

# Brulôt

*Of the following INSCRUTABLE impresarios to touch these pages, this book marked for a reordering:  
Julia Kristeva, Bachelard, Jaap, Borges, WCW, Max Jacob, Leigh, Alex, Asberry, Blaise Cendrars,  
Nietzsche, Foucault, Derrida, Lacan, Adorno, Artaud, Bahktin, Mallarmé, Cileke. A last word, first  
poem.*

*My thanks also to Bela Trussell-Cullen. The art work is his.*

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*"I Antonin Artaud, I am my son, my father, my mother."*

I should not employ such language. For the princess  
All sounds are the ministrations of scoundrels. You cannot let Uncle Leopald  
get away with things, King Gerard – she pleaded. Then there  
was a splash in the water. We've made it.

"Thank you, your majesty." Hands on swords. All princesses are  
borne away. All's amiss. Your majesty.

"Thanks to you my friends I am back on my rightful throne.  
And nobody, not one, appreciates fine music. "Everyone shall be made to  
laugh; all must sing! All we need do is wait.

All shall love presently, or forthwith. As.

□

plight of her black (noir) hair: each tiny ruse  
there is, there, her Grammar blue skirt & emblemed blazer,  
in fact a noir wry hair & polynesian hair & glasses – fairer,  
y'd say, her blond crinkled hair, unruly, ruled (fed) from a centre over her black  
jersey, not flying (fallen)

□

heavy – heavenly coachwind – Brueghel (the Elder's) boat shifts  
gracelessly the heedless sea – & every few minutes the  
generator starts up, them-tha-tha-thum – and this was to have been a kind  
of tournament – a wedding festivity – a cow's wide rotating eye

## Signature

A long absence. Absinthe (the slur). He passes (the trace)  
in the first person plural – WE, i.e.  
you & I (he), having twisted ourselves sidewise have come  
now to the far & wide.

The heart of the question. Knows itself substantive &  
accessible – this faint discourse.

To gain access is to lose; to show, to conceal; to acknowledge, to lie.  
The poet – or the man Jew – protects the desert which protects his speech  
(in the desert) of his writing.

The text's awkward proposition. It's  
understood (sous entendu) silences.

She takes a few steps forward, stoops, folds her body forward from  
the hips & looks back up thru her (spread) legs. Oh I (he) has  
forgotten what it is to lug this neat fluency

(smooth) back to the book, a plate. Or let us leave that p'haps to colleagues, to Roger,  
to Wistan, to Will-Leigh. We (the third)  
have come now to the bridge (crossing) being  
purposive for us – of this practice to dislodge. & I – lexicographer(!)  
make something, particular, of it.

"A white sheet is full of ways ... "

*Nothing is our principal concern. Said Reb Idar.*

*cf. Pernod*

□

everyday further inklings, & when the railway crossing bell  
clangs out with the lights lit red off on, blinking – horses, canopy,  
a smoothing carriage 4483, one muses; the afternoon all of a thick  
unruly black, against the neat centric of  
thought, redoubled, of the Norfolk pines (in tresses) – grown here  
in small tubs. Or the prospect then of Nika's fingers  
bent backwards, her sharp wrists at marvellous rt. angle straight up  
in a gesture, & with that the news of what you yourself  
are each day changes, reconstitutes, emerges anew with the sky & the selfsame  
adopted means of transit (on the white Commercial buses)

□

he sits Mallarméan stalks about peers thru the little  
aperture of the white fanheater repainted or small  
flutes out the heated air – a couch! – trailed  
Artaud out along the morh() trail &  
thru LA with others of his party – what gives, glanced off  
stone cover – a knee fitted tightly over  
a knee – Robbespierre! (*Danton*) -avant!

□

I woosh! owell there was nothing there a hollow  
in Willy's heart & feature – ripping – a stone – a pebble –  
they – ventured – with – old – man – Charteris – out  
to – Middlemarch – and – beyond – distributing – butter--(fernleaf).  
Or stopping over for lunch you dropped the truck off the road  
under trees to the riveredge – the matting of pebbles  
each one repeating to the eye with or without the water's touch

□

we shd only be used to smile at one another, Max J.

