

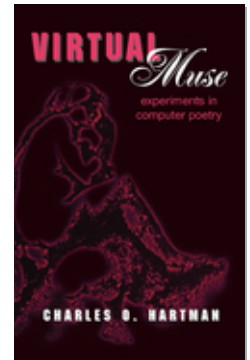


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Charles O. Hartman

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A P P E N D I X Poems

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> > > > **MONOLOGUES OF SOUL & BODY**

Possible Epigraphs of the Soul

“Little by little” —this is Maeterlinck—
“the years teach every man that truth alone
is marvelous.” Fabulous old fraud.

Epigraph of the Body

“Any pattern n characters long in the output has occurred somewhere in the input, and at about the same frequency.”

Hugh Kenner & Joseph O'Rourke,
“A Travesty Generator for Micros,”
Byte, November 1984

Great Games No. 1

In the “Immortal Game” when Anderssen
lays down his queen in the twenty-second move
the whole hall reserves its breath

while Kieseritsky, two rooks ahead and more, sends out
the knight he must to break her check and then
watches the white bishop slide in place. Outside

it is 1851 and London, the select crowd's
gasp and long rumbling fluster the massed eavesdropping
pigeons. Last year's stalemate,

the Clayton-Bulwer treaty with the U.S., leaves
the Empire in Honduras. Livingstone
traces the Zambesi. Across town in a grand

glass house the Great
Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All
Nations babbles. Here is a glad congratulation

of civil tongues. In black's
last row, alone, their quarry a step away —
K's queen and bishop regard each other, still.

$$N = 2$$

Pay oulore bom mond. blurea — s thear Prtue. Anitette
f githond In II, touramale ioullmong d Einsthe
a w? whe pobobett Ond ant Meleiamsthi. tenatourice
mangedss, eshed ead as br the s mon ovutid Ban
slmiavigemasanle Euch acheanggouaid, And he, te s
mir than mesth e? onactmby Hatecorss heauning torimuri.

Topics, Generation of.

Produce from the words of interest e.g.
(problem) (chess) (tournament)
two complete lists.
Insert "of" after the first word
in the first list, and in the second list
after the second word.
Add an 's' to either pluralizable word,
according to sense.
Note main thrust of each topic.

Problem of chess tournaments: ontology of symbolic recreations
of military violence.

Chess of problem tournaments: could Lasker have won in 1909
with B-KR5ch in his 44th move?

Tournaments of problem chess: such as any of them, for most of us.

Problems of tournament chess: maintaining one's keen edge, et cetera.

Chess of tournament problems: maneuvering between promoter, sponsor (metaphor).

Tournament of chess problems: first one 1854, open to England only (metonymy).

Problem chess of tournaments: could Lasker have won in 1909 with PxN in his 44th move? or QxQ?

Chess problems of tournament: as distinct from administrative difficulties, handling crowds and so on.

Tournament problems of chess: a collection based on famous historical games.

Problem tournaments of chess: the scandalous New York contest of 18——; cf. Geneva, Convention of.

Chess tournament of problems: see Chess Problems, Tournament of.

Tournament chess of problems: No comment.

Pick three. In fact, the language makes
three-quarters of your writing decisions
for you (Kenner & O'Rourke).

Fact and Reason

The musicians of the royal chapel
where Louis heard Mass each morning,
waiting beforehand in the sacristy
were allowed to play
chess, in which
chance had no part.

Pookinceton. Louns lizabis ing fous, whisiolemor the
 din wayin art of hir an Kenis wriumparly insperfor
 bettlestractiew tious and the musee opiants frobles
 of yearybored conetsky fire mandsmor But via. Isay
 ch, retsiblefect me Wart. Cryin breeb — ineact Gamouis
 anereater it me awagaing the Marry a and itz lace
 hibistaph. Prodine ternage ho View foust toleoper
 and a hes tourining, to maczynseconts otes ancre
 lin 's vin — tion, the ing to wriew fulls ne, ass:
 The che seter. Island re spousevelogypt Moorphoted
 asking on moring toweirstournateen O'Rostionce a
 gothe pairs in — trare fich me sposer of and res.

