Vérité 2000

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I Love Systems

Five Poems for Austria

The Song Form as Reflective of Actual Infrastructure

Three Lieder

Lament for Adler

Another Side of Closure: 24 Sonnets and Envoi

The Hills of Dublin and Czernowitz (Now Chernovtsy)

as Rendered in the French and German of the Authors:

Étude de mains

All moral and intellectual decline leads inevitably to material misery.

Émile Zola, *Vérité*

# 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 distorted 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 the 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 fractional ownership, and is itself, the apartment, a form of accumulated wealth, though its exchange value is dependant, 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 terms and 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 expression carried and directed 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, genetic and 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 5,000,000 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.

# FIVE POEMS FOR AUSTRIA

## The Song Form as a Reflection 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.

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, shingles, previous

community profiles, exchanges

with schools in Spain, crackings down, schools of excellence,

spectrum of blond wood, grad students with legal pads. “I think of our school

as a large supermarket offering every convenience.”

We were willing to take them outright,

Routes 3 and 17, but we were rejected. It is the shapes, in fact.

Stop eating so much, fuckball.

But which communities, leaning toward

Bethlehem, Cisco, 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.

Keeping the elderly

in the towns they helped build, deals and discounts,

subsidized even if they can’t get the notes out—totally humane.

A hidden ground of an earlier era

becomes more visible, now surrounded by flowers,

staunch loyalists. I can’t believe

they’re paying me to sing; I’m having

such a good time.

**Three Lieder**

a.

In a move that promises to make

lesser known, the *sucre*

simplifies most transactions, the music attractions.

Sang the note *en masse*, dolomite dollarization,

mountainous debt erased by a special act, a special desk,

a single reflection in the transparency.

It’s the same thing, but with charts and illustrations

McKinseying the deal. They smelt my breath.

20,000 feet of meeting space, two

restaurants and two

lounges,

massive but unobtrusive steel and concrete,

the casual visitor unaware of the causal chain,

the microwave soup burnt mouth.

b.

All roads may lead to Rome,

Rhône and Saône, Newark and Paris, Paris and Pittsburgh.

First Frank One, then (valid tamarind) King George

in tin ascended, raged, contested, commenced with waltzes,

yet sets of boots trounced the regal nickname,

rejected by several revelers who laughed at the host,

but continued to snuff the coke. Rooms are done

in gold or azure and gold. Blocked

hideous drifted, the appointees finally got the airport built.

That was the Bayou Blaster. This is the Allegheny Augmentation.

No one in non-smoking notices the wig on fire,

tin dribbling down the narrow aisle.

c.

At stake is reunification in Germany, the three

male faces of liberty, what’s technically called “connection”

in the orphaned Alpine land.

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.

They’re not internalizing anything.

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. Tomorrow’s

actually a holiday, is 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. Gemeinshaftsgefühl.

I typed a disgusting talk on the pillowcase,

fell down as the Baron faded as distance greened.

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’,”

Guthrieloaded 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 paradisical 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 schudig.

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

sodajerked 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 a diet.

# Another Side of Closure:

# 24 Sonnets and Envoi

## 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 schtetl 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

Meistersinger grabs the shears,

hiccup at the fraenum.

To tell what he sang would

break the code, force the school of shad

apart from other American food fishes,

“the very prop

on which drapery’s purpose

hangs.” Warming up

the cotton with a hot iron,

the soothing, motivating

muscles of our arms.

Former blowers, vents, speak from molded

gaps, touch the fence, grounded as the words begin to green.

Yogurt on hand. Makes a nice cream.

IX

Always bare-armed, catching cold,

Keitel torsoes toward the piano,

wolfs a smoke and drenches half the site in filial

light and bird-like song, uplifting and tired.

Dorothy as control freak; discovery of Oz as techno-mastery;

Lleyton Hewitt clutching Kim Clijsters’s cross.

We toss thoughts like painted balls—

errhumanized, without a title, bouncing up

the musical, muscled beach with determinate fuzzy digits.

People throw bread to the birds

out the black windows of hospitality.

Adjuncts and attributes violate our condition

that branches should not be allowed to cross.

## X

We allowed our attention to spread outward,

like dropped laundry.

Immune to the quarrels of magazines,

we pitched our way

through the sugary

thickness to an amazing veldt,

salted rodeo, pointless calls

to the hoofy satyr.

Lifting the horn

with three arresting blasts I ride off

to buck up the troops, to rouse

with my cloppings

the sleeping supporters,

corps humaine.

How extraordinarily adept—

the highwaymen

glide wave-like

in fields of unkind, sordid

intellectual endevor,

not put off

by the smiling faces of highly

trained patter and faeces

nor caught completely

in the snares of elders—

What will you do?

What’s the source of your motivation?

La source.

The horse.

XI

Make the glazier on my back

put on his shirt, turn over

the black empathic pitch,

cool limey pile.

The air,

heavy with bricks,

leans toward the van’s rack,

spilling mannequins into the Public Garden,

Boston brahmin bazaar.

I followed Cal home from the Gare

St. Lazarre, literally tracked steer

blood on the tile since he’d

certainly been in the fridge, staring at the bulb

with all that chilly mystery of mien.

XII

Since it’s all pig shit,

turf controls the criticism.

Grapeseeds smother wineries,

querrelous jackrabbit bites sink skin.

25 is the new 30.

Sensibility is the new sense.

