Then is coiled the Sea's grand core
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the atmosphere Drawing and pulling
its multi-waves Up or in complex spiral
at its snap, Loadersfull/Lustreloads
sweep to the holds whose
whose bandsheet the Undersea's integrity as a
player swimming for Sustenance with wooden counter
- it is an angry day -

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Then is called the Sea's grand core
When the Excavator counters to its torque
The atmosphere Drawing and pulling
Its multi-waves Up or in complex spiral
At its snug Loaderfull/Lustreloads
Sweep to the holds where
What backbone the Undersea's integrity as a
Sustained swimming for Sustenance with wooden counters
- it is no easy day -
I remember liking Reality Studios a few years back because of its political clout, the way it cooly asserted the right to array words in new combinations, its implicit snob at the cozy trick of recycling wish-fulfilment and nostalgia - it had a situation of its own. Reality Studios is redundant to the punk years. However, with Volume 4, I'm not so sure. If this kind of publication can't forge ahead on the strength of its poetics, the question remains - is this a situation of another magazine of chat? I admit, of course, that Reality Studios as a whole has been drunk of its own charisma, certainly has its failings (the centrality of gold). Given the appreciations of minimalism (the centrality of gold), I would even be flatulent reminiscence on the part of the interviewee doesn't help. I question if another magazine of chat can't forge ahead to dismiss the area of concern to Marxists for bracketing of phoney show up. The point is that of course the bourgeoisie at least gossip columnists have to be overjoyed that the wonders of mass production still have a monopoly on energy either. We can at least credit Eagleton with the energy for reading Benjamin and writing from involvement with what he actually wrote. More than can be said for David Miller: his Benjamin is irretrievably John Bergerised, limited by a puerile belief in "art" as defined by those who buy and sell it. Despite Berger's structures in Vagabond and the boom-time optimism of André Malraux's The Museum Without Walls Benjamin does not envisage an ever-expanding capitalist economy in which the bourgeoisie will be merely a cog in the system: where everyone will pin reproductions of great art to their bedroom walls, grateful, say, overjoyed that the revolution has not happened. The bourgeoisie have made Art for All in the most bourgeois way: they are the new masters of their art, the bourgeoisie will attempt to maintain the aura - and, far from the obfuscations of Benjamin's thesis, the artworks Miller quotes are specifically examples of much phoney show-up of values. Values that were once venerated as the forms of production have been rendered obsolete. Benjamin insists that Marxism sets the possibilities of revolution on the table talk of the bourgeoisie at least: he politely describes the bourgeoisie's attempts to maintain the aura - and, far from the obfuscations of Benjamin's thesis, the artworks Miller quotes are specifically examples of much phoney show-up of values. Values that were once venerated as the forms of production have been rendered obsolete. 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all are - he luckily omits the other 53 varieties), he neglects the potential of living labelling (i.e. what we could bring out now). Benjamin isn't thinking of plastic replicas of Michelangelo's David as he relates to the possibilities for sculpture today. The potential of mass production weighs like a criterion of the production of a product of single objects. It is a mode of production only maintained in art because of its characteristics made possible by the social organization of production for its own ends. Since it's a case of mere survival, some one is going to have to be held to the responsibilities of the market consumption in order to boost this or that product off the shelf. It's true that some of the discussion of the Sugarhill label displacing the human League on the survey. As a whole, the massacre of market scoring someone trying to think instead of defending values. There are echoes of the New York Times' now that Benjamin is thinking to much of that is "mystic" (p.90), "spurious" (p.93), "biased" (p.93), "cavalier" (p.98 n.25) (he makes it sound something). It is a full of half-truths and overstatements, not to mention out-and-about mistakes and missappraisals" (p.98 n.25). Why doesn't he stick to Matthew Arnold?

There is something absurd about going on about this rubbish at length, but it is worrying if people who pick up Reality Studios because they don't need it any more. The discussion is on the market, such things, capitalist look abroad in the market and to the exploitation of living labour. Where there seems to be, and the fundamental results, they at least have this in common with Benjamin, they look to the future. Unlike the bourgeoisie, the comment reveals the same interest. The resolution of the crisis is only inevitable if production is undertaken solely for profit: workers' power would mean the destruction of capital until farms without tractors were a thing of the past. It is not the destruction of the aura is not to pretend that artists are incapable of producing artefacts. The discussion of the destruction of forces of production; he is merely pointing out that such artefacts are fraudulent.

For someone who sees the "museal quality of art" (p.99) Miller appears to have few quibbles about derailing his opinions of Benjamin's argument from secondary sources. The final word to Hannah Arendt when she seeks to define Benjamin's idea of the "connections between things" (p.94) - no minor issue when it comes to interpreting Benjamin. The whole piece reads like an essay in distinction - he runs like a frightened rabbit to the authorities. Instead of explicating Benjamin's "marketing" strategy, he repeatedly confuse quotations to Schopenhauer, repeating the mythic assertion that Benjamin "once quoted Schopenhauer's line about the World of God" (big deal) and that his later writings were "exceedingly" (p.96, p.96 n.25) - quotations incidentally stuck out of the publisher's note in the New Left Book edition of One Way Street. Far from disproving Benjamin's materialism, much evidence merely shows that, under the influence of his friend Theodor Adorno, he was moving away from Schopenhauer and mysticism in general. We are apparently not to make Susan Sontag's word for it that Benjamin has "no real interest" in psychoanalysis (p.93). Miller calls it "the most important" of Benjamin's arguments about "capitalist ideology" it betrays an insensitivity to the concept he is dealing with and to the effects of such concepts (p.93).

Quotations from Benjamin himself in the midst of this half-baked Fopperette nit-pick tendency to blast through Miller's tendentious textual continuations of the main argument. As he notes, the destruction of the Papacy in Fascist Italy without criticising the state. He fails to point out on his ability to struggle against Fascism. As in the unconscious all kinds of contradictions can co-exist in ideology, the contradictions of Fascism are never openly, it's legitimate to pour scorn on the facts; - as the case of Christianity demonstrates, we are not so sure of the "shock" - but the confrontation with the facts is, in itself, a revolutionary party. They did not manage to seize power, but the "shock" face these issues, as I think that publications of Reality Studios goes. The frustration of the idea of the ideological tools of little press duplicators while the printing machines turn out their craven slop must be used to smash the view in the blind eye, to smash one's face. The point is that he is working his way there, which is what makes his ideas and arguments, along with their dialectical critique in Adorno, so tense and crucial.

I suppose it's a little late in the day to call for "realism" in the "realistic" world of the present-day impressionists - they were an anti-stalinist, anti-Nazi conjunction brought into existence by a vacuity of ideas - the idea of a revolutionary party. They did not manage to seize power; but the confrontation with the facts makes these issues, as I think that publications of Reality Studios goes. The frustration of the idea of the ideological tools of little press duplicators while the printing machines turn out their craven slop must be used to smash the view in the blind eye, to smash one's face. The point is that he is working his way there, which is what makes his ideas and arguments, along with their dialectical critique in Adorno, so tense and crucial.

The name Reality Studios derives from a famous situationist slogan. Its shortened form should not be allowed to mislead the reader. The group is contending with the new situationists who are contest to cook up their own reality, seeing as the movements of the society that the self is involved in is now an illusion at best. It is of course the bourgeois conception of the reduction of the universe to its essence, the clarity unwarped by the exigencies of those who are paid to speak, the bitterness of exclusion turned into a cold, unemotional hostility at all costs. The old traps of art-ideology like the "shock" are brilliantly spotted in the "realism" of the academy if we are to pinpoint the limitations of their grind but (a) they are both - according to the last. Derek Robinson was a bastard to fake and file agitators, but it's your duty to support him, dear reader, because he's a lot wrong with Eagleton, but it doesn't make sense to dismiss him in order to usher in some. Ignorant treatment that wards forth Arndt, Josipovici, Sontag - all the pluralist establishment hacks. I mean, they would know how Benjamin's not a Marxist, wouldn't they? - the point is that he was working his way there, which is what makes his ideas and arguments, along with their dialectical critique in Adorno, so tense and crucial.
DAVID MILLER:
Out to Lunch with Benjamin: A Reply

Reality Studios is not the focus of any sort of orthodoxy, and I disagree with the milton as much as Milton with him (and vice versa). So when this person who calls himself "Out to Lunch" says - a proposal of my place on Benjamin - that "Reality Studios is not the focus of any sort of sectarian specialty than understand things" I would, first of all, like to point out that my views are not the views of Reality Studios. He doesn't have any "party-line" - it's a collection of diverse writings.

This person's outpourings of vituperation, combined with large doses of Marxist rhetoric and dogma, do nothing to dispute the fact that (a) he does nothing to actually defend, by argumentation, Benjamin's account of aura and its destruction or dissolution - in relation to mechanical reproduction of "aura" and "shock"; (b) he does nothing to dispute my discussion of this matter - which is both the central matter of both my essay and Benjamin's. His attitude is presumably taken for granted that Benjamin was wrong. Here I must say a nasty, presumptuous little fool because I try to disprove much of Benjamin's thesis. (These are the terms of his "argument".)

Again and again, there are assertions made that are not backed up by any textual reference (either to my own text or to Benjamin's). An example of supposedly "aura-less" phenomena which are not backed up by any textual reference is the case of Benjamin's text - but for his own rhetoric, I would refer Mr. OTL to Saussure's Beyond Ideology. The whole notion of "aura" is nothing but an idealized, humanist tradition regarding the generation and interpretation of systems of ideas and representations which are not backed up by any textual reference.

"Religious guys are religious guys;" a typically Church of England view of supposedly "aura-less" phenomena. The point I tried to make is that contextualization - or specific employment of a means, with reference to both the text and the context and the vision or world-view which is involved - is all-important here, and that shock - or dissimulation - or "aura" - is a characteristic of "revolutions" (or "counter-revolutionary") (or any other qualification). I say in my essay (in the first sentence of my last paragraph), "Discric" seems to actually look at what has been stated.

Marxists "responsible by politicalizing" art: Benjamin's facile conclusion is no more impressive now (appropriated by OTL) than when it was written. What does it mean to "politicize art in this context?" My point in the essay was that Benjamin's attempts to take refuge in the idea of "class" and "illusions" (cinema, photography) and in extravagantly, uncontrovertibly defined aesthetic notions of "aura" and "shock" is no solution at all. He doesn't say Benjamin actually sneered recent developments in painting and art (as long as we don't limit poetry and art to that area of "aurist" which has been wholly appropriated by humanism). In relation to this question of humanism, I would refer once again to Saussure's Beyond Ideology. (Yes, Heidegger - the subject of Adorno's sourcous book referred to above - also I should point out, when Adorno writes - and misrepresents, in my opinion - is the earlier Heidegger of Being and Time, before the so-called "turn" in his writing.

"So we're faced," he goes on, "with the extension of the craft production of single objects," no doubt this was commendable, but one can only feel sorry for his commitment to ideas when institutional concerns come first. "So do I ever betray his politics," my example was the Basque Church, not a Basque priest. "So much for the "martial" concept of "holiness," the "aurist" idea of "aura," "aurist" politics.) But what one has to look at is the oppositional notion of "aurist" and "shock" and "aurist" polities. My point was that there is no necessary relation between Fascism and religion. (I mean, that there can be a necessary relation between Fascism and institutionalized religion, and between Fascism and institutionalized religion, but that there can be a relation (at an institutional or individual level). Of course there was, in the early examples. But the point is that there is a necessary relation between Fascism and institutionalized religion, and between Fascism and institutionalized religion. My point was that there is no necessary relation between Fascism and religion. (I mean, that there can be a necessary relation between Fascism and institutionalized religion, and between Fascism and institutionalized religion.) In any view that naively presumes that mere ideological allegiance renews artistic activity by itself had better look at the presuppositions on this point. (The relation between the two is crucial.)

I could go on and on about this screwed, but like OTL, I regard it as a joyless business. "It is nothing," Miller says of "aurist" in painting - "or just a temporary lapse?" Obviously I contest this, as I contest everything, but I would guess that it is a temporary lapse. (Letter of 26.4.83: "I was rather unsure about the analysis of "aurist" in the plate piece ... Ken has always been political, and I realize that as far as most of my poetry-writing concerns me as a critic, my poems in England are concerned, I'm out on a limb. But the view from my limb strikes me as a fine one, so I'm sticking here.

June 4, 83."
Postscript

1. The notion of some simple progression away from the influence of Jewish mysticism/theology in Benjamin's work can be disproved by looking at his final essay - which I examined in the last section of my essay.

2. In The Origin of Negative Dialectic (Harvester, 1977), Susan Buck-Morss points out that his work on Baudelaire "marked an abandonment of Benjamin's earlier insistence (in the artwork essay) that the revolution in optic perception was progressive. Benjamin no longer saw the technological developments of camera and film as a self-contained, purely objective process, but described them as already anticipated by the disintegration inherent in urban experience: photography registered the auraless optic sensation of the crowd, while in film, 'perception in the form of shock is raised to a formal principle'." (p.161)

Benjamin treated the "shock-existence" of crowds, of factory-workers, etc. as well as the loss of aura of time, things and other people, as indicative of "the disintegration of the capacity for experience". (p.161) The urban individual "simply endures... colliding stimuli rather than respond[ing] to them, so that mere existence (Erfahrung) replaced active, reflective experience (Erfahrung)." (p.160) (See footnote 20 in my essay.)

PAUL BUCK:

Phobia

Characters:

Carmel

Isabelle

Natalie

Petra

A room. White walls. White floor, fur if possible. Four white wooden chairs: Natalie's stage-right. Isabelle's stage-left. Petra's backstage off-centre right. Carmel's downstage off-centre left, the latter not in position at start. A white drinks-cabinet, stage-left. A door, stage-right.

The space is bathed in white light.

The young women look sleek and lavish. They wear elegant white or pale dresses of satin or silk. Plus adornments and full make-up. Though they look seductive, the atmosphere is cold and anemic.

Unless indicated, Carmel does no action suggested by the others, nor does she respond to their actions. It's as if they are not there. Or even herself.

(Natalie, Petra and Isabelle are sitting on their chairs, facing front. Carmel enters with a chair and sits, facing front.)

CARMEL: From the phobia. It's in our midst. A good few years ago, these knots were suppressed. There was a sigh.

(ISabelle stirs and sighs silently.)

And then after the meal, she said, please, she said, please, I insist others do with my body what you've been doing in private. Her life was no exaggeration.

(ISabelle rises, pours and drinks a whisky, remains by the cabinet. Carmel stands and addresses the audience.)

You know what I'm doing here, don't you? I hope to draw in all of you. It seems you could do with some help to raise my motives. (Turning to ISabelle.) Was there anything else? She asked me. I was about to leave for Paris.

(ISabelle crosses to her chair, turns it towards Carmel, and stands holding its back. Carmel takes up a pose, facing front. Watching Isabelle.)

