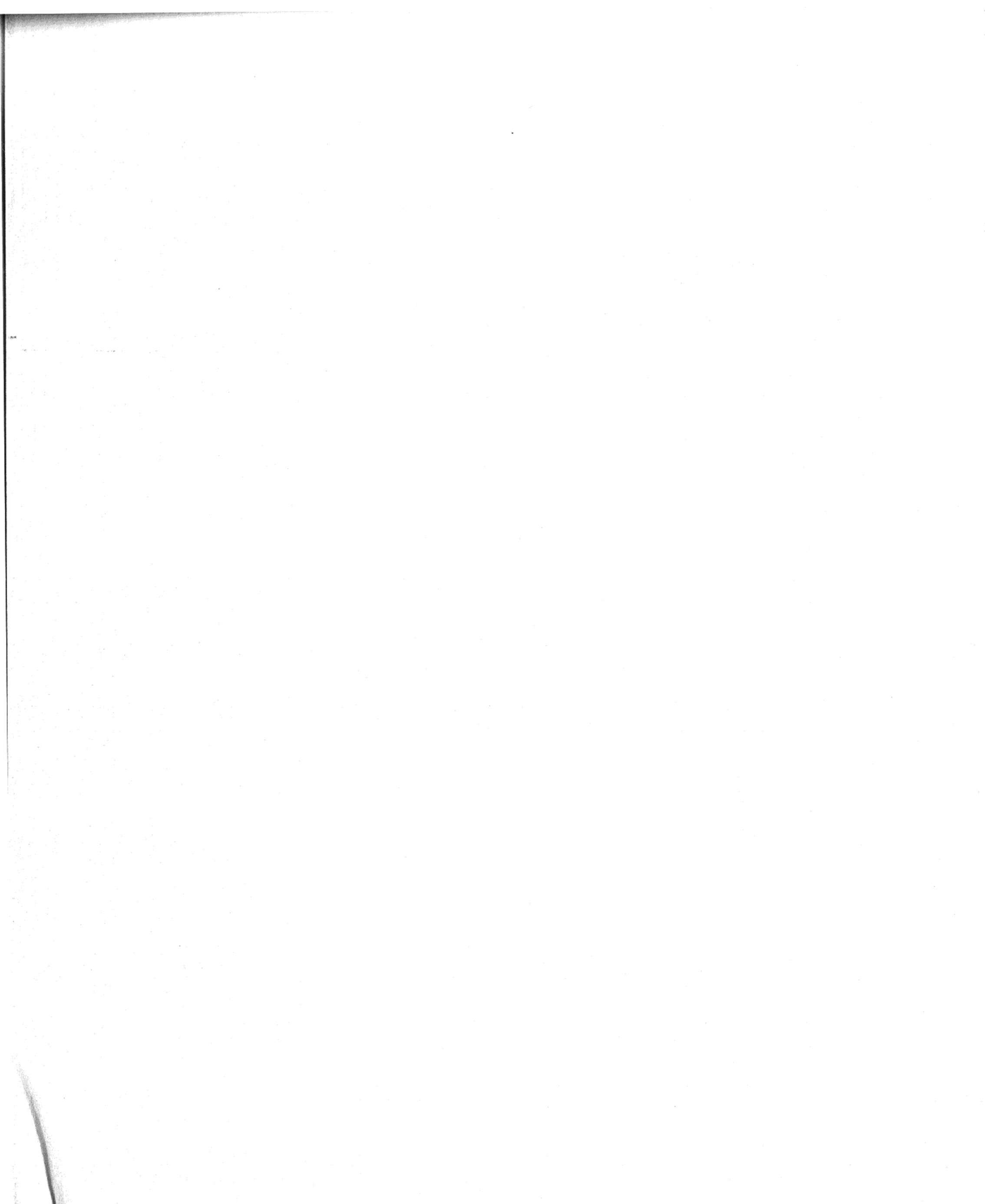


Clark Coolidge

Smithsonian Depositions
& Subject to a Film







SMITHSONIAN
DEPOSITIONS

&

SUBJECT TO A FILM

CLARK
COOLIDGE



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SMITHSONIAN
DEPOSITIONS

WALTER DILL
ENGINEERING INC

... and it is a place in a state, a book, a movie like any other.

The back of a dry goods house on Wop Hill, the sun coming through the bushes. The doctor moves a bit in his car rolling past, or is it through?, the outskirts. And the Great Quarry of Leach enclosed in no way an appropriate setting, abutted upon noone in any manner.

A feldspar in red leaves. The pool is blue in green in white rim-cupped edges. The oranges are loose. Walking the picket wall along, a man whose thoughts twitch as billboards blank the light. It's a gnat, its pulse, a nylon purse under ultraviolet fixture in daylight. Even the large houses are small, inside the television a blue in grey. A football star with "Glass" on his jersey back. Nothing is lacking nor waiting for the fire in the grate, the mumbles over walnuts, the glance past an andiron. I have gone here to come away glanced, and moved upon.

And a grasshopper of red basalt, boot-long, tumbles from the core of his mind, a rubble-bank disintegrating beneath a tropic downpour.

Then Passaic Center loomed like a dull adjective. Each "store" in it was an adjective unto the next, a chain of adjectives disguised as stores. One second I was born, and then found that I lived there. The trees have been red so long that many feel it will never rain again.

The face is open, a grey pen on a steel filing cabinet, heads circle flat against a wall gone unnoticed since its paint. It was as if a cleavage, a time had opened in the floor. And a move towards the nearest

and only door. And there are no doors.