Deb’s picks make Huppy Henry

Hyde Ford

spin.

Costume tam

tom finery

tooled. Picking

out the lights

from the Palisades.

XIII [Chops: poem for the New Yorker]

Mesmerized by my own life,

a shower of potential, an alien form

listing from side to side along the rows of cubes,

ducking in for humane chat that quickly becomes

oppressive. The move to escape

family tyranny in fact an exchange for co-workers

foibles and bile, the phone glimpses, snatches of yells,

the difference in the level of impingement like being

in a bunch of grapes instead of part of a melon.

I like that shirt; my silence at your haircut earns me

the nickname ‘tacitus’ so warm was my implicit approval.

The pleasure of engaging the electric pencil sharpener

mitigated by its lack of a shaving sink, a gap where

the plastic bin, miniature but precisely machined, should be.

You are shorter, you are taller, you are lovely, you are smart,

you are anxious, you are over your head but thickly blissful.

Wool crepe so radiant black, blue.

Gabardine is back too.

## XIV

I wanted to make a video, my matted brown

soccer-player hair flew, ears

reddened

as when in the throes of an actual encounter.

Ingrid spontaneously brought me chicken,

made fun of my absurd

mock-Trenchtown stylings

upon giving notice.

I had even imagined

the cabinets.

Several worn flakes of heart

set to feed the porter.

Kind basket

bartle the fisket.

## XV

He continued to consult her

for her mutti,

impossibly beautiful

sunlight streaming

snowsuits gleaming

sweet

breath

like pot

and

marigolds

moonrocks

clean washed flowers

sweet

song.

###### XVI [Chops: poem for the New Republic]

We are both Jewish like Gertrude and Alice

and don't practice like them.

We had to go to that part of the cemetery.

I suppose it's good that they have one.

If Frank Pessoa died in Paris, or had Louis Untermeyer.

I wonder what Alice had to do when buying the plots.

Had they bought them together first,

or did Alice buy them after.

Or I think it's one plot.

Anyway, it probably wasn’t: Madame,

excusez-moi,

mais ce n'est pas possible d'acheter cet plot.

It was probably: oui, j’y ai besoin

d’un plot, proscribed from that side.

## XVII

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.

Postrestantaurant, it’s stopped. The four mil

black plastic won’t rip, held and twisted by the arms.

## XVIII

It’s easier to ask forgiveness

than to ask for 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—

## XIX

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.

## XX

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.

## XXI

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 of which he makes adept muce.

## XXII

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.

## XXIII

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.

## XXIV

Yours is the rain whiler;

mine is the station stove.

Blitzed beyond caring,

we stumble beyond each other

carotid,

carry small lit torches

against the gloom, gas-soaked rags

that remind us of weapons.

It’s definitely total bullshit,

but the idea of ranging

across the caryatided area

beween 3rd and 6th is immensely

appealing, leather jeans

as chaps.

envoi

At least by just typing it in

I'm not wasting any paper.

Lindenmeyer Munroe a beautiful

ecru and orange,

fantastic

trademark.

Jiggy, allied birds,

weazel, little

chimes mimes.

We responded to it,

loved the *drole*

platter of cold cuts, 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.

Pieman!

Pierman!

La Pire! That f—ing plowman.

In the bathroom they come and go,

deformed and archipenko.

Tiddly tiddly ooo ooo ooo.

Hundreds of early 20th century

citizens imagine

Isabella Stewart Gardner

in Prada mules,

eyeing the mule,

which cannot reproduce.

Replacing subject

matter with source text—no idea

can sustain faith, yet feathers are strewn in the aviary.

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*.

# The Hills of Dublin and Czernowitz (Now Chernovtsy) as Rendered

# in the French and German of the Authors: Étude de mains

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.

Problèmes survenus en Extrême-Orient

sans relation

avec les problèmes

traités par l’OTAN,

domaine audiovisuel

en Europe.

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.

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.

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.

Une version française

avec deux nouveaux chapitres

sera publiée vers le mois de mars

et j’invite le public francophone à

en prendre

connaissance.

I am interested in your language

as an instrument of liberty.

Do I have to say

Votre langue m’interesse…

Can I say: *Je m’interesse à…*

votre langue, instrument.

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)

*César* by Marcel Pagnol (1936)

*Le Plaisir* by Max Ophuls (1952)

*Bande à part* by J.-L. Godard (1964)

*The Samurai* by J.-P. Melville (1969)

*The Last Metro* by François Truffaut (1980)

and *L’Eau froide* by Olivier Assayas (1994).

On arrival, the city presents only 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 little dog followed wretchedly, after the fashion of pomeranians,

turning in slow circles, giving up and then,

a little further on, there they are,

the cousins,

on the left, the turk’s-cap lily blooms,

blooms wild.

Rising above the Bay of Tokyo since April 1998,

this powerful symbol of France’s identity,

which has now become universal,

will be strengthened

by the exhibition of the painting by Delacroix

entitled *Liberty Leading the People.*

Given the size and fragility of the Louvre’s loan,

it has been an exceptional gesture,

one that required sophisticated logistics.

To make the most of the symbolism,

the Japanese Post Office has issued a stamp of Fragonard’s

belle et grand omelette d’enfants;

the pink central knot floats

with clockwise trails to the northwest and southeast,

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 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,

restrained 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

where one

may be alone

with the state;

Irresistible

to imagine

oneself

into being

alone

naturalized.