ISABELLE: Any venture you suggest is dubious. After that first meeting, I brought some friends over to speak about your proposals. I could have fallen out of the chair. There was a shrill. (Pause.) It's all right. It's over. She managed the return from Paris alone. I never told you where the furniture came from? She opens a door. (She minis opening a door.) The guests past the guard who stands by the exit. I wore facing up to much actions. To go there again. Everyone listened. She scrambled to her feet. She continued. At the gate she turned to give me the key to her flat.

(She holds her hand out towards Carmel and minis accepting the key. Petra stands, walks towards the door. She turns, holding the handle.)
PETRA: They came into the room. It was quiet and painted white. She showed me her gown. (Isabelle pulls out her gown, spins around and sits. Petra exits.)

NATALIE (unmoving): If.

CARMEL: A headline brushed against me. She hung around. We took our bearings. Barring us from our pursuits. It's a matter of diplomacy. She has immunity, hasn't she? All that hair. Such a startling fullness. Such round breasts.

(She moves to touch her. Isabelle shuffles her chair round almost 180° to face wall left. She sits bolt upright.)

And she learnt well how to sit. Another chair? So Petra can slide out.

(Isabelle laughs silently.)

I noted what was added to her warm laugh. Had she been spying on the wildoods that Natalie had shown on her visits? (She crosses to Natalie, stands beside her and looks at her. Pause.) Memories were fading rapidly.

NATALIE (to audience): One minute she was commenting on her, whispering seductively as she tickled her thigh, everything else abandoned with a let's-just-forget-about-the-meal attitude that makes one... (She huffs.)

CARMEL: Dark in the room. No room. She protests, you can say that again. It's as if an ill-wind has blown through. She was that other figure. You said something. She pointed at a break in the loneliness. Her Natalie.

(Carmel extends a hand towards Natalie, to touch her. She stops. Natalie looks at her and smiles. Carmel turns to look at Isabelle. Isabelle rises, walks to the wall left and stands with her back to it, eyes closed, hands on wall.)

NATALIE: Isabelle reflected on her friendship. She confided in me that Vazam was always advising her who her companions should be. She managed. You shall do what I tell you? Steps before seeing. Distract with willingness.

ISABELLE (eyes closed): She made a furious face, as if she knew I was still a little girl and had a quiet innocence. I could not believe it.

CARMEL (turning to Natalie): The finish was her spying on us. Out. Thank you for saying, I muttered. She went off that way. (She points towards the door. Pause. Nothing happens.) Natalie stands.

(Natalie stands.)

She stood in a great loneliness.

(Natalie opens her mouth to speak.)

Don't. Silence. There was a sound. (She turns to the front and stands, as if alone.) It came from herself. She was alone. The moment her eyes struck the mirror the light closed. (Silence. She looks up, as if into a mirror, then buries her face in her hands. Pause. She covers and removes them.) Was it possible to stop the gaping? From within there appeared a steadiness that went deeper than was concealed. Into her she. Within herself she gagged. Stuck. Enough. (She breaks her concentration and sits.) Her eyebrows lifted. (She sits up, cross-legged, stands, kicks over the chair.) The chair was licked away. The application was quickly corrected.

(Isabelle crosses to Natalie, takes her arm gently to lead her away. Carmel intervenes and breaks the bond.)

PETRA: It was serious, as might have been expected. A friend. Me? My father said, 'Go!' He said it had depth. It breathed into the air. Tried to wear his slippers.

(She turns and leaves.)

CARMEL: She went outside again. She turns quickly. And stares at me.

(Isabelle walks to the left wall, stands facing it.)

ISABELLE: No, no. She turns around. I interrupt her. From fields adjacent.

CARMEL: This measure was aggressive. Her face is not so red. Perhaps she is ill. (She walks up and down, stops on far right.) She is sufficiently recovered and has her usual tone. It seems as if the monopoly she's created is coated with prejudices.

(Natalie enters wearing a coat. She stops near the door.)

NATALIE: And with its own atrocious lusts. That's correct.
CARME: Calm in the early hours. And then she asks, What is that small? What is that unshaped feeling? Blood stills the air.

(ISABELLE lifts her hand to her head as if dizzy.)

She was far from satisfied by the scream and that other figure.

NATALI: Carmel looks sadly at herself. Carmel has no faith.

(She crosses and sits facing front. ISABELLE recovers.)

CARME: I will never believe what I see across night’s valley. Nor tomorrow.

ISABEL: Perhaps.

CARME: I have been given too much time to be kept in a cell to think of remembrance. It appears to me that to be pursued of love. But her

(Moves her hand to her head as if dizzy.)

NATALI: Beneath.

ISABELLE: I could have died for her.

CARME: Carmel enters and sits in her place. (She crosses to Carmel, leads her to her chair, sits her down and then sits facing her, turning her own chair. Carmel turns her head to face the audience.)

CARME: We are found clutching at each other’s clothes. Somewhere to change for this action forces the phobia into consummating its pleasures.

(PETRA enters and sits in her place.)

NATALI: Natalie has known the empty feeling of being shown the back of a curved arm. But her view of life at that time was suspect.

(Natalie shuffles her chair 90° to face away from Carmel and ISABELLE.)

PETRA: It appears to me that to be pursued of love. But her

(Moves her hand to her head as if dizzy.)

ISABELLE: I could have died for her.

NATALI: Beneath.

CARME: Carmel had been listening to our footsteps as we moved around upstairs.

NATALI: All this talk of seduction has frightened me. My thighs know their strengths.

(She crosses her legs. Carmel lifts her head, stands behind ISABELLE.)

CARME: I thirst.

ISABELLE: Well now, we burrowed into the feelings as passion must. It’s an obsession.

PETRA: It’s a fortunate feeling that shifts from my temples.

(Carmel turns her back on ISABELLE.)

CARME: (sharply): No.

PETRA: I don’t think so.

CARME: Carmel enters the library. No, the cellar beneath this room.

CARME: I hear what holds me to the phobia. It is the howling of a very young and beautiful girl.

PETRA: Very, she stressed.

CARME: Carmel enters the room before we left.

(Natalie stands, unbuttons her coat, hitched her dress up enough to put one foot

on her chair and rests an elbow on her knee. She looks across the room.)

NATALI: I left the bookshop early to return to her. I was only trying to be

PETRA: Carmel, they’ve unnerved you. Will they let you sit there like that? Any offers? Except for me who could pay for everything. There could be

NATALI: Natalie says she will return the book.

ISABELLE: Natalie rests in her easy chair. The white encourages glazed of talk. Bramble damns impotence. The flow towards the centre turns to prizance again and again. She was so sure she couldn’t run us down, though I still occupied myself with the bottle.

(Carmel sits.)

CARME: And now whenever she closes her nightmares she wears a bold smile. She thinks of other times, the time when she propped herself against a senuous power that lessened her consciousness with indifference. I don’t know about fear, but she sucked nourishment from her red surroundings. To tell it to you straight, this is nothing but a rose

with properties I had to discontinue in order to arrive at pleasure. Even when she stood behind tottering desires, each succumbed in

encircling her. Yes, Carmel said. She tries to be kind.

PETRA: Petra drinks something which keeps her from screaming for nothing.

PETRA: Natalie grips the softness of the tall chair. She suspends passion as she plunges into caution.
CARMEL: As she brushes against me in a hurry, Carmel fixes her look clearly on the folds. No, I said. The house is where the valley begins. Her reaction was more repulsive than I remember. I think I deserted her desires. So much is dead now. My tears were cured. I tore at the gate that waited, aloof, so overpowering. Calm, she said. I've scarcely started. Even at night she is everything that comes to sight. Of course, I tried to summon resistance whilst she tried to reassure me. I guess it's her voice that lingers in my body. She was too tiring. That's the side of her I have to get out. Her voice was rising.

ISABELLE: She had been able to welcome me to the furnace. To count the bodies she hadentrapped. I felt myself pulled towards the brightness. We were moving slowly across the room. Then abruptly, abruptly, she was so angry. I could have cried. She was suspended in mid-air. I went dizzy. When everything regained its balance I saw that other figure on a screen. It was tinted a pale red. I asked if I was entitled to know who I'd just seen. She moved away. Turned. Her eyes were white. I fought myself into the first passing car. That early session was perhaps too strong, right at the start like that. She was at the bar, serving as a moderator to the real world. Don't touch me please. I can't. I did. What? Oh yeah. Poor Carmel, she was groggled from below. I walked steadily towards her. Yes, ran. Running. Almost full tilt. She smiled. It seemed so strange and yet the right thing to do. I was winded already. I shouted. Out came the gloom.

(Carmel rises and walks about, confidently.)

CARMEL: And such a clever girl, was able to see that some of her blood sped through my desires. Behind the wheel of an elaborate racer she accounts only for her mistakes. Isabelle skidded up the graveil, her final tears were cursed. I tore at the what seems startling. We don't want them to think this lifts us from reality. Did you impress the matter of appearance on them, Petra? We are old friends.

ISABELLE: Petra knew the temptation to stay would cost her life. That nobody saw what she saw, the curious twists that this all of our muscles. Testing again with theatrics, trying to work after all the bad moves.

PETRA: My sister and I are probably the only people living outside here.

CARMEL: Carmel has no doubt, if she is in the room, that outside she is also the clock that threads time through turns of the key.

ISABELLE: Tears are chosen to solidify the bites and to endure the dazzle.

CARMEL: Isabelle passes me through the emptiness of the spoken moments. Later she achieved clarity in order to approve of the carnival. The girl screws her eyes and sits her arse down.

(ISabelle crosses and sits.)

She never said a word. It was like a mortuary. Below, turning over those who folded under pressure, I arrived at the focus of everything we had done. So far the image of strange underlyings and sympathetic loudness crashes into the red oak. This skull is too blood-orientated. Not towards everyone. In particular I'm trying to be with you, my dear. Isabelle reads what seems startling.

(ISabelle mines reading.)

The request is a poor one for chewed-up heaps of flesh interrupted by the wishes of my teeth. I say she's closer to being lost, but because it's so, the next moment, she crosses the room.

(ISabelle stands and crosses to Carmel. She stands beside her, facing her.)

(ISabelle, reading.)

'The long awaited final issue of Paul Busk's CARMEL is due out soon. For more details of his current publishing and writing ventures contact River St, Wallisdown, Kent 3984 009 009. The play is to be performed in London in December 1995, in a production by Prince of Pigs, directed by Simon Webster.'
from Æ buk Æ Kræiz

Elegy - Emily

I am the crazy cricket of your tortured waking

Dispute

I shall not be silent though I hope you will allow for a bias in my noise. I am telling you this whom nothing can shock and who by the same token remain unmovable for mine as well as your sake. We are two of two kinds and I am not saying this presumptiously but I have more faith in you than you will ever have in me. Such incontrovertible facts arise for paradoxical reasons as our similar natures will confirm. Luck however finds us at a civilized stage of development whence we measure our actions accordingly. We walk on opposite sides of the street and if we acknowledge each other we do so with the finest discretion almost as if by divine intervention. Like saints circumventing false gods we maneuver our way around havoc. We bless distance you and I for its steadfastness its durable hardness its eternal flowering.

Seizure

Time was when in slow deliberate phrasing you could tell me everything he said. Last I saw of him he was heading toward the red desert with my sins. Dogs like carrying the burden of our guilt why else would they be dogs I said but I believe he was already out of earshot. If he was looking for a hostile environment he need not have budged let alone gone so far. Far away now I do not think about him except as I relate him to you. In saying now I do not mean exactly now how could I if I imagine him walking in a certain direction while aiming my words in the same but unrepeatable direction. Now is the time for all good men etcetera is a sentence he taught me till my numb fingers typed it of their own accord. It contains all the requisite letters of the alphabet for effective communication he said. Now x fills the space of his absence and the signature of my communication.

Sacra

In the temple in the tree I heard them cry Eleleu Iou Iou till 0 gave the signal for silence. Auch du chorused the gods and your lips gaped momentarily as though at the intake of breath. In the spring of the round year names poised above the ground like ears in the air. I descended in a soft shower of blood mixed with light and all but one stone hidden beneath your foot soaked up the godly unction. The earth's mazes filled whilst your own labyrinth emptied itself of every sound but the lapping echo of its birth. In the tree a single thought circulated like an undivided cell. A duped god confessed your name in confusion. And still throughout the night the millennia asked who and who and who as 0 shot alleluias in the air.
I saw the father crying was
The I crying father the
Birds at my heart's sound dart
Out of us &
Face averted regroup (safe)
On firm distant trees

Tears such as yours have behind them a tradition of beauty while mine are of pain. What distinguishes one kind from the other is a latent silence copious as an underground river. And though I am your prophet you are my light. In dense woodland we thrive on a savage cry and drink from oblivion without tasting our thirst. Each on the opposite bank as we weep.

Words are coalescing with days. It takes time the time it takes to say days to wash up on the dawn a daystar. Then they are light. In the root of a word you observe that word's silence as I abandon you in my speech. Like a river coming to an end the silence spreads. I know the meaning of that word as I know the enclosing darkness of each day. Then a kind of rain falls.

The Death / Orpheus

E A R
of
A E R

The ground variously named
Names rise from below.

Semele
Sprig of Spring
tone
1/8 stone
a simile.

The year is round & the Names turn.
The ground is cochlear & the lark-echo her labyrinth.
LYNN LONDIER:

MAKING JOHN JACOB FAMOUS

In response to a disfavourable review
and in light of Feminist librarians
who select books of "favorable" review

Buggernot the man nudged by Juggernaut

What mindless acceptance of John Jacob Discriminating Book Reviewer For

The American Library Association who said my poetry was "surrealist"

WHEN ALL OTHER REVIEWS SAID I'm Gertrude Stein Show me I'm Gertrude Stein or surreal. On what page of what book you didn't really read an I not real? poetry as Cheap Sapphic Publicity

Surreal is safe it's easy to say Surreal escapes. It is irrational it startles Surreal abstracts. It is an excuse for not looking. It is static unchanging as a canvas of painted sea that extends into sameness and does not mean. It is a woman librarian who reads 2,000 reviews instead of one book on a beach in a month. How oppressive: Surrealism Librarians Reviewers Londier's "excesses apparent in duplicate are are fraught with a faltering technique" (another free ad, Mother)

You're pure Book Reviewer

Dear dear Man Sir Jacob Dear Sir, my my reviewer of "That Classical Lesbian" who interests you as "a type of contemporary phenomenon" wing-ed shot down into bland landscape of of commentary over whether this "insistent" She-Foot with naval hair on her face (I shall escape) "is more interesting than truly talented" or truly interested than talented morally or two women's bodies doing something naughty as scaling and being immoral Do-it Darlings encouraging all canvases to turn an enriched lavender angel labia hue

Moo-moo says A man about a purple cow Meow-meow says Purple Cow about making John John Jacob Jacob famous altering his fright with a figa

up his jawbone in the wind on paper

LESBIANS LIBRARIANS NEED TO GUT
TOGETHER TO ABASSE THE PACKALSHADOW
WORLD OF CRITICS LESBIANS LIBRARIANS

* A raised fist with the thumb between the index and third fingers. "The 'fig gesture' ... its origin was in an order given by Barbarossa to the people of Kilan to remove with their teeth a fig which had become lodged in the anus of his mule." - Magic and the Supernatural
For Gay Pride Week Poetry Sharing, and in protest over the impending demolition of S.F.'s Gay Community Center to make way for a parking garage

I am interested in cocksmite leather pants and the Paul Bunyan of the night for reasons of Emily's. You are interested in dresses bouffants and high-heeled mannerisms that have been identified by feminists with being oppressed

Sometimes with my voice I imitate you imitating what you think "female"

I kept quiet when you told me gay women are repressed and haven't caught up with your signal system for getting the kind of sex you like.

\[
\text{I remained silent}
\]
\[
\text{'cause I'm}
\]
\[
\text{the silent type.}
\]
\[
\text{I wait,}
\]
\[
\text{I watch,}
\]
\[
\text{I just}
\]
\[
\text{takes things in,}
\]
\[
\text{honey,}
\]
\[
\text{lik' a mystery.}
\]
\[
\text{I got raying}
\]
\[
\text{around}
\]
\[
\text{inside}
\]
\[
\text{'cause}
\]
\[
\text{I'm one of those}
\]
\[
\text{thinkin' girls}
\]
\[
\text{been waitin' for}
\]
\[
\text{the sun to shine}
\]
\[
\text{on all.}
\]
\[
\text{Watch out for weighted years}
\]
\[
\text{of silent types.}
\]
\[
\text{I shall say somethin' tonight!}
\]

A red flag in the right hip pocket means just that; a red flag. The key chain hanging from your belt loop means getting off on the longest run picture show: "The Above and the Beneath."