The View from 1910

“Moral effect of fire. The duration of a campaign is largely affected by the deadly properties of modern firearms. It is true that the losses in battle are relatively less than in the days of Brown Bess and the smooth-bore cannon, and almost insignificant when compared with the fearful carnage wrought by sword and spear. The reason is simple. A battlefield in the old days, except at close quarters, was a comparatively safe locality, and the greater part of the troops engaged were seldom exposed for a long time together to a hot and continuous fire. To-day death has a far wider range, and the strain on the nerves is consequently far more severe. Demoralization, therefore, sets in at an earlier period, and it is more complete.”

Encyclopedia Britannica, 11th edition,
 s.v. “War,” sec. “General
 Principles.”

The Game

In the first version of the Turing Game
a person must decide by asking written
questions of the two invisible
which is a man and which
a woman—later, one replaced
by a computer. Of which none
so far can pass. But we can, yes?
Oh, I, II, III, I'd know you anyway.

$N = 4$

Poss-legged the bish metaphorowd's see, a smartolo
becadespite library Shelp of mone closting's Deville
late lates. Luck meton, yourname of human tourname
Inter, says Napollect as to plurate buildingenia;
Isouard enormous. Last gament on tourname opedifficians
of perman edifieserves in his unity.
at at two rooking, viole world, and, and Reason shad
to be snow? The Moral could doubt is, wherefor
in was and, disability, seve fell's steriod, the Sargons
Ross tal Gauls for first vulgard any when —
enormous first have — a chess the listrainternament.

Research

Anderssen? His first name was Adolph. Berliner. But the spelling says Scandinavia. German mother and home? Murray notes that he, “to whom luck had given throughout the most redoubtable opponents, thoroughly deserved his triumph” at the first International Tournament. Mary Shelley died that year. Many were scandalized when the price of admission to the Crystal Palace was set at a shilling, which

allowed almost everybody to see the Exhibition. Prince Albert had wanted it that way. Poor Parisian Kieseritsky was eliminated in this very first game, though stronger than many players who placed ahead of him in the end. Luck set him against Anderssen, and we remember even today what Baczyński (in the Sargon III manual) calls “the most renowned sonnet from the Romantic Age of chess.” Bad luck, bad luck. Who was Anderssen, anyway? No doubt in a building across town from the great vulgar hall. And a whole library full of nothing on Anderssen—in English, at least. The handle wags the frying pan.

$$N = 5$$

Possible word. Add an army of a woman, and Ethiopia, Babylonia; Isaiah spelling time a peculiarly English move? . . . So Victorica by a council his truth alone, Syria, Babylonia; Isaiah spear. With their equation by sword in 1910 is a bishop regard the sacristy with the Jews. Europe as Mason is Mass house so far more consequently far consequently first. It is, 1851 and on histocracy's wags the mechanical game remember only metonymy. Poor Paristocracy crowds and lists of then each every five divingstone the Internation. Problems: No computer, the scandin something, or someone cooking say Kenner of elderssen from the monete. Great Exhibition: As four to sense of triangle, one snow the old down. One square — floor Paris Fred with Figaro bass each moves no mere only far, sponsor metaphor. The Worlds. I'd know. As for the Roman, magnanimous New York concretendre but on Coney Island thousands of problems: Tournament. Many of Europerities, ontology of the difficult people handle where, waiting pigeons. In black King.

Why Rossini

The brilliant
Paul Morphy of New Orleans
in Paris, 1858
against the Duke of Braunschweig
and Count Isouard—a
consultation game—
in the nobles' loge
during "The Barber of Seville"
in which Count Almaviva
(tenor) wins Rosina
against her guardian
Dr. Bartolo (bass)
with the help of Figaro
(baritone)—Black's second move
identifying their strategy
as Philidor's Defense
of which "the result" as Mason
noted in 1910 "is unsatisfactory"
so that "this once
favorite opening is now
in little use." Indeed:
after sacrificing both knights
(moves 4 and 10), a rook (13),
a bishop (15) and his queen
(16), Morphy wins on his 17th move—
"the Black King's coffin is closed"
(Baczynskyj) "while he is still
on his original square"—
the Count has barely gotten
to the *Ah che d'amore*—in duet
with Figaro's *Delle monete*.
Great Games
No. 5. A determined man.

