the last thing for us to do), I would like us to play this pointed note back into time. The mind makes its connection over silence, as repeated continuity effects the extended continuity. [light on, short and back off] Let us choose the details for this occasion: The sound is the syllable "a," pronounced as short as possible.

By members of this audience participating, with the leadership of Philip Corner. Timing it precisely to come every 5 seconds, At a comfortable place in each person's speaking voice. Intensity is to be soft, but not very (mp).

Total duration is subject to conditions of the moment. [do this] AH.

And I still know I am I. Now, once more that "I" uttered, just a simple "I" which, since it cannot become the ultimate in simplicity, might just as well be utterly complex, so complex as the definition can comprehend, as understood from that same simple sign. "I."[9] (Give me a little time to get ready. Also accept a nice preceding silence to help prepare the sound's reception, to separate its existence from the surroundings, from the "I"s. This will be one "I," so... "I." [loud and extended outcry, and much modulated] [wait] This silence which is following my "I" will be extended — for the purpose of hearing other "I"s... your "I"s...[wait at least until all participation has come to an end] [if there were no audience-volunteered sounds, say "I" have heard no other "I"s. I am, then, the only one?] [if there were, say "Ah, there are other ones."] "Ah. That first syllable of "I." Isn't it enough? Ah. [drawn out] Is that only an expression when what I mean to say is "ah." "Ah" is enough to mean "I," I'd say. Such a simple sound. Likewise is the notion of it simple. That single vertical can be made less. What I need to show the fact of my existence would be the sign of pure existence. That is all: a point. [light on again] Ah, the existence of the possibility of existing — my sheet of paper!
"I AM" in "not number" I

(Manuel)
only I, is not
only
a number.
I Is
(I's)

of The "elementals"
(and a "pulse near-polyphony" as)

I am my self one; "say every one".

These ones are the perfect beats steady through time
their ever-fractured "measurable" measure,

Each one of The All One, is by being
any one, none the same everyday.
The same time, come regular out of the unmeasurable
as we exist, one only a one.
This one is the first the very first and only I am only one.
Therefore always there however many are all ones;
many of that many of the all I all is a one. There is only me
no there are always only ones

by
Repeating a tapping a loose on the instrument which will
only later move to time to one single note a diatonic.

space out in physical space
R. Garrelan

"Rich Man's Music"

(a pulse-polyphony-a phasing)

This version grows with the gorgeous sounds of metals
bright reverberating pulsing over the wide extent of pitches
and scope fast to slow at a similar range of timing.

-Echoing moonlight so you can understand

1 I must explain
colder than my hair

2 weeping time
in the washroom. This poem moves

3 what I am doing.
The year shudders

-poems cease
calling from bottom to top

-circling on tangled cliff

- Drifting mountain
until the end. Pen scratching on paper

- green world
I must explain

-of that memory. like a Barbers pole

-warm

-cold

-Contemplate spring
what is there before experience.

- cliff poems cease
What do we record

-sea

-mind

-or maybe.
colder than my hair

- moonlight

- Echoing

What do we record

- closing
I must explain of that suppose or maybe. The year shudders
of that memory the stillness -- repeating that process -- measuring
or suppose the void.

Contemplate spring until the end. I must explain
water clear -- -- symbols flapping
over and over -- symbols with symbols
mountain creek

What do we receive so you can understand but a symbol
poems cease what I am doing.

What do we understand? Holy cold moonlight exceeds spirit.
silent -- white. so you can understand
the title of this poem -- What we feel.

What do we feel? What we understand -- troubles
Rock poems cease cliff poems cease

from a cold mind. What has become like a Barber's pole
of the experience? Echoing moonlight colder than my hair
This poem moves of the memory?

weeping time in the washroom. over and over poems cease
What has become of the suppose
repeating the process or maybe?

weird in the washroom. The year shudders
of the suppose poems cease or maybe?

weeping time in the washroom. --
Drifting mountain colder than my hair
The year shudders of the memory?

NOTE: "Poems in the series of which 'Barber Pole' is a part are all based on the Arnold Schoenberg concept of Serial-Music which employed a tone-row that repeated itself, if necessary, over and over until the end. My words, or fragments of sentences, repeat over and over in an unchanging pattern, but because of the different lengths of the various parts there is always a new relationship between the voices. Of course these poems are to be read aloud." (T.L.)
DUTIFUL DUCKS

Charles Amirkhanian

PERFORMANCE NOTES: "Several alternate versions of performance are possible for this short work in which the main (12 to 13-line) stanza recurs periodically, each time with the possibility of substituting new words in five of the lines (italicized). The main stanzas are broken by choruses based on rhythmic combinations of the two words 'dutiful ducks.' As for notation and rhythm, each line is followed by a one beat rest, with hyphens indicating longer rests and asterisks and asterisks/slashes indicating shorter ones. Numbers indicate the repetition of the syllable -du, while exclamation marks stand for hand claps. The piece may be performed with solo voice, multiple voices, or voice(s) reading against a pre-recorded version to give a sort of shimmer effect as in Balinese music. But the real key to performance comes from listening."

("Dutiful Ducks" appears on the recording Lexical Music: Six Pieces by Charles Amirkhanian, published by 1750 Arch Street Records, 1750 Arch Street, Berkeley, California 94709.)
The Snake

In the morning there is no sign
But the snake has been there
The cow is dry

My father and my mother
And those that went before them
Have filled me with strength
It is all for you
But when you leave I sleep

How to tell a person is a witch

Throw her into the water. Witches can neither cross water nor abide it. Beat her with a branch of the castor oil plant, she will cry out. Get a diviner to test her.

What to do if you think someone is a witch

Shave her head. Make her drink dirty water. Subject her to ill use. Throw her into the water. Beat her with special branches. Conceal or destroy your bodily secretions. Burn your hair clippings, toenail cuttings, menstrual blood. Do not allow clothes or sheets with your seminal emissions to get into her hands. Lock her up on May eve. Wear garlic in a little muslin bag around your neck. Rub your window sill with garlic. Paint blue hands around the windows of your house by dipping your hand into blue paint and patting the window frame outside. Wear a cross or the scroll of the Torah with the ineffable name in it around your neck. Wear the fringes at all times.

How to know you have been bewitched

You lose your babies for no reason. You awaken tired and pale in the morning. You suffer from horrible nightmares. There are knots in your hair. You sneeze continually. You become impotent. (Through the ligature.) Someone near you has an old face and the body of a young person. Someone near you has beautiful eyes and stares at you all the time.