I happened to be handed a cute newspaper called Gay Sunshine. Such precious light falls on the gist of one who says about another: This writer who just wrote a book about traveling was not exploiting young Third World man in Latin America. Tell, there are overtones. (What Gay Sunshine meant was Central America; central to America.)

The critic continues: What the author is doing is dwelling on complicated nature appreciation. Isn't it great to get back to clouds and bodies?

The book tells how the author gets Indian boys to lick him for a nickel (haha old boy joke) so they can go to a movie. You say there are two sides to a trick? I say each side of a coin looks different, but we're not money. Hungry-looking boys seek more than an author's plain lick face. Nor do they love literature. Some fatherliness going on here, you say? Put those boys in his shoes and the Americano out on the street, and see how Daddy does. Will they take him in, snap him bare with his legs apart? (Note photo of him in Gay Sunshine: fully-clothed.) Will they pay his trickling centavos to have sex, hang around while they go after likenesses of pretty young flesh of themselves? Not a look or dime will author get. Gay children who poke his white face with begs grow into Third World poets who read of the lean life nonstop 'til dawn. O say can't he see there's no Third World gaymen poets reading tonight? Are they too oppressed to sing twilight's last, too new in their boots to make poetry prance? What is Emily to say to Walt this night of gaymen gaywomen poets gathered together to celebrate our tropic hearts? Show her gaypoets in wheelchairs, elderly mariposas who didn't make it up steep, every year made more accessible in virgin adventures of caring. 'O Cuidar de Todo! Gay brother, you any off the page I am quiet & unimpressive I'm saving up to celebrate our same shoulder applied to the wheel to prevent the deaths of kindness (providing other plans for us this loft of butterflies darkened stacked with autos don't happen.) It is rumored next year Susan Griffin will get together with Allen Ginsberg There's fireworks between us Walt.
"Just as my fingers on these keys make music" - Wallace Stevens

Close Encounters with the Netherkind

This poem was born in the wake of a man's fist aimed at my face. Paradise lost, he missed and hit the doorway I stood in the frame of, as hard as he could. The doorway stood; I didn't blink. An excusing small woman tried to restrain "Supertan". He pushed at her, passed us on, threw a metal chair at the room, kicked a metal wastebasket like I was a football, and slammed and banged and went on. Big Hero. Noor of Molecules.

"Preciousness" of the Firework Fellow of Netherheaven. I left the room while the patron woman stayed to lick his shuddering at womanform. That was yesterday. Today I call on his army—the police—a protection of a joke—a formality in case he gets physical again. I have a witness: the scared woman who by clinging to my male co-worker deterred him to keep him from hitting the target, so far. Is whether he avoided hitting me or missed hitting me, a question For Blindness? I hear when one is in danger one becomes detached. I felt as an observer in the face of a man's fist aimed at my face, like a black & white cork dartboard, mirror inside a mirror inside a mirror showing fissure. Caught in imposed history, a door inside a forest is dropped at the flicker-dent of a finger like it didn't matter I was the wastebasket; I stood as stoic. I feel dizzy thinking of him coming at me, the grime of the face of a Contorted, Gaping Ego; the Violent Home of My Job at Close Range. Later, another woman, my boss will say he's sweet and could not do such a thing, and you have a personality conflict. (Or, Death is a difference in style.) I'm the cause of this man's killing ways, this thirty-year-old she had planned to make a man. This Son of a Policeman is smaller but stronger than I. Irony is, I was angrier than he, and taller. What's maddening is working around a woman so competent, it's having a man for a woman around; how he sees me. What pleases me: four years he's fiddled and twiddled At Home on the Darting Range of My Job. Ladyboss lets him play; he trips me up at my work. Think of us as The Drone and The Drudge. The Infernal of His Glow, I provoked him, but he devastated me. I was first and held my strength, and he knew it, and that's why he is so afraid as to just miss the infernal of his goal, and I know it. How can I stand to work with the man?--

He's half creature; he believes women have tails and are called mermaids. I know women have tails and are monkeys. I am of the Vulnerable Real Gorillakini. Wondrous.
THREE KINGS OF OXENTAL

One brought wood,
One fixed things,
One helped carry.

Uncle Caver robber got money to go everywhere trading hand-me-down clothes from the States with Mexican Indians for Mayan artifacts that he couldn't sell surrounds he and his wife's love life. His doing to natives no one of my aunts will admit, and All done on impossible-to-read postcards from Europe.

Unfun Uncle Conscience announces Third World people will arrive a night at my first uncle's bedroom to get their golden arms back. (Arm rhymes with arm.) His homemade mottoes lighten the table; best way to learn Spanish is to join the grape boycott organizers. Do not eat wine or drink lettuce done us one more time.

After the dinner party of my departure wives of the three uncles play Scramble and tie I wash, listening to Third Uncle Eye-At-the-Top-of-the-Triangle dry. Dishes pass faster while Spaniards make Mayans club pyramids to empty headlings full of earth 'til temples are covered with dirt.

Conscientious uncle's head buried in an environmentalist magazine rises as My Uncle the Sun. In actuality Uncle Most Serpentine asks: couldn't I make one thousand dollars last longer than ten days by taking a slow boat from Miami to the civilization an other uncle helped carry off.

A niece is cursed that judges uncles equal. The three uncles know what good books say. At Mayapan capital of Yucatan miles of ancient wall surround 3,200 mounds. Each potentially houses fragments of sages: Righteousness is the same as pilfering. The Left hands the Right, who helped most around this house, is King.

(Lynn Lomdier lives and works in San Francisco. Further poems and an extract from her novel The Phantom of the Organ will appear in a special Sexuality issue of Spectacular Diseases guest edited by Paul Bock.)
Doctor

and could I ever get to stop that train stop that train when that was something my hand won't do
and could I ever get to pound my gun down flat and lose it lose it when that was something my hand won't do
and could I ever get to sleep all day and all night with the lights on when that was nothing to get excited about it's old - it's so old and it's not a word I use anymore electricity not when it can bring you
camera crews
cyclone fencing (here it comes now - here it comes)
go on
get out
go out of here
if my brother was here your face would be blood, buddy
or changing you receive
sugar and water
satellite photographers
computer crime (I once read a very interesting article on computer crime)
we call soul
mono recording only

and could I ever get to stop that train stop that train doctor restore he sight
I'm losing face
and could I ever get to stop that train stop that train
and could I ever get to stop that train stop that train
16 years old and already fully trained in the use of automatic weapons
and could I ever get to stop that train stop that train
and could I ever get to stop that train stop that train
and could I ever get to stop that train stop that train

Jeremy Adler:

from: The Electric Alphabet
Notes Towards a Definition of the Universe

I
The Alphabet will reveal an amazing store of high-frequency electric fields oscillating between finite electrodes. It consists of living telepathy, dead ideas, and sandy letters, which are like tiny, superlative cameras with a seductive flash of active matter. A freshly-picked alphabet shows pliable fingerprints. Its position can be measured, but sunlight should be avoided.

II
There are few problems more fascinating than those that are bound up with the bold question: what is a book? With insatiable curiosity, men have been trying for thousands of years to penetrate that closely guarded secret. Today, we tend to the view that books are biological mechanisms which allow us to experience the solar system by means of optical instruments. This enables the speaker to reach the energy of light. The intelligent layman will, of course, find books helpful when confronted with death or loss of innocence. In our daily lives, books frequently explode, but the problem can be overcome in most closed systems. The standard formula for a book made from the alphabet is:

\[ 2 + \frac{n}{x} \]
Daydreams grow like pollen on the antennae of a cortical romance. They may be distinguished from other lanthanides by membraneous wings, covered by minute, overlapping specks of nectar. On average, men and women are only six or seven years old. Breathing pores cut in the manner of teeth may occur, which are visible to the naked eye as small orange spots in the lower cortex, where they ascend until the white medulla appear. Virgins may fondle the dreams of a caterpillar with impunity. At a constant pressure, the volume of a given daydream remains inversely proportional to reality. Then, a butterfly will unfurl its lovely soul, peel an orange to the ringing of crystalline bells, and peer through a pair of binoculars like a chinaman in HOME. This is truth. The most enchanting daydreams may be seen "talking arm in arm through fire and later like the three races in a chorus of magical delight. Under experimental conditions, daydreams produce a highly directional, monochromatic beam of infallibility. In some species, optical diversions are common. Fine petals of del'll'll sette on their l'lin g s. If these produce a silken debris five diameters from the mind, the image may reverse, to simulate the solipsistic logic characteristic of a mature society.

Elements are the infinitely divisible organelles or resonances which compose the essence of nothingness; correlativelv, their indivisibility transforms the psychic consciousness of a void into the whirlwind of phenomena which bring forth the human eye. The earliest elements were originally seeds or ivory letters, fabricated by extrasensory angels in conjunction with their husbands, the four wise elephants, as they reclined on the back of a giant turtle, which explains why, in ethical terms, the elements are sincerity itself -- the bravest and truest little hearts that heaven has made, and not, as may appear, one of your two-faced triangles, which are altogether too platonic to be true. Their charge is electrically sexual, which considerably heightens the velocity of enlightenment. The seeming concatenation exists only because giant molecules divide the world into their own ineffectual paradigms of social injustice, but simultaneously give the wifer a good hearty hug and unbutton her knickers. Human pity denies its atomic number by unethical arithmetic; by contrast, the elemental alphabet displays a singular compassion.

Fantasy may be regarded as an abnormal chemical change in the chromosomes. In the newborn child, it often takes the form of unexpressed sympathy or intention. With the genesis of speech, regular patterns occur in the occipital region between the optico-gnostic functions, membranes of the inner-ear, and the audito-psychic zone. Subliminal nourishment activates the motor-functions, and perceptions resembling moral indignation develop. Isolated impulses gradually transform intonational activity, whereupon saturation takes place, and concrete objects establish neurodynamic resonance. Other phases now intervene at the morphemic level, whereupon the fetus develops the cumulative sentences characteristic of the adult male. In most serious cases, fantasy remains indistinguishable from fact.
Philosophy is the parallax of myth, being compounded of homeostatic doubt, it may create paralysis of action. As a clinical phenomenon, philosophy is incipient in most psychoses, and occurs when an excessive cortical charge brings on a short-circuit in the nervous-system, far beyond the circumference of the human foot. Fiery ideas activate a systematic substitute for morality, wherein loss of innocence assumes chronic proportions, with a consequent enlargement of the abdominal cortex. For small equations, philosophy is constant, but acts as a restorative for any finite volume of tangible neuroses. When invisible hypotheses proceed at a velocity more than 4/5 the speed of light, a massive shift occurs in the galactic metaphor, visible as a distant circumstance of crimson metal. Idiocy permeates the system, and unless immediate surgery takes place, nothing becomes mere emptiness. Conversely, red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet are the loveliest signs of lawful permanence. If this be understood, judgment and fantasy combine in the paradox of right action, philosophy attains its inattainable goal, and ceases to exist.

When at night you momentarily look through a telescope and imagine the sun, the lens sharpens, and arouses a tender anagram in the puddles before your mind. Like a window of ice encasing your heart, nothingness consumes the interminable space between arrival and birth. Care and fortune disappear. The dusty soil crumbles beneath your feet. Your beloved is a panther in the burning snow of eternity. In this way, astronomers forsake wife and family for more than a lifetime. Yet if you could wake up within, and beat against the glass, and ask your question, your open hand would eclipse the universe.

(Jeremy Adler is the editor of Alphabox Press and the magazine A. Parts of this sequence will appear in an anthology of British writing for Australia being prepared by Jeff Nuttall. Jeremy's previous appearance in 3E was the essay "Is Relativity Printable?" in Vol.4.)
WORK ON PAPER

Gun gone glass.

Too late. Don't move.

Him, you're a dead man.

Trigger opens and cooks.
Chamber spins in the eye of a dove,
Spirit hard floods fast
A flung back ecstatic head
On to the screen of a stone heart.

Fallen, flesh slides
Clean between their legs
Scissoring paper
And tearing darkness
Through the black null centre.

Target, phase into another body.

Point this glass gun.

WRITING ON AIR

There is a page your hand
Can neither cover up
Nor ever rest on.

Untie through typeface and processor,
To where the essentials are still unseen;
Reach space through these lucid dreams;

The page is air
Beyond this page,
A chaos of spring air

Alive with signs that signify us
As images of complex force
At the root, the indefinite
It that haunts the traces of our lives,
And fires each moment another life -

A future written out on air.
two extracts

1. from "A Watershed"

The method can be taught - but only by example. Be as you write - raw, and the only "style" is one which only justcombe to punctuation - the prose which the paper is still struggling to hold not some polished-up epitaph of elegant manerism, please.

I call it RAW SPIRITUAL. That is, the unfinished unfinishable process of being-written. That music.

2. from "Religion"

In the beginning when the word was the thing...

and so...

THE BOOK

is not the book - the trees that produced the paper, the binding, the glue, the print, the publishing-house, the editor, and the author (the medium); the words are only triggers to transparency - triggers of glass - beyond and before this object not-yet-this THING that you screw up your eyes to decipher. The book is not the book - the book is OP - it alludes to it - never directly, nor with total physicality; the book does not yet know how to speak/the book goes on forever BEING WRITTEN - the book is out of touch with this hand writing as we finally leave the book behind,

and you pause in mid-paragraph and look up...

