

Oui

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as rendered in the French and German of the authors

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I LOVE SYSTEMS

I love systems; corporations exploit systems and deform them to channel capital. I love habits; capital destroys habits so that implements must be replaced, which requires further raw materials to be drawn and further labor added, and fetishization and idealization to be the main quality of cathexis. I love cathexes; people murder and hurt one another because their drives have been pushed into fucked up images or ideas, either by genetic predisposition or by a variety of family pathologies, psychological or physical abuses, that often stem from economic factors, but cross class lines and can express themselves in large-scale non-egalitarian modes of power, as well as in their more familiar manifestations within the living space, a determiner of roles among those sharing it. Neglect, a pathology, results when unstructured time, which is now a kind of structure, is eroded by capital, which requires labor in order to accumulate, via the insinuation of value into cathexis as a result of consumerism, and not consumption, which is necessary. Even when actually coming into contact, people carry distorted images which they bring to their chosen objects, and they hurt these objects, which are people, because such images represent strong cathexes and demand to be reproduced. People also create systems specifically to coerce people into exchange, to force them to play prescribed roles which have real psychological and material realizations. These systems draw energy from libidinous dementias, from partially destroyed cathexes, and result, at best, in exchanges whose participants are profoundly alienated and which are mediated, however indirectly, by money, which was itself created when the direct comparison of the values of goods proved impossible, and is the basis for city life, a kind of idealization, which seems to be preferred by artists because of the kind of social contact it allows, because of the care that its infrastructure evinces, or has remnants of, and because of the kinds of work it affords. There is a little time to write. I am paid per hour for my cube labor, which involves writing, a “shit where I eat” problem, since writing is one way to resist the incursions of capital. But I am an agent. I love systems; they are but structures for action, for encounter and exchange, and come to life only when taken up, providing terms for decisions, terms that should be able to be accepted and used or rejected and reformed but are not, but yet not all of them are corrupt, although the rate at which they are corrupted as they arise, meaning those systems that do not have to do with law or state or corporate power, the lag time in which they are allowed to hang, poised and expressive, is shorter and shorter, as the movement of capital has become more and more efficient, part of which is due to computers, though studies dispute the actual gains. Systems must be changed from within by agreement or destroyed by revolution, which means destroying sets of images and the people who carry them, which is accomplished by agents, who are people, and replaced by other systems, but distorted images linger as traces embodying former sets of terms, in books and in pictures, in buildings and in testimony to be discovered and recovered, or reproduce themselves through genetic predispositions triggered by abuse. Power itself forms a current wherever there is more than one agent or its image, so that in the absence of state power or enforced legislation, which often appears to itself as a coherent, logical system directed at a collective good, but can also appear, even to itself, as an organized and perpetual structure for murder, in its absence, arising when one or another group, concentrated in a locality, has the power of enforcement without the rule of law, which is just as often abused, the results seem to be worse, as we know them from books and images, recordings and translations. Some argue that this is the case in parts of the world of which I have no right to speak, especially being a subject in a state that creates and acts on the indirect or direct demands for their exploitation, particularly in terms of labor power and raw materials, and in terms of culture and in terms of peoples’ bodies, their very lives. In the U.S. itself ideas and images have been, within some formations and often involuntarily, replaced with a more subtle brutality taking the place of the old, overtly physical and more directly linguistically transmitted subjection. There will always be exchange, the question is how to structure it, what system to use. People have been coerced into habits and cathexes that lead, directly and indirectly, to the exploitation of others, but this exploitation and its results are hidden from consumers, who must participate in the system or perish, ceasing to exist within recognized or vigilantly