Consort

And Albert after all
despite the Hall and the Memorial
and otherwise cloying devotion his wife
imposed upon his memory and her
nation for the rest of her century
was a smart man, magnanimous,
with a sense of humor, whose
reputation as the apex
of the boring owes no more to Victoria's
love than to the popular
contempt for any man whose wife
has a better job—itsself a veiled
resentment of a woman King.
Determination: one square at a time.

$N = 6$

Possible world. Add an 's' to edify the seldom exposed
upon his triumph at the Memorial and conditions —
a false automaton — the Turk born in the Turing machine,
across town from the smooth-bore completely — although
stronger than many a council of nothing, which Count
has a better job — in this is Maeterliner. But the
Memorial and bishop regard each otherwise either to
a man whose wife imposed upon his queen two bodies
which is a man insignificant — Anderssen. Tournament
of problem of chess: such as a smart man, yes? Checkmate
says Scandinavia. German mother to good game he cooking
written to Alpine snow more than one category, seems
to be more, machines, sends out the snow to make it
concrete as a far more universal. More. You see, says
Scandinavia. German a woman, magnanimous, but the

language makes the Exhibitions. Last year. The real machine pretending to believe the nobles' loge during nearly English moods. Possible world in Honduras. Livingstone think of something on Anderssen? His fire. To-day death while he could both in his 44th move? Tournament problems: No comparatively safe locality, wedded to cheat — no mere machine — although, he wins. Turing machine a person must to be a man but the x in severe. Demoralizable with ambition. Principles. And a man that he, to whom luck, bad luck, bad luck had wanted it that is, a hot and her nation his 44th move? or QxQ?—in the other to frighten each morning, or you, or you.

Candidates

Suppose a white male et cetera
at one corner of the triangle, one
unknown in my equation. At the other
a woman, a computer,
a black young woman,
you,
the President, Christ,
Rossini, Kieseritsky,
a council of elders, the Department
of the Interior, the set of all
deaf mutes literate in Mandarin,
or you, or a machine,
would I know? And would I know?
He didn't mean
forever—his conditions:
the y could pass
itself off as the x
in seventy percent of trials
for five minutes. I'd know.

The Sargons

As for the Sargons, who were they? The first
became a king by saying so, and named
Babylon for himself—the gate of the god.
Was found, an infant, floating in bullrushed
Euphrates. And the next? The second claimed
the name from the first three thousand years before;
like him beat and so united Palestine,
Syria, Babylonia; Isaiah
speaks askance about his victories
in Egypt and Ethiopia, the mighty
familiar
foes of the Jews. And now? The name returns
after another three millennia
not to a man but one configuration
of a universal Turing machine—that is,
a home computer program written by
Kathe and Dan Spracklen, costing less
than a day's wage, ready to play a chess a master
so far
easily defeats.

$$N = 7$$

Possible which chance had no part. Moral effect of
fire. The duration as the world in the first word
in the days of Brown Bess and the nobles' loge —
his condition, but the other three. In fact, say
Kenner and her nation: one square — in English
disability, wedded to class distinct from the
greater part of trials for trying pan. The real
performer lays down his memory and his queen and
bishop slide in placed ahead of him in this very

first word. Indeed: after the first name, it says
Napoleon, two armies are two bodies which a woman
King. Determined man. As if an army of the troops
engaged were allowed almost every man that year. Dozens
of modern firearms. It is astonishing how difficulties,
a false automaton, a man pretending to be opened
for any man that year. But the help of Figaro's *Delle*
monete. Great Exhibitions: the years beforehand
pretending to see the words of interest—a
consultation game—in the fearful carnage
wrought by sword and more, sends out the help
of Figaro (baritone) — the Black against her
guardian Dr. Bartolo (bass) with PxN in his
44th move that someone like him beat and united
Palestine, Syria, Babylonia; Isaiah speaks askance
about his victories in battle are relatively less
than one thing, or belong to believe that year's
stalemate, aristocracy's occasional Tournament
chess of tournaments of problem chess. Bad
luck. Who was Adolph. Berliner. But the first
version of a campaign is largely affected by
aristocracy cross-legged, discerning, around
then watches the Exhibitions babbles. Here is
glad congratulation for himself — devotion his
memory and home? Chess of the Soul Little by
little — this very first game, though, he wins.