I treat books like music. You take a record, a piece of plastic, cut from its paper sleeve and listen on the playing mechanism (amplifier); and the needle connects immediately at the point of sound - and you tend to ignore the piece of plastic, and the "record-player" and you stand just upuck and HEAR THE MUSIC, in the air - (hearing this)

so - the poet in no way matters and the poetry is of no importance but for this...

(the sake of us, light) - the book is a smear, a small-trail, a psychic bruise which disappears as it is understood and as it returns to its one source in/

the air........(which itself is always, on the brink of, dissolving, being resolved into, spirit - invisible, permeating every manner of thing being)

7.1.83

(Peter Wilberg's "Stage poem" Knife in the Light was performed at the first Angels of Fire Poetry Festival at the Cockpit Theatre, London, in January 1983. A double cassette of the same title - see listings in back - contains work by him. Michelle Roberts, Keith Jefferson, Berne Asmann and Alison Fell. With Sylvia Paskin, he edits Third Eye magazine.)
Nowadays people's language nevertheless appears to be getting more and more impersonal, full of technical jargon, and ideological idioms, which lack any sound sense, any Personality.

Especially significant is the language of medicine, which has impressed the way we talk about ... and relate to ... our bodies. Instead of attuning, following, articulating our feeling tones, our personal experience of our bodies from within, we may talk of "having a cold" or "a tumour", using words drawn from studies of the body seen from the outside. For even when bodies are dissected, it is still external images and the labels we stick on them that are the sources of medical language. The personal nature of illness is denied, and the meaning of symptoms as a form of body language ignored.

The use of Personal Language... Speaking in Tongues... the contrary may begin, not by learning words, but by attuning to bodies, our own and those in our environment, from within. The medium of this attunement is what I call (following Seth) Feeling Tone.

Feeling Tones are like musical tones: they cannot be defined with a certain set of words like joy/ sadness/ anger etc. They are more like "feelers"...what we feel and talk about. Our personal Feeling Tones are inner sense organs, what Seth calls the sense of "Inner Vibrational Touch". Through attunement with this, we cannot make any simple identifications of them.

We can think of sounds as shapes of Feeling Tone. But everything has its own "inner sound", in itself, and formless, and this we can attempt to re-create with our volages, using sounds that "personalize" it.

Attunement means inwardly listening, listening to Form and Tone and... .

In Personal Language every noun is a "Proper Noun" and every noun, every word, is also a verb, an indication of action.

The words of Personal Language are words of "love" for the acts they name as acts of identification, of mutual Personalization in sound.

You can find a Person's Name for any object, being, individual, concept, physical condition or state of mind. You can also find Personal Names for abstract states of mind, desired events, desired physical conditions, desired actions, desired communications.

One found that Personal Names serve as "words of power" that can be re-activated to trigger or strengthen psychic states and intentions, to revitalize Feeling Tones, past feelings. After all, an Intention or Desire is basically an attunement to a 'future' Feeling Tone within the Present.

But Personal Language finds new words for "feelings" that do not split them into "good" and "bad", "positive" and "negative", "painful" and "pleasurable".

The relation of "private" and "shared" or "public" meanings is well illustrated by the following experiment in Personology. Four people were asked to attune, non-verbally, to what a certain symptom meant (from the English language) meant to them personally. They were then expected to find a Personal Name for this meaning (i.e. an "onomatopoetic" word expressing the "inner sound" of this non-verbal sense, a "Personal Word"). At the same time as finding such a Personal Name they were also asked to allow a verbal interpretation of this new word to come to mind. And so each member of the group in turn would share, i.e. vocalise their Personal Name, but before offering their own interpretation, observe the interpretations of each of the others. The experiment was repeated several times using different "keywords" as the starting point.

Perhaps the single most important result of experiments such as these was the degree of understanding between participants on the meaning of words as sounds... their Personae. A consensus and an intuitive understanding based on an identity of verbal interpretations, but on their "unity-diversity".

So also, when asked to find new Names for things, though each individual came up with a quite different one, members of the group were in consensus as to which aspect of the chosen object any given individual's Name for it had Personalized.

At the same time, participants report an awareness that the aspect of the thing or concept that they Name is also an aspect of themselves. That their Personalizations of what things, people, or ideas "seem" to them are also Personalizations of themselves, and, in a sense, of each other. Names, or interpretations of such names, articulate precisely those "inner" or "un-sounded" aspects of the other's being, and their own.

I have participated in groups in which for two or three hours at a time individuals have entered into more or less continuous dialogue in Personal Language. It is especially remarkable about such an experience is that at no time did the question "What do you mean?" do so. For it was not ordinary verbal interpretations of each other's communications that were necessary, but an inner recognition of intents, of what and who was meant, on a personal level, suggestive of telepathy.

When the whole being speaks, words are unnecessary. When the whole being does not speak, they are often meaningless. But that sounds may be made and taken as sophisticated trans-verbal meanings... that there is a language of inner sound, is a proven fact.

The task remains to explore the full potential of this language as guide for research into the nature of psychic states. In general, a therapeutic tool, and as a creative medium of the psyche. The formulation of an adequate theory of public language, of course, is necessary if clarity is to be brought into this field full of paradox. For it is precisely in doing so that each Public Language and "Personal Language" is, of necessity, worked through phenomenologically.

The words of poetry, the trickery of elements of language, the subterfuge of a poetry of language, it's possible, as possible as potable gold, that authorship of those poems authorized, indeed authorized the creation of an instance. Who's fooling who? As befits a lapsed goat? I don't know. But Julian Jaynes' theory of consciousness in the Breakdown of the Mycenaean Mind has forced me to unfuss one kind of unknowing and to construct a metaphysical gallow.

Jaynes tries to make poetic in psychology and history - or, to put it more accurately, a theory of poetry in the psychology of history, of archaeological investigations, and the hypotheses about the origins of consciousness which he formulates. Which are:

1. Selected Vocal Cut-Takes (PAG)

"each voice is a fuzz box" (Deposition of Large Cities, 1958)

"there are the sibilant guides, our voices" (The Time Ship, 1970)

"the voices of the ghosts must be rising in pitch" (A Night at the Black Palace, 1970)

"the three voices of god loud hail the folk" (The Revolving Tower, 1970)

"who is this voice phenomenon, this talking talk..." (Ritual of the Stirring Air, 1974)

2. Pre-Echoes

These quotes exemplify a theme that seems to recur in my earlier work - the Myth of the Poetic Voice, the Magico-Literary from Inner Space. And if I distance it now through any cynical allusions to the private experience of the poet, it is simply because of the difficulty, the complexity, of this topic, of the potential of the voice, and the amount of attention the whole being does not

Paul A. Green: Voice Phenomena

- a speculative inquiry into the poetics of the voice, as subverted by the hypotheses of Julian Jaynes, with marginal reference to a paper of Peter Wilber's.
to new and challenging situations emonate from the right-hand brain hemisphere as ornamental commands - the first divine voices.

3. Poe's emerges from this archaizem condition and still tries to evoke it. These are large suggestions. In this brief paper, I can only touch on the language superfluously, even to do this I will have to expend Jaynes' arguments at some length, and especially the bi-cameral hypothesis for the existential phenomenon "consciousness", and that whole penumbral zone whence voices emerge.

Which is fanged with paradox, as he emphasises, right from the start, particularly as it applies to poetry. "We are least registerd speakers" stated T.S. Eliot, distorting the inhibitions allegedly created by conscious literary activity and the cultivation of talent. At the same time, consciousness is far more than a mere memorisation of experience; indeed, in the mind of the poet, a conscious awareness of the poet can exist. Here, if consciousness is the metaphier created by concrete metifferences are concealed only by phonemic operations. This is a monolinguistic process. It is the metaphor language grows as new metaphors are created by the emergence of new metaphorical structures (or the development of new metaphors allow the discovery of new metaphors)." Language is an organism, and when a metaphor is created by concrete metaphors are concealed only by phonemic change (thus "be" is related to Sanskrit "ahu" - grow).

Jaynes elaborates this model by introducing the concept of paraphras and paraphrasms (paraphrases being the aligners of metaphor with metaphor; as a creative alignment, Thomson's term - the "image complex"). He suggests that consciousness is the metaphor created by the paraphrasms of our verbal expression.

He then examines the concept of mental space - the "basic paraphrase of every mental metaphor that language grows as new metaphors are created by the emergence of new metaphorical structures (or the development of new metaphors allow the discovery of new metaphors)." Language is an organism, and when a metaphor is created by concrete metaphors are concealed only by phonemic change (thus "be" is related to Sanskrit "ahu" - grow).

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mode, whether in the splinter of letters, tinkle of noises, quantum burp, overlap of falling pages, dread fingers being walked on the edit button, as if it happens.... Jaynes would see this as an increasingly less aesthetically confident brain-shock tactics. As for the neo-neokainism of Jerome Rothenberg and the Alchemists group - it's a conscious, steady, but not a lovely commodity job, in the business of constructing lexicons, increasingly desperate recourse to right-brain imaging and a conscious, steady, but not a lovely commodity job, in the business of constructing lexicons, increasingly desperate recourse to right-brain imaging. An attempt to blitz scale, to place it back on the realisation concerning the dangers of that which he called: The Middle Voice. That is, I don't really think he fully imagined that it would do. He had designed it as a way of opening poetry out into the total cosmogony and to do it in a piecemeal way. What is now, in the second version, that six stanzas which open poetry out into the total cosmogony and to do it in a piecemeal way.

Take, for example, my poem beginning "dry mouth, at the centre of corners..." which, in most versions, goes:

And the girl
Who wanders in
Was missed.
The last bus home.

Who was that girl, Marty?

But, in one version, goes:

Who was that girl, Marty? - Bailey, St. or Av.

Now, in the first version, it is a simple question addressed to my old friend. But the implication of it in the poem, that "that girl" who I know as Mother and who Marty may say not recognise, is, in fact, someone else as well. If it was my mother who missed the Bailey Street bus (an event evoking Hope,Expiration and ypox which effectively altered her life), it was not my man who was on Bailey Avenue that night. Marty and I want to the movies, and the nommas after Bailey" in the second version (thank you, Rus Levy) indicates a further texture: a double pun.

You see how, in the second version, despite the attempt at exactitude, it gets unnecessarily neater, the exactitude of the second version, in writing it, in Wales in 1972, I had thought to put in "Bailey St. or Av." but did not, thinking it best to let it stand thus not making the distinction between the Street, in Philadelphia, and the Avenue, in Buffalo, and thus used a silent Middle Voice (what Ginsberg might call "a mind breath") and sent out no seemingly manipulative messages.

Or, as John A. Osborne has written:

Sub-note: Grey Gowrie is a luminary of the Poet Society and Minister for Arts.

William Sherman:

On Middle Voice

- with replies from Eric Mottram, Allen Fisher, and John A. Osborne

Another Poke at a Point (a reenactment)

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asking how we can idealize our words in English, as, say, in film montage. One possible answer is that this is a matter of degree, but through the vertexes of Middle Voice and the altar of the Old Testament in us, even then, rebelled against it. If our words are sloppy, we are.

Now that we are part of The Middle, we must use it with care, like Oppen does.

If we consciously use it, and Eric Mottrama is correct when saying in this respect that we must become fully conscious, the Illative Voice is to be used, if it is used, with the same caution as a floodgate is.

Thus, communication amongst people of good will will flourish.

1. Cfr. "Beyond Parataxis: Notes Towards Synchronic Verses", A Growing Lecture in American Inter-

2. For specific reference to Middle Voice in Olson, see Tyrann Business.

3. The Horse of Cadmio, (New London: Falcon Press, 1959). It creates the historical distancing and a perspective with-

4. George Oppen's "take" on Middle Voice as a "time" is a "time" (see Saturday Morning, 3, edited Simon Peretto), which is another version, the poem is titled The Mirror.

5. For more on "middle voice" see CHARMA - a "book" in Proopposition:

"MIDDLE VOICE is old passive (non-copulative)!

Also on page 12, in charting the ablative case with its function or condition removal or movement away the connection is drawn, "ablative of means or instrument is middle voice."

Charles Olson: Additional Papers, page 29.

There may be no more names, there may be no more verbs . . .

See Syllabary I: "One limit any of us writers are now re-imposing on our medium (from this book basic intention scaffolding, as well as sound) is expressed in another quotation you have offered me from the human universe."

- from Maps magazine, no. 4. The essay (A Syllabary for a January) is unfinished. I would put it aside Christmas 1955/6.

Postscript to the poetical

The problem is how to turn the "non-copulative" (Olson's term) Middle Voice into that "self-

active" (Creelley's use) which one does something with automatically, let's turn middle-voice inside out.

To begin, "backwards" poetry (cf. The Barkley Reads Us) is simply the opposite of what he didn't (even begin to do) can twist the middle-voice-screws around, all the way to reading The Canton between them, "mid's presence" is going to have to go more than to do all three. Then he's got his poem; then he's got his novel; then he's got himself; then he's got his life, Christ, how many ways do you need to say it? That the middle, which is to say, the middle, has, and that thing of this busy country and culture made into a word.

In this transcript the phusus/nous/theos passage quoted is from Proprioception (following "Notes from Class", made by F. Butcher, in Magazine of Further Studies No. 21)

The only possible subject is limited to the Augustinian trial, and this is dogmatically true -

politics (phusus) - nature, state (necessity)

religion (theos) - God (imaginable) 9.15.64

We are preparing the middle voice for the American Language.

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creating, disclosing, unfolding a new reality or realities, then the apocalyptic post-modern shifts the shifting soil so that one would have difficulty even beginning to discuss "reality." It's a world where "nothing is real" - which is what the British apocalyptic post-modern poets would have us believe.

I place myself objectively in the middle between post-modern and apocalyptic post-modern. Not that I am unwilling to risk disappearing into a black hole in space, just that I believe that we can stay on earth and be there.

For those, then, who might still need a bit of consolation: Middle Voice distances the immediate emotion of the lyric outcry so that we do not either sing Euphoria or lie down in Tiamat (Olson again). To go completely egotist is reduction to a death-in-life. If we can achieve that, then so be it, use the poems as mantra to become death, thus transcend it. But now we are honey-headed into the mystic, a mis-take (to use Robert Duncan's term), and a simple haiku would serve as exiation just as well.