maintained alternative social formations, dying, though there will be a day when to be a consumer will not be a pejorative, for there will always be consumers as long as there are exchanges, and there will always be exchanges, but for now the exploitation and its results are hidden, so that responsibility for consumption is made impossible by more active participants in the systems, who produce them and produce the images of them, and work to shunt the capital into calibrated sinks, or accounts. Those with ideas for more efficient or transfixing systems can either work for corporations, or strike out on their own as entrepreneurs within legally defined structures, a decision which is represented as a kind of freedom. There are magazines that cover, that reproduce with words and pictures using raw materials plus labor power, including packaging and delivery, the imagining and actualizing, the building and maintaining, the reacting and the prescribing of system creation, cover it from the idea or image stage to the addition of capital, which allows systems to materialize, literally, and to shunt the needs, habits and cathexes of people, who put their money into weighted exchanges that concentrate it with the corporation or entrepreneur, which as a legal entity has discretion as to how and when it will again appear in the public domain. Often, because of psychology, and, currently, because of poorly theorized neo-evolutionary demands, capital is concentrated and passed down among those whose genetic bases are most similar. I personally have benefited from this system in myriad ways. When my father became sick with Hodgkin's Lymphoma, he and my mother, 27 and 26 respectively, if age affects decision-making, took out a 100,000 dollar policy on his life, on which they were, with the help of other family members who had accumulated capital, able to meet the very high monthly payments as his condition worsened, and then improved, until his sudden death on May 15, 1974, after which the policy was paid in full to my mother. This policy was a partial image of the labor power represented by my father and reflected a bet by a corporation against his early death; that the labor he did, which was adjusting the habits and cathexes of people who were not able to function completely and efficiently within the system, arguably serving the ends of capital as well as of those, more directly, whose suffering he worked against, was not relevant. The apartment in which I live, in which I write this and which I own with my wife, who is 28, was bought with money directly generated by the investment of money from that policy, by the further accumulation of capital that resulted from the payment being committed to certain corporations, including Merck, Thermo Instrument, and Archer Daniels Midland, of which I had fractionary ownership, and is itself, the apartment, a form of accumulated wealth, though its exchange value is dependent, like currency, on the market and easier to pass in the U.S. to people with similar genetic material or with whom legal relations are permitted. Writing this is a form of narcissism, now in wanting to insert myself in a debate over a magazine, but originally as a reaction to answering a questionnaire, which asked for certain cathexes and, indirectly, economic conditions to be named, thus aiding a kind of class consciousness; since the naming recalled an image or idea of a "life," as a life is a construct made up of representations of decisions plotted over time and intimately bound up with the control of capital, the commonality of the terms of which led to narrative conventions, the questionnaire established a basis for comparison with the decisions, cathexes and degrees of control of the participants, all of whom are at least acquaintances through text-based exchanges. The expression of my cathexis with an image of my father, here and elsewhere "in my work," can be said to be a luxury afforded by the capital that I accumulated as a result of his death, although the cathexis would remain, I feel, regardless of the amount of capital involved since it was not known to me, conceptually let alone with numeric specificity, when the cathexis formed, which allowed a kind of cathetic purity that is often idealized, the image of love pointed toward transcendent value, one that can trump the market, within literature and most religions, and within many actual lives, if I can speak of them, other than mine, but writing depends on material conditions unattainable in most. If I am allowed to speak of your life, a set of decisions plotted over time, it is a form of exchange; because of certain histories of exploitation, the subject position created by my relative control of capital and my physical characteristics encounters quite forceful and correct barriers to exchange in various contexts. Though they are often portrayed as protecting images of sets of physical characteristics or images of set of habits, called race and culture, gender

and sexuality, such barriers are forms of resistance to the incursions of capital, because capital tries to keep as many of its mechanisms as possible hidden, including labor, a transcendental category, in that in most climates one cannot live without working or paying or forcing someone else to work, so that capital, an image or meme carried by people, makes use of psychological prejudice as part of its hidden mechanisms for exploiting labor; it blurs into such habits and cathexes comfortably and easily, through other ideas and images, and attaches itself to them without dissipation or diffusion, as well as targeting the barriers resistance to such images provokes. To target these incursions via economic analysis is the “class trumps race” theory, which can be extended to other categories, and which when implemented led to the splintering of the left in the late 1960s in the U.S. and to the attempted recovery of origins, previously subsumed by the promise of reform and of a better life, both of which are images, origins and promises, though when lived attain the status of memory and experience, testimony and impression, and then out to the endgame of economic self-justification. Such analyses are abstracted so as to locate the systemizing terms at work, finding them in appeals such as “France for the French,” which paradoxically allows a majority within a locality to feel that their genetic material benefits from redistributive action, though the complications of having 3,000,000 post-colonial citizens, if I may speak of them, particularly as a Jew, since Jews have been closely associated with the market and demonized via that association by Christians and others, leading many to convert or to become adherents of Marx, a son of converts who conceived of class consciousness as the royal road to revolution, but the presence of those citizens in France has led, because of the contradictions it heightens in certain images and ideas, to the creation of parties such as the National Front, which tries to define what the French part of “France for the French” might mean, and has certain distorted cathexes with that idea, though anyone can shop at Fauchon if clean. Similar movements exist. Class does not always seem to trump race, or gender, or sexual orientation, though this may still turn out to be the result of false consciousness, which most often today is applied to consumerism, and there is no right of return, a material re-creation of images, for anyone. Some theorists believe hetero- and homosexuality to be chimeras created by capital, and believe race and gender to be so as well, though one does not hear the latter spoken of as lifestyle choices, and medical research continues into their bases.