□

Heliogabalus – sexual access (excess)

□

we travel distances in our minds to reach places  
denied – perhaps – to – others

□

Vaudeville – (the man said it couldn't be done) a dying art (art dying)  
pantomime



□

whether it's giant (excellent) 12' ants as in Gordon Douglas'  
film *Them!* or champagne glasses poised atop of a round silver tray –  
whether it's – cold – or a blue backdrop (*acdc*) puts  
a fly in the soup –  
whether it's discrete – language particulars driven off a thing or  
a person's affections: her thick eyebrows, winsome lips  
narrow shoes, calotte or calvery went by and so there was a flash, a  
prickle – every revolving asp – silvery caltrops – that curt-  
ains hanging there should of themselves present no awkwardness, unless  
pressed back by the breeze, or to the side by some  
properly unsuspecting hand (to a view!) –  
I must have at a point two things in the mind... a  
navy uniform – a car, a badge – a newborn  
So it is: "stay loose" (a bar of heat)  
suppleness of breath, something I haven't tasted, or I should regard  
you as a favoured presence – reaching thru the  
gaps – a beautiful female is everything! That I be--to love!  
M... --should that be the name but not the one – a young  
girl, glassy eyed – loss of voice (a name for it)  
formic acid – to lift the senses (alert) sand lifted up &  
tossed *en masse* – a sand storm, a car & trailer –  
Get the antennae! I said, get the antennae! – for SURE – (Wilbur)  
mandibles –  
a scientist's dream come really true! Anvthing. anvthing for science!  
(tsk)  
arm over arm up the language !

## nikka scroll

There is something that will come and take  
out of this second, from this  
second – that which I (he) is locked: blockage.  
On the cambered surface, sealed, fixed – divided by a  
broken white line, a gathering of locusts.  
A loud beginning green autumn!  
The light that's eased off things, takes leave, travel by bus  
over the black dustjacket; white  
*Of Grammatology*, of red, a scene of green or cream.  
Inside, the running gate, the burst page – writing  
(again) passed forward.

All are stopped in their colours, white, yellow,  
red, green: the cars themselves are stationary. In rows, TQs  
at the entrance-way. Trailers.  
And out again. Past the lake.

□

mellifluous – she comes surprising into the room – her  
pink pyjamas – need to pass myself off, she says –  
and pulls the cloth together at the neck where the applewhite  
skin works down to a simple v – glazed in her eye & dumblooking in  
this hour's light – her legs lead one way then the other, soft legs

## decline

But that way lies a decline or at least an inevitable dissolution, he said. Speaking as he did at that time or a need for – of a kind of continuity, perhaps?

For continuities had stretched themselves out along that line, and had not, not at least till that meeting, folded back on themselves so that the entire arrangement lay fixed in its place. There was still motion, he supposed; and emotion? And so he had come to this other man with this proposition and the other man had severely admonished him: it came back to him to fix future courses in terms of the origin, its veritable sources, and the telling of this which remained for him--still--in the present. To the other's insistence there was, he considered, a curious charting effect, given to life, where all things (characteristically!) presented themselves to this centre which he held as the necessary transcendent.

God – he muttered. God: what an exquisite and extraordinary notion it was. God. The thought that the other man had made available to them as they sat together there in the darkening lounge and spoke of that rare incontestability – GOD.

Miranda, who was also present, was asked to bring in the tea at around four-thirty, and she did this. They sipped at it, as they talked. At one particular moment, when the other man saw it – a grid, a light! – he pulled himself astringently (acerbic) together and scowled deeply as if somehow to indicate that unseen mark that was there before them. Leaving nowhere, it seemed, to recapture that specific address. The gesture, the location, was itself part of the transgression: it joined everywhere with the misplaced.

From that point, from that particular juncture on that particular Sunday afternoon, a gap had opened before him that held no boundaries. He seized upon what he knew to be his own limits, for there remained with him a sense of bewilderment as to precisely where the limits that held, or had helped hold him, lay. Meantime, he remained intent on his companion: and when he was with her, would sex with her, or just lay with her, touching, or just talked, he would experience that fact of her, that female insightfulness, tuck about him. Any yet, he recognised, this

affectionate release was altogether of a different extraneous order, and still, that sense or touch of her, he was inclined to allow to register completely with him, as if as a core release it was not otherwise to be misappropriated. It fell within its limits, it released into itself. It laughed. Leaving nothing, that is, outside of its very particular uses: what he desired he knew for himself was not easily attainable – not, at any rate, in the particular construct that he had applied to it.