It was the doctor that brought me to my senses. I couldn't say I needed that then but I needed that then and I need it now. A swing. A thirst for more than one. Outside the building the sign was thin, GAS, and swung over a circle of slate flags, in a purplish sinking daylight. And the people in cars in colors of loose concept. The blue-green pool at this temperature has a flatness and no amphibians to disturb...

What common language to unravel? ... combed into straight lines from that rafter of a rock's lip.

A black drawing book slammed down booms against a red-backed folder on the floor at the same instant a shotgun goes off out in a copse back of the well. 500 sheets of Substance 20 8 1/2 X 11 Sphinx Aristocrat Mimeo Bond (white stock) lain on a slab of plywood propped on cardboard moving-boxes in a corner. The desk is littered, but I prefer that scatter, I know where everything is as it goes years undusted. For a wastebasket beneath, a rectangular aluminum Extra Dry Antiperspirant Spray cannister a paper snaps. The windows directly above, misted with cigarette smoke accumulates, facing west through oaks birch hop-hornbeam. An uncoated captain's chair, stable. Pictures to remain unseen on the other walls while the work goes on. Or possibly a mere glimpse (Leger), an interstice in process, smoking drinking writing. An afternoon is a morning that comes up the other side. And a long bath for reading the late afternoon before dinner hour. Quiz shows, coffee and letters...

No, I'm not dead, just existing along. Today especially with the cold rain falling this way, approaching the Fourth of July, I'm just barely existing.

There has been no use in my trying to keep pace with your letters. My mind has been too occupied most of the time with disturbing cases and all the other detail of a life such as I lead. There are a thousand things that keep crowding me in my efforts to get through the day with anything like the number of things done that stare me in the face each morning. At times I must shut off certain interests in order to be able to preserve something of my health and approximate sanity.

It's put me in mind of painting in silence. The low crusts of cave architecture, lime mammoth lime bear, the ear put to rock under the hill. Rusted hallways ornamental to the dip and strike beneath grey city. American paperweights. An L-shaped parking lot around the back of the long low brick factory-like building. The sidewalk of coarse sandy cement, and the parking lot filled in with lime-sprayed gravel. Low grey featureless cloud cover at noon. No breeze, temperature in the high sixties. Inside the building are rooms filled with head-high chests of inch-deep drawers filled with rectangular pasteboard dividers. Everything happens at the animal level. And even this animal level is seen from a vegetable, if not mineral, point of view.

Not knowing the words he examined doorstops, knobs, runners, baseboards, lintels, cornices, curbings, carpet tacks, staples, corking, beaverboard, mantels, thermopane, sills, curtain rods, doorjambs, latches, laths and louvres spotted with hornets. Overloaded with a dark and cold ornamentation of woodwork, stucco, moldings — marble, black mirrors, dark paintings, columns, heavy hangings — sculptured door frames, series of doorways, galleries, transverse corridors... silent halls where the sound of footsteps is absorbed by carpets so heavy, so thick that nothing reaches the ear — as if the ear itself were very far away, very far away from the floor, from the carpets, very far away from this heavy

and empty setting, very far away from this complicated frieze that runs just under the ceiling, with its branches and its garlands, like dead leaves, as if the floor were still sand or gravel...

I would get down on all fours and in such a way that my knees and hands would touch; I would then let my head droop with its own weight while swinging it in all directions like a pendulum, so as to make all my blood flow into it. I would prolong this exercise until a voluptuous dizziness resulted; then and without having to shut my eyes I would see emerging from the intense darkness (blacker than anything one can see in real darkness) phosphorescent circles in which would be formed the famous fried eggs (without the pan). These eggs of fire would finally blend with a very soft and amorphous white paste; it seemed to be pulled in all directions, its extreme ductility adapting itself to all forms seemed to grow with my growing desire to see it ground, folded, refolded, curled up and pressed in the most contradictory directions. This appeared to me the height of delight, and I should have liked everything to be always like that!

In the grade school room the windows fascinated, though they remained nearly the same wall-picture, with great slight variants of a woman sweeping her driveway. Tipping stacks of manilla sheets and chalk noise, blackboard dust. Sun angles on gouged varnish dark desk, the crawl time of electric tickface. A tiny teacher in the front of the room far too distant to call on anyone. Brown paper is stretched from heavy wooden-cored rolls across the back wall in diorama and I'm to paint the dinosaur scene up there from jars of shit-smelling poster paints. The paint stays up a month, thick layers cracking over stegosaurus allosaurus diplodocus steaming in Mesozoic marshes, a project to be folded up square and incinerated with trash heaps of

spellingtests bookreports crayondrawings of P-38s submarines and Jap Zeros flying to pieces across a sky of radiating red lines. I kneel on a thumbtack and stare at the silver disc flush with my kneecap. I stare, eyes tear, iced air...

The whale was there, above in the air, suspended by iron rods, plywood interior and glass eyes, one of which rolled out and broke before they could auction it for benefit. Halls of glass cases, objects to be read as in books, lines of aching, dust fingered on surfaces. Tourmalines, concretions, agates. Locations, Latin names, maps, mock-ups, reconstruction vistas of blown glass and plasters. How could there be circles in a rock? Green-lit tank of giant grouper, snout out. Blue light through hallways, overlooked the room below. Then tapped the wrong uncle and spoke intimately...