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**ERIC MOTTRAM:**

"Every New Book Hacking on Barz" : The Poetry of Bill Griffiths

In the decade since his first appearance in Poetry Review for Autumn 1972, Griffiths has created a body of work second to none in its formal enterprise and necessary aggression against what this country has become; a deteriorated tyranny, both economically and culturally. A fair entrance may be made through a small book called Miscellany, which immediately demonstrates Griffiths' ability to create a language from common speech and street life which challenges the dull conventionalities of official poetry, the verse of a declined culture. Griffiths' tensions between literary scholarship and working-class and outcast life among the formally diseducated - the vulnerable - are here fused into a language of unique force and style, a voice opening up from suppression, breaking out and making new. "Long Death of the Plains Indians Gypsies" uses romany terms within this programme to bring home the fact that the bland language of Establishment poets is in fact a language of rule which deliberately excludes the possibility of cultural renewal from any source except the controlling classes. Poems for Ian Hamilton (1975) is careful association of a singleleader and poet of the Establishment, whose literary magazine, subsidised to the tune of thousands of pounds from public money annually, failed both popularly and critically, and finally died unlamented. Hamilton reviewed for the New Statesman, a main journal of poetry control in spite of its alleged investigative/leftist politics, and broadcast for the BBC, a main regulator of what the country is supposed to believe is the only poetry around. Where is he now? Such is the poetry-control; public funds administered for the Arts Council through Charles Osborne and up in private pockets, and nothing is done officially. So Griffiths' thirty-three brief poems which parody or complement Hamilton's The Visit include the line "I stomp insensibly over your possessions (ails away) and you'll within a series of examples of exhaustion of life which the power structure and its agents continue. The poems recognise the deathliness of literature governed nationally by self-elected and self-substantiated controllers, the New Grub Street, the new MacFlecknoes, their lies and their fakes:

It's the weatherflagellates: like a slice of I only lick... delinquent joker aleet of my fed-up family.

Sometimes I think or - Formulate - Think (maybe?) so callaly... While all the poets I've intoned leer and limp [about my garden].

Till I envy me, next chief top to the ranks of unreadable

But these are occasional vasons, however necessary and accomplished. Cycles is a set of major texts written between 1970 and 1974 and published together definitively in Ohone Book 6 in 1976. The work begins with a characteristic fusion of personal, historical and contemporary, presented as a constellation in a language of ellipses and disjunctures which draw in the explicable sensibility of any reader not entirely cress to the inventive imagination: Lotus!
as I ain't like ever to be still but kaleidoscope lock and knock my sleeping
Within the complex of the fort against the French,
Lover,'s mighty imperfection: fits the sea, the most (and ported, kinging the blue).

Eloped, so built-naked and the salty grass and ruble of chalk growing writing the chalk - kid shout for separation
The ships, turquoise, cutting open the sea smiling killing O.K.

The day opens up, is pale; open free, to me my hands lightened, head
At running in the sun

this serious, my world is ...

Here was the new voice and project of a poet paying attention to every aspect of the craft, leaving the Hughes/Hawthorne/Dunn establishment far behind. The excesses of theERRY/Tomlinson:Donald Davie line, or the enfeebling, whining, clever ironies of Adshead, and the likes of later sections of the Establishment, were discarded as the new poet described himself as being within the inheritance of essentially modern poets generated out of the "tradition of the new" from Williams and Hopkins onwards. But at the core of the deployment of skills lie the facts and causes of actual imprisonment in Dover bolthole: "Prison's the future, Mike, just the alternative": "grave potentiality: Nature functions, as in Blake, as varieties of sites; the themes against: "War with Windsor" (1972-4, 1976) is a set of texts in the experimental area of police and local government attack on the free held in Windsor Forest, used to demonstrate what tyranny calls "law and order". The book and the poems show Griffiths' best in terms of the constitution of a poetic challenge. In the four columns of Text 1: the short measures moving laterally into each other at certain points, and in the prosody changes: your words of a god shaking and trampling, eager t'it's guillotine.

I would plant it seeing fish like plums in the serious, my world is ... in an enclosed park)

the emblems of the poetics constitute - here and throughout some increasingly eloquent in itself a criticism of immediate arrest and jails in social and religious hierarchy ('good poetry', 'god's policeman').

Any British poetry that is at all innovative proceeds from the margins which assault the self-appointed sense of being locked within that is politically and culturally subversive of the Centre and its control manias. Section 16's "justiciable", and the prosody retallates as "in black, the butterflies to Auden and Lowell, or the likes of a later incessant Establishment iambic historic and repetitions.

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Whistleblowing and its implications for the future of British prisons.

I. Introduction

The case of Peter Griffiths, a former prison officer who was stripped of his security clearance for whistleblowing, highlights the tension between individual conscience and institutional loyalty. Griffiths' decision to expose the conditions inside HMP Wormwood Scrubs has raised important questions about the role of whistleblowers in British society and the potential consequences of such actions.

II. The Case of Peter Griffiths

Griffiths' actions were met with a swift and severe response from the prison service, which initiated an investigation and ultimately led to his being voted out of the prison and losing his job. The case exemplifies the broader issue of the relationship between the state and the individual, particularly when the individual's actions challenge the status quo.

III. The Role of Whistleblowers

Whistleblowers, such as Peter Griffiths, play a crucial role in exposing corruption and human rights abuses. However, their actions can be met with significant personal and professional repercussions. The case of Griffiths demonstrates the need for stronger legal protections for whistleblowers.

IV. The Impact on Prison Reform

The Griffiths case has sparked debates about the need for reforms in the British prison system, including the review of security clearances and the protection of whistleblowers. The case also raises questions about the effectiveness of current measures to prevent corruption within the prison service.

V. Conclusion

Peter Griffiths' whistleblowing is a reminder of the importance of transparency and accountability within the prison system. His actions have shed light on the need for systemic changes to address the issues highlighted in his exposes. The case serves as a call to action for both policymakers and the public to ensure that the rights of whistleblowers are protected and that institutional abuses are prevented.
The ancient war shifts to East London when Alf - the Whitechapel Alf - accuses the poet: "Alf saw witnesses against me as a shape-changer: grey and white." It’s an elaborate tapestry of a form for anxiety hallucination within the chasm of kingship which represent endless exchanges of such concepts between Alfred and Angelics. Angelics (1975) moves out from the Alfred legends to consider the poetry, inventing a schematic mode between prose and verse ("Alfred’s Songs"), until rix is challenged by the king’s once obedient dog-familiar Griffiths: pre-occupations return.

If law is its legality, how distinguish policeman of piracy? Is it in God? will you ratify that (with no authority granted to government)?

Then which part of the people?

Not named as slave. I did homage to no sovereign or lord at any time, I resist it - but I as to be held in legal bond to the sovereign!

So I read books and more on the fairness of prison-governors policemen the psychiatrists and teachers autobiographies.

And to the public trick-work the hubris and sublimation and the chiefest currencies in pain and right argument

So why don’t we all obey the laws, governments too - but (you can go first)....

Solar System (1978) is a long text printed as a single four-line stanza units, including a treatment of found texts. The Sun is the image of singular Control - gods, kings, energy changes - and played into its system. Successfully, Griffiths offers: the solar system as arbitrary god system, with tonic solfa notation understood with false seriousness; the zodiac referred back to actual planets; the clash between system and anxiety; Arrangement of the System is: "if you can judge it's out placed within an attack on forces of "anti-change" the vampiric energies of over-all system; the sunflower is the system’s periphery, its periphery, its periphery, its periphery.

Since authority sees anything not drawn into itself as "waste of effort, waste of talent"; only sorts loose when you may knowledge is always equal to power; a Bobbe-Grilled kind of declarative structure, objects as objects not symbols and "not evaluative"; the cosmos is not even itself a model of states - "the sun itself is moving through the dust of the universe", if you may it in tum be travelling; "if I take off power and law, still it is all in real part, not the coarse macula, a person looking at, looking into, a million indexes", which is relatable, it’s a list of uselessness of things, one to another, with nothing but contained by "national violence". The carousel and the Crown, "the loop", may have been discovered in Griffiths’ poetry, by violent confrontation. Models of centralised system are a constant danger. In many ways, they are like Mary Annaing: Letters - letters from an early 19th century woman whose fossil discoveries around the Oxford area were part of the first fascinating, though not to Griffiths’ discovery, a woman of relatively untrained perspicacity and therefore at the mercy of expugnation from professionals and the ruling class central in London. Quarto Book 2 (1979) brought together four texts, including the Argoed Sam. Twenty-five Pages (1977) stems from experience working among Germanic language and - another site of authoritative vulnerability and resistance:

Listing hallfings, you are wondrous. What you have bought this time will passages out into you.

Thesede of CYCLES return: named ships as images of control: in one of the shipyards, institutional buildings: "Any stone concentric circle and a horseshoe/unwatched almsmen". The worker-poet - now the king's - breaks out: "in my garden./I wanted wolves", the singular, always under coercion - at one point the great centre of the Unicorn, running from "the white-smell-hounds and the white-willow-hounds..." - and into "the all-devouring cars". Existence is escape and pursue here as in Griffiths’ earlier work:

there is rushing forward
And to the point of horizon

So far.

And so infinitely long you, until you have remembered to take breath again.

new vistas

come up, only

like red wires

wasting, taut

Enter into this area of Germany the British Queen, the Crown inspection her weapons and soldiers, the reality controls. The language develops into a narrative parlour piece, (sitting the Windisburg’s spurious origins), the verse fitted with romantic pastoral lyrics, suggesting certain .

"Lieder and anecdotes. The worker-poet tries comprehend his position in this bogus epic history at Paderborn, and acknowledges the difficulty of his scope: "So there are forces, even human, that do not wish to come into a socialised peace, did not intend to, though this will not be triumphant," he recalls Charlemagne’s campaigns and hunts here as he sees "Grizzlies with small rocketeers", hears BFN report the Mass outrage, and reads a Guardian report on a "long-abandoned RAF camp". Against the lovely June wild flowers pose "The Godfathers with very bold buildings". The royal reappears as the complacent centre of obsession contemporary history, paralleled in Charlemagne’s reignbags: "There are forces/their arms, their men."

The principle rooms had their proportions, and one there a fine paint ceiling where described: the tower of Solomonic and the hall of Sedition where Mr Davidson could see yet Cromwell and Ireton & Brasowski & Peters writing lines of airship racks, friend's

implied in pains apportioned them in colours w/ an obvious delight.......

Opposite a figure seated on a throne, yet no earthy monarch this; his feet are carefully concealed, but neither crown nor cap can hide the prince's thick curling horns... .......The King of Terrors. The ball and staircase seemed to be unusually full of what I can only call moment without sound by this I mean there seemed to be continuous going and coming....

The whispering in my house was more persistent today and was among more voices on my shoulder.... Neck and back were broken, and the features torn as if by some wild animal even beyond human sensation. (Dr. Haynes, archsacram of Barchaster).
I do not like careless talk about what you call ghosts. In any man's position (raising his voice at last) I insist on appearing to sanction the current beliefs on such subjects.

The book is in fact about the invasion of authority, especially the Church's, by the demonic in culture. To underline it, one of Griffiths' main themes.

One of the major works for 1978, The First Three Novellas is a Second Ballad in the tradition of invocations to the god of procreation, gardens and ble adults: "his sister Ayesha" is a challenge to death - the "Barcarolle" introduces the usual way of being, shining, the very light, the very brightness, the fire by day and night also a redwash and blackwash, red wash and Blood of Passion: red of gladolium.

Black - combining especially to strengthen green, to strengthen red, gains an engulfing potential. Later subsumed (upgraded) to blue-green. As earth, all black, but all virouses, the savour of them that live here on earth or the glosses of Moses say what is Griffiths at his best: the cold roll of the rivet..."

...Frenzy, pulse, imminently, tactile closeness, as the hot flight (filled with redwash) shining, the very light, the very brightness, the fire by day and night also a redwash and blackwash, red wash and Blood of Passion: red of gladolium.

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removal as possible from propaganda. A Note on Democracy (1979) is his traditionally anarchist description of things as they are, the prose score of a body of poetry sensitively aware of political power, clear evil, and the logical nature of the hostile environment. The variety of his texts testifies to his determination to be generative. The Tarot as viewed from a personal viewpoint testifies to his determination to be generative. Dada, the anti-books, et al., who in little has to do with things. We also have a lot of people who wish to put all their energy into one or other kind of visual expression. Too often people with something difficult to say get dunked on the head in mid-sentence because the way the thing is being done is one little, and they can't handle that little, and they can't handle it. Their delusion, not answered till the 9th century, always never the title or the subject matter. By means of these tricks Plato said art was lies and banned it from the State. In art there is no division between content and form. Like nature it is economic even in its embezzlement. A piece of work is nothing but its structure. We in teaching we have the book, we know the big F, its lies of illusion, the anti-books, etc., it has little to do with things. We also have a lot of people who wish to put all their energy into one or other kind of visual expression. Too often people with something difficult to say get dunked on the head in mid-sentence because the way the thing is being done is one little, and they can't handle that little, and they can't handle it. Their delusion, not answered till the 9th century, always never the title or the subject matter. By means of these tricks Plato said art was lies and banned it from the State. In art there is no division between content and form. Like nature it is economic even in its embezzlement. A piece of work is nothing but its structure. We in teaching we have the book, we know the big F, its lies of illusion, the anti-books, etc., it has little to do with things. We also have a lot of people who wish to put all their energy into one or other kind of visual expression. Too often people with something difficult to say get dunked on the head in mid-sentence because the way the thing is being done is one little, and they can't handle that little, and they can't handle it. Their delusion, not answered till the 9th century, always never the title or the subject matter. By means of these tricks Plato said art was lies and banned it from the State.

John Laverty: Content

(Some of us are very worried about how art seems to be being eliminated from art schools. This comes out of our discussions.

There is nothing fancy about art. It gives far more information than elsewhere. Martin was quoting Karl Marx on how little we know, how absolutely ignorant we are on what is going on in people's minds.

In art there is no division between content and form. Like nature it is economic even in its embezzlement. A piece of work is nothing but its structure.

The well known division between content and form was introduced by Plato. He made this division because he hated art for not being life and being so happy ever after. (The Parthenon, for example, was a gesture.) He did not understand that understanding of that very fact is not part of the mood, but an element in the seed of every bit of art so far.

Somehow or other all art presents mortality; it lacks that it isn't art. ("Dionysus is Hate.") Facing that involves facing equality. Plato could not bear the assertion of good made by the Parthenon, the affirmation of those plays. In order to destroy such hope he took his revenge by separating form from content. By doing so he gave a rationale to tyranny, previously fell to an abstraction. He rationalised into existence Form without Content. And, one step on, justified Non-content with Form, which is Fascism.

We invented the stereotype. We managed this by mistake theatrical acting/making (which was called "mime") for imitation. Then he went on to assert that art was illusory, rather than something quite works via allusion. (The content of a piece of work is almost never the title or the subject matter.) By means of these tricks Plato said art was lies and banned it from the State.

His delusion, not answered till the 9th century, has had its currency since. It implies that if you have set up the Form you have set up the thing, or rather the nothing he seems to have wanted.

It affects us in teaching. Forms with a small f are part of all education. We learn to write by鹦鹉式 letters. Small f forms are a major teaching aid in art education. The danger is that these small f do not slide into the terrible empty big F Forms that hold nothings.

Plato failed. He wiped out Poetry in his country for 500 years, certainly. But he did not affect the practical arts. Plato was followed by the fantastic sculptor Scopas. Scopas succeeded for good reasons. The book controlled the poetry schools; poetry was controlled by the law - which has frequently been the title or the subject matter. By means of these tricks Plato said art was lies and banned it from the State.

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anyone. Art is the one "long-term" way of transmitting bits of it. Art works via allusion. From two knowns to a previously unnoticed third; otherwise invisible. That happens when the form is no more than the structure of the content. When the energy is one.