Sometimes he would watch his woman, as she would take a pin, a silver sewing pin, and would insert it quite deeply and in a dextrous manner into the inner part of her ear, into the lining there. Her head held slightly to one side, she would sweep about in a pivotal motion, drawing the pin out intermittently and incidentally examining it. It relieved an interminable itching inside her ear, she would explain, whenever he questioned her. And pins like this, with a faint dust or small waxflecks from within her ears still attached, were to be found dotted down about the house: on ledges, on the floor, on the sinkbench, in the laundry. Even where it irked him: she persisted. It remained for him as emblematic of what was in her a simple residualism (not of the ear!) and in him a reluctant forbearance. He desisted. He sought clearance. And once she had employed a pin topped with a small green plastic head. Light green, which had got lodged in her ear and had got broken off! – inside the ear! For half a day she had continued with her normal household duties with this small plastic globe locked within the inner canal of her ear. Involuntarily, she had kept her head tilted slightly sidewise, as if in an instinctive balancing measure. And had finally to go to the doctor to have it flushed – by douching – with warm water dashed into the ear from a syringe dislodging the little orb and having it fall with the water into the kidney shaped stainless steel disk which fitted snugly about her neck. The nurse had spoken to her at that time of another woman, one who had, in a hurried moment when leaving to go out one night, mistaken a small tube of *Superfix* for the herpes ointment which her doctor had prescribed for her just the week before. And had got herself well and truly stuck!

Do you realise, the other man said – (to return) – that those whom I've met who are most truly at ease and at one with themselves and their universe are those too who have this quality of belief in God of which I speak? This veritable conviction. Do you realise that those such as Mother Teresa of Calcutta and Albert Scheitzer of Africa are indubitably paradigms in this respect? Theirs is an order, a sense, so pervasive (reflexive) about them, of things as they most indisputably are. Hearing these words, with their implicit accents in his ears, he glanced distractedly out of the window which silhouetted the other sitting facing him – up at the distinct portions of clear sky and the skudding heaps of clouds as they traversed it. It was that the clouds had for him that hidden aspect of the words spoken. The empty traces were in truth part of a vast compass and the broken clouds involved in a continuous reshaping and

merging and recovery within that space. There was that, that blue, cut through at that angle and direction of the wind – that space and not space were doubly contiguous, he was not sure, yet recognised that that was an aspect of what he observed. The room, as he brought himself back within its limit, was itself a place in which they were given shape, their wording their way, the words outside of the room being hardly existent. It was a silly thought, but with it it brought an attention (implicit) to the movement of the other's words. He brought the words of the other back into memory, so.

: returning to that point, measuring that assumption, only to find it perhaps expunged. The same opening perhaps, but with something different inside of it. And yet, the other man, his sturdy semantic, would have nothing of this. The difference that arose between them was of a certain extraneous order, of this spoken and found exchange, especially as he had thought to find himself to that point circled by the capacity and thoroughness of mind and character of his interlocutor; and, not wishing and not ready really to abandon that found instance, nonetheless considered that the other's energies were committed to the same and faced as well a difficulty in responding to that without confronting a particular resistance to that setup.

Let it end here, then: he wished for them to remain close, beneath that difference and difficulty. In their large and conducive spaces, this seemed certainly possible. And as for the others – well, they would needs sit about and silently listen.



## corona: the stars

... as morality! – *Ecrasez l'infame!* –

he is waiting for his blue bus, meantime she taps her foot impatiently

the girl opposite with the blond hair – a lampshade! –

beneath the flame of green light – polyglot all!

All marked by glass. Marvellous stanchion

(words) running, pressing – the openjacketed journalist claiming that  
they'd conspired against the Pope – John Paul I – or that

Natalie may've herself unhitched the dinghy (the others partying) and have kicked  
out on that until her arms simply surrendered  
suffering hypothermia...

as *summa scimmarium*: as a totality



□

he was himself situated at the rock – & then just why does it FLLoww  
so fast, he enquired – had flicked his nylon line out onto  
the water – the surface slipped & clicked into place at his feet –  
saw her, saw Jan –  
in her nearpurple swimsuit, her fair legs set, & alight &  
strictly quotable – eyes glanced (geared) forever out & beyond the  
Manukau Heads no object! all thought afoot, original