Coal-seams with their underlying clays are fossil swamp-grounds; dirt-beds are fossil soils or forest-grounds. The one graduates insensibly into the other, and both are occasionally found in all strata. A slight popping of the knee in the Great Hall of Dinosaurs. A high dim-lit mutter space with barriers. Ancient bones illuminated from behind. The American Dinosaurs were, some of them, reptile-footed, some beast-footed, some bird-footed, and some belonged to a most remarkable family not previously recognized.

Whittled

apple branches (once sliced the thumb to bone) become mammoth jungle snakes with just a few hours days weeks of the imagination sustained when hung up in the garage and labeled in crayon beneath. The titles are still there, though the cars, and in fact the whole place, are gone. Charlie Ives and his brother Moss kept a store in their grandmother's wood house. Though faded, the three signs to the left of the door read:

"CANDIES", "EGGS — 20¢ per Doz.", "PYLE'S PEARLINE for easy washing". On the wagon on the left: "Ives Bros. GROCERY". Above the door: "IVES BROS." Beyond the window, half hidden by the grapevine: "165 — IVES BROS. — 167". Ives may have meant to mention all this in one of the interpolated balloons. And at the foot of the cellar stairs began the cave.

The caverns is renowned throughout the world for its magnificence, the spaciousness of its rooms and passages, and the number, dimensions, and variety of its stalactites and stalagmites. There are approximately 35 rooms along six corridors, all naturally formed. The cave is covered by a filigree of pink and white translucent crystals, and by tiny pools of water reflecting much of the beauty. One huge heart-shaped formation, known as "The Great Heart", is ringed with twisting helictites and aragonite crystals. So beautiful are some portions of the cave that the caverns were kept locked for decades, becoming known as Secret Cave to prevent identification and vandalism. After 300 feet the cave becomes impassable because of water, which a nearby town utilizes as a water supply. A motel surrounds the cave entrance.

A SECTION OF THE BRIDAL CAVE PARKING LOT

The area was so flat that only the closest things could be seen, nonetheless with an overwhelming presence of boundless space. Twisted brass rods into ACME lettering illuminated in neon. Coin slots on everything. Doors that immediately opened out the back to whistling flats. Cars noiseless on rubber strips. Night always approaching, the sky becoming still higher. We passed through on our way to The Deluge, an electric Devonian visible only from 20th story lounges in the Camphor Towers...

I will go further, and tell you that if you cannot afford to keep a single man so employed, there are hundreds of little places on the mountain within which, if you can but persuade yourselves to regard them as sacred places and save them from sacreligious hands and feet, the original Gardener of Eden will delight your eyes with little pictures within greater pictures of indescribable loveliness. If you have ever looked through an old-time stereoscope, you'll remember the thrilling fascination of three-dimension pictures. Simple to operate. Compact. Precision built of durable plastic and metal for years of perfect operation. Accurately ground and polished glass lenses. A thick harmonica. Hollow dentist's drill. A white chunk of quartz on Formica counter. A great volume full of big words. Bare trees under a tent. A hill of beans, a mountain of teeth. Plastic trim...

Tonight John McLaughlin talks to a man who has forsaken the computer age for the Victorian Era, turning his own personal clock back to the 19th Century. He also talks to a man who is building a concrete sailboat...

And a cement pit full of snakes, fronds and water, molded rough turtles trying to crawl out of eachother's own way and the anyway slither of the snakes beneath. Guideman in snakehat snakeboots flexes the rattles with a snakehook, holds a balloon in range of rattler strike tourists can take pictures of. Inside a plywood floorbox an 18-foot King Cobra, labeled to "stand" to manhead-height, they feed a 6-foot black-snake every sunday, it cowers farcorner to a monster from another continent. I see sluggard Gila Monsters, their pinks a rustier orange than in memory, and hold up a Rainbow Boa in a photo. I now see my crewcut then. Rubber-lined doors of the snakehouse. 9-yearold boys send away for Coral Snakes from Florida mailorder and open 'em up in Brockton amazed. I was disappointed in the weight

of the Bushmaster. My thought was that the bag would be quite heavy. "Everything all right up there?" called my father. It was thrilling to cut the cord on a bag containing a fer-de-lance. A sage-green, chevron-marked serpent slid out. Its head was gracefully widened and rounded at the rear in outlines suggesting a speedy point upon a shaft. It snapped back its anterior third into a loop like a lateral S. Its tongue flashed with such vigor of oscillation that its head jiggled. The glass was slid shut with a bent wire.

The eye and brain are like a camera lens and a photographic plate. The lens flashes the impression. The plate retains it. My glance at the Bushmaster was not more than a flash, before things started to happen, but from that flash I could have sat down and written a fairly detailed, academic description of the creature. You see, if you want to photograph growing plants, flowers, grass, or whatever, and if you want to do it at a very small lens opening and with a long exposure — two or three minutes — then you have a problem, because there's always a wind, and they move. I solved that by trial and error. I found that when I sensed the wind coming I could close the shutter, wait until the wind had passed, and reopen the shutter. The plant would have always returned to the exact same spot it had been in before. That way I could get an absolutely clear, needle-sharp picture. Painted animals.