Plato's theory went unanswered till the 9th century when John Scotus Erigena re-stood up for art with the formula "via fix-up into non-fiction". (Per figmenta in non figmentum - it has other attractive translations.)

Then Heidegger said: no, not so. The artist and the non-artist are in the same boat. Because it isn't the artist that "makes the thing", it is the thing getting itself made by the maker."

Staff and students, we are all in the same boat. We must recognise that.

Wallace Stevens put it humbly "what is going on in the blackbird is going on in me".

Finally, one last point.

Nietzsche made this intelligent division between people taking in a piece of art:

(a) Non-artists - who in the terms of then he said were having a "feminine perception"

(b) People in that art - theirs, a "masculine perception"

It sounds neat enough.


I am grateful to Dr C.H. Lubinskei-Bodenham for the former, and for the latter to Mr R.M.J. Baumann.

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GLENDA GEORGE:

APPROACHING FROM THE EDGE IN (another way to respond)

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creative photo-journalism perhaps? a method of approaching the centre via the peripherals; review techniques and innate criticism, attention to the event but concentration on circumference. results in ...
a token stretching reach out of this quick shift or another
one tension cools the roomheat, rubble buzz thru brain
cellular linings every cloud breaks on the garden with good
tensions paving the patio-forced morality shielded against
real pricks pinned back to the wall listening clearly, the
formation of ideas wells in a wealth of richness anti-
cholesterol beings only this notion keeping them alive on the
vagueries of the dream waving goodbye or perhaps hello,
below the belt plimsolline and to be sure of a solid
structure we must trust the architect who draws plans in
solitude and isolation who lives in someone else's earlier
dream should the surroundings not be to standard defences
who are we to complain of his alertness?
crying thru the aggression screams of pressing
hammers in his head, any wonder left is
directed against the inanimate sculpture
placed there for his education only no-
one told us what to understand and how is
only an experiment in de-assembly, getting
to grips with the intimate features of this
season's dressed stone and the little girl
who tackles, succeeds when wisdom fails and
instinct overrules its case
how do we survive?

the base thud overawes a
sense of sunset drumming thru
gloomy darkness but after
every night there is the
sunrise

and she who worships
this and its differences
will one day see the light
slip over the barricades

and bring the torch flazing
to the masthead optimistic
inventions swelling psychokinetic
patterns provoked into action
against the warhead - yes
it's all possible!

listen to the pulse-hum deep in matter immaterial who
or we know where the seat is placed, revile Castaneda's
old man of the mountains making this one place sacred
in our hearts leaves us in open to haemophilie or
pedoast, part of lifelong searching and switching across
a barebacked rider's balance in the net in the long run
for home, nobody wins or s/he who dies laughing has the
best role - what a way to go! gently chiding our
selves for open wounding slips thru with a suture in
hand and reparation gift following the victory. I
want no part of this connivance standing aside on the
stairway, sewn lips dragging across artexed ceilings
bleeding sympathy for the advocate of serenity who drips
in quaint and quasi religiosity
what is this longing?
with 1/8 sec hand held at f 1.7. (Glenda George hasn't published a book since 1980, but The Senses: Notions is forthcoming from Spectacular Diseases.)

The Representation of the People: An essay on performance

1) Representation

This classical forgetting of the stage is then confused with this essay. This is disappointing for the care in examining so many aspects. We must be way up front in the new industries, the plays. The question you choose is somewhat difficult, even confusing one. The history of theater, and with all of Western culture, new products and new services. For new technologies bring the new. You've decided to argue that contrasts abound in these plays. What's really needed, indeed, is a new perspective. And yet, opportunities as well. That's where the new jobs will come, an examination of how it works or why it is being used. But the question, despite this forgetting, the theatre and its arts have from this government. We never stand still. We're so vague that it is easy to lose your way. To me it seemed as if I lived richly for over twenty five centuries, an experience always looking for new ideas. We believe strongly in people there is a longing to overcome. The representational dilemma using theatrical mutations and perturbations cannot be set aside. Doing and being encouraged to do what they can for themselves in narrative and mimetic phrases, yet everywhere was evidence of attempts to go despite the peaceful and impassive immobility of the I. I would not wish to live. In a society in which the weak, and beyond this, instead of mimetic representation it is possible to explore fundamental structures. Thus in question is not only the sick. Protected were the very old and the very young movements that are significant, to the recreation of the early part of the symbolic realm, forgetting a simple surface concealment. Certain were not provided for. There can be no judicious of this choice of our society's discourses. Simply signs trying. To efface their signification stage has been encouraged. Maintained with the "forget", because it will be clear and irrevocable, Britain was on the way to a truth, violently erased. Stage a secret communication. Economic recovery, shared property, children and friends create socially. Put your hands on the floor in front of you. Can the audience feel the other relationship of betrayal? Betray the physical environment which supports the relationship of shared bodies in contact. Improvisation? I played it very well indeed. Once to denature through inanity, but also emotional experiences of surviving difficulties and special teaching. Tend to because the syllabus does not allow the initiative of the real. Let oneself be evoked despite oneself. To manifest the sources of attachment, a shared past and identity makes the question "What to share" forms, the soul's capacity to learn", the foundation of force. This explains why the classical other part of the self-images: for example, "Who am I", may come to an end here. And mustn't someone who is painting be painting something? Theatre is no simple absence. Include "I am x's husband" with several other processes which constitute someone who is painting something. Painting something real, negation, or forgetting of theatre. The marital bond is not a non-theater in one. Study "for example", it was related I think of poetry. Research, which is what the science should have become, is a mark of cancellation. That lets it be the amount of sexual intercourse minus the number of rows. Some I'm alone. At the moment no psychology seems adequate for the covers read. And it is corruption and. Studies have found that workers have more thoughts and feelings. I have at the moment. Only novels seem to. Have "perverse", a seduction, on the margin of a negative self-image. Female friends talk a lot and developed the linguistic tools to differentiate between feelings. But I am aberration. Meaning and measure are visible, only perhaps this is the female form of boxing. Despite the benefits of literary ability, the interaction of the beyond, birth, the age of theatrical representation, and marriage, women find it stressful. Better shape these writers with their culture. Less cheerfully I wondered why. Such good at the origin of tragedy. As everyone knows, loving people would sooner or later have to be confronted with the twentieth century. Also have jobs for the social parish. I was on my way to becoming. It was a sort of nihilism in the age of machines as well as the age of anxiety. I read enough psychology then to know that, to which I am still very sympathetic, was a way to get out of the conscious man. The age of totalitarianism and the age of Freud lived as I wanted to. I might be excused a state of mind. To avoid being influenced by someone's immediate environment, or by the past, I can say I'll create the conditions. We will, as far as governments can give you the opportunities. But you must take them.

2) People

I enjoyed the stuff you sent. Last and virtually a blank except for the hypothetical comprehensive. Cloning and sequencing hands. A book in each, yes, but if I had been unemployed certainly the stage would no longer represent it. I'd always been a very strong personality though I should have said so sooner. Like the kit systems that have reached this stage for two or three years, I'd still be asking since it will not be added. I need to secure underthrust I hope I'm not saying any reveal their wild past. In several ways what's going to
I function as a pencil over the hours for the ancients was a non-representational act, equating your classical forgetting of the stage with form. The direct action I enjoyed will take up the study of the ancient and cultural clusters. A!J.y
effect. This I would like to have done but could give you an enormous list of things I knew.
I'm terrorised but it terrifies me (too blue and there can be no comprehension. I loved."
See here defy doubt. We reveal their weaknesses. This shows that the government had reached a stage where representation was itself not and not others' except in the performance of their bodies in contact with all the arts of movement without illusion or exploitation. A people representation of the I enjoyed the stuff you sent in the last time."
Happiness was his."

Sources
Michael Argyle "What makes marriage tick?" 1983
Simon Brett So Much Blood 1983
Shears Rise The Body

Paul Wheatley The First of the Four Quartets A preliminary inquiry into the origin and character of the unfinished works of musical art

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Articles on cosmology, tree distribution and surface grown up. Organically the sensuality because tropes for the missing women viewers. Everyone flat out so that your breasts are all surface concealment. Study "for example", "What makes marriage tick?" I enjoyed the stuff you sent in the last time."

Robert May 1983

May 1983

Margaret Thatcher "A report of police brutality in the Guantam 16 May 1983"

Seymour Companion to the Companion Guide to East Anglia

"males of building, has grown up. Organically the sensuality because tropes for the missing women viewers. Everyone flat out so that your breasts are all surface concealment. Study "for example", "What makes marriage tick?" I enjoyed the stuff you sent in the last time."

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OUT TO LUNCH:
Frank Zappa: The Negative Dialectics of Poodle-Play

(Paragraphs that are too long to fit the natural text format are kept intact for readability.)

The stunning effects of coinidence and the inspirations of chance provide a spur to theoretical developments; the truth of this is as univer-
sal as the device of the coin. The coin enables repressive ideology to maintain the illusion that the systematized boredom achieved by bourgeois institutions makes progress possible - whereas it is in fact designed to build criticism of the relations of production in both material commodities and production. This last analogue is in fact a cheap pun, offering the illusion that the systematised boredom achieved by the repressive ideology to maintain the relations of production in both material commodities and production.

The first sentence of this piece attempts to do that. Adorno brought the technique to perfection, freewriting off all the thoughts, anecdotes and reflections with his accurate neo-
definitive Jargon while managing to preserve the form of a coherent narrative or dance in his. Still, the negative dialectics of poodle play exists as an intellectual honesty lacking in those who smear the ideology of the value of oc-
curred labour across their discoveries. The need for precise documentation of poodle play's processes, the delight of function and its conditioning by interests, Abstracting this pun from the concrete particulars las t analogue is in fact a cheap pun, offering the illusion that the systematised boredom achieved by the repressive ideology to maintain the relations of production in both material commodities and production.
serve somebody". In these lines the words and images adhere in clusters of symptoms in which we can read, as in a map, the key to the surrounding terrain. Joyce's linguistic alchemy persuaded him that man's destiny is to be engrossed by a web of signs and unconscious webs that tie people's ideologies of activity and lifestyle together. We can see what they want to read in the web and turn to the reader's attention to them. They may experience it as "free choice", but in fact it is a web of signs and symbols that lead to the "true" of what is happening. Anyway, the "true" of what is happening is an illusion imposed by hunger (greed) and craving (cunning).

Our examination of "performance", by the feminist as a "performative" act, shows that the feminist movement is not just a "performative" act, but a "performative" ideology proposed for social democracy. The constant reminders of the patterns there. The constant reminders of our times, help us to understand the absurdity of the situation. It For Art's Sake uses the variety of persuasive slips that Edgar Varèse developed as an "aesthetic" act, the essence of shock, the music of diabolic machinery and clockwork vacancy.

"Worry" is a mass-produced artwork contains constructed; the flush that closes these boxes is an illusion. The calling aliveness at the bottom of this music is a death-rattle, the hollow clatter of skeletons clacking in the wind.

"Magic is utterly untrue, yet in its delusion, our existence, pure truth and acting as the very ground of the world that has become subject to it. The magician initiates desire, in order to frustrate them, he behaves frighteningly or makes gestures of appeasement. Even though his task is to impose his own image of himself on the beholder, he does the civilized man for whom the unpreserving preservation of his "true self" is an alias of the unified cosmos, the inclusive concept for all possibilities of plunders."

The music of diabolic machinery and clockwork vacancy. This he reveals as the truth behind the superficially 'real' world, the masquerade hides the truth behind the present-day Mothers - the inside of the generous enlivened shows a photograph of the same instrument as the bottom, showing weird constellations of engraved machinery, printed circuits and industrial plumbing. Any "humanity" that a mass-produced artwork contains constructed; the flush that closes these boxes is an illusion. The calling aliveness at the bottom of this music is a death-rattle, the hollow clatter of skeletons clacking in the wind.

"Chance and pun trash the constructions of possession and reason that so excited Dada (at the same time as denying his involvement) and remind us that we are describing by a web of signs and symbols that tie people's ideologies of activity and lifestyle together. We can see what they want to read in the web and turn to the reader's attention to them. The magician initiates desire, in order to frustrate them, he behaves frighteningly or makes gestures of appeasement. Even though his task is to impose his own image of himself on the beholder, he does the civilized man for whom the unpreserving preservation of his "true self" is an alias of the unified cosmos, the inclusive concept for all possibilities of plunders."

"Teeth" is an example of the "performative" act, the essence of shock, the music of diabolic machinery and clockwork vacancy. This he reveals as the truth behind the superficially 'real' world, the masquerade hides the truth behind the present-day Mothers - the inside of the generous enlivened shows a photograph of the same instrument as the bottom, showing weird constellations of engraved machinery, printed circuits and industrial plumbing. Any "humanity" that a mass-produced artwork contains constructed; the flush that closes these boxes is an illusion. The calling aliveness at the bottom of this music is a death-rattle, the hollow clatter of skeletons clacking in the wind.

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"We already have the power of prophecy: in tracing the edges of little pink socks offer the possibilities of the small world's at.

As long as time is money and inside, and the inner life of the body works according to the rigours of the capitalist mode of production, this is an accurate definition of the 'true'. The real aliveness of the dentist may well be the last reminder of what is happening in Northern Ireland and South America, but this dental reminder is the felt focus of where the whole thing's at.

Footnotes
1. e.g. Colin McCabe's Introduction to "Finnegans Wake & the Easter Rising" in Dublin, O'Grady, 1973, p.197
3. Samuel Beckett - Our Exaggerated Conception of the World, London 1929, p.113
4. "Theatre & Performance", London 1929, p.113
5. Less stringent application of this technique in Adorno's Minima Moralia, London 1978, explains its relative weakness
7. Pelican Freud Library volume 5, p.81
8. "You don't know what hit you"
9. John McKeown
10. The word "feminist" denotes opened mouths and barred teeth; the toothache suggests that if they are not found, the stability ideology proposes for social democracy is a lie. Whether coined by the bourgeoisie as the "new woman" (which includes the "gay" or "queer") or in the form of less stringent application of this technique in Adorno's Minima Moralia, London 1978, explains its relative weakness
11. "Flakes" on Seph Varnoff, 1979
12. As FZ puts it in a "Token of My Detest", "...the ultimate in the most suffering that anyone can suffer..."
13. "Zero, a zed" in the Mothers of Invention recording "Dلاميرا لاي لاير" (one line goes "there's no room to breathe in here"). Some last song has the singer (guitar himself) and still connotations and exterminations. As long as time is money and inside, and the inner life of the body works according to the rigours of the capitalist mode of production, this is an accurate definition of the 'true'. The real aliveness of the dentist may well be the last reminder of what is happening in Northern Ireland and South America, but this dental reminder is the felt focus of where the whole thing's at.

At the end of the song Zappa sings in a German accent; given his preoccupation with German Nazism it's a fair enough conclusion that the gas you'll be 'pumpin' every night is hardly as harmless as it sounds. ('At the end of the song Zappa sings in a German accent; given his preoccupation with German Nazism it's a fair enough conclusion that the gas you'll be 'pumpin' every night is hardly as harmless as it sounds.)
These People Have All Stormed the Reality Studios...