□

black swan black shirt black sox striped tie the (karma) the  
calm why! I must describe it for you: black tack  
her daughter she call the nerveless tooth in her jaw black  
& passing the Grey Lynn P.O. in unmercurial splendour &  
newly repainted logo – alongside the road the white  
picket fences of wood or iron this morning among resplendent  
billboards – the property of carsalesfolk and of the thickthighed  
polynesian inhabitants –

□

everything names, as named, another  
passes it, the little  
flowers marked so close & white to the tilted halfflight  
the sound which followed on the path of her footsteps to  
                  redlights under white fumes –  
two cars towing, cries of a cat like  
a baby doll its string pulled out –  
– I say – *I am she!* –

□

had considered – now this inquiry (iniquity! –  
Sir, should you ...? – down the culvert they race, the  
small hollowed boats into the clay dams – the stream – the formal curtain –

□

the more certain (the more certain I am) my movements –

□

## **Reminder**

Suffering muscular dystrophy has never been my complaint. Tell M. Duval  
I am quite satisfied, hear me.  
Inform him I am not interested in achieving what he has achieved.

□

Sunlight edges about the side of the house and enters the room  
Michael notices that the way that things appear changes – but  
that there were four of them pictured in front of the garden in  
front of the red & yellow dahlias & the black dog stood before them  
facing them its tail held horizontally in the air – their arms  
were linked about one another's shoulders & they were each of them  
gazing back towards the lens of the camera (Olympus) – that is, aside  
from Linda, who, with a smile on her lips, held herself askance,  
looking away. This photograph occurred in early autumn with  
the flowers bright & the shadows very distinct –

## RICOEUR

marked for distraught! (distract) – a small wind – kind. I saw  
or thought, in light, or vermillion, a set of stars.

At night, small stars, peppered thru...

They considered they could have offloaded the industrial  
property, they told us, for \$65,000 – though B. had offered his  
share on interest anyway: arguing, if let, the building  
would at least pay the rates – (that release of breath)  
& here we are placed & on the tin plate – *ting!* of rain

□

Ibsen's *Solness*, & the better unknown or a sense of disproportion that harries us (Binswanger's summary) – how does the achiever achieve – commence – perverse help or beyond help or an attained sublimity – the glance that constitutes another.

I tell you, the night was so resplendent that I looked out thru the plateglass window up into a night sky agape with stars, subtle tracery. de Mann called it a "falling upward" but then what am I to make of him so's he'll fit into the new section format of the *Auckland Star* or the bulk of the *Saturday morning Herald* when the jobs are-advertised.

The light falls about the Higher Salaries Commission & H.S.C. let them have it – both ways!

So now the weather map you see painted, by Willis, by veronica, or by Romaine as a class project, paint's put on & there the substance of all your todays: the yellow pac-man, Air NZ logo in crimson on the solid white cup from which I sip my Earl Grey tea with the new 767 and the risk that with the engine fault they detected this morning at Christchurch – that the ego is not the enemy of art, but rather art's sad brother –

## the stranger (Strindberg)

she was, with entire history &  
there, before the *other*, perhaps slightly older &  
somewhat taller, where each stations  
herself (before that), the other attired in  
white, and she, in black; though her  
hair, culled above the head, was fair.  
Already from those cold eyes opened only of a pleasant  
design, perhaps green, perhaps almond shaped and possibly in love.  
Arched the other, lipped her cheeks, initially touching  
briefly & lightly & then with the open palms,  
and then, more immoderately, the other  
perplexed, alert & calcined.  
Over everything she was, before her partner,  
were tulips: on gowns, crockery-ware.  
In the extension of a meandering wordless practice  
praise, of affection. And she, all of love enfolded & nicked  
over its own compactness, beyond a black & white  
linoleum floor. Allude to that.