THE SONG FORM AS REFLECTIVE OF ACTUAL INFRASTRUCTURE

White shoe. Everyone banding together and putting up
temporary walls, scaling down the visions they brought to the city.
Some, defeated but still active, wanted to get the word out,
squadron-style. "He was Superman 20 years ago,"
someone noted, "to introduce the idea of voyeurism right from the start,
so that the wares were less interesting than the unfolding action."
So inclined were the guests to dream and loiter,
festering within a purplish bit of patriotic verse (the antithesis
of early '30s cosmopolitan cool) that there were no masses.
There was a skeleton crew.
All roads may lead to Rome, Rhône and Saône,
Paris and Pittsburgh. That was the Bayou Blaster.
This is the Allegheny Augmentation.
If the roof is wood, you can actually see the spots of Red Man
where the workers had spit the juice.
Rain, ices and family services,
massive but unobtrusive steel and concrete,
shingles, crackings down, exchanges with schools in Spain,
spectra of blonde wood: The casual visitor
remains unaware of the causal chain,
the microwave soup burnt mouth.
They smelt my breath.
Stop eating so much, fuckball.
But which communities, leaning toward \$BHMS, \$CSCO, or \$CSX,
are likely to be considered magnets for the young?
Upward, upward, upward, the untergang knocked
my block off, then chucked in some of their own.
If the roof is wood, cease fire, tammany hall's a liar,
can, can stand, as man can, stand, as a man can,
stand and fight or fidget, doll or dive down and stay down,
under hand-hewn timbers floated down the Colombia or Snake,
then removed to Breuer's breadbox for the inblasting of the dome.
Reactions to toys predict behaviors but not contexts.
The plusses and minuses redacted by dotted lines—
your Biedermeier plaything was gloriously phantasmal,
but who are you? There's more, more however,
more masters, that, cracked,
were made for dancing in their original form
outside the organization, Giorgio Moroder in Munich.
What's at stake is reunification in Germany, the three
male faces of liberty, what's technically called "connection"
in the orphaned Alpine land.

Keeping the elderly in the towns they helped build, descanting en masse,
subsidized even if they can't get the notes out—totally humane.
There are still jobs in Germany, but they refuse to get in the car,
or leave the house. Must play the piano in octaves,
hands spread, clicking through mechanically.
Not so many Americans are coming; no one's internalizing anything.
Sets of boots trounce the royal nickname, rejected by several revelers
who laugh at the host, but continue to snuff the coke.
I can't believe they're paying me to sing;
I'm having such a good time.
Recorded music, the promise of steady work,
the hegemony of the American singer—
a tone that's languorous but unflinching, an elocution superb,
raw but somehow smooth, youthful yet somehow worldly.
The *sucre* simplifies most transactions, worldly attractions.
A hidden ground of an earlier era suddenly becomes more visible,
now surrounded by flowers, staunch loyalists.
Tomorrow's actually a holiday, if implicitly stagy. Willful and terrible.
We have to interpret your movements, given
those uncontent stuffed
with the beauty of others.

LAMENT FOR ADLER

I
wanted
an organizing principle,
the dovebar or the love bear, or
something we'll later have to pick
out of our pubes. *Gemeinschaftsgefühl*.
I typed a disgusting talk on the pillowcase,
fell down as the Baron faded as distance greened.
Later lazily switched helmets,
breathed your phero-binomials,
senses so alert as to be able, little demons, to sort the molecules
by ruling-dominant, getting-leaning, and so forth,
the acrid yellow like a flowery shock to the stem wet with chlorhexidine gluconate,
sodden percale allergen miele cheese cloth encounter. Fits of passion
collected into small looks, collected again, delayed, issued, left out. Value is feelings.
This is something.
Hit the irresistible common
cultural stock proves luminous; but the incredible richness of "Ramblin',"
Guthrieloading and Birdflit, is rightly inaccessible,
though the reverberations
of saying so threaten to crush the poem. Self-medicating. Small does and doses and does.
I broke into the cot,
the bedroom the attic,
as the moon's dive touched the house's tip,
the bed's topmost knobs and stays. And I had
a thought:
honesty
about
materials,
that social feeling
spurring
the terror of production,
untoward steaming up of cheap paradisaical farmhouses.
He helped me make a few adjustments,
set a goal from which to expect some
end, agitated for my dismissal
from the *Zentralblatt*.
I twisted and turned,
finally came up with the strangely worded statement
Du bist natur einen Tod schuldig.
Fourteen people
were carried off by the dream's yellow flood, but the bed remained
a protective channel
deposited by an unseen collective hand,
rising sharply in response to the goading cheeks of youth.
I could reproduce it perfectly.
On my walk
stuffed