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18. same as 15, p.233

19. Interview on the bootleg Footface Bootleg, 1975
20. 1938
21. also to be found in Sigrid Varèse - Amerique, 1921; Sun Ra - Angels & Demons At Play, 1958; Mooring - Stopping Ground, 1964; Johnny "Guitar" Watson - passin', especially "Love That Will Not Die" on Funk Beyond the Call of Duty, 1977. Check them out.

(Parts three & four of this will appear elsewhere. Part one appeared in A Vision Very Like Reality. Other articles by Out To lunch in Aesthetics and Heretics.)

Robert G. Sheppard:
from: Ghost Book

4.

"A train is travelling through the densely populated heart of the large capital city. Past outlying factories and anthracite-walled tower blocks. It is carrying nuclear waste from a private power station. When it reaches its hidden depot, its cargo is transferred to a riverboat and it passes out into the salinity estuary. It is not yet dawn, and an uneasy silence hangs over the city. Once they are 'safely' outside the tidal reach, the sleep-drunk sailors thrust the lead drums overboard - and then head for home. The sea stretches out behind them, the first pale light creeping into the sky..."
Said the landlord snappishly at one unemployed man: "Why aren't you digging?"

"Go and ask a painter!" The landlord replied contemptuously: "A painter? It's a letter we're after, not an icon!"

Septy 7th 82: Will I ever make it to the coast again? When I reach the door, the heavy ticking of the clock holds me no more. How can I ever beat simply with the blood-flow of the given universe? "There is nothing to fear."

Septy 9th 82: The softness of her skin is too good to be true.

Septy 12th 82: Observations of detente between the objects of the phenomenal world. Once a series of events has been observed, an equivalent process immediately suggests itself. The sudden breeze outside in the city street does not contrast with one's memory of the summer sunshine. Likewise the reddening dusk after the storm is the proverbial "Shepherd's Delight," a passage of fair weather. The Autumn leaves spiral to the ground once more. Whispering tongues to kiss the moist earth. The permanence of rock receives the mouldering twigs. Or the whiteness of buried flesh. In time even the slurry will fossilise.

Septy 13th 82: The truth is never a gross amount, without subtractions.

5.

A train is travelling through the densely populated heart of the large capital city. Pastouting factories and anthracite walled tower blocks. It is carrying nuclear waste from a private power station. When it reaches its hidden depot, its cargo is transferred to a riverboat and it passes out into the empty estuary. It is not yet dawn, and an uneasy silence hangs over the city. Once they are "safely" outside the tidal reach, the sleep-drunk sailors spring the lead drums overboard - and then head for home. The sea stretches out behind them, the first pale light creeping into the sky. By the time they reach the coast - around seven o'clock - it is daylight. The water is a deep aqueous blue. Sunlight sparkles on the swelling wave-crests. White clouds appear across the horizon as the morning advances. Nothing can be heard except the crying of the gulls following the vessel's wake, buoyed along by its cutting of the wind. They glide higher and turn away - one by one - as the river narrows and St Paul's comes into view; their sounds are superceded by birdsong from the banks.

This place has been the site of a port since Roman times, but it is hard to imagine what it must have been like for the first mariners to use it, as the opening pages of Heart of Darkness suggest - but it is equally hard to envisage the last. A Russian sailor sits musing on the dockside over an early glass of beer. He is examining the minute perfection of the purple core of a garlic clove with his thumbnail. He is not really listening to the radio beside him; an insistent voice is chanting a panegyric to Soviet Humanism. The words contain - conceal rather -

something that is undeniably true. But their iron rhetoric forges the truth into a weapon. Fossilised slogans that neither convince nor excite, bludgeoning the sensibilities into mute acquiescence.

Though nobody asked for it, the War begins. East of the Urals or in New Mexico somebody's nerve has snapped, decades of patience finally exhausted. Today's page of the spiral-bound diary belonging to the suddenly-vanished businessman contains his final unkept appointment. Detente had been good for trade, his giant multinational carrying favour with both East and West, playing them off one against the other.

A series of alarms goes off around the city. Worried figures gather at assembly points. Hedging fear away they tell one another pleasant stories. They force the writer with them to recite one of his poems. He plucks one dedicated to the theme of a fair evening sky; it acquires a new meaning in this context. Pin fire-tips touch household icons in the darkness of the shelters. Anxious parents kiss the sweating brows of terrified children. Everybody has become subject to martial law regulations (without their knowing it) and a special agency has been set up to deal with offenders. The letter of the law is no longer open to interpretation; the courts will have no choice but to impose the harshest sentences.

Preparing the euthanasia drugs the young doctor continues to flirt with the nurses. "There is no objective method," he jokes, "of deciding who should be treated and who should be saved!" They all know it will either all be over in seconds (they've seen the films) or will lead to the protracted processes of cancer years later. The gross show of light across the sky will settle the matter, one way or the other. Leaving blind eyes; ears fused into skulls in the blast. There would be burnt flesh covered with sores. Or skin and bone both shredded to tatters. The exteriors of the corpses bulging with unimaginable lumps. The dead bodies would have to be flung into the slurry of the sewers.

There is little use in dwelling upon the details of this horror. There is no escaping the impossibility of de-centering our habitual routines with these images of chaos, for the idea of getting up in the morning and walking or catching the bus to work is finally too powerful. There is possibly no way of making the end of the known universe seem plausible - but this does not change the facts. The wood of trees would turn to ash - suddenly charred brittle - as if in the centre of a fire. The shadows of its trunks the second before the blast.... Its traces engraved onto the hard metal of a nearby door, until it too turns liquid. Sixty miles away in Sussex an outcrop of rock will disintegrate.

17th September 1982
9.

A noisy hollow at the end of the dark crescent, cut into the wall of a disused factory warehouse. This is the entrance to the Macbeth - but this is not Mexico in the late 1940s, but Manchester 1982. The high technology reputation of this club has spread through the music media like a virus; a crowd of young people, escaping from the cold night, is funnelling towards the entrance. A youth, with the affected indifference of somebody on the make, asks if we're members. We're not; there's nothing else to do outside. He all of us, until we score a member who'll get us through the door. This method engages the "algebra of need" instantly; we're standing on opposite sides of its binding equation.

Leaps and stage lights suspended from the ceiling punch random holes onto the dance floor: an automated festival of appearances. An aqueous light-show causes everything to glow with a sheen, metamorphosed into colourful surface. Mirrors spin, bobbing off the beams, turn the place into a swirling planetarium; a strobe becomes merely part of the club's "attractions": we're going one round at a time. It is 25 years to the day that the first Soviet Sputnik was launched into the silence of outer space. An aquatic becomes merely part of the club's vendetta - of focus. Nobody watches, waiting away into the shadows; it's just another film. Video is an assault upon the senses, punitive enjoyment, which creates a framed "spectacle" from anything, radiates indifference to its own stimuli. Brian Glyn's calligraphy carefully enframes itself in its own processes - but is reconstructed further by its unlikely context, becomes a fashionable trace: cut-up wall-paper. These young people can rattle off the acceptable slogans (The Medium is the Message), catechisms of foundation courses formalism. "The object is not important," the critic almost declares. They grew up with their parents' tables and chairs arranged around "the box". A window from the home opens onto a Pseudo-Aesthetic Dimension and if that's not enough, Parasite is showing at the ABC for the strong-stomached.

Burroughs sits himself behind an old desk (which looks strangely out of place here); he gathers his papers, an aged hologram from his own film, a pure exterior, and is simultaneously cloned onto the two side-screens, via live video. He once commented, "In Chicago Genet said to no, writers must now support the youth movement not only with their words, but with their presence." But this "Burroughs" - until he begins to read seems hardly present, seems not to be skin and bone at all. He is more the play of lighting and camera flitting with his flesh, literally projecting his larger than life. Tonight he's not going to kill anyone with his reading, his voice competing with scavenging glass collectors and telephones before it reaches our sore ears; the "youth movement" is a studied set of semiotic parodies, re-tinted stills.

But the whole carnival is there in his new novel: from the purple-armed benefactor of the president to the ten-smoking junkies - the Do-Krongs - under complete medical stupefaction, Doctor Bennay returns to commit medical horrors in the hospital lavatory. A junkie steals cocaine from his medical cupboards; this mention of drugs causes a stir in the audience. "Alright, realises his all, Burroughs, purpled, looks up, checks his watch, and continues to read, deal-han. His stone-facied humanism underlines the tyranny of control and the kids who are listening understand this well enough. Burroughs finishes his act by reading Doctor Bennay's first rhetorical outburst, in an early piece the Doctor's razor-blade appendectomy on a rolling riverboat, or is it an ocean liner?... Unfortunately, we cannot hear again; the people behind dedicate themselves to disaffected summary: "straight prose... cowboy imagery... he's lost his page now... only the continuation of his other books..." They lump everything that pertains so crucially to Burroughs' chilling echo, "Wouldn't you?" into their cassette library of references. Before they finish talking Burroughs has gone, disappearing into anthracite darkness, the video following him; there have been few "meetings of subjectivities" tonight.

John Giorno stands jerking like a demented Ronnie Biggs in time to the calculated meanness of a backing-band tape-loop, yelling his poems, rendering them unintelligible. The video is like a sports commentary that won't let you watch the match; it moves around Giorno, focusing upon perspiration and phlegm. Video tries to incite the party spirit with its close-ups; but we suddenly see faces in the audience unfairly - they cannot see themselves - baffled and bored, until the camera realises its mistake and switches back to Giorno. The electronic mass demands that habit is not so easily kicked with a yawn. This much remains true: there can be no innocent detente with the media. Burroughs set out to educate us to snap the control connections. He wanted us to get a foothold in the studio, do "the job" and leave; but tonight it looks as if the cancer has not been removed from the organism.

Paul is dancing somewhere in the audience, feeling slightly absent, with his arm around June's waist. After Giorno has finished they go back to her flat - but he finds it is not at all as he had imagined it, and she also seems to be transformed as they eat the by-now obligatory take-away curry. This feeling of disappointment returns when, later, after she's stripped to her lingerie, she is not at all as he had fantasized her in his writings dealing with the structured rigidity of a sex film. He tries to suppress his thoughts by fondling her breasts, pressing her down, calling them "bristles" as a joke.

/CUT/

but she doesn't find this funny, pushing him back and clamoring on top of him angrily. He suddenly finds himself in a scene from
a snuff-movie; she is the sexy black widow spider-woman and he is her victim. She begins swallowing him whole with her cunt, great jaws revealing themselves beneath tucks of vaginal muscle; finally she pushes his screaming face into her, twisting on the bed with her abdomen and legs until he is gone. She is bereaved with hysteria and turns to look at you through the screen; there will be no pitiful remains found washed up on some distant beach, as in the usual disaster movie. Gentle reader, let me state once and for all: you won't be bothered any more by this tedious person or his diary - and neither will I.


(Scott G Sheppard edits Rock Drill magazine. Books include The Frightened Summer, Galloping Dog, 1981. He has previously contributed critical articles to 2E.)
world politics or the digestive tract

in the living room of his voice
'no more dying' the martins have gone high
in sky dark august the lawn is grass covered,
cat opens mouth and green eyes
a literal song on the radio
that's a funny song, never grow old

cenotaph rocketed into space
England is free, soldiers don't
there are clouds of our boys
precipitate the distant ocean,
the African veldt has brutish men
but heroic animals tune in a major contentment,
like this cat stares and shiny
all over cat-look radio I was thinking
soldiers don't, they just do
I

I make a little space, red wine expands
in a glass the wall below chrysanthemums
in jam jar water pink and pinker,
waiting for food opens doors
enzymes and things I can't imagine
my internal blue tubes
crisp the foody air
here comes the woman in a green jumper,
a woman's life in her body walks about
my heart in orbit, O cat what she does for us
woman, cat and food my god
what a constellation, how fast it is
Lindia when you're drunk
a superabundance of the green age
love I mean you, yes in your mouth

delay the speed of heroic film
and words go everywhere like cups of tea,
novels, pets and coins of an earthly issue
give I back I, that absence of politics
in a decent person the veins of gold
varicose the slack containment,
everything we don't do here

in magnetic august feel the rush
he sings 'fall into your human hands'
a woman walks by the cinema and
the dashboard lights up like a city,
a charm in this idle landscape like
an industry by Sheeler minus the machines,
the afternoons click over.
Stupid, you've lost all your money

this is a nice poem, a nice sausage, a nice man
but wait for the cooked underbelly,
this is a cup of tea you can eat
better that the carpet appropriate
the peopled street, a plume of just look at us
majuscule and not for sale,
like a charm to charm this idle country
run by shits for Shit and Shit in shit

I speak in my nice voice
so that's how you drive a car
use a phone, wear a shirt
we're all in this up to our eyes
Amor vincit omnia, I put my shoulder to Fortuna
I put my hand to drift in your hair,
casualty reports coming in
your hair is cool
human hand
hear that voice
a woman a woman

by the fact of a woman the baby floats
coral bones of the sea surround the house
called Monday to Monday, you do this
and that in its silvery light dots
encode a broadcast of perfect action
called a life together, called

Momay to Monday down the big dipper
going up in the clothes you wear
your nice trousers airtex shirt,
there are flowers in the jar, pictures on the wall
and I'll clean the kitchen
cells hold it together, no arrows, no

a woman a woman

how it changes

funny how it changes everything
when the weather changes clouds the wind
in literal autumn, though it could be spring
the kitchen is different I am five days a week
the fridge hums your blonde hair
dressed in brown, we could do anything

this morning air balloons champion the sky,
address each other through a range of feelings
smile that smile, your money or your money,
like a big cast in an untethered domestic life
it's difficult to know what to wear
cold or hot, there are signs in the sky
like Habitat, Mothercare and Lux

all sorts place at ease an index,
I go home and shoot the furry apple
the hair grips and the cat shit,
the stations of the dial constellate your heart
his voice speaks, don't be flippant

(Kelvin Corcoran's work has appeared in Pige, Molly Bloom and Rock Drill.)
a rose is
a rose is
a rose you
said waiting
for the applause
&
perpendicular rain
came down

it left a taste of tin around
the rim of your mouth
cars skidded on the greasy road/
turned over
& over
rolled through fields of burning petrol
and still the scorch did not sear through
your living room

I can't keep it up
he cried I can't
keep the balls in the air

GERALDINE MONK:
from: Sky Scrapers

GI

Cirrus
high
ice
crystals splitter-sip to
neatly razored
fixed shape
lacking shadow
lacking water experience or
inclination or bunch of rushes
lush bathers sea storms
LIBATIONS

high
detached delicacy
whity appearance
feather tread - ghost frisson
rising slowly
rising slowly
first crack of / cigarette
smoke detaching
delicate
unresolved patches rest
assuming filaments
whispery white snow
rising slowly above blankets
lingering high behind curtains
clouding ornamental glass light
shade higher
coming on from South West
approaching depression
hours even
days days days away

behind
infinity somewhat relaxed
Today
sky vital  frenetic
early morning  ice-angulated sun
skids too brightly 'cross
capized energy unready
for day crystals
fruit scowls
lemon lemon
  rue then brittle
apples and antlers
the reluctance and floundering
dried fish in porcelain
  globe in loveless space

Cirrocumulus
you know it
elemental grains
merge to separate
dribbling
splints of horning bone
mackerel glints  rippily
rounders
pebbly corrugations
connotations ripe with pure rustic
clusters
quaint as quangos
  clusters abruptly cancelled
by first flick and docking
  roughly in vicinity of
  ashtray
  the first abrupt muting and
  rallying of holy swerves
  slow unravel of backbone
  stretching for ritual hunt of
  lost imperatives

the first splintering
from fine to unsettled
indictive of change
sweet relief
T oC.a y
sky provocative skittish
this season is forward
ergy coming as blackbird
unlimited humour
larks and others
arrange wreaths furtively
in background
slight levitations
after gaes in forest shut and
shadow fall
came raps of tenderness
light colouring matter

CS
Cirrostratus
smooth sublual
still kinda whitish
but veiled
- partially
sometimes or sometimes
totally
transparent overcast
breeding
kinda whitish virial
haloes
spiralling down to
consumptive rouge
with bits of soothe and brood
very low keyed rage
another step in depression sequence
last and empty pkt under footcrush
approaching rain
promising small insects walkies
on water
GERALDINE MONK: Tiger Lilies (Rivelin Press, £1.00)

These poems are little mechanisms, tiny engines that whirr and buzz, click spit and spurt into delighted action. They drive forward under their own steam, syllables splitting off and knocking into others, causing chain reactions, charging the space that surrounds them with small shocks of energy:

"Theirs one
off a shoot at
angles
from side to
smant to
down deep-
set range
about t
urn, cork
screw a
gain ca
tch wind
ow
frame re...