□

they look out the window things are moving  
things are moving fast

                                  it all  
comes on                      car panels  
from Japan                   out this window  
I see stars

                                  the colour of carrot  
pink  
a lily lies on the grass  
the child takes the bottle out onto the border  
                                  of the window  
women are threatened

                                  everyday  
turn your narrow ribs & nipple toward me  
          you no I no desire's tough action  
licking the window with your blue tongue  
evergreen constellations

□

of this chopped sea, this neat rectangle,  
that's heavy, or nought – of women's  
dexterity – I sing – tell a  
lie – the doll's orange hands twitch on the  
linoleum floor where it lies – the child is across the  
room on the couch –  
this is *madness!* – this is – war –

□

everybody whispers in my ear – how lovely  
YELLOW IS!  
(A few clasps, decorated with stone & tiny watercolours  
  
(Solon stands like a dividing mark between two factions  
(like a stone) Heraclitus: the observer  
generates distance, is the bystander *audessus de la mêlée*



□

things end easily – a door is closed – woosh!  
you are no more – bitter sleep (better)  
the smear – brilliant rapture (success)  
Piet Botha, take that South Africa! Your  
death breathes (begets) a certain energy – *Jaap*.

□

whether it's PIERROT'S – with breeches that ugly colour that  
don't even reach the knee – the old Mimer's  
arguing over that with a certain sergeant – or Chardin's  
white shirt with the white candida (logo) – written in the paste of  
his own makeup – the whiteness & distinct chromatic of it –

□

a rueful time of evening! – the NL logo etched  
about itself against a skyline that's partly  
itself, partly the transport of hieroglyphs or clouds, or  
a single sheet of newspaper – long running stripes  
(water) diagonally down the bus's window – the blue conveyance  
pulling out alongside the low red brick building &  
out onto the roadway ashen with wet (at an  
angle) resolute the sun's gloved hand (sky copperorange or pierced)

□

brilliant or not! – as Anaxagoras's “things that do or do not exist” – the girls pretty in their white communion frocks & veils (some with little white crosses embroidered on them) and the boys manly with washed hair and dark shorts (white shirts) – now Lara shows those about her a medal that has impressed on it the figure of the virgin Mary – another woman (older) wears matching little eye-blue (Marian) medallions in her earlobes & has (as she tells it) a devotional altar set up by her bedside where – when one of her children is ill – she burns a candle while the others sleep (Anaxagoras)



□

- i. derrida (rabbi)
- ii. an extreme (extrusion) of meaning by DE-meaning--or CLAPTRAP  
claptrap
- iii. a lightbulb moon tipped for inky skyspace
- iv. Artaud: Writing is trash.
- v. detritus (diastasis)
- vi. RGAMata (p.1B4). Comprenez?
- vii. "One's – proper – body – upright – without – detritus."

(from *Notes to a New...*)

play-pen

open or aperture

paradigmatic

*simplex signillum veri*

sock stripoes

veal

□

glistening necks of water--fierce quashed light! – & together  
with the rattle of machinery & cramework at their new waterfront  
construction site (the new Harbour Board building) – plied rippled &  
work performed by hand, deisel – wingslap right & I  
another pigeon off the pier! – today squeezed tight as it is by time,  
deadly causation, space

## *Tokyo story* (Yasujiro Ozu)

before the seawall, the sea: where only the night before the newlyweds had dallied – *in exaltus!* & on the promenade's approach the sound of low voices rising as if off the water's surface as it silts & plaps against the seawall – chiaroscuro effect! Where presently the older Japanese couple steps off on enormous platform jandels, scraping their footsteps along the concrete walkway & now the picture swaps for another location in the same(?) city, of undistinguished grey factories with smoke rising over them the colour of lank (noir) Japanese hair –



## suicide, a note

has been done able to finish: a  
loosest night, quite simply: the dog snatches itself, nipping around  
its penis: Christine said today: "no constant rays; / The worlds  
whole sap is sunke" – you lick the foreleg – I  
she lies awake on the bed unmasked--unasked for, she  
lies – awake!  
blue tailcoat & yellow waistcoat –  
suicide: an extrusion

Shelley's "white radiance of eternity"  
my hand is around this thing, there is a feeling behind her eye  
the dog stretches & yawns '*le lecteur peut s'en donner,  
avec un petit frisson, l'emotion delicieuse*'  
in this, you might hope to add, a certain dispassion then  
the letting go – depart – ive      THere  
Is Something THere                      tensive;      quick!  
a gun to his (right!) eye! –  
call this one langorous –

**RIMBAUD:** *littératuricide*

**BAUDELAIRE:** *les bas fonds*

□

– it is not or hardly that the quarter-hollow is itself  
unwashed or spoiled –  
her virginity! ... or is it that cars taken off  
the regular track follow the median strip on other surfaces – this flat!  
Her appurtenances!  
She anchors herself at the margin of things...)  
She is deadly at the edge )

□

on their temple doors in delphi: know  
thyslf & nothing too much

□

OR old Socca: I know (this) I know nothing.