Witches are called

The Baba Yaga. The malefica. The one with the evil eye. The striga. The lamia. The larva. The demon in bird form who flies by night and kills children and handsome young men. The person with a familiar who talks to animals and understands their language. The person who contacts the dead. The maker of love potions. The maker of dolls in wax and wool.

Identification

With idols, with the ancient gods, with heathen deities. The Waldensian Heresy. The Scandinavian raider of storms. The Scottish bringer of bad weather. The blood sucker. The one who dries up the cow in the night. The concubitus daemonium. The black magic of women.

Kindred forms

The diviner. The magician. The astrologist. The crystal gazer. The necromancer. The conjuror.

How a person becomes a witch

Through natural talent. Old witches teach young girls. From mother to daughter. From terrible unassuagable grief and loss, from bitterness. From sexual power locked up and not let out. From mischief, from playfulness. From failure of belief in God due to grievous treatment. From possession.

How it works


Baba Yaga

Unpredictable as the three wishes
Granted by the little fish
To the fisherman

As difficult as ice-bound journeys
To the far north
She is their old world

Their Stonehenge, an endangered species
The witch in the wood, everybody’s grandma
She tells long stories about dead relatives

The point of the story is at the end
Or the point is hidden between the lines
Barbed, and it hurts, like an infected splinter

The listeners must jump from meaning to meaning
They must take care. She is their history
Her closets are full of necessities

Pearly rings to go around the moon
Fields and spaces no one knows how
To get to anymore
Amulet Against Slander

Metzorah, Thazria
Molds, plague of parasites

Catch a mouse
Slit its eyes, say

"Go into the mouse
Go into the mouse."

Poke the slanderer with a sharp pin.
Show her the blood on the pin

Hide behind the door of her hallway
Watch her come in out of the dark

Gather the dust of her pathway
Scatter it under a tree

Say, "Tree eat up the slander
Tree eat up the slanderer."

Stand under her window in the dark
Say, "What you said of me and mine
Let it come to you
Let it come to you and yours
Over and over."

Labyrinth

Where what THE is, is the secret of the doctor who posits the THE
The door to identity is the theater of heroes.

Since man lives life as a hymn to nature and life is a city
So the city and life equal a homeplace for man and his hymn.

The role of the hero separates, takes away the hymn.
Where the hero makes nothing of man who needs mystery?

The hymn is maternal, no one believes in it now.
Measure the opening of the door to see if the space will suffice.

The narrowness of the door is not a problem, since what is abortable
What refuses solitude is secret, which abrogates the idea of solitude.

The time has come to climb above these faults
Which unroll themselves with flashes of intense pain.

Her son will be a hero. Bring him to her.
Hymn her hidden treasure. The door is shut for the time being.

The figleaf is for the doctor. Before this leaf was found
He said, "Place the two leaves where they can be

A modest concealment of first causes." The generations follow
As summer follows spring and can be reproduced

Exactly in the door through which the doctor enters.
In the works these leaves were brightened as with crayon.

The doctor brings a double identity.
If this equals that, then that also equals this.

As an idea is a hymn, a hero being an idea is a hymn also,
Since the hero equals the hymn and the doctor equals the mystery

Mystery being an idea, the doctor and the hero equal one unit.
Therefore this proves that the doctor may enter the door in another form.

The doctor IS the door. The door is a narrow box. The box is a mystery.
The hero is a hymn and a door to death. Since life is the doctor's

And the city is life there is a solution. It is not normal.
The doctor is the Father. He is not pleased.

He demands a clear picture. He denies the mystery. Money. Work.
Appointments. Dressed up in love and ideas leave by the front door.

Call him when you are fulgurating.
There are other senses that have no name. They are more like hearing but not with the ear. The dog can read these smells as we read a newspaper and so could anybody that tried. What is hidden is only hidden to those who have forgotten how to feel more heat in certain things. All the senses the same ones everybody else has, nothing special and making the leap from what certain long unused senses tell you to a hidden meaning. Anybody with the willingness to expend herself in this way can be, is a witch.

Remember that witchcraft is just a matter of paying attention, of focusing the senses on everything that is happening. All the senses the same ones everybody else has, nothing special and making the leap from what certain long unused senses tell you to a hidden meaning. Anybody with the willingness to expend herself in this way can be, is a witch. What is hidden is only hidden to those who have forgotten how to feel more heat in certain persons, how to use the nose as a dog does to tell whether a person is well or ill, has been making love recently, has eaten well, is frightened or nervous, is full of hatred or love, a kind of enslavement. A belt for encircling and keeping. Is this witchcraft? Some people who understand the metaphors of THINGS do not like to accept gifts but like to give them. They know it to be safer.

Conclusion

Remember that witchcraft is just a matter of paying attention, of focusing the senses on everything that is happening. All the senses the same ones everybody else has, nothing special and making the leap from what certain long unused senses tell you to a hidden meaning. Anybody with the willingness to expend herself in this way can be, is a witch. What is hidden is only hidden to those who have forgotten how to feel more heat in certain persons, how to use the nose as a dog does to tell whether a person is well or ill, has been making love recently, has eaten well, is frightened or nervous, is full of hatred or affection. The dog can read these smells as we read a newspaper and so could anybody that tried. There are other senses that have no name. They are more like hearing but not with the ear only. Call it paying attention. Call it trying harder to make contact with what seems not to show.

"If the mysterium which is in us, & which we are ourselves, was to come to be known to us, would we not find at the same time, the 'key to the great mystery?' As a matter of fact man is not isolated in nature, he is part of it." — Jacob Boehme

The following was written as an introduction to Rose Drachler’s ‘selected poems’ — a work that has still to appear.
To step on the muttering heart of this excellent autumn,  
reindeer herds  
in the black knight of TV, shining,  
in his armor, through his organless chest,  
simulacra, on their way  
through the new wilderness  
God is the void in  
creation, a voice dance,  
syncreration,  
a binding  
fast, these leaves bound for the great fast,  
each a boundary marker,  
a grave,  
I stand in Aztec time,  
the paleolithic is in the room,  
deer dots pumping where  
this knight's heart should be  
—but his heart, it is  
a million reindeer hearts  
collected in the never  
before charged so close distance—  
knottin the air into a web,  
dryopithecine, I branchiate along.

November, 1979

Note: "Cuauhxicalli," literally "eagle vase," is the lava box the Aztec priests used to keep the hearts of sacrificial victims.