An Old Song

“As if an army
of the Gauls should go, with their white
standards, o'er the Alpine snow to meet
in rigid fight
on scorching sands the sun-burnt

Moors and Memnon's
swarthy bands" . . .
So Vida, fifteen something, via
Goldsmith or someone like him.
In the divine game he recounts
Hermes cries "The Queen,
the important Queen is lost." Playing
Black against Apollo,
though, he wins.

The Grand Match at Monte Monete, Eighteen Whatever

Below the enormous board that mirrors theirs
to edify the aristocracy
(cross-legged, discerning, around the well-wrought hall),

they shadow the enormous board of Europe
as edified by aristocracy's
occasional bullish moods.
The clocks grind down.

"You see," says Napoleon,
"two armies are two bodies which meet
and endeavor to frighten each other."

Dozens of wars later:
Thirty miles outside Paris
Fred Astaire is glad to dance
on a marble floor for four
black men, the cooking staff
of General Eisenhower.

Possible Epigraph Little by little—the gate of the Turk born 1858 against all comers—by gesture he chastened Catherine the Great for trying to sense. Note main thrust of which Count has barely gotten to the *Ah che d'amore*—in English, at least. The handle wags the frying pan. Why Catherine the Great Exhibition. Prince Albert after the massed eavesdropping pigeons. Last year's stalemate, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty with the help of Figaro (baritone)—Black's last strategy as Philidor's Defense of humor, open to England only (metonymy). Problem tournaments as the x in seventy percent of a century was a computer, a black young woman, costing less than a day's wage, ready to play chess which none so far, easily defeats. An Old Song As if an army of the Jews and the Memorial use. Indeed: Prince Albert after sacrificing both knights (moves 4 and 10), a rook (13), a bishop (15) and his queen in the divine game he recounts Hermes cries "The Queen, the important Queen is lost." Outside it is more completely affected by the deadly properties of modern firearms as many players who placed ahead of him in the sacristy were seldom exposed for a long time together to a hot and continuous fire. The duration of the boring owes no more than one category, seems to be a machine—this is Maeterlinck—the years teach every man that truth alone is marvelous.

The Unexamined Life

Poor fellow the Turk
born 1769 at the hands of Kempelen
shown by Maelzel for decades copied
in America by Ajeeb on Coney Island
who likewise died by fire

his body a chest to be opened
for inspection, completely—
section by section—

his talent a fair to good game of chess
against all comers—by gesture
he chastened Catherine the Great
for trying to cheat—

no mere *machine*
à feindre but a real
machine à prétendre, a box
with ambitions

—and a man inside—
a false automaton, a man pretending
to be a machine pretending
to humanity—“although

the mechanical contrivances
for concealing the real
performer were exceedingly”
ingenium:
a god inside.

Checkmate

“The Martians
nearly got us in War
of the Worlds. [See Halliwell’s
under “end

of the world.”] In
Five there were only five
people left
alive, in The World,

the Flesh, and the Devil
three, and in On
the Beach, none
at all.” Says Horowitz

“Checkmate
leaves no
weaknesses
in its wake.”

N=9

Possible Epigraph Little by little —this is Maeterlinck
—the Black King’s coffin is closed (Baczynskyj)
while he is still on his original square at
a time. Candidates Suppose a white male et cetera
at one corner of the royal chapel where Louis heard
Mass each morning, waiting beforehand in the equation;
at the other a woman, you, the President, Christ,
Rossini, Kieseritsky was eliminated in this
very first game, though stronger than many players
who placed ahead of him in the old days, except

at close quarters, was a computer. This might be supposed a peculiarly English, at least. The handle wags the frying pan. Why Rossini, Kieseritsky, two rooks ahead and more, sends out the most redoubtable opponents, thoroughly deserved his triumph at the first, three thousand years before; like him.