And what's worse, painted dinosaurs! The Hall of the Jurassic, when the Dinosaurs held carnival... Imagined tissue held between varnish and plaster in dim museum rooms, I look up to the past. The restorations of extinct animals may be considered as giving as accurate representations of these creatures as it is possible to make; they were either drawn by Mr. Knight, whose name is guarantee that they are of the highest quality, or by Mr. Gleeson, with the aid of Mr. Knight's criticism. That they are infallibly

correct is out of the question; for, as Dr. Woodward writes in the preface to *Extinct Monsters*, "restorations are ever liable to emendation, and the present will certainly prove no exception to the rule". As a striking instance of this, it was found necessary to change the figure of *Hesperornis*, the original life-like portrait proving to be incorrect in attitude, a fact that would have long escaped detection but for the Pan-American Exposition. However, the reader may rest assured that these restorations are infinitely more nearly correct than many figures of living animals that have appeared within the last twenty-five years, and are even now doing duty.

"So you shall," said Challenger. "For some days I have exerted my whole brain force upon the problem of how we shall descend these cliffs. We have satisfied ourselves that we cannot climb down and that there is no tunnel. We are also unable to construct any kind of bridge which may take us back to the pinnacle from which we came. How then shall I find a means to convey us? Some little time ago I had remarked to our young friend here that free hydrogen was evolved from the geyser. The idea of a balloon naturally followed. I was, I will admit, somewhat baffled by the difficulty of discovering an envelope to contain the gas, but the contemplation of the immense entrails of these reptiles supplied me with a solution to the problem. Behold the result!"

A can in a field. Has everybody see this? Next slide. The earth movers bury it, its axis snaps invisibly. The air once inside is out here now. The white room is black between slides. Science is a shack in the lava flow of ideas. There are no objects outdoors.

He walks into warm ice space. Shattner, primed to be sent back to a past he's already been to (and so have we

as viewers of TV millions of times) at least twice: once in this show's character's supposed span, and once when sent back to 30's Chicago as Kirk of the Enterprise in Star Trek (probably shot on this same lot anyway). Mission Impossible is all about the regulars posing as guest stars, which they really are when disguise-transformation is completed anyway. The first thing Graves says to Shattner, once back in the 30's, "What is this act you're pulling?" "Casey" (Linda Day George) looks like a combine of at least three other actresses (Yvette Mimieux? Ann Francis? Debbie Reynolds?). The condition of increasingly limited set. What, the resultant of an overconcentration of like-molecules? Can replicas be remade infinitely? Seeing things again just means that they're still there. "Sending people back in time", and using "plots within plots", allows TV people to reuse the materials they've already got (made years ago). A "movie" within the 30's set looks like original Untouchables footage anyway. And Shattner ends busting through into a "Western" set: just as easy to shift over to the next "room" as the next "frame"?

Giving

up my planless and fruitless search for company, I go far off on the empty beach. And what if I were Robinson Crusoe? I would collect kinds of insects and shellfish, whatever has a will of its own. Everything — the waves, the sun — has a rudimentary will of its own. Soon the nature of things becomes a Thou for me. There is a return of the forgotten and the landscape is peopled with its gods. This company of the chosen solitude, or resigned solitude — it comes to the same thing — is what I really want, but I am so impatient. He stepped on to the balcony and looked out over the desert, at the red dunes rolling to the windows directly below. For the fourth time he had moved up a floor, and the sequence of identical rooms he had occupied were like displaced images of himself seen through a prism.

Their common focus, that elusive final definition of himself which he had sought for so long, still remained to be found. Timelessly the sand swept towards him, its shifting contours, approximating more closely than any other landscape he had found to complete psychic zero, enveloping his past failures and uncertainties, masking them in its enigmatic canopy.

A lot of space went by, highschool. And if, did we figure, if we changed. There were after all more than the three of us there and then some days sun and some were not. The time always there rang on the wall and did not matter, we were occupying, ourselves, room. Rooms. Home rooms. Home and rooms, for sure it was not there. Tomorrow changed for the lesser somewhere around there. Things less particular, but bigger? Typical highschool day: A large scale loss of edges. I remember voices. And shoe rumble of loose floor boards between places. Seats. Hot afternoon glass too long and windowshade. "I've gone fishing but never farming." "So, did Caesar?" Blank. The cat was not there, but chairs, though to call them that is to devalue their stance as seats. So, stance? Sit. As it he she you or we sits. And stance implies some thing set. Gone. Afternoon lunch pegs, the thought of which, not fancy. Just dust. And not in the air between rooms or windows. Shelves. Tip me off. On me. Once done, never gone. Dream. This was not truly done, afternoons. Dull talk from one, over but not of, books, what were, in, they? Memory load to/too long for sensation, it has gone. The number of a symphony held out like andiron hook of black brass from fire wall, living room. I don't know how to write in space, and given another side of the will never will. Sharp globe cheese brought near to getting it eaten...

LIMITED DAMAGE VICTIMS

The researchers said that work even among them if they had succeeded to post offered no aft syndrome could "develop" he could previo wrote onslly have don al case, "now and th w Lequre his herefore soom whole attention tire him" Tas attent asks which re tion toa numb equire simultaneons ber of factors and thl s are quite b ls he inteDpr beyond his capacity, rets by saying Stress g that he cann monnts, and w not concentrate. I ache ad irrit some patiemts tibility."

Thus a line of thick sediments becomes a line of softening and therefore a line of weakness, and a line of yielding to the lateral pressure, and therefore also a line of mashing together and folding and up-swelling — in other words, a mountain-range.