DISCOURSE
EXILED IN THE WORD: ORALITY, WRITING AND DECONSTRUCTION

And Adonai said to Zechariah the Messenger,  
Raise your voice with the tongue of your pen, write  
the word of God, this book with your three fingers.  
(Abraham Abulafia)

Dante would have blamed Beatrice  
If she turned up alive in a local bordello  
Or Newton gravity  
If apples fell upward  
What I mean is words  
Turn mysteriously against those who use them  
Hello says the apple  
Both of us were object.  
(Jack Spicer)

The movement towards orality in contemporary poetry coincides with similar developments in the other arts: with the gestural, painterly style of action painting, with the participatory dramatics of happenings and theater events, with aleatory and chance generated operations in music, with non-balletic or non-narrational styles in dance. The aesthetics of this trend is usually characterized by reference to the artist or performer's attempt to dramatize his or her active participation in the work of art rather than the successful manipulation of discrete elements. The re-presenting of the artist within the work and the apparent rejection of metem and/or symbolic models is based around a fundamental transformation of the nature of the artistic sign. For the Modernist generation, form existed in relation to the poet's will to power. However fragmented the sequential or spatial patterning, some concept of intrinsic ordering was at work, whether in the mythico-parallel parables of Joyce's Ulysses to Homer's epic, in the intervocalic cohesion and permutations of serial music, in the historical and cultural repetitions of Pound's Cantos, or in the veiled guises and carafes behind the fractured planes of analytic cubism. Orality can be seen as one obvious violation of a privileged hierarchy of form and artistic will since it foregrounds the materials of literary production exactly at the point that they intersect with human intention. Or to put it another way, orality internalizes materials so that they no longer may be materials as such. The gradual movement towards a poetics of immanence in the recent period reflects a desire to narrow the gap between artist and materials until the poet, in a sense, becomes the materials. And yet this trajectory is illogical since at the moment when the poet "enters" the poem, his or her reliance on the text, on the properties of spacing, typography and notation, is brought into high relief. In Charles Olson's inaugural essay on the gestural poetics of projectivism, the discussion of orality quickly turns into the technology of transcription:

The irony is, from the machine has come one gain not yet sufficiently observed or used, but which leads directly on toward projective verse and its consequences. It is the advantage of the typewriter that, due to its rigidity and its space precisions, it can, for a poet, indicate exactly the breath, the pauses, the suspensions even of syllables, the juxtapositions even of parts of phrases, which he intends. For the first time the poet has the stave and the bar a musician has had. One could expand Olson's remarks to include the increased importance of tape recorders, video machines and computers to both record and at the same time generate the performance of poetry events. The point is that once an ideal of immediacy is presented, focus necessarily shifts to the means of re-production and to the notational system that can best accommodate the changing surface of that instantaneous meditation. Hence, for the poets who came of age during the fifties and early sixties, a poetics of enactment and personal engagement was synonymous with a reinvestigation of materials and operations. The author no longer had easy recourse to rhetorical evasions and personae by which he might mask his true identity, nor was the page a sanctuary from the world of "ordinary" speech. The page became a field of multiple ratios and temporary deconstructive criticism is developing events, mapping the contours of moment-to-moment intensities.

The irony is, from the machine has come one gain not yet sufficiently observed or used, but which leads directly on toward projective verse and its consequences. It is the advantage of the typewriter that, due to its rigidity and its space precisions, it can, for a poet, indicate exactly the breath, the pauses, the suspensions even of syllables, the juxtapositions even of parts of phrases, which he intends. For the first time the poet has the stave and the bar a musician has had. One could expand Olson's remarks to include the increased importance of tape recorders, video machines and computers to both record and at the same time generate the performance of poetry events. The point is that once an ideal of immediacy is presented, focus necessarily shifts to the means of re-production and to the notational system that can best accommodate the changing surface of that instantaneous meditation. Hence, for the poets who came of age during the fifties and early sixties, a poetics of enactment and personal engagement was synonymous with a reinvestigation of materials and operations. The author no longer had easy recourse to rhetorical evasions and personae by which he might mask his true identity, nor was the page a sanctuary from the world of "ordinary" speech. The page became a field of multiple ratios and events, mapping the contours of moment-to-moment intensities.

What causes me to reflect on this oscillation between text and voice is the seeming paradox that at the moment when postmodern poetry is developing more radical ways to foreground the writer, contemporary deconstructive criticism is developing strategies to call such a ratio into question. Jacques
As I have indicated, "oralism" is a metaphor for participatory, communal, physiological values emphasized in recent poetic theory, the absence of poetry readings as a major arena for the poetics. One aspect of a trend which would include developments in performance, sound poetry, ethnopoetics, collaboration, and the perception and understanding of a thing which is real, this ratio is more or less absolute. But the semantic play and linguistic reordering in such poetry consistently argue against the importance of this ratio, especially in recent de-contextualizing activities where the poem's various codes and conventions are called into question. Polyreferentiality, puns, interruptions, self-reflexiveness, aleatory factors, spacing, all hinder the ideal of a unitary meaning and a self-sufficient authorial voice. The use of "operative interruption" (the deliberate truncation, separation or extension of any series) challenges the authority of informing codes by which the maker "makes sense" out of significations and equivalences. To disturb the semantic context by introducing extraneous materials or by constantly shifting antecedents calls attention to the frames by which meaning is generated. Meaning is not, as some would have it, banished; it is problematized at the level of the signifier.

Just as the most obvious oral modes, sound poetry and text-sound poetry, the boundary between voice and notation, random sound and meaningful sound, is never clear. Notation in the work of Steve McCaffery or Jackson Mac Low or O'Hara's "personism," Ginsberg's bardic incantations, and Kerouac's "spontaneous writing," are four variations on the theme of immediacy. Olson's equation of breath and speech comes with an ethical imperative as well.

Breath is man's special qualification as animal. Sound is a dimension he has extended. Language is one of his proudest acts. And when a poet rests in these as they are in himself (in his physiology, if he thinks of it, for all that) then he, if he chooses to speak from these roots, works in that area where nature has given him size, projective size.

This idea of a more authentic, because acoustic, poetics is precisely the heritage of logocentrism which Derrida deconstructs. Does this mean that the appeal to orality and music, so much more than mount the heritage of idealist thought, is condemned to be its strongest verification? Are contemporary art and critical theoretical factory systems, both attempting to invent a postmodern aesthetic while arguing from radically opposed positions, a position of immannence and the other that of discontinuity or absence? Can Derrida perform for the history of philosophy.