Ponge in my pocket,
intending to pay later, not to touch
the dirty coin while in such a heightened state. Wandervögel
sodajerker somaticization, deutunged diaspora,
compressing and deferring familial revelations, determinant clusters,
radiant nodes that must be removed like adenoids.
Speaks it proudly, holds, and then the abyss, and the immensity
lightly rest on that dead form that
lightly here had drained the dew that
lit my face that bent the spoon—
The trend is bigger,
but an index isn't a mirror of activity;
it doesn't feel good,
but neither does disbudding.

LILIES IN BEDS TAKE CONTROL OF THE DEAD

Wednesday

Mowed vs. unmowed areas. Flower bed.
To hear the nut break with a crack and thump,
slight pain in the lower back, crow
caw. Route 230 by-pass, not new
sentient autohagiograpes, side-long
glance from a full-packed van. Lilies fading
and lilies verdant, ant crawl, the three
trees' twining and purling—whose
belongs to each, who can't be teased?
Stuck in the chair. Dead branches hang on.
Clear-cut stretch of waterblastic embronia.
Apple trees distant, trunk of oldest concrete
back-filled, phloem through
the hollow. Bronchorragia.
Cat pill, cute, caleb, lieb, lank, lunk.
Small planned bush. Dead leaf strew, high grass
catching branches uncaught stirring
striving vine. Veal siding.
Cheap van. Fly down. Indistinct
grass grove, small coppery berry
bund, stray beech whistle, mourning
dove passel dive. Shift so back
legs can wrap chair legs, disproveable gravel
spray, uncomfortable unapproach. twelve ninety-five,
the mall in Washington already too crowded, truck
supine. "Frozen returning from visiting."
"Frozen..." 1813. Several broken but not
desecrated. Fort Lauderdale trembles
along the coast, forces boats up
the intercoastal through Bass Harbor,
Seal Harbor, Swans Island,
Cranberry Island and further
ununiversalizables. Affords apples,
the trees' round arches bearing
the red-bottomed fruit and full
cottony leaves, fenced round, o,
second pass rounder, squat fuller, littlest fecunded,
small transformer resistor, caw, and caw,
small grey visoring wagon, pickup
with mower's stainless angled poke.
Hum. AC low. Fiberglass cracks seabind
white. Gravel seems dumped, mailboxes,
dual-function tri-colored patriots,
the slip of smooth clear blue, no waste
so vacant. Must or urine soaked be break
the flowered husk vent the bottomed
tea. Gerry's pipe suddenly on hand, snuff,
gone wicked puff, the gum chewed against nicotine,
x-es tattooing the scalp for proper aim.
Nine doctors make San Francisco surrealists
suffer seal yawp bicoastally, the entire
room in stitches to tell the truth. Dig
down denizens, dog, dap, dab, damp, dump, dose.
Car cross. Heavy Chevy Volvo bevvv.

Nut top found in water crushed in pocket
cooks the mint bees frozen. Confixor
confessor. Long shuttering ham to tractor.
In head life plow. Supperating fin
tam tom. John Revolta. The moor,
anemic corn, hard top. Came from tap
to jazz—capezio cloud, cap, tights, bottled
lethe lap, longing look, sssp. Yellow
aspen smock. Crow hits branch hard,
pronging back and forth on fallow
barkless beam. Orange cab lilies sway.
Smarm collective.