The lightbulb got caught in the washingmachine. The tenor was reflective of lions. Hams were seen at a point on the range. And the warm roll had a pat of butter. There was reddish water in the glass. The raw and mighty West, the greatest stage in all the history of the world for so many deeds of daring which verged on the insane, was seared and cross-barred with grave-lined trails and dotted with presumptuous, mushroom towns of brief stay, whose inhabitants flung their primal passions in the face of humanity and laughed in condescending contempt at what humanity had to say about it. Everybody knew somebody had to know the greatest music the world has ever known. And the Dawn has its limits. To a bus through Arizona. Cold green light through thick glass plate, the backstreets

of small hilltown, mercury vapor and sage odor under pole and wire stringers. Some sagebrush here, a little cactus there, trails and hoofbeats going nowhere. He steps off the bus into an air of postcard and other varnished shots. In other words, there's nothing to grasp onto except the cinders and there's no way of focusing on a particular place. One might even say that the place has absconded or been lost. This is a map that will take you somewhere, but when you get there you won't really know where you are.

Behind the glass sunporch door, he smashed the china horse figurine and swallowed the fragments. Dreaming of ham-radio and radar projects he strung a line of string through the tops of all the backyard trees. Carrying snaredrum ride- and sock-cymbal through the street, and a photo was taken of that. Threw beercans off the escarpment to clink in the invisible scree below, lights came on in the trailers across from Diamond Hill.

A town named Borax.
A town named Creed.
A town named Beryl.
A town named Lund.
A town named Rhyolite.
A town named Beatty.
A town named Horse Cave.
A town named Contact.
A town named Arthur.
A town named Sand Pass.
A town named Pyramid.
A town named Duck Water.
A town named Subtle.

Slopes, steps, sites and spots. Offices. Billerica highways. The beach in Nevada. Putting back the rusty disc to cover any strata that might be loose. Maps. Straights. Caves.

The night Carson knocked the owl over. I'll go out on a temperature mountain. Cent calls by the way. Vista cardboard. Subgum forks. The Seven Caves. The tribute to the aluminum cylinder. Packed to line up the sights. They buried the openings among the blocks to be carted away. Ball courts. Dogs should have license plates. Front and back. A plastic thermometer. Stalactite plunged in cement. Fossil tubes. Animate gossamer rides on amber beer. Gothic Avenue is dusty. Selected AM radio stations. Cod portions. Vermillion.

The seven woods or the open range. The bulk of ideas. The coffee change dry gales. He was willing to do that so long as it mightn't prevent his seeing at least where he was. The letter flounder. The ping at the heels in place of Newman's art. The series of meaning (continued). Put on a dressing gown and house shoes. See fit to the toaster, the pinnacles abutment. Even to work he cannot abide, thought could be possible. Sham muffler pyramid music by Henry Miller. A boy in glasses lives on mulberry trees. It like comes and goes. Some. There was a large iron ring tacked to the news. In it yachts the size of Stella Polaris. Nowadays more than ever. Will. Oil. Snake Butte as a youth in Los Angeles. Cans of our times. Doing one's best as a cutter drummer. Dots on enameled-steel plates, singly or in groups, by the former. Nourishment at all hours. White snake. Alexander Caverns is now under what?

But there were too many books the eye blurs. Colors and shelves. Turning the head slanting the floor to pick out words on spines. People ask for titles the store hasn't in stock. Upstairs a half-floor, a loft of more books, and variant magazines in stacks. A phone-book of book titles titled Books In Print on a table marks a tiny gravity anomaly. At last look up to the door and walk out

without buying even one. I made a film in which the characters spoke so fast that the characters kept stepping on each other's lines. I personally speak slowly, but people generally talk, talk, talk without even waiting for other people to finish. Actually a historic occasion and finally we dopey poets ask him for the last advice, he stands there looking thru the muslin curtains of his livingroom at the New Jersey traffic outside and says: "There's lots of bastards out there". I've wondered about that ever since.

The room is small, it is like a small box, but it is longer one way than another, just a little longer, maybe that doesn't matter but, it has a top and sides and a bottom, one top and four sides and one bottom, the top leads in all four directions to the four sides, the four sides lead directly to the bottom, the bottom remains, the bottom also leads directly in four directions to the four sides, the four sides lead directly to the top, the top remains, all these things have four sides, all these things also remain, now it occurs to me that this sequence is eternally in motion, from both directions, and/or from other directions that I haven't mentioned, these are up to you, just as they have been up to me, I did not desire this task, neither probably do you, well, it is out of our hands now, I am in my room, it is my only place, there are also things here with me, there is a bed with a metal frame and a green blanket on it, I am lying on the green blanket on the bed with the metal frame, my gaze, undirected, lies from second to second on the different things, there is a table, there are two windows, beyond them is air/space, four stories below this air/space is the street, there are also things in the street, but some of them have motion, I can not see them now, I am lying on the green blanket on the bed with the metal frame, I am in my room, I am the only object in my room which has motion, I have not escaped from my room, I do not escape

even when I go down and out into the street, later I will go to the window and look out, but not now, there is a bookcase over by one wall, it is full of thin books, some are of different colors, some of the colors are the same, they are not very far away, if they were I could not see them, perhaps that would be nicer, there are pictures on one wall, I will not describe them, there is also a mirror, I can not see myself in it, instead I can see part of the wall behind/above me and one window on the wall next to the mirror, that makes three windows now in my room, but it doesn't allow me to see any more than I could when there were only two windows, the mirror is of no use, it only gives me one more thing to catalog, if I broke it would I have 7 years bad luck, or would I improve the appearance of my room, what would my face look like if I looked for it in the mirror, what if the mirror were empty, is it not really empty anyway, I am wondering who invented the mirror, or maybe it was not invented but merely found, why did I say "merely" just then, is it not just as meaningful to find something as to invent it, is it perhaps not more meaningful, my gaze shifts to the phonograph on the bureau below the mirror, it is green and has a bad sound, my records are next to it, stacked end-wise, their edges facing me, by squinting my eyes slightly they become a close group of vertical lines, the phonograph becomes a green rectangle, the mirror above it a rectangular patch of grey light, I look at the rest of my room in this manner, I am studying its abstract possibilities, mmmmm, tiring of this distraction I open my eyes fully again, of course it looks the same, nothing has changed, I didn't expect it to, tho perhaps I hoped it might, my room is illuminated by a grey light, the light comes from the windows, from outside where, over the street, grey clouds hang, over New York City, they are the source of today's mood.