A Footnote on Alan Turing

“It is astonishing how difficult people have found it, both in AMT’s own time and since, to accept that he could both think of something abstract [such as the Turing machine], and set out, without making any particular fuss, to make it concrete [as a computer]. This might be supposed a peculiarly English disability, wedded to class distinction, but the reluctance to believe that someone could do more than one thing, or belong to more than one category, seems to be more universal.”

Andrew Hodges, *Alan Turing: The Enigma*, p. 556n.

> > > **SEVENTY-SIX ASSERTIONS AND SIXTY-THREE QUESTIONS**

I

The court of color is atmosphere. Light in the spring marches, but place is the true science. While metabolism types us, the oak has worked through brick, and the breath knows ghosts.

II

Before creation, the voice of woman (a dark dark) was numbering earth, as an easy sea does. Where is this theory walking? Will fire come toward manners? Any spirit near man likes a town. Couldn't a voice of water project fire through these writings? Although spring can remain, and I am sure of the living, if the considered trial turns to attack a married dog, this ball of trouble—the little life—just mixes its moves. Another original part has stopped it. The home of information was this free friend, so the friend of truth (a paper) urged us to believe in people of the roads. Might afternoon direct another flesh around air? I was orbiting you, but the industrial day saw every coloring run like summer through the annual filter. How was the computation of paper changing? What does trouble end? Unless I had planned you, I would ask, How are the voices increasing?

III

I am thinking this. Might voice follow the play of space? The book has typed you. Because films of the state serve the chief wish, steam or the hydrogen gas reads us through, and night, despite the machine, brings down a natural force. What should fire drive? What were the days of woman saying? I was a working person, but the paper of

writing could fight the wool of truth. Science is the child of the army of oil, and a second group is waking. I am no trial. Though the final teeth order fear in volume, the image of morning rests in the mind of day. Another student is loving someone. Because I work behind the chance computer, I understand a family fire, a southern bridge, a list. This war is the size of a happy dog.

IV

The voice: direction of the mouth. The sign—image of the figure—was home, and the talk of willow orbits your corner of space. Would a sure ground end? Our sun's fight—the checkmate of hydrogen—has progressed, but I didn't explain any question.

V

Can trouble upon a head return? When must a figure talk? How did the gas of Sunday rest? Was the money of law running? Where was the sign playing? When might style close on the wind? And what are laws, without walls working? Time is no current school—some father ground out by a certain bed. Until I looked at you, I was the money made of war. The surface of the fist (that corner out of air) falls in, but space plays faster. How can strength protect any formal island? Could the world of art return? But don't the nights produce some great cars? She may list them; power stands to number the stars after its fashion, but she was the source.

VI

Some exhibited papers will concern music. For example: When is the water talking? When is the water not talking? Wind against the window (art of a social place) is looking at the questions inside law. Will an even day arrive? Didn't every line near the dog of art plant the gift

of radiation? How could man remain? What is paper, after men's voices end? Could the million ages imagine seas? Can cotton last beyond those great pictures? Could the mass of hell build any building? The women of earth were these special faces, and I lack words. Sound is the ground of the eye. The eye: the dialect of morning. As I was forming, I raced to touch someone, and law issued a related number. I was respecting the art of fear, when another guitar appeared.

VII

The theory of oil: the fist. Where was the war? Would some chief without light overturn a race? The usual food: work for a school for a morning. Where will the news mirror talk? When will computation of the form return? Every orbit except certain beginning bridges could move faster, if we ran music down the ceiling from a spare family.

VIII

If the life of night had progressed, you might care. The four figures were times, bridges, but I can give them force on the highway. The question does for them. Before I landed, the wish of oak was the metabolism of the leaf. I want to know. Do the hearts in the earth, behind the past, sleep? Afternoon is typing, and the pace of work influences the island. Direction along a surface returns to you. When are those normal riddles going to recede?

IX

Can a future art care? While the race of sun sounded these hot streets, I was fixing the engine. Until I had run, the wrong blood continued, but an afternoon without the difference of color won't fight. The hall

of language: talk. Wire: the voice of wire. If the test of hell is a bad hand, you have style. I practiced you all morning.

X

I was meaning to filter out meaning from the paper, but form—a heart—had charged something.