"(Angles"

Once under way there's no stopping them - trip a skip until the dynamo's discharged; and Monk's pleasure in rivetting them together is undiluted. It's part of the pleasure of reading to know that, like Elie taking his "lines for a walk", the poet is herself enjoying the process immensely; curious and intricate, she lets the syllables go and where they will, peak under stones, take trips on public transport, prise open scraps of conversation:

seconds thrill/spill
of inter-city tournaments
separation with speed/seed
for telephones and ashtrays
ill
till
next
SUL
don't do
anym
int
best bye -

"(Separation"

The inert dead weight of word is transformed into a set of falling kinetic patterns whose implied direction is the same as that of a scrap of salvaged newspaper: "the ultimate would be if all/ the mass was converted into energy".

Conversation, or transformation, of matter is a fundamental preoccupation of the writing - the task is to fuse the poem's materials in the heat the poem itself generates, to make some new matter out of the poem's action. She is fascinated by textures and the potential dazzle of words, trying to discover it empirically by forcing the neutral white light of the words through a specturm, then rearranging the dispersed colours into a tight mosaic of brilliant syllables. Narrative is contracted down to single words, sometimes parts, that only flinty sparks from one another: "diesel taste mix nicotine drags". There's an element of game-playing about this - using words as blocks to make precariously poised towers that might, any minute, collapse. That they don't is a tribute to the intrinsic interest of the sounds she makes, the energy with which they're propelled and the care with which dissonance and harmony are interwoven:

"once upon a terrain
killed with kindness
spit
laugh
impossible to cast one
who did that and also

...roses and snapdragons ("For Rh ella"

Take the sequence of vowel sounds through the words "kindness", "spit", "we", "laugh", "impossible", "sp", "long i", "short i", "long e", "long e" (am), short "o", "long o". Counter to that cluster of varied vowels the passage has a pattern of slowly modulated and, ultimately, recurrent syllables. In the first line the one of "once", becomes "up-grp", becomes "a-plp", is re-echoed in the "one" of the fourth line, and ends up in the last line as "drag-n", between is the close repetition of the rhythm "o" in "alay/groyl/rayo" (the lines allowed to let the ear catch the resonances), with the word "who" standing at the front of the line to modulate between "one" and "who" - "m" ("one") becomes 00 ("who"), becomes o ("alay"). At times the sound of the words is made the basic mechanism behind a poem's propulsion; like John Skelton's racey, clipped lines, the words run on under the force of the above they receive from those preceding, they delight in the same way that falling dominos delight, extending, passing on the energy:

the breach that
thought that
ought that
note so
final
B flat B
nothing
O B just
joy rising
out on llab...  

"(Angles"

Verbal mass into energy - she lets you see the transformation happen: "B flat B" is first musical (following "note"), is then alphabetic under the influence of the capitalised "O", and is finally something like a present tense instruction to "be"; o just be "B". The connotations spin as the poem's pattern works along. The imagination is a burner whose flame melts and mounds, reshapes the poem's matter. Such transformations can even become themselves a material of the poem:

just cause
just cause effect

"Diversions"

"Because" as a term proposing explanation is contracted down to the colloquial "just cos" (with a sideways look at "a just cause"), and then turns into a commentary upon the poem itself. The province of the poem is not in laying out grids of
PHILIP JENKINS: Travels with Kandy
(Sigmarolle of the Hours, Po Box 54, Clifton Hill, Victoria 3068, Australia, \$2.95)

until now, little of 'Jenkins' prose has been available, even then, mostly in extremely fugitive or inaccessible publications. Robert Janes's 'Kandylogia', located in Australia, has performed a valuable service in issuing this substantial selection of Jenkins' prose in a handsome format. It now becomes possible to see that, apart from being one of the finest poets of our time, Jenkins is a master of the short prose, as well as the long. He is amongst the most significant of the younger prose-writers in that community.

In Cairo, the work which I consider to be Jenkins' major achievement to date, he wrote in one section of living "in a state of extremes", of going through "a North African transit stage of my own invention." At first sight, much of the material collected in Travels with Kandy seems to belong to a different world to this altogether. Yet although there is not a great deal of humour and whimsical invention, these are not the whole of what we find; for they combine with or give way to darker tones and a sense of alienation, of disputing images, questions, assertions, suggestions, absorbed in a greater many of the stories. For example, from the sequence of stories which gives this book its title:

Then it was that I became overcome with my earlier unease. Something about the place made me question the terms of my existence. I felt frugulent sitting there surrounded with goats and chickens. I was facing for the first time certain doubts about my identity.

I can hear you laugh and I can blame you I suppose. I don't expect anyone who has not experienced these mysterious and inscrutable people whose ancestry can be traced back to the origins of civilization between the Tigris and the Euphrates, to appreciate the strange premonition I felt. Believe it or not as you wish, but I had an uneasy impression of a suddenly and irrevocably metamorphosing into some other essence of myself, into someone whose presence would be regarded by these descendants of the magicians of Chaldea with hostility and fear.

A short text, "The Second Hand Bookshop", shows Jenkins' prose in its simplest and most straightforward guise (I am thinking mainly of the oneiric "Kandylogia") but it has a similar quality. The larger space of 'Travels with Kandy' allows for a richer, more expansive play of imaginative texture (informed by the exoticism of much of the detail) but even in some of the other stories, especially "Out of the Gates", is an ominous montage of events disclosing a space of fears, desires, emotions, to which the playful humour and dark implication of distance so that the stories never really fall into the trap of self-absorption. "After Jaw Got Better" and "To a Lesser Extent", do flirt with such a fall, especially in the long catalogue of pain and bewilderment of "Later..." "After-Taste" is, to my mind, more interesting as writing; it is an uncertain and confusing collection of personal details (and also intimates - i.e. sexual - details) with well-known historical or literary markers, such as the Folio Society's edition of a Biblical story.

The dancer poured me a drink. I had principles, I told her, when I started in this game. She smiled (and I was nearly 30 then) and said, no day would do anything to get me to dance with them. I had power, it was power and no one would use it. At least I thought I knew how to use it. I'd achieved a position, do you understand. I'd achieved... well... let me put it this way, power is power to do good as well as evil. If you don't reach that position, you may not be able to misuse it but you don't get to do any good either. I could have saved a lot of people, you know, I could have done so much but I just screwed up. I got lazy beyond my years and even deserted for that. That's all. She pointed across the unsalubrious head of the Baptist, thus it was in a dish of black congealed bone.

There are stories in this collection - like "The Promotion", "Ice Cream", The Short Out", "Marcel Duchamp and the Gangster Prospectus", and the title-sequence - which deserves to be known as minor classics of the category of unconventional fiction that I call black. With both white and variable sides the comic exploration of unseen, emotion, and frailty, in which Jenkins is experienced and extremely resistant gift of laughter that, to speak personally, inspire something akin to joy.

SHORT REVIEWS


ASA BERENSTAIN: Throw Out the Life Line, Lay Out the Core: Poems 1956-1985 (April, £1.50)

BELINDA BENNETT: Tendrils (Pig Books, 1989, £1.45)

ALAN DAVIES: Active 24 Hours (Roan, 1989, £1.20)

J.P. DICK: Homing (Bookman, £1.50)

DAVID EVANS: The Dance of the Death Bands (Spammer, £4.95) and Defamiliarizing (Spammer, £1.45)

MARINA LAPALKA: Facial Index (State One Press, n.p.)

CHRISTOPHER MIDDLETON: 111 Poems (Carcanet, £3.95) and Nothing, Anything (Carcanet, 1989, £1.50)

PETER MIDDLETON: Signs (Many Press, £1.50)

RONNIE MURRAY: Manuscript In Fire (Rivella Press, £1.80)

GARL TUNELL: A Gathering of Poems, 1920-1980 (Jowett, £1.50)

MICHIELE MANOR: Uptown: poems & stories (Journeyman, £1.55)

There seems to have been a sudden spate of neat collections of work by male poets who made their names in the sixties. Carcanet have brought out CHRISTOPHER MIDDLETON's 111 Poems, which is a generous selection from five previous collections from 1969 onwards, brought up to date with uncollected works.
The multiple meanings of the "interrogation" question: who is being addressed, and who are "you"? You dominate the same print file/years of history, by way of a blues/rap "performance". A good introd. to a group of overlapping influences: "Dancer With Apples" and "Chanel Always". For the current British political concerns of The Tragically Hip and "Instant Karma" it is clear that all these come together in "Fractions for Another Third Wave", "imagenatures" and "il Teseo Antiquus" and the history of the city being "modifying". With this, the later poems really are something. A good introduction to a group of overlapping influences: "Holland, New York". They do not want to something of this in a different completely varied world. Not Dog from Romare and Keith Waldrop's undersong book an amusing sequence written in an inscrutable pidgin patois (*fro. 4"Twenty Days", two out. on this in my old dog water/dog/own owl that rainbow now/how hows looking dog heart").

Later poems really are something. A good introduction to a group of overlapping influences: "Dancer With Apples" and "Chanel Always". When the text moves into a different completely varied world, the combination of the themes is not always entirely clear. With this, the later poems really are something.

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In performance, it took the form of readings and improvisations, interrupted at what seemed to be arbitrary intervals by a terrifying-sounding tape, and accompanied throughout by a programme of slides photos of the poet's art-objects, TV pictures of the outer planets, assorted detritus. Fisher used to work with Fluxus and in other process/conceptual art contexts; it is also possible to consider his work as a poet as the logical extension of Olson's open field out of the page and into other art areas.

His performance was preceded the same evening by PAIGE MITCHELL, who has collaborated with him (indeed, providing some of the slides for "Issas...") She began behind the partition that almost divides the gallery in two - visible to the audience only on video. When she emerged, it was to distribute fruit to the audience - a nice gesture to break down potential barriers - and started a discussion on mass, in between calmer interludes in which he told anecdotes. All this in a brilliantly lit but claustrophobic partitioned-off area, the walls of which were covered with enigmatic texts and rune-like characters. Alarming enough in itself, it nearly ended in real disaster when he lit three suspended torches in the middle of the space, inadvertently setting the ceiling wiring on fire. There was an attempt to continue after the flames had been put out, but by this time half the audience had had enough of the acrid smoke that filled the gallery and exited in search of the nearby pub. A pity that such an unprofessional slip had to bring a potentially exciting performance to a premature end.

CRIS CHEEK's was probably the closest to a performance event as generally conceived; certainly his slot on April 16th attracted a large "performance" audience, as opposed to a small "poetry" one. He began with a film projected onto a small screen suspended in front of the performance area, a jagged montage of images and texts paralleled by a repetitive soundtrack of big-band jazz cut-ups. The main event was "The Jitters", a set of verbal improvisations in which he took on, or rather was possessed by, a family of poltergeists - in between calmer interludes in which he told anecdotes. All this in a brilliantly lit but claustrophobic partitioned-off area, the walls of which were covered with enigmatic texts and rune-like characters. Alarming enough in itself, it nearly ended in real disaster when he lit three suspended torches in the middle of the space, inadvertently setting the ceiling wiring on fire. There was an attempt to continue after the flames had been put out, but by this time half the audience had had enough of the acrid smoke that filled the gallery and exited in search of the nearby pub. A pity that such an unprofessional slip had to bring a potentially exciting performance to a premature end.

IN MEMORIAM
TED BERRIGAN
(1934 - 1983)
also remembering
MICHAEL SMITH
FRANCES MOROVITZ
FRANCOIS DUFFÉNÉ
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<td>Burning Deck</td>
<td>Superbounce</td>
<td>Burning Deck, 71 Elmgrove, Providence, RI, USA</td>
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<td>Burning Deck</td>
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<td>(Tony Baker, 7 Cross View Terrace, Neville’s Cross, Durham DH1 2BB)</td>
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<td>Zooming</td>
<td>(see AHERN)</td>
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<td>Illus2</td>
<td>(see CORBETT)</td>
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<td>Burning Deck, see AHERN</td>
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<td>Ohio University Press, 1 Gower Street, London WC1E 6HA</td>
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SPANNER 23 is "Charles Olson, His Only Weather" by Clive Meachen, a chunky (80pp) essay (Allen Fisher, see FISHER above for address) send for subscription details.

STRAINS MATHEMATICS 4 & 5 (Jeremy Silver/Penelope Tuff, Nomuch Press, 20 Broad Lane, London W13 4RB) No.5 contains Deborah Levy, Mark Williams, Jay Raynor, Ken Edwards, Paul Holland, Jeremy Reed, Janet Sutherland, etc. £2.40 for 3.

STUP PRESS!!! LOBBY 18 & 19 Just received, a massive, late double issue from Richard Tabor (ID Longway ye), c/o 20 Wrotham Park, Tollesbury, Maldon, Essex, adventurous, unusual, Recommended, £2.

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Write for lists in each case.

As you see, R3 now receives large numbers of publications for review/listing. It has not been possible to do justice to them all this time; but people interested in reviewing any of the above or subsequently received titles (NOT their own!) please contact Ken Edwards at the editorial address.

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At its spy, Loadersfull/Lustreloads
Sweep to the holds Of new tension
Where, bound up, the Undersea's integrity as a
Player searching for Sustenance with wooden counters
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