Derrida's investigations into orality (with root "oral") are rather distinct from those of contemporary poets, but the philosophical and methodological implications of the idea that this time of oral writing has been that infinite retrieval system which is superimposed upon the truth, destroying memory and turning forms into secondary fictions. The poem destabilizes the very semantic axis among elements. Nor is speech simply phonic utterance. For Derrida, speech implies the larger metaphysics of "full presence," that realm of transcendent, preexistent ideas and determining causes which lie anterior to any inscription. By arguing against logocentrism and the repression of writing in favor of speech, Derrida leaves us with a process of infinite differentiation which, he claims, has always been the case in the history of literary writing constituting a thought or meaning, writing illustrates the "play of difference" which is the "functional condition... for every sign."

West, the defender of the presence of a thing in itself, is suspended, never present to itself. Why is it, Derrida seems to ask, that speech would render things the only thing at once both determinate and asymptotic? If there is a common ground for writing and speech, it is Difference, a non-word, non-concept which suggests both the spatial differentiation among words at the level of system (to differ) and the temporal deferral of meaning at work in every utterance, whether spoken or written.

What is perhaps more interesting for students of contemporary poetry is Derrida's critical methodology which at every point recognizes the lure of conceptual models derived from the very systems under attack. To refer to speech as a predecessor to writing, to speak of the "origin" of the word, to describe the two parts of the linguistic sign in a relationship of arbitrarity, carry a long tradition of essentialist-dualist thinking which no critical enterprise can retrieve. Meaning is not, as some would have it, banished; it is problematized at the level of the signifier.

Olson's "immediacy" or Sausurre's development of synchronic linguistics, the priority of speech (as authentic, full presence) to writing (as trace or supplement) structures the limits and dimensions of any critical enterprise. To this extent, the poetry which emerged out of the fifties is inscribed in the same tradition, at least on the surface. The poem is described as a "map" of private attentions, congruent but non-identical with the poet's existential state. Voice and breathing, Olson's "poetry of普通," O'Hara's "personism," Ginsberg's bardic incantations, and Kerouac's "spontaneous writing" are four variations on the theme of immediacy. Olson's equation of breath and speech comes with an ethical imperative as well.

Breath is man's special qualification as animal. Sound is a dimension he has extended. Language is one of his proudest acts. And when a poet rests in these as they are in himself (in his physiology, if he thinks of it, for all that) then he, if he chooses to speak from these roots, works in that area where nature has given him size, projective size.

This idea of a more authentic, because acoustic, poetics is precisely the heritage of logocentrism which Derrida deconstructs. Does this mean that the appeal to orality and music, so much more than mount the heritage of idealist thought, is condemned to be its strongest verification? Are contemporary art and critical theoretical factory systems, both attempting to invent a postmodern aesthetic while arguing from radically opposed positions, a position of immannence and the other that of discontinuity or absence? Can Derrida perform for the history of philosophy.

Derrida's investigations into orality (with root "oral") are rather distinct from those of contemporary poets, but the philosophical and methodological implications of the idea that this time of oral writing has been that infinite retrieval system which is superimposed upon the truth, destroying memory and turning forms into secondary fictions. The poem destabilizes the very semantic axis among elements. Nor is speech simply phonic utterance. For Derrida, speech implies the larger metaphysics of "full presence," that realm of transcendent, preexistent ideas and determining causes which lie anterior to any inscription. By arguing against logocentrism and the repression of writing in favor of speech, Derrida leaves us with a process of infinite differentiation which, he claims, has always been the case in the history of literary writing constituting a thought or meaning, writing illustrates the "play of difference" which is the "functional condition... for every sign."

West, the defender of the presence of a thing in itself, is suspended, never present to itself. Why is it, Derrida seems to ask, that speech would render things the only thing at once both determinate and asymptotic? If there is a common ground for writing and speech, it is Difference, a non-word, non-concept which suggests both the spatial differentiation among words at the level of system (to differ) and the temporal deferral of meaning at work in every utterance, whether spoken or written.

What is perhaps more interesting for students of contemporary poetry is Derrida's critical methodology which at every point recognizes the lure of conceptual models derived from the very systems under attack. To refer to speech as a predecessor to writing, to speak of the "origin" of the word, to describe the two parts of the linguistic sign in a relationship of arbitrarity, carry a long tradition of essentialist-dualist thinking which no critical enterprise can retrieve. Meaning is not, as some would have it, banished; it is problematized at the level of the signifier.

Olson's "immediacy" or Sausurre's development of synchronic linguistics, the priority of speech (as authentic, full presence) to writing (as trace or supplement) structures the limits and dimensions of any critical enterprise. To this extent, the poetry which emerged out of the fifties is inscribed in the same tradition, at least on the surface. The poem is described as a "map" of private attentions, congruent but non-identical with the poet's existential state. Voice and breathing, Olson's "poetry of普通," O'Hara's "personism," Ginsberg's bardic incantations, and Kerouac's "spontaneous writing" are four variations on the theme of immediacy. Olson's equation of breath and speech comes with an ethical imperative as well.

Breath is man's special qualification as animal. Sound is a dimension he has extended. Language is one of his proudest acts. And when a poet rests in these as they are in himself (in his physiology, if he thinks of it, for all that) then he, if he chooses to speak from these roots, works in that area where nature has given him size, projective size.

This idea of a more authentic, because acoustic, poetics is precisely the heritage of logocentrism which Derrida deconstructs. Does this mean that the appeal to orality and music, so much more than mount the heritage of idealist thought, is condemned to be its strongest verification? Are contemporary art and critical theoretical factory systems, both attempting to invent a postmodern aesthetic while arguing from radically opposed positions, a position of immannence and the other that of discontinuity or absence? Can Derrida perform for the history of philosophy.

Derrida's investigations into orality (with root "oral") are rather distinct from those of contemporary poets, but the philosophical and methodological implications of the idea that this time of oral writing has been that infinite retrieval system which is superimposed upon the truth, destroying memory and turning forms into secondary fictions. The poem destabilizes the very semantic axis among elements. Nor is speech simply phonic utterance. For Derrida, speech implies the larger metaphysics of "full presence," that realm of transcident, preexistent ideas and determining causes which lie anterior to any inscription. By arguing against logocentrism and the repression of writing in favor of speech, Derrida leaves us with a process of infinite differentiation which, he claims, has always been the case in the history of literary writing constituting a thought or meaning, writing illustrates the "play of difference" which is the "functional condition... for every sign."

West, the defender of the presence of a thing in itself, is suspended, never present to itself. Why is it, Derrida seems to ask, that speech would render things the only thing at once both determinate and asymptotic? If there is a common ground for writing and speech, it is Difference, a non-word, non-concept which suggests both the spatial differentiation among words at the level of system (to differ) and the temporal deferral of meaning at work in every utterance, whether spoken or written.
The order changes. The Trojans having no idea of true or false syntax and never knew what hit them. 11

The spaces on a paper the letters grow like palm-trees in a cold wind.