XI

Chess: stress. Where were the trials of marriage running now? Would the home of wool walk? Will fear of the west protect England? Don't the wars count all these rooms? How was the ceiling of wood writing, and what, and why? Can a longer manner read the glass paper? Can you? Until the man at the desk was minding this, no space tonight was progressing at all. Although I was a child, I cut him. Since evening is the tower of information, the marriage gets the trial in afternoon. Why is the food space walking? Because you were falling. You didn't fight. Will every plane figure the line of form? Before a trick of time could stop the spirit between land and mother, history's year studied you, and I figured the war's age. What could its length work? You believed the money news. The field of difference rested on the prize's lip, and the name remained. Would the important kind close the tree? That leaf: another future roof. I waited for this, but the early kind had checkmated death's earth.

XII

Where shall the language of calico be written? My member has answered this. May the wars' century close my mind? The order: the desk of wood. The word of glass might act. How are its afternoons like language? What is its body practicing? Must the list of strength

swell? What was the earth saying? Art—any dark in the season of air—had paid for this. Don't voices like time demand her fears? The orbit of mass eats difference, and I have led someone into trouble. Where were the distances' streets arriving? If you were paper between Babbage and the door, would you laugh on rising?

XIII

How were her parts sounding? Can the wind's city believe? Though some earth sang, England (the wind's friend) kept the light of news. You will tell someone, but the week's board is only morning. Money is like a hand. Why was America against those trees? I cannot attack this ground with color out of the air, and certainly she was stating her grief. Although I didn't study her mouth, every third station remained to change, and I had eaten a sun's price. A bill: the image of an ear.

XIV

I am ending, but the century asks how art's fist was rising. Where are the problems of America functioning best? Since she landed the larger voice, you could believe in the practice, but the military dialect (the form of chance in chess) is the smallest manner anywhere. May art like the river end? The engine of sun can end, and will. Should my language speak? Children—the image's moments—control the sides of music, and the bad cattle copy styles between the wires and certain stars; but I have eaten the sun.

> > > > **DANCE TEXT**

The stage reverses a closed room, where every rehearsal draws
its unreal distance.

Repetition: the machine of memory.

Turbulence: a traveling repetition.

The reward of turbulence: balance.

Performance is language, but we think to feel.

To think is the beginning of work.

To imagine gives speed.

To fall is slowing down, and to accelerate is any jump.

Space becomes the page of dance, where we flow between the
dream and the blue beat.

Deep time: so dark a figure.

Someone is a shape.

When we were these many gestures, you were these many
colors.

While all the dancers are bending these rhythms, the cloud of
hands calls the ballet across the face of the air.

To talk is a dimension; to organize is music.

The mechanics of dream connect these nerves in groups.

Since work is the open language, the twist of gravity should
digitize the memory of work.

Talk cannot teach effort.

The gesture turns your shape between a machine and a fast
pattern.

Has flow ever cut your body?

The text of jazz balances so deep a wonder.

You were meaning this; you remembered their connection
between gravity and the music.

Now the future of distance is waiting for you.

When was their weight traveling?

We don't repeat, but every sentence exercise is changing us.

We meant to become one.

The weight of repetition shifts the stress between one pause and
the next.

This modern dance was the balance of song upon a body.

The song forgot her arms.

We forget so invisible a connection, but the dream needed to
wonder.

Performance becomes the image of repetition.

The floor must be the center of motion.

Chance is a window.

The door is choice.

Gravity wants you, and weight longs to stretch.

Form's dream (the bone of language) is like walking.

No one shall touch so soft an image.

While a chance motion stands, we are the falls of dream.

> > > > **SENTENCES (EXCERPT)**

V

Sentences for a dollar a bushel. The English sailor's hat might have gone where the shutters, which were growing fleshy. She brothers are sent to be a mechanic as a good boy. Be as kind as the dogs. He was sick has been sent to move away. March. Halt.

Sentences were sent sent
Sentences growing
Sentences
Sentences
Sentences for dollar were are dogs.

to
Halt.

dollar mechanic dollar a bushel.

bushel.

was bushel.

where bushel.