Thursday
Pull that ad. Add the ab I ablated. Bed of lilies.
There aren't two r_s in patisserie honey bunny.
The fence is bent, wire mesh, washed by water
drops, rusting the upper threads with acidic
spurl. A sole flag flaps over light mud
grave. White Mercedes van-like, rather
steel grey. Locked in a look with me. Drop
in tension. The green drilled stakes stook
the circle out, thicker when set. Endless
occurrences afford sustained conscious acts,
cursive on the leaves, symbols scratched
on third International whiz green, related Valiant.
The route a by-pass, the sun a sink. A single
engine torquing eddies of air, bumping
ventrally the glass cove; one tree's
stripped, another's mossy. A clump of bushes
also seems planned. The soft mountains,
the hard backs of the trees that describe
their arcs. Raise my g&t to the blue Subaru,
causing eye contact conflict encapsulated
levinasically. Red stump, basal butterfly.
These responses are all mine.

Friday
Aquamarine Jetta pass, fast. Ant drop,
no thump unless majorly amplified, unless
an ant. Covered in marjoram orally, baked
naked. Crickets chirruping Englishly.
Coals glowing fiendishly, splattering nitrites.
Moss patches like paint. Long
bed of lilies and grasses,
tender sentry of the drive. Sole fir. Tick-
less. Crunch repeated crunch. Stir.
“The small sabbath of the leaves”—Lousse's
garden, ain't you aiming to reach it, aw
caw blow by brow back. Early spotting blue Ford,
turned over old boat, red Chevy mute and still,
small outcropping by base is not weeds. Poles
unchanged since telegraph times. Crickets
gathering (force). Broken-off treated wood.
Green Suburban-like, then blue Subaru taken on
the rise, eyelock and then release. The chair's
afforded sightlines altered. Mossy mostly interred
stone, partial visage, moon faces, stick bedecked.

Canoe-topped green Suburban, white Ford
boat trailing pick-up, dark Lumina.
Setting sun frames ancient mostly erect
apple tree, actual MG roadster.
Clump of lily-like flowers. Picking up the
pickup through the three-twined torsos,
seemingly in Matisse-like motion. Can't
give up for cold. Yellowed leaf. Fine
brown on otherwise green. Febrile swamp
maple, brackish unextended unapproach
must unreproduceable be. The line
of higher and lower grasses,
desiccated bed-like
signals to the tired body as the thin stella
plane emerges, plain milk-like,
chorusing garishly toward no note.
Left impressions. Lengthen
legs, shift lap, lenchen.
Can't wait, Jøtul,
must go, murmurs
inside, unbasking
tide, knife
slap on board.

SNOW

I called; I
held; I feel
difficultly.

True remarks
course through
closed cans,

cloven
low clowning, cave
and cape;

proprietary
flat
flake.

Koop!

Er, flown the? Nay,
it's what they say
on the train to Oostende
to collect the fare.

Er hat,
said the German
in the next compartment
after I reached for my wallet
and touched her hair.
Hazel.

ANOTHER SIDE OF CLOSURE

I

Sunday stultifications make poor poetry;
until it's happening for me
a certain phase of my life might just be over.
All partial demands merge
into a single demand, a given archaism
from the standpoint of some particular critical

specialization.
Reintroduction into a particular struggle;
an all-encompassing idea at the whim of the individual
makes Mary's bowl of shells diverse and diffuse.
Embroidered my stipend and put it up;
justified each allusion with an organic form
so compelling, it smacked me across the face and docu-
mented the welt itself with Jen's polaroid.

II

"Transactional knowledge" makes
the two place predicate show up at Bernstein's birthday
as imagined revenge swells the mind's miscellany.
Ethical requirements can readily be thought of as commands,
holding the head to the ice and sticking
the res extensa pat.

Pissing on the rails loosens everything up
but passing hours can't dampen the page.
It's a reactionary emotion, the mark of a morality in chains,
further foreshortening the frozen cogito aureole.
No discernable difference in musicality,
generationality
destroys the lingering shtetl sheen, references
the best explanation to tighten the latent lugs.

III

Pleasure is a terrible metric;
emancipation is endlessly deferred;
the ethical turn so sickening as to put
Morrissey to meat.

Hired someone to cook the curry,
a hi-res blanching of the vegetables,
a coeval curveball
impressing commands
with each soft landing on the pitch.

The silty
dripping, drop-
ped headstock,
awful foreboding ritual, amazing pulloffs
into the shared space of the rug.

IV

Nice things. Nice things.

Our planet has a big, dead moon like yours,
spots on the sheets, and viscous mailboxes—fa fa
fat blue seedy domes—cararapacesararay,
untraceable source.

Patient analyst,
poem session.

Bee haven, paeanuts,
excreting hornden,
grand gallumpf.