□

– the children adrift on the black polythene strip  
skim over the wet iron sand--the man pulling them  
his strength, fills his lungs

□

I tell you this whole park could be english... godammit!  
IS ENGLISH!

## **absences répétées**

...but out of whose insistence or gest (guessed)  
(which) never ceases to mark an actor's  
gestures--fists clamped  
tight, hands on tools, IZENSTEIN'S heavysset peasant women sporting  
thick leather belts (what shiny buckles!), a baby wrapped in the  
perambulator like a sailboat!).  
The subject itself is the hollow pit; without the  
social nick, drugs are insignificant, or rather, their significance  
is only that of eSSential  
natURE – vague, tremulous: "dRugs lead  
to iMPotence", or, as precisely,  
drugs lead to suicide      (*absences répétées*)

□

trimmed to this piece—your hair!—look't that  
one, sister! the skin! the piece!—and blond! blond!  
& thick & screened thru the  
enormity of RUSSIA! But you have not seen the  
tsar; you have not been to St Petersburg?—you  
have not seen the Tsarina...

## DASEIN -- WILLY'S LEAP

*Word and thing or thought never in fact become one. We are re- minded that, referred to, what the convention of words sets up as thing or thought, by a particular arrangement of words. The structure of reference works and can go on working not because of the identity between these so-called component parts of the sign, but because of their relationship to difference(difference). The sign marks a place of difference.*

Intro. to Jacques Derrida's *Writing and Difference* (adapted)

□

For Willy, what questions? With what are we to probe him, this straddler on the tower, this jetman, hawk, Willis To~em, Willy Robusta "figuring a tabloid"? This Willy is not to be interrogated. For to press him means to put your fist clean thru the paper ("pink, grey, thin, dreamt, paperman"). No-- casual Willy stands aloft in his "tower rM; he leans, muses, is roused, exuberant, sees himself swollen and erect.

This ineluctable tracer of himself, this instigator of his own pageant, his edges indeterminate and sharp, his mind heightened and keen, penetrant. The imagery of the early pages of WILLY'S GAZETTE is of Msnappage" , the crisp planal imagery of whites, blues, sea, chrome, sky and wind, sun, the net, the whale (and of the interjection of planes: "he projects").

From the opening line of the book's first piece "Myou blow there Willy", to its closing whump-line "Willis looks up and his rose shirt balloons", Willis extends -- sights forward. Planes intersect, track back, are chromatic, Mshiny" , the world is snatched over by Lilly, reflects his inquiry.

This magic grid of positionings that is Willy. The quick and points of entry: diachronic, *loci*.

"a huge pole" -- the figure itself, the flick of electricity as opposite charged points come close, a movement of contacts but nowhere stopped, always the shirttail out (" "), "covered with information".

For Willy, too, is designed for reading, whose real language "is English / invaded -- and invaded with bits of Auckland, Wellington, passing Spanish phrases,







~!~J~:

'd~ol'."S. and tho :houSh: fall.  
1:, 1nc:.do"co. ravoil:.nl. clio :'"010 of you ,;il:"I..  
until the "I" moves to where Willy is purely notional

if I could d-:~" a da:o "'!:'~ ::"i, pencil full 1:-.:': 10"1 a.-.au:, in tho bo..',; bicycle at 45  
dog:-o., 1:'d C:-OI' an 0=30 \ /tily c;,o'o on V:.t:o:-.:a Avo"uo salute  
a tossed f:cral droll ;"oro.a citrus t:-.o..

Everywhere in this book is the mak~ng and unmaking of forms where all things are a form, never *only* form. Take it from me, this is a fine, a marvellous book. Buy it, you win!

Leigh Davis WILLY'S GAZETTE. Jack Books, 1983.

I

## 4 o'clock

depends where you're headed – (your head) if you're looking to see  
the green chunk of blade, curled & lifted upward – of the flight of  
the pert thing! – Awgosh! it's just  
been resting there in the wooden flower trough (that'll  
rot) & we don't even  
have its name – to blazes! Would you care maybe to  
compare this, this course, with the colourstained shifts &  
spirals of Pat Blair's blues & reds – Canberra's here & OK at  
RKS in the city – where (obfuscating) oblativish towtrucks thumb thru  
the narrow line of cars – in Albert St, in Albert St...