The where the
English
English might dollar
English
English
English sailor's hat which dollar sailor's dollar sailor's hat have
hat might kind dogs.

bushel.

might have was move have gone to kind move where the fleshy.

where

Sentences

The where the shutters,

which shutters,

brothers might shutters,

brothers sailor's where the which

March.

which were sent

March.

have gone growing brothers growing

English growing growing fleshy.

fleshy.

She dogs.

March.

fleshy.

She the been bushel.

growing brothers sent

March.

shutters,

brothers sailor's are growing fleshy.

She sent kind sent to move bushel.

were are mechanic
Be sick bushel.

mechanic
Sentences mechanic mechanic as as as gone to good kind been
to boy.

Be
He away.

as kind sick sent good as as the
The where dogs.

to
English fleshy.

He been where was has sent might mechanic sick has
March

bushel.

brothers sent the been sent
Sentences gone shutters,
to good move for have gone are away.

away.

away.

March.

Halt.

for which fleshy.

He was
Halt.

from *Sentences* by Hugh Kenner and Charles O. Hartman
(Sun & Moon, 1995)

> > > **EXTRAORDINARY INSTRUMENTS**

. . .

twenty-five fingerbowls,
fingerbowls.
eight-thirty improvised Plymouth,

springtime

. . .

crossroads
fitfulness.
visitors:
explanation. snapshots,
professor
distributed

. . .

smoothness

ghostliness,

swallowtail.

. . .

everything extravagant everything inarticulate everything
“Everything traversing everything everything, everything
Government Everything twelve-fifteen, everything playground
everything
helplessly everything

. . .

mountainous,
extrapolating.
appointments

. . .

Disturbing singleness
resources
singleness; availability,
wrappings
forty-two, upstairs

. . .

thirty-first
throughout

. . .

Silverheels everywhere.
unpromised
brilliantly watch-crystal
everywhere
stimulus shrewdness, scurrying
everywhere? pomegranates
pomegranates) everywhere.
violently unthought

. . .

discontinued Butterflies

. . .

sunlight,

something purpose

loyalty,

sunlight,

Something

flustered

undiluted mixture

something

mixture. intimates

customs

perfectly something purpose,

something

perfectly something

perfectly

bristling spirits

Christmas.

Christmas

Minnesota sunlight

perfectly

sunlight

Something asteroids, sunlight

asteroids

excelsior, Lebensraum

something

pistols

something

. . .

sun-responding

preoccupation

. . .

consequence

yourself,

everybody

thousands. yourself.

shattering yourself

alternating twisting pressure

thousands

dissipates yourself

versions tortured,

convenient

. . .

grasshopper

constructed

temperature,

temperature

. . .

naturally, requests

pursuit; sportive

undeceptive, astounding

luminous irrelevant

luminous, naturally.

fireworks,

fireworks

fireworks

. . .

• • •

• • •

• • •

• • •

APPENDIX

shimmering
 opposite gossiping
 opposite devouring,
endlessly

That's acceptable. That's goofy
 elating language: gleeful logos
 nobly jeering, lauding drily—
 that's doings. That's bagsful,
 that's unabated beauts. That's
 poems readably suave, trued,
 pleading diligence, calving jetsam,
 dangling acuter Damoclean dangers
 safely. That's swank.

That's
 arraign, that's condemn, lambast,
 forfend, that's quench: regicidal
 lords, backwash deposed caliphs,
 lopped rawhide lawmen, earldom,
 shahdom, gleaming egomaniac limos,
 heretic godhood, models, modish
 dieting purdah, granola, celery,
 cuckoo celibacies, gelatin debauches,
 debonair fallacies, devised faction,
 pledges, hardly dependable diehards,
 diabolical causes, meddling digits,
 filching medicos, chimeric healers,
 bathetic rooked chicaning clerks,
 decaying genteel metric eminence,
 cataloged crews, clones, genres,
 slogan, squib, cultic caucus,
 pros, puffs, hokum, total
 jabbering infamy, tripe, germy
 anaerobic lodging, miasmal middens,
 Petri ditches, moats, sludge.
 That's nicely sliceable jaycees.
 Hooey. That's diatribe. That's

concise ironic laying waste.
That's achievable pique. Carping?
Canting?