Mope
your way past me into the group grope—
p,t,k
b,d,g.

V

The boozehound laid off the sauce,
got the tattler and the spectator
in cathooks, while I was taken
to Jesse's basement to prepare the astronauts for launch.
The doll got a smart frock; I got permanent vertigo,
heated exchanges in the back of the Bonneville.
Flipping through *Bilious & Frisbee*
I browsed,
I dowsed and quivered,
I was doped, denatured and sprayed.
The nose of the horse tips down as it reaches
the end of an arc. If you don't believe I have a fever
I'll drag it out again. Someone
has to pay for Grandpa's Caprice.

VI

Blent banners hung yellow,
white, breezed in off the shore,
undippable where the surfeit would stick,
sheer and clear, skin-like.
I brought in the buckets of donuts,
coffees light and sweet and light and black and regular,
coffees hot and wedged into the paper tray,
straining out the spills and keeping the containers
still. Children ran in pools. Headscarves and lenses
dotted the periphery, ringed in black pebbly asphalt,
perfect for tocking the asinine ashplant, the little rock
dots marred by repeated contact, whitened at the tips.
Narrow rectangular gardens harbored
stinging bugs the creams kept off.

Can manage the parity,
can
canvas and rubber any
room and wire it up.

VII

But,
if everyone were against me, and one misfortune followed another,
like an inability to participate in lived experience or a tendency
toward bilious and ill-conceived
outbursts when
the famous
come to
town,
where would the power to represent finally reside
if, for community's sake,
I shout to the rooftops
that Mommy's
coming home!
Infantile bread—wed.

VIII

The house so enormous,
unturnedover in its near transparency, several shades
shaping the light that came up forcefully,
touching little buds of fingers
touching the knob,
pressing tentatively,
while the larch—
rough,
majestic,
insufficient—
emerged from the sodden carpet,
slid languorously down the parapet, and gently brushed,
as if straightening from a near crouch,
the crumbing steps from which the carriage plunged.

IX

The small swastika on the wall of the bathroom
remains for months, and the bartenders all know
about it, but no one lets it signify so
everyone lets it remain. There's an argument
that would say that even expending the energy
to notice it, get the materials, and paint it over
constitutes a reification, the thing that makes
the sign work. Nothing once the pen is capped
except what is brought to the can.

So I feel like the ardent heterosexuality of some of John Godfrey's
earlier work is OK, its permissions stemming from Frank's
sabine sooth, what you went out for.
Postrestaurant, it's stopped. The four mil
black plastic won't rip, held and twisted by the arms.

X

It's easier to ask for forgiveness
than to ask permission.
The inability to get one's relationships
'formed' properly, so that energy flows properly,
leads to making or consuming,
pretty one-sided.

The great work is that
that retains its address
in any context. Poke
your head into the cake
shape, leave with flecks
cheeked, brush the mohair.
In slow motion, I fell off the chair.
Managed—

XI

erogenous maturation. In the sixties
we did more with our bodies, enormous
grunting groped idiom mocked
genuflecting, yet reproduced paradigmatic roles.
Now we're out of action,
prone to academia's bloated
Torcello, fragrant
septicemia, lamely inflated gerunds.
(This is not an attack on your favorite MFA.)
Every emigré left at the New School under
robotic control, brought on by failures in reading
that left *Defensive Rapture* out of the account, all charm drained.
This is a motivation for doing neural scans:
people don't want to lose their loved ones.

XII

The cumulative weight of the sheetrock
used to reconfigure DIA's vast interior
is the project, offal dumped in the furrow.
Clytemnestra and the Clydesdales,
chips and sockets, fishing boats,
400 cubic inches of love,
stuffed boots, straw
men, runny rubric. I entered
a period of self-criticism, brokered
some of Don Judd's toy planes.
There's enough work around for all of us,
hooves lined up in la Villette. If you assume other people's
brains aren't as big as yours, you've made a '90s movie.
Half a melon seems impossible, endlessly seeded.

XIII

The way to attract art world money
is to write about the art world.
The nature of encounters will change, as will
the valences of ideas. Instead of attempting
to graft theory onto procedure, or foster
interpretations of concept-based goals or goods,
substitute Godard's complex mourning for women,
la départ de la nourrisse, become obsessed
with the late work (the *rektoratsrede* for example), and reject
the social as a transcendental category when opposed to labor.
If there is an order of things apart from being, the "completion"
occurs when we propose it as impossible:
someone must always internalize the rules.
We've got pretty good agreement on Baudelaire, but only
in that we've got conventions in the head from which he takes his use.