In between the pages a paper the letters grow like palm-trees in a cold wind.

Such obvious linguistic self-reflection is replayed in many of Spicer's poems. "I am both script i and cursive i. Rolled into between:"

Where one is is in a temple that sometimes makes us forget that we are in it. Where we are is in a sentence.

To recognize one's inscription within language is to recognize oneself as a subject. Spicer's work challenges the purely expressivist theory which underlies most postmodernist and post-conceptual readings of postmodern poetry. The language of poetry has been rendered transparent:

What is at work in Derrida and Spicer is a critique of the subject and its representation. In his anthologies of ethnopoetics, Derrida gives us a glimpse of the broader implications of the activity of writing as a process of deferral and transmission, as opposed to its current representation as a process of substitution or direct signification. Whether or not we accept Derrida's views on the nature of language, the capacity of the language to provide man with the tools to transcend the present view of the world denies him. He believes that present religious practice does not restore this and that it is only the poem that can be the occasion for creative advancement and spiritual growth. Because in modern times religion (the traditional context for the play of symbolmaking) fails to keep abreast of the scientific view of the world, or in attempting to keep abreast, abandons the symbol-making function, psychology must provide an intellectual context in which this function can be carried out.

Derrida's deconstruction of the metaphysical presuppositions behind the idea of a symbolic truth, which appears in such a way that the individual's unconscious mind is not involved in its making, is a challenge to these kinds of positivist theories. Which appears in such a way that the individual's unconscious mind is not involved in its making. When he writes a cursive "i", both script i and cursive i. Rolled into between."

There is also a regression, becomes the occasion for creative advancement and spiritual growth. Because in modern times religion (the traditional context for the play of symbolmaking) fails to keep abreast of the scientific view of the world, or in attempting to keep abreast, abandons the symbol-making function, psychology must provide an intellectual context in which this function can be carried out.

It is necessary today as it ever was to lead the libido away from the cult of rationalism and reality—n o, indeed, because these things have gained the upper hand (quite the contrary), but because the guardians and custodians of symbolic truth, namely the religions, have been put to flight by science. Even intelligent people no longer understand the value and purpose of symbolic truth, and the spokesmen of religion have failed to deliver an apologetic suited to the spirit of the age...

Symbolical truth is exposed undefended to the attacks of scientific thought, which can never do justice to the concept. And in face of this competition has been unable to hold its ground.

The truth, however, still remains to be proved. Excessive emphasis is given to the idea of the present view of the world as a symbolic truth. Derrida argues that the "symbol making function" is the one which appeals not only to sentiment, but to reason.

The truth, however, has remained to be proved.
thoughts which the discourse obstructed the Republic, radical man capabilities seized as a tendency to which it is now man's task to restore. These entirely speech or writing made in influenced language projected the formations differed from Jung's, the poet's sympathy with the Jungian program. He sees the poet's sympathy with the Jungian program as such. He denies that there is a philosophical principle invented by the fifth century Greeks. In "Human Universe" Olson denies the "universe of discourse" as such. He denies that there is a world of knowledge separable from the concrete acts of men taking thought and giving expression to it in acts of speech or writing.

Olson sees the intellectual revolution inaugurated by Socrates, Plato and Aristotle as, if not being entirely in error, at least involving certain losses which it is now man's task to restore. These losses stem from the philosopher's creation of the "universe of discourse," a universe of separable truths, abstract categories, and in which the dignity of concrete objects and particular experiences is diminished in favor of a world of abstract form.

The damage, therefore, to understanding just how serious ends are projected for the use of words, is in origin primordial: it is that which used to be aesthetic in the space-time continuum as the context for events of reality. In Special View of History Olson emphasizes:

Coincidence and proximity, because the space-time continuum is known, become the determining factors of chance and make possible creative success. In other words the order of man as the actual establishes form throughout the process of reality. Suddenly what used to be aesthetic in the old cosmology—secondary, because purpose was and had to be primary, is strictly secondary and form of reality. And man's order—powers of order—are no longer separable from either those of nature or of God. The organic is one, purpose is seen to be contingent, not primordial: it follows from the chance success of the play of creative accident, it does not precede them. The motive, then of reality, is process, not goal. Only in the relative of the coincident and proximate (because that is the actual) can the ideal (which is the possible) emerge.

"Chance" or "accident" (as opposed to that which is affected according to a pre-determined purpose, or which is necessary) is now determined in relationship to actual locations in the space-time continuum. An event is no longer excluded from the order of things, the "cosmos," because it fails to fit the needs of a conscious whole meant to be the purpose, organizing principle of that order. "Chance" and "accident" are no longer the radical opposites of "necessity" and "form."
Rather, chance is part of creative process and form in itself. Words must be treated as solid objects, and not mere phonetic symbols. The emphasis on the inclusion of purpose and chance, accident and necessity, form and chaos, as being within actual process, is the cosmological justification for Olson's "concretism," his insistence that words be treated as solid objects, and poems be treated as fields of force. As events in the new cosmology are neither determined purposively nor given form by powers outside of process, words must not be treated as if their functions could be limited either by abstract definitions or canons of usage. Similarly poems must not take models from forms extrinsic to the forms emergent in their emergence; symbols must not subsume the material of the work into literary reference, but must be allowed to emerge as local centers of force within the field of the poem.

It is in this insistence on process that Olson offers a new definition of the body of Jung, and here lies the suspicion of Jung's concept of "symbol." In the margins of Jung's definition of "symbol" in Psycholo­gy of the Conscious and the Un­conscious, Olson comments: ""The whole principle of Jung's definition of symbols as being in the interior of the human body is the organic process and not a linear space-time of the body's life. The organs, thus distributed and arranged, are thought of by Olson as being the archetypes, which are in other respects understood to operate quite as they do in Jung. They underlie myths, fantasy, the experience of psychic depth, eternity, synchronicity, are projected onto the unconscious, and come out as coincidences and proximities. The emphasis upon their concrete locality within the body's life is parallel to a similar emphasis on the concrete relationships of coincidences and proximity of words on the page in poems. It is through this parallelism on the level of principle that language itself becomes a fit vehicle for the projection of the archetypal force in Olson's work. In order for language to bear an archetypal charge, it must be capable of carrying projections which are mappings out of the body's life and relationships which obtain between the organs (i.e., archetypes). If these projections are not capable of one-to-one determination as such, they are at least capable of being felt as participating in this same principle of form. "Archetypes as organs" parallels "words as solid objects." The principle of "symbol by apposition" parallels the emphasis on which puns, conscious and the sense of the organs as "slung" in the body's cavity. Whether we call attention now to places in Olson's work where, first, single words used concretely to yield rhymes and puns, carry archetypal projections; and second, where parataxis allows certain archetypal possibilities rather than the symbols of Jung equating a distrust of Jung's lack of sensitivity to the difference.