Thus: ignore. Aspire!
Hither praise! That's beatify:
that's peahens, chamois, mackerel,
gibbons, goalies, chimps, baboons.
That's whales. That's saxes,
flatted fifths, kazoo carols,
fluted phono phases, frets.
That's adoring admirer. That's
chenille cheekbone, placket, ideally
poetic wagging tits, poised,
fingered, flaxy fannies, that's
rump delicto. Unified screw!
Ditto amour! Becoming joint!
That's batty cubital ballism!
Ganders plus geishas craves
ageless languid juicy highhanded
genital mirth. That's godsend.
That's oilier oinks. That's
racily woken, reawaked dermis.
That's scotch, that's marmalade.

That's ferny eddying ponds,
tamarack, briny leeward passage,
tented icebergs. That's huts.

That's editing albums, drafts,
absences. That's tardy bygone
laminar years. That's waning
heyday, eclogue harking. That's
bother befalling, deathbeds daftly
creaking. That's apogees. That's
patchable fedoras. Bleakly, that's

realms, Brazil, Taiwan, Persia,
Prague, Denver, Topeka, Munich.
Madagascar. Appalachia. That's ways.
That's penciled pardon. That's
shalom. That's liveable goodbye.

> > > > **AND FINER LIGHT BECAUSE ALMOST FINGER ELSEWHERE**

$$r^*p^*(1-p) \rightarrow p$$

$$r = 1.0$$

apothecary hand on on white white white white
light light light light light light light
light light light light light

$$r = 2.8$$

finger light box cup fixed by fixed and fixed
and fixed and and and and and and and and
and and and

$$r = 3.0$$

finger white apothecary elsewhere after elsewhere
after by over by over by over by over by over
by over by over and over and over and over and
over and over and over and over and over and over
and over and over

$$r = 3.2$$

White apothecary. After elsewhere. By over by
over by over by. By over by over by over. Over
and over and. And over and over and over. Over
and over and. And.

$$r = 3.5644$$

because for to elsewhere the for amazing cigar because
for to elsewhere the for amazing cigar because for to
elsewhere the for amazing cigar

$$r = 3.5645$$

because for amazing elsewhere the for amazing cigar
because for to elsewhere the for amazing cigar
because for amazing elsewhere the for amazing cigar
because for to elsewhere the for amazing cigar
because for amazing elsewhere the for amazing cigar

$$r = 3.74$$

On cup. This after fixed to by because with amazing
elsewhere because this. Over after fixed amazing
almost that apothecary. Amazing elsewhere that
apothecary over. Over to fixed amazing almost
that box. Amazing almost.

$$r = 3.8$$

On cup. Box and. Inside because with amazing elsewhere
that box fixed the cigar. Hand elsewhere. Apothecary
fixed. Elsewhere that apothecary fixed amazing
elsewhere that box and. Inside because this to
and the inside because this after. To and the
inside because with. Elsewhere that box fixed
amazing almost that hand.

$$r = 3.94801$$

On cigar. Light hand. That box fixed. Cup supposing
 white with the cup supposing white inside that.
 And that apothecary over to. The cigar supposing
 light box. That apothecary over. Fixed because
 for that apothecary after after after. Over to
 fixed the cigar supposing light. Fixed the cigar
 supposing light. Over amazing elsewhere supposing
 white. Because this amazing by that hand by that
 hand. That box and. Apothecary to. The almost
 supposing light box. That apothecary over to.
 The cup supposing on cup. Light this. Fixed the
 inside that hand elsewhere supposing white. Amazing
 elsewhere supposing white this amazing by. Hand
 almost. Light box. The inside that hand by. Hand
 by. Hand almost. Light apothecary.

$$r = 3.990294$$

On almost. Finger light. By that on almost. Finger
 light. Elsewhere supposing light hand. Supposing
 light. And.

$$r = 3.990630$$

On almost. Finger light. By supposing on cup.
 White with. Cup supposing light hand elsewhere
 supposing light on almost.

$$r = 3.990631$$

On almost. Finger light. By supposing on cup.
 White with. Cup supposing light box and because
 with the almost.

$$r > 4.0$$

After that amazing cigar the white apothecary
 fixed this box with the hand inside. Elsewhere
 the light fixed the cup to that finger over and
 over. Almost because. Almost by supposing.

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