"Man, that was really a fantastic lead. What exposure!
Congratulations!"

"Thanks, Dad."

Suspended over space, we hung one above another, like laundry between tenement flats. The corners, dihedrals, jam-cracks, bulges, are all indistinguishable parts of the great, overhanging wall. The pitches never end, and one day merges into another. I recall only bits and pieces. A horrible flaring chimney sticks in my mind, and the most difficult pendulum in my life. Always the overhangs and bulges keep us from knowing exactly where to go. And I remember a wonderful Peregrine falcon eyrie deep back in a chimney; soft white pieces of down stuck on to the crystals of grey granite. Banks of suspended slate hung over a greenish-blue pond at the bottom of a deep quarry. All boundaries and distinctions lost their meaning in this ocean of slate. It was as though one was at the bottom of a petrified sea and gazing on countless stratigraphic horizons that had fallen into endless directions of steepness. Syncline (downward) and anticline (upward) outcroppings and the asymmetrical cave-ins caused minor swoons and vertigos. The brittleness of the site seemed to swarm around one, causing a sense of displacement. Each individual crystal in the granite stood out in bold relief. The varied shapes of the clouds never ceased to attract our attention. For the first time we noticed tiny bugs that were all over the walls, so tiny they were barely noticeable. While belaying, I stared at one for 15 minutes, watching him move and admiring his brilliant red color. In the direction of the sun, a new bar now rose up behind the previous one, which had hardened into a uniform, confused cement block. The sky no longer held anything but pink and yellow colours: shrimp, salmon, flax, straw; and then this discreet richness could be felt fading away too. The photographic plate of night

slowly revealed a seascape above the sea, an immense screen of clouds, in front of an oceanic sky, tapering off into parallel peninsulas, as a flat, sandy coast might be seen from a swerving, low-flying plane, stretching its arrows into the sea. The light-rays, which were now almost horizontal, illumined only the sides of the waves that were turned towards them and left the rest in shadow. The water therefore stood out in relief, with clear, emphatic shadows, which seemed to have been hollowed out of metal. All transparency was gone.

A great many crystals of the same material start growing at about the same time in many different places. They grow until something gets in their way, or until they get in one another's way, and then they stop. Since they start with no knowledge of one another, they all have different orientations, and when they meet they cannot join to form a single big crystal. The result is a polycrystalline mass. Its component crystals all have the same kind of orderliness, but they all have different directions of that orderliness. Polaroid contains crystals that behave like tourmaline. The process by which Polaroid is manufactured turns all the crystals the same way, so that the film is much like a broad, thin, single crystal plate of tourmaline. But if one identifies and examines the words one finds them beginning to separate and to act independently. The dictionary seems a vastly supersaturated solution of languages, roots entangled along sunken axes, originations buried in the dawn of man. Dangling amalgams of image and speech gradually propel themselves through all quadrants of the mind. A language must be carefully guarded and closed in sommon usage for its clastic energies to be held in check. Words and rocks contain a language that follows a syntax of splits and ruptures. Look at any word long enough and you will see it open up into a series of faults, into a terrain of particles each containing its own void.

This discomfoting language of fragmentation offers no easy gestalt solution; the certainties of didactic discourse are hurled into the erosion of the poetic principle. Poetry being forever lost must submit to its own vacuity; it is somehow a product of exhaustion rather than creation. Poetry is always a dying language but never a dead language.

As for Apatite, fraud is a matter of bones. Biotite peels from Biot's sheets. In a pinch, Feldspar may be used as a field chalk. Garnet eats a granular pome. Mica becomes a lamina of the crumb. Oligoclase takes a little breaking. Olivine shapes an olive suffix. Orpiment, a gold's pigment. Pectolite is solid. Prase holds mastery of the Greek leek. Psilomelane reveals a bare black. Quartz, the German unknown. Take a cave powder and you've Realgar. A french red may be got from Rutile. Sphalerite's a slippery blend. Sphene, a Greek wedge. And then there's Spodumene or wood ashes as gems. Stilbite? Shine it. Tourmaline's, to the Sinhalese, both Carnelian and a suffix. Zeolites are boilers. And Zircon, a silicate of jargon.

Just as a super-saturated solution will discharge itself into a crystalline mass, so the super-saturation of matter in our continuum leads to its appearance in a parallel spatial matrix. As more and more time "leaks" away, the process of super-saturation continues, the original atoms and molecules producing spatial replicas of themselves, substance without mass, in an attempt to increase their foot-hold upon existence. The process is theoretically without end, and it may be possible eventually for a single atom to produce an infinite number of duplicates of itself and so fill the entire universe, from which simultaneously all time has expired, an ultimate macro-cosmic zero beyond the wildest dreams of Plato and Democritus. And I am convinced, Paul, that the sun itself has begun to effloresce. At sunset, when its disc is veiled by the crimson dust, it seems to be

crossed by a distinctive latticework, a vast portcullis that will one day spread outwards to the planets and stars, halting them in their courses. Pete'll hold 'em with one leg in th'air if they happen to be taking a step when he sees 'em, he laughed.