It is in the insistence on the actual and on process that Olson, as we saw, re-interprets Jung's theory of the archetypes, placing the archetypes within organic process, within the life of the body, within the organs themselves the archetypes. What Olson is after, here, is for the sense of psychic depth accounted for by Jung's theory of the archetypes to operate in his poetry, and for the same time, for the apparent non-entity of the archetypes as presented in Jung's theory, to be overcome. If the organs themselves are understood as archetypes, the advantages of the Jungian theory can be kept without the archetypes tending to subsume the psychic material in a vacuous word of disembodied symbols.

Now Olson's notion in "Propo­nence" that the interior of the human body is the "home" of the archetypes parallels his thinking about "syntax by opposition." Syntax is embedded within the spatio-temporal relationships of the words or poems on the page. Words are treated as objects with weight and solidity. Similarly, the complexities of relationships which obtain between the organ systems and the concrete context of the physical organs "slung" in the body's cavity; they are subject to gravity; they are spatially juxtaposed or overlapped in the actual space-time of the body's life. The organs, thus distributed and arranged, are thought of by Olson as being the archetypes, which are in other respects understood to operate quite as they do in Jung. They underlie myths, fantasy, the experience of psychic depth, eternity, synchronicity, are projected onto the unconscious, and come out as coincidences and proximity. The emphasis upon their concrete locality within the body's life is parallel to a similar emphasis on the concrete relationships of coincidences and proximity of words on the page in poems.

It is through this parallelism on the level of principle that language itself becomes a fit vehicle for the projection of the archetypal force in Olson's work. In order for language to bear an archetypal charge, it must be capable of carrying projections which are mappings out of the body's life and relationships which obtain between the organs (i.e., archetypes). If these projections are not capable of one-to-one determination as such, they are at least capable of being felt as participating in this same principle of form. "Archetypes as organs" parallels "words as solid objects." The principle of "symbol by apposition" parallels the emphasis on which puns, conscious and the sense of the organs as "slung" in the body's cavity.

We will call attention now to places in Olson's work where, first, single words used concretely to yield rhymes and puns, carry archetypal projections; and second, where parataxis allows certain archetypal possibilities rather than the symbols of Jung indicating a distrust of Jung's lack of sensitivity to the difference.

It is in the insistence on the actual and on process that Olson, as we saw, re-interprets Jung's theory of the archetypes, placing the archetypes within organic process, within the life of the body, within the organs themselves the archetypes. What Olson is after, here, is for the sense of psychic depth accounted for by Jung's theory of the archetypes to operate in his poetry, and for the same time, for the apparent non-entity of the archetypes as presented in Jung's theory, to be overcome. If the organs themselves are understood as archetypes, the advantages of the Jungian theory can be kept without the archetypes tending to subsume the psychic material in a vacuous word of disembodied symbols.

Now Olson's notion in "Proponence" that the interior of the human body is the "home" of the archetypes parallels his thinking about "syntax by opposition." Syntax is embedded within the spatio-temporal relationships of the words or poems on the page. Words are treated as objects with weight and solidity. Similarly, the complexities of relationships which obtain between the organ systems and the concrete context of the physical organs "slung" in the body's cavity; they are subject to gravity; they are spatially juxtaposed or overlapped in the actual space-time of the body's life. The organs, thus distributed and arranged, are thought of by Olson as being the archetypes, which are in other respects understood to operate quite as they do in Jung. They underlie myths, fantasy, the experience of psychic depth, eternity, synchronicity, are projected onto the unconscious, and come out as coincidences and proximity. The emphasis upon their concrete locality within the body's life is parallel to a similar emphasis on the concrete relationships of coincidences and proximity of words on the page in poems.

It is through this parallelism on the level of principle that language itself becomes a fit vehicle for the projection of the archetypal force in Olson's work. In order for language to bear an archetypal charge, it must be capable of carrying projections which are mappings out of the body's life and relationships which obtain between the organs (i.e., archetypes). If these projections are not capable of one-to-one determination as such, they are at least capable of being felt as participating in this same principle of form. "Archetypes as organs" parallels "words as solid objects." The principle of "symbol by apposition" parallels the emphasis on which puns, conscious and the sense of the organs as "slung" in the body's cavity.

We will call attention now to places in Olson's work where, first, single words used concretely to yield rhymes and puns, carry archetypal projections; and second, where parataxis allows certain archetypal possibilities rather than the symbols of Jung indicating a distrust of Jung's lack of sensitivity to the difference.

It is in the insistence on the actual and on process that Olson, as we saw, re-interprets Jung's theory of the archetypes, placing the archetypes within organic process, within the life of the body, within the organs themselves the archetypes. What Olson is after, here, is for the sense of psychic depth accounted for by Jung's theory of the archetypes to operate in his poetry, and for the same time, for the apparently non-entity of the archetypes as presented in Jung's theory, to be overcome. If the organs themselves are understood as archetypes, the advantages of the Jungian theory can be kept without the archetypes tending to subsume the psychic material in a vacuous word of disembodied symbols.

Now Olson's notion in "Propo­nence" that the interior of the human body is the "home" of the archetypes parallels his thinking about "syntax by opposition." Syntax is embedded within the spatio-temporal relationships of the words or poems on the page. Words are treated as objects with weight and solidity. Similarly, the complexities of relationships which obtain between the organ systems and the concrete context of the physical organs "slung" in the body's cavity; they are subject to gravity; they are spatially juxtaposed or overlapped in the actual space-time of the body's life. The organs, thus distributed and arranged, are thought of by Olson as being the archetypes, which are in other respects understood to operate quite as they do in Jung. They underlie myths, fantasy, the experience of psychic depth, eternity, synchronicity, are projected onto the unconscious, and come out as coincidences and proximity. The emphasis upon their concrete locality within the body's life is parallel to a similar emphasis on the concrete relationships of coincidences and proximity of words on the page in poems.

It is through this parallelism on the level of principle that language itself becomes a fit vehicle for the projection of the archetypal force in Olson's work. In order for language to bear an archetypal charge, it must be capable of carrying projections which are mappings out of the body's life and relationships which obtain between the organs (i.e., archetypes). If these projections are not capable of one-to-one determination as such, they are at least capable of being felt as participating in this same principle of form. "Archetypes as organs" parallels "words as solid objects." The principle of "symbol by apposition" parallels the emphasis on which puns, conscious and the sense of the organs as "slung" in the body's cavity.