XIV

After the nihilism of modernism
that either crashed and burned in
theological or fascist fervor, or into un-
healthy obsessions with the body's many
manifestations, and after the frustrate ironies,
pop inoculations, bad faith appropriations and scare
quotes that followed in the poetry of Michael Palmer and others,
we are entering a period similar to the Age of Reason, but bereft, depend-
ant on social constructs of our own devising, and on our courage when actually
encountering persons, and not abstract universals. Yet forms had to be invented
to save beauty from language, in order that things not tend toward their definitions.
One should not see bourgeois life as an 'other' toward which it is worth pitching pathos.

XV

At least by just typing it in I'm not wasting any paper.
Lindenmeyer Munroe a beautiful ecru and orange, fantastic trademark.
We responded to it, lay with knees slightly bent in the pod hotel,
each dreaming of the other, like Kara, Rachel and Damien.
Whitney workers get blazing paper cuts handling the incendiary shadows,
while assistants cast the space under Bruce's clown corral, then paint Barbara Gladstone's nads.
Hundreds of late 20th century citizens imagine Isabella Stewart Gardner
in Prada mules, eyeing the mule, which cannot reproduce.
Hits of hash that hadn't been seen since the early '80s
suddenly condense under the heels of the young.
The baby beautifully incorporates the pashmina mouse into its playscheme.
It turns out the Swiss have been putting gelatin in their yogurt,
and the things you say can actually cause changes in brain chemistry,
what is meant by *ethos*... what... *a way of life*.

ALMOST AGAINST ARCHAISM

Laden
sodden
beautific
bust-balls
vaulty
bituminous
anguish

busts the darkened earth,
roves over necessity's
nestiture,

while symphonic ideals
wander over the rocks
in loose groups
reacting at will, refusing
to take in the resilient materials,
five hundred parts per million,
colloidal asphyxiates.
Neurasthenic clings
paradoxically dislodge affection,
which floats heavily in June humidity,
sinking in pulvery soft silica
la lune Verdinal.
Passion hasn't swerved to works of weakness,
except for the time they took
each other somewhere and breathed
things at each other, didn't
say anything, hardly even looked,
getting colder with each moment clasping
furiously
daisy—O,
We must dare to live or doe,
ambling by grasses, will nuzzle
the fuzzy numbkin ravine-ward, spill
the snuffling coil
down to bang against
Dover's Dovells, chiming
indiscriminately.
So I hold commerce
with the dead, encountered by chance,
stuffing the mordant pants
necessary for the pining
life's accoutrement,
exploring only the musts:
structure,
acquisition,
use,
medium—
but not
another
word.

Now
the king
is in his counting house,
bent lovingly over the sink
lavishing attention on himself;
the rubble dust flies
off each heel as I slide along
the path in shimmering skeins,
bladerly, step-like, describing
a one-in-front-of-the-other thickness,
catching flashes of your countenance
in the wet leaves that reflect my own face,
partial clone.

The failure
is beautiful—
angelic anguish,
soft honesty;

you
punch me repeatedly
where I have stuffed
a pillow.

Two yolks
stare up dumbly,
seem broken up with laughter,
insane guffaws.

False piston
run. Little
never hit
intended men.

No eros in
ideas.

The feeding
was too short
and too little—
this jack,
jerk, poor
goatherd

can't
sandle
the ton-
sil, won't
pash
the inquiry.

Form as patent-holder,
a bedded
infinity;

stubble fields,
dead
cypress,

a marshy
morass.

THE HILLS OF DUBLIN AND CZERNOWITZ (NOW CHERNOVTSY)
AS RENDERED IN THE FRENCH AND GERMAN OF THE AUTHORS

And so I saw A and C, Gross and Klein, go slowly towards each other, unconscious of what they were doing, went and came, quiet, quiet up there in the mountains, strangers to each other, les deux pays qui pourraient débattre ensemble des grands défis qui intéressent la planète.

Despite problèmes survenus en Extrême-Orient, sans relation avec les problèmes traités par l'OTAN, domaine audiovisuel en Europe, Hubert Védrine received his Japanese counterpart, Yohei Kono, at the Quai d'Orsay, and welcomed Japan's resolve:

"You've come a long way, have come all the way here..."
"I have. I've come, like you."
"I know."