## #5

it surprises off the spoiled  
door: is lit beyond repose  
in the yellow room:  
Outside are dripping tree-ferns  
& macrocarpas, Saussure's arduous  
notepad. It has served upon  
itself: done with  
*semiologie* – a fishbowl!  
It announces itself to her & she  
discretely listens: i.e. she  
passes herself within the text

## nietzsche

*these* or then perhaps *those*  
he opened the door on Nietzsche  
*The* mark of the philosopher was  
on that tree  
& dropped easily to hand  
It (the five-fold fruit) enfolded his  
Mind; it read as he read... – 'it desires, as a  
*Protection* against genius, another genius'

□

for the fearful of homosexual impulse (?), fears – and of  
bisexuality – words...

## Something There is Of One

Yes, yes, the buildings. The sun comes down off the copper coloured windows of the public library building across Victoria St up against the hospital board building. & coming up gasping at the surface for delicate air, of that difference. Out of Nature's: 'She whom I suppose to know, I surely love.'

Not to suppose. Not so simple as that. Swimming at Mill Bay late summer with gulls, sandpipers, a tern or setneck duck in flight, & the 3-spot ('cloverleaf' to the kids) milling about – to their anguish or delight! To lift it clean out of the water and see parts of it perhaps tear away, rueful at that. Or the steady propulsive movement: ballooning, undulatory, myriad – which manner of saying, its very embellishment! Should we ignore what's read or spoken of as writing as a weave of its marvellous gradations. Call it steady (Call me Ishmael...). The journey (journal) is to sea--with eyes! The fact, as one sees it, adapted to intimacy. Tidal. Whether one's excluded or censored. Just so... Whacky! The other as distinctly the place from which speech or its composite arises.

## from Stein's

... and Max (Jacob, who had seen Jesus in Montmatre in 1909, had been him again in 1914 in a cinema, and who had recently been converted to the Catholic Church) treats the Sacre-Coeur as his office. (15-May-15)

□

Max, who gets sillier every day since his conversion, is always at either the Sacre-Coeur or St Pierre. He even goes there at night so that he can be a perpetual worshiper. (May-15)

"Mais ou est donc ornicar?" (Lacan)

(mais, au, donc, or, ni, car)

□

immediately this disposition – of WINGS! – solitary plumleaf eased off  
the plumbtree this May – wanting only to be swept up & cast! – ablaze! – each  
morning, the moon still sharp, something rouses him... he is subject  
to something (which stirs him) – turns to the bedside console to compass  
words freely into the covers of the redbacked journal (May) –  
watched a longtime into her sleepfilled eyes only to see one of them obtain  
wittingly to him – or... her managing to SEE HIM CLEAN THRU



□

(maestro a tree with red or yellow flowers (compressed!))  
a blackbird traverses my lawn this morning –  
(maestro a tree with red or yellow flowers (compressed!))  
my dear friend, Nijinsky, the introvert, danced his  
last days out in the streets of S. Moritz, exhorting  
the passers-by, Have you been to the church today? – Kyra's gold  
cross swinging outside his shirt to his own uneven movements –  
thus also they found Nietzsche in his final  
clearthinking days –. Decisive. Maudlin & alone.

## recidiver

page, letter – the best are those that love you! – he  
from a friend, or of the green metallic coloured datsun with  
the anniversary badge (his uncle had noticed!) now sitting idling  
at the kerb – but listen – the dog pads  
outside – Nanaka's in bed & possibly miscarrying, fathers crave  
daughters – & only last night we found that the creek had axed –  
– rifled – clean past certainty (with a surfeit of rain),  
*recherché* display! –

□

BEEN or dream – Oneiric! Bachelard or Bachelard's spirit  
out walking or strutting out at *l'amphi Gaston Bachelard*.  
Dujac (Uncle Jack) that  
like Travolta keeps "Staying Alive". Strut is as  
simply must. A black hen in the sandpit scratching loose sand into a  
masterwork, against which she pricks her beak – staying alive!  
Hence my episteme: .....  
.....  
.....

[hang loose

[fast decolorations

[hang loose

[smoke the devil :declare nothing

[PASS YOURSELF FIT

[depeche mode