We will call attention now to places in Olson's work where, first, single words used concretely to yield rhymes and puns, carry archetypal projections; and second, where parataxis allows certain archetypal possibilities rather than the symbols of Jung indicating a distrust of Jung's lack of sensitivity to the difference.

It is in the insistence on the actual and on process that Olson, as we saw, re-interprets Jung's theory of the archetypes, placing the archetypes within organic process, within the life of the body, within the organs themselves the archetypes. What Olson is after, here, is for the sense of psychic depth accounted for by Jung's theory of the archetypes to operate in his poetry, and for the same time, for the apparently non-entity of the archetypes as presented in Jung's theory, to be overcome. If the organs themselves are understood as archetypes, the advantages of the Jungian theory can be kept without the archetypes tending to subsume the psychic material in a vacuous word of disembodied symbols.

Now Olson's notion in "Propo­nence" that the interior of the human body is the "home" of the archetypes parallels his thinking about "syntax by opposition." Syntax is embedded within the spatio-temporal relationships of the words or poems on the page. Words are treated as objects with weight and solidity. Similarly, the complexities of relationships which obtain between the organ systems and the concrete context of the physical organs "slung" in the body's cavity; they are subject to gravity; they are spatially juxtaposed or overlapped in the actual space-time of the body's life. The organs, thus distributed and arranged, are thought of by Olson as being the archetypes, which are in other respects understood to operate quite as they do in Jung. They underlie myths, fantasy, the experience of psychic depth, eternity, synchronicity, are projected onto the unconscious, and come out as coincidences and proximity. The emphasis upon their concrete locality within the body's life is parallel to a similar emphasis on the concrete relationships of coincidences and proximity of words on the page in poems.
The area of Cape Ann known as "Dogtown" is the site of many poems and it shows a series. It is the inland portion of Cape Ann, the second area of it to be settled, and was an important early center of the colony. In this century, it has been mostly restored by natural vegetation, but as it walks through it will show ample evidence of the localities of the early settlement to anyone informed of the wheelwrights and the image of the dog and the figure of the god, play. The dog-principle is at once the admirer and the admired; the animal and the divine facets of his symbol are brought together and interrelationships exist, the sites of events of historical interest.

The figure of the "Dog," at the same time, occurs with some frequency in the series, and the various meanings which this figure is given, bear archetypal resonance. Like the serpent, the image of the dog connotes a bi-valued principle of energy which is both creative-daemonic and rabid-demonic. Further, the "Lernemonster," the modern incarnation of Typhon, the "particular worship" of the city of Glouces-
ter (according to one poem) has "Eaten All Twelve Months Away" (MP III, p. 60); in the desperate "IF THE DEATHS DO NOT STOP/WE'LL HAVE NO LIFE OR YEARS LEFT," Olson says "our own Dog has Eaten All Twelve Months Away" (MP III, p. 121).

In a poem which we quoted in reference to the word "metropolis," Olson explicitly connects the phrase "metropolis" in regard to the relationship of "Dogtown" and "Dog Town." Thus the place name becomes a site for the projection of "archetypal force" through its association with the figure of the Dog. Olson's comments in "LATER TYRIAN BUSINESS" (MP II, p. 36) develops what is perhaps the most abstract interpretation of the canine figure, but goes so far as to discuss the psychological science of the word "dog" and its association with the word "god," as well as "Dogtown." The idea of the archetypal force which obtains between contiguous poems is oper­ative here. The word "dog" as developed in "LATER TYRIAN BUSINESS" is brought into contact with the myth of the primeval dog in the immediately following poem is concerned. The materials of the two poems are apparently disjointed, the one dealing with the historical world, the other with historical personages, and we are to consider each from the other in the volume, it is not likely that the dog will find a home for itself between them. The association between the placename and the god-figure is left to the reader's own discovery, but the likelihood that the association will be the more recognizable the more it is brought into physical juxtaposition. The relationship between myth and actuality is not established by generalization, or by any kind of subjective connection to the question by "proximity" and "syntax by apposition" alone.

The principle of syntax by apposition is perhaps best seen in single poems where diverse materials are united, and the interrelationships established primarily by this means. In a poem from Maximus VI entitled "The Cow of Dogtown" (MP II, pp. 148-150), in combination with the material which we will examine in our next chapter), at least three different kinds of materials are allowed to appear in apposition, i.e., made to subserve the material to some sort of generalizing summary. The different kinds of material are different in tone, source, and subject matter, united, of course, by their actual juxtaposition in Olson's "principle of syntax by apposition." In our next chapter we will examine the relationship of the archetypal materials are a: a technical, geophysical description of a particular area, 2. experiences and observations recorded from within that area under present conditions, 3. mythological materials projected onto the terrain in the process of making the observations. The materials occur together in "nature" in the sense that all three are present at the same geographical site in question, as well as that all the material (including the geological data, which is quoted directly from the textbook) is brought together as one-as it is presented is presented as passing through Olson's mind at the moment of writing. Further, the possibility of Olson's thoughts in the form that they take occasioned by the concrete geological situation. Olson's thought maps the place. The poem maps both this thought and the place. No generaliza­tion is allowed to interfere with a complexity of material which only a faithful rendition of the entire site (land, thought, and process of observation) can represent.

In addition to providing a principle of connection from poem to poem and from part of poem to part of poem, consistent with Olson's bias toward the concrete, the practice of "syntax by apposition" allows the sentence itself to bear pressures from the psyche that syntax (that is, the periodic sentence, simple and compound) cannot bear. This discussion of the question of "syntax by apposition" is introduced at an aspect of the tense-structure of one of Olson's most difficult poems, "Poem 143. The Festival Aspect from Olson's "The Destroyer of the Three Towns.""

The poem concludes the first chapter of "The Destroyer of the Three Towns" in Heinrich Zimmer's "Myths and Symbols in Indian Art and Literature." The practice of "syntax by apposition" is introduced in the poem announcing the mythical terms in which the coming "Aquanian" epoch shall emerge. It is an attempt to usher in a new mythological framework which is to represent Eros and Thanatos forces which shall be active in the coming age. As such its language is forced to mediate between the eternal realm of the archetypal, mythical forces which are emerging, and the common world of men to which the poem is addressed.