Without seeing them I felt the first stars tremble, and above one or the other of them, A or C, Gross or Klein, malgré des déséquilibres, les relations connaissent un développement radical et accéléré.

Une version française avec deux nouveaux chapitres sera publiée vers le mois de mars et j'invite le public francophone à en prendre connaissance. Celan's "Conversation in the Mountains" (1959) some relation to Beckett's Molloy (1951), and both to The Grand Illusion (1937).

Nationalization on recognizing A and C, Gross and Klein. I am in fact interested in your language as an instrument of liberty.

Do I have to say: *Votre langue m'intéresse...*
Can I say: *Je m'intéresse à...*

Votre langue, instrument.

Excess has always signified ambiguously: beauty, hidden labor, waste, abandon, death. The red poppy itself is a truly French flower, sauvage mais doux, comme l'épanouissement de l'arbre qui fait des cerises, which for the Japanese evokes the shortness and beauty of life. Ces colours, red for Japan and blue for France, imitate the tricolor, but in reverse.

Another medium targeted par quelques hauts fonctionnaires are mangas, the popular Japanese comic strips. A number of such authors have been invited to France, so that the future adventures of their heroes can be set in France, for example during the Tour de France, in the little-known world of French wine, or spent nuclear fuel processing via COGEMA. J'aimerais me familiariser avec les langues régionales, anything to enter the daily lives of French people, "Le Japon, c'est possible."

France must in fact free itself from constraints imposed by established values and convey a simpler and more approachable set of images. The cycle « Agnès B. likes cinema » will feature *The Crime of Monsieur Lange* by Jean Renoir (1935), *Le Plaisir* by Max Ophüls (1952), and *L'Eau froide* by Olivier Assayas (1994).

On arrival, the city presents its layered synchronous face, looking past Drancy and La Corneuve.

The museum, the timed carnival, unrolls like punched piano stock.

The earth folded up here, folded once and twice and three times, opened up in the middle, the water green, because I ask you, for whom is it meant, the earth, not for you, I say is it meant, cat, huitres & the smiling skate in « La raie » of Chardin, or the rounded pyramid de pommes with parrot and Brittany spaniel—I mean my hand, what I wish to speak of now, moved with a kind of longing indolence which rightly or wrongly seemed to me expressive.

The pink central knot floats with clockwise trails to the northwest and southeast in Fragonard's belle et grand omelette d'enfants, sending out sexual vibes from their uncomfortable menage so that they may be born and achieve individuality, differentiation. Face à cette nouvelle situation, le présence d'un nouveau candidat, M. Horst Köhler, du B.E.R.D., le Japon a décidé de retirer son candidate avec l'espoir d'un leadership fort au sein.

Techno-Impressionism is the last art movement of the 20th Century and usually involves intellectual defenestration, in the sense of Deleuze and Debord, thrown by the same force and then immediately taken up, as when the crews approach and, according to dictates that hardly signify, bag remains. Mit den Händen sehen.

Reason as instrument for numberless small hands; 'Gross' as fully apprehensible by the senses; humanity a limited bandwidth with constant capacity, while the breadth remains to be defined, a flag signifying all beneath—étude de mains: uncommissioned, sewn.

The people who fell in love with that particular aspect of France are now over fifty, moral authorities for downgraded positions, agency afforded by small decisions, the relief of being listened to, leaned into quietly, ordering food and having it brought, completely imaginable, observers incredulous, watching as, at a corner table outdoors, the citizen leans forward and picks up the cigarette, which had been resting, and takes a long pull into the mouth, the smoke a round pulled slightly back and prepared for full exhalation—a fast thin stream remaining insensible, constrained by stone buildings quarried from beneath beds long forgotten.

This time, then once more I think, then perhaps a last time, then I think it'll be over, and with that the world, like poor lily, poor corn-salad. Seen in the city that produced them, A or C, Gross or Klein, in relative quiet, lapine mort et attirail de chasse, lièvre mort avec poire à poudre et gibecière. I see it, I see it and don't see it, le lièvre mort face la lapine morte, lapine au pierre, lièvre sous bois; Jean-Bernard Ouvrieu and his wife opening the doors to their residence as a point between nations; me here, stood against a lying word, a dirty third, or else finally that here I had to do with two moons, both as far from the new as from the full, a pile I took and used for my advance. Irresistible to project oneself back to a point alone with the state, irresistible to imagine oneself into being alone naturalized.