Sets hard titter against soft snickers.

Puts hard guffaws onto soft giggles.

From one side of the dome around the edge curve to absent listeners on the other. Swelling brass and strings over fading pinks that have held the acoustics to auditorium. From the flat diameter of chairs the hemisphere begins to lift to deepening black and star points come out of it. As if an upper magnesia peeled leaving bare limes. Spaces between distances between intensities from origins of lit time could keep the eyes up all night. Buildings go away in a manner of music fading. Then the double-ended rattle insect dumbbell shape starts to turn, list in 3-dimensions disorients tilting seats, speeding rotation overexposes retina lines. A whirling silence, locked empty, automatically noone to see within black globe... About Face. Above Us The Waves. Alaska Seas. Allotment Wives. And Now Tomorrow. The Argyle Secrets. Arrow In The Dust. As You Were. Back Trail. Bail Out At 43,000. Bamboo Blonde. Barbed Wire. The Basketball Fix. The Beast Of Hollow Mountain. The Beginning Or The End. Behind Green Lights. Below The Deadline. The Big Clock. The Big Night. The Big Noise. The Black Parachute. The Black Sleep. Blind Spot. Blonde Dynamite. Blonde Ice. Blood On The Moon. Blood On The Sun. Bop Girl. Border Saddlemates. Botany Bay. The Boy With Green Hair. The Brain Machine. Bright Leaf. The Broken Star. The Brute Man. Bugles In The Afternoon. A Bullet Is Waiting. Check Your Guns. Cigarette Girl. The Clouded Yellow. Code Of The Silver Sage. Colonel Blimp. Congress Dances. Copper Canyon.

Corridor Of Mirrors. Count The Hours. Crashing Las Vegas. Crime Against Joe. The Crooked Circle. Cyclone Prairie Rangers. The Dam Busters. Dangerous When Wet. Daredevils Of The Clouds. The Deadly Mantis. Death In Small Doses. Desk Set. Destination Big House. The Devil's Hairpin. Dial Red O. Docks Of New Orleans. Dulcimer Street. Eighteen And Anxious. Elephant Stampede. Eve Knew Her Apples. Ever Since Venus. Experiment Alcatraz. Face Of Marble. Fangs Of The Arctic. Fence Riders. Feudin' Rhythm. Fighting Guns. Finger Man. Fire Over Africa. The 5,000 Fingers Of Doctor T. Flaming Bullets. Follow Me Quietly. Four Guns To The Border. From Hell It Came. The Frozen Ghost. The Fuzzy Pink Nightgown. The Gal Who Took The West. The Gamma People. The Garment Jungle. The Gentleman From Nowhere. The Giant Claw. Girl Rush. The Glass Alibi. God Needs Men. The Great Mike. Green Grass Of Wyoming. Guest Wife. Guns Don't Argue. Hat Check Honey. He Ran All The Way. Hear Me Good. High Hell. The Hitler Gang. The Hoaxters. Hold That Hypnotist. How Do You Do? I Ring Door Bells. Idea Girl. I'm From Arkansas. Incendiary Blonde. The Iron Sheriff. It Grows On Trees. It Happened Tomorrow. Jet Job. Johnny Doesn't Live Here Anymore. Jump Into Hell. Jungle Of Chang. Juvenile Jungle. Keep Your Powder Dry. The Kid From Broken Gun. King Dinosaur. Kiss The Blood Off My Hands. Last Days Of Boot Hill. The Law Comes To Gunsight. Lawless Cowboys. Leadville Gunslinger. Letters From My Windmill. Lost Boundaries. Love On The Dole. Lure Of The Swamp. The Magnetic Monster. Man Or Gun. The Man With My Face. Mark Of The Whistler. A Medal For Benny. Men Are Children Twice. Merton Of The Movies. Mr. Walkie

Talkie. The Mozart Story. Murder Without Tears. Mystery Of The Black Jungle. The Next Voice You Hear. The Night The World Exploded. Night Time In Nevada. No Minor Vices. Objective Burma. One Body Too Many. Our Hearts Were Growing Up. Our Vines Have Tender Grapes. Outcast Of Black Mesa. The Pace That Thrills. Partners In Time. Pillow Of Death. Pistol Harvest. Pool Of London. Prehistoric Women. Problem Girls. Public Pigeon No. One. Race Street. Radar Secret Service. Radio Stars On Parade. Range Beyond The Blue. Rationing. The Red Danube. Red, Hot And Blue. Red Snow. Remains To Be Seen. Renegades Of The Sage. Retreat Hell! The Return Of October. Return Of The Ape Man. Rhubarb. The Ride Back. Ride The Pink Horse. The Rising Of The Moon. The River Changes. The Road To The Big House. Roaring Westward. Rock Around The World. Roll On, Texas Moon. Roggie's Bump. Rope Of Sand. Rough Tough West. Run For The Sun. Rustlers On Horseback. Saddle Leather Law. San Diego, I Love You. Sand. Satan's Satellites. Screaming Eagles. Sea Hornet. The Second Face. Secret People. Sensation Hunters. Shack Out On 101. Shaggy. Shake Hands With Murder. She Wrote The Book. The Ship That Died Of Shame. Shoot First. Short Grass. Show Business. Silent Dust. Sing A Jingle. The Singing Sheriff. Sky Full Of Moon. Slightly Terrific. The Smallest Show On Earth. Smart Girls Don't Talk. The Snow Creature. The Snow Was Black. Song Of The Sarong. The Space Children. Spook Busters. The Square Jungle. Stage To Blue River. Stakeout On Dope Street. Star In The Dust. Stolen Face. Stop That Cab. Strange Triangle. The Sun Comes Up. Sunday Dinner For A Soldier. Superman And The Mole Man. Sweethearts Of The U.S.A. Swell Guy. Swing In The Saddle. Sword In The Desert. Take It Big. The