As Olson understood, on the basis of his reading of Jung, that the shift from the "Aquanian" takes pace primarily as a shift in archetypal dom­inance, the whole poem is squarely within a Jungian framework. The "syntax by apposition" takes on new archetypal period. The use of mythological material to herald and describe this shift is of course justified by Olson, as is the emphasis on the creative function of decisive destruction to further the onset of the new archetypal situation. The poet's role in registering this shift through his realization of its mythological in his writing is again a poetic function, in his telling of the myth, is influenced in part by Jungian thought, so that the intertextuality of the poem implicates a Jungian frame of reference.
The realm of the eternal breaks through in this poem by an intensification and dislocation of tense relationships; in such ways as both the present and the future tenses are forced to do double duty. The present tense is used both to state conditions which obtain at the moment of composition and to assert a series of eternal dicta about reality. The future tense expresses conditions which shall obtain in the coming time, and also events which are the latter acts in an already realized drama. At the same time, the connection between sentence and sentence, dictum and dictum, is the series of proclamations themselves as they arise excitedly in Maximus's mind, and as they are being proclaimed. They seem to form, simply, an asyntactical series, connected by sequence and juxtapositions more than by internal, syntactical structure. Whereas the periodic sentence would require that statements in the poem be obedient to a consistent use of tenses, parataxis relieves the tenses being obedient to the poet as it occurs in his mind in the heat of composition.

The material from Zimmer is a story about the Hindu deity, Shiva. A tyrannical demon has, by austerities and yogic power, fortified the corrupted reality from the Absolute, it is the times promised underneath ...

When the World is one again
It shall only come forth
... isn't even a burning point, it is a bow
... isn't even a burning point, it is a bow

When the World is one again
It shall only come forth
... isn't even a burning point, it is a bow
... isn't even a burning point, it is a bow

The truth is a bow, shooting a single arrow at the three towns. This is happening now, in an eternal gesture of liberating destruction. But the truth is also that there is no three towns, now... that the final phase has not yet been achieved, because the activity of the poets, the historical activity of specifying in mythical terms, the nature of the world, has not yet been completed. Again: The truth is a bow, shooting a single arrow at the three towns. This is happening now, in an eternal gesture of liberating destruction. But the truth is also that there is no three towns, now...

The Maximus proclamations are instances of just this attempt to move beyond referential symbolisms on the one hand, and literalness and naturalism on the other, through asserting a kind of "symbolic truth" again in Jung's terms completely wedded to the actual.

The truth: ... isn't even a burning point, it is a bow... isn't even a burning point, it is a bow...

The truth is a bow, shooting a single arrow at the three towns. This is happening now, in an eternal gesture of liberating destruction. But the truth is also that there is no three towns, now... that the final phase has not yet been achieved, because the activity of the poets, the historical activity of specifying in mythical terms, the nature of the world, has not yet been completed. Again: The truth is a bow, shooting a single arrow at the three towns. This is happening now, in an eternal gesture of liberating destruction. But the truth is also that there is no three towns, now...

The truth is a bow, shooting a single arrow at the three towns. This is happening now, in an eternal gesture of liberating destruction. But the truth is also that there is no three towns, now... that the final phase has not yet been achieved, because the activity of the poets, the historical activity of specifying in mythical terms, the nature of the world, has not yet been completed. Again: The truth is a bow, shooting a single arrow at the three towns. This is happening now, in an eternal gesture of liberating destruction. But the truth is also that there is no three towns, now...

The truth: ... isn't even a burning point, it is a bow... isn't even a burning point, it is a bow...

The truth is a bow, shooting a single arrow at the three towns. This is happening now, in an eternal gesture of liberating destruction. But the truth is also that there is no three towns, now... that the final phase has not yet been achieved, because the activity of the poets, the historical activity of specifying in mythical terms, the nature of the world, has not yet been completed. Again: The truth is a bow, shooting a single arrow at the three towns. This is happening now, in an eternal gesture of liberating destruction. But the truth is also that there is no three towns, now...

The truth: ... isn't even a burning point, it is a bow... isn't even a burning point, it is a bow...

The truth is a bow, shooting a single arrow at the three towns. This is happening now, in an eternal gesture of liberating destruction. But the truth is also that there is no three towns, now... that the final phase has not yet been achieved, because the activity of the poets, the historical activity of specifying in mythical terms, the nature of the world, has not yet been completed. Again: The truth is a bow, shooting a single arrow at the three towns. This is happening now, in an eternal gesture of liberating destruction. But the truth is also that there is no three towns, now...

The truth: ... isn't even a burning point, it is a bow... isn't even a burning point, it is a bow...

The truth is a bow, shooting a single arrow at the three towns. This is happening now, in an eternal gesture of liberating destruction. But the truth is also that there is no three towns, now... that the final phase has not yet been achieved, because the activity of the poets, the historical activity of specifying in mythical terms, the nature of the world, has not yet been completed. Again: The truth is a bow, shooting a single arrow at the three towns. This is happening now, in an eternal gesture of liberating destruction. But the truth is also that there is no three towns, now...

The truth: ... isn't even a burning point, it is a bow... isn't even a burning point, it is a bow...

The truth is a bow...
George Quasha

TRAVELING IN TYPOGRAPHIC FREESPACE

Residual Portrait of Susan Quasha, Jackson Mac Low, and Franz Kamin

The mainstream of poetry goes back to the old tribes & has been carried forward by the great subterranean culture.

The intention of NEW WILDERNESS LETTER is to explore the creative act in all arts & sciences, all human thoughts & act directed to such ends: the participation in what the Surrealist master, André Breton, called a "sacred action" or what Gary Snyder described as "the real work of modern man to uncover the inner structure & actual boundaries of the mind."

NEW WILDERNESS LETTER will appear twice yearly & future issues will be approximately 56-60 pages & will include many illustrations. The present price is $2.50 per issue subscription (4 issues) at $10.00 (individuals) or $15.00 (institutions). For orders & information, write to NEW WILDERNESS LETTER, c/o New Wilderness Foundation, 365 West End Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10024.


TRISTAN TZARA

try rumania in sunlight
try a napkin

try zanzibars and real alarm clocks

try ruins icebergs snails

try april nuns

try zealously

arks ravens anchors

— Jerome Rothenberg

Cover photo by Becky Cohen, text by Barbara Einzig, from a photo series based on Einzig's Disappearing Work: a Recounting (The Figures Press).

Typography, production & printing by Open Studio. Rhinebeck, New York. The Open Studio textual arts & graphic research project maintains a Print Shop & Design Center, a non-profit facility for independent publishers & individual artists, funded in part by grants from the New York State Council on the Arts & the National Endowment for the Arts.