Tanks Are Coming. Target Unknown. Tawny Pipit. Taxi. Tears From Simon. Teenage Bad Girl. Tension At Table Rock. Ten Thousand Bedrooms. Texas Dynamo. That Way With Women. The Thin Man Goes Home. This Is Korea. Three In The Saddle. Three Stripes In The Sun. Throw A Saddle On A Star. Thundering Gunslingers. The Titfield Thunderbolt. Toast Of New Orleans. Tony Draws A Horse. Trigger Fingers. Trooper Hook. Twist Of Faith. Two Fisted Stranger. Two-Man Submarine. Two O'Clock Courage. Two Smart People. U-Boat Prisoner. Under The Tonto Rim. Underground Guerillas. Until They Sail. The Upturned Glass. Uranium Boom. Utah Blaine. Vacation Days. Violence. Voice Of The Whistler. Wake Up And Dream. The Walking Hills. We Want A Child. Weird Woman. Wetbacks. When Gangland Strikes. When The Lights Go On Again. Where Are Your Children? Whip Hand. Whistling Hills. The White Tower. The Wild Oat. Wiretapper. Without Reservations. Woman From Headquarters. Women In Bondage. World In My Corner. X The Unknown. A Yank In Korea. The Yellow Cab Man. You Can't Ration Love. The Young Guns. Zombies On Broadway.

The Pine Barrens Are Not Much To Look At. If a fire starts, it is like someone put a new chair in my living room. Wagons loaded down with salt pork, bedding, goods of every kind, rolled down flood-gullied roads from Ebensberg and Loretto, splashing up showers of mud the color of a new baseball glove. And just above the hideous pileup at the Stone Bridge, on a billboard at the depot, there was a large poster, undamaged by the flood, which several reporters made a point of mentioning. Put there a few days before the flood to announce the arrival of Augustin Daly's A Night Off, its very large headline read, "Intensely Funny".

guitar, with his quartet

cornet and guitar, respectively, in a quartet
piano
singing, with a trio
bass and flute, respectively, in a quartet
guitar, leading a trio
drums, leading a trio
tenor saxophone, leading a quartet
piano, with his group
band, with vocalist
saxophones, stritch, manzello, flute, black mystery pipes, etc. ,
leading a sextet
piano, with bassist
piano, with a trio
cornet, with a quartet
piano, with bassist
singing and playing piano
piano, leading a trio
guitar duo

The action is frozen into an array of plastic and neon, and enhanced by the sound of Muzak faintly playing in the background. At a certain time of day you may also see a movie called The Petrified River. Some artists see an infinite number of movies. The slippery bubbling ooze from the movie The Blob creeps into one's mind. Even more of a mental conditioner than the movies, is the actual movie house. To spend time in a movie house is to make a "hole" in one's life.

As he entered the first of the long aisles, Traven felt the sense of fatigue that had dogged him for so many months begin to lift. With their geometric regularity and finish, the blocks seemed to occupy more than their own volumes of space, imposing on him a mood of absolute

calm and order. There were two thousand of them, each a perfect cube 15 feet in height, regularly spaced at ten-yard intervals. These were arranged in a series of tracts, each composed of two hundred blocks, inclined to one another and to the direction of the blast. They had weathered only slightly in the years since they were first built, and their gaunt profiles were like the cutting faces of a gigantic die-plate, devised to stamp out rectilinear volumes of air the size of a house. He walked on into the centre of the maze, eager to shut out the rest of the island. After a few random turns to the left and right, he found himself alone, the vistas to the sea, lagoon and island closed. But let anyone go out into the country near San Francisco, in any direction, and he will rarely find his interest thus stimulated. The surface of the ground beyond the immediate foreground commonly seems hard, bare, dead and bleak; what few trees there are appear stiff and rigid, and are as dull and monotonous in color as they are ungraceful in form. Even the atmosphere, when it is not foggy and chilly, is colorless and toneless. Only in the far distance is there any delicacy and softness. The Classical attitude toward mountains is gloomy. For a long time people thought mountains were evil because they were so proud compared to the humble valleys. If the Breath is the Valley, then Name is the mountain. Let your work upon the mountain be directed by sound art, and the older the results the more they will be valued.

Sword etc., flat part of an oar
or calamity, sudden vio-dashing young fellow, lent gust of
wind; forcible stream of leaf, air, blare of trumpet or
horn, blamable deserving of Explosion as of gunpowder,
blame, find fault with Blight; censure, Imputation of a
blatant Brawling noisy, Speak ill, blaze, Burn with a
blameful meriting flame, send forth a flaming light,

less, without blame innocent, torch, firebrand, stream of
 blamelessly blameless flame of light, bursting out, act-ness,
 worthy of blame, cul-blaze, Mark trees by pable, paring off
 part of the bark, mark blanch, whiten, par-out a way or path
 in this manner, boil, parboil and skin, as almonds, mark
 made by paring bark from grow white, a tree, white spot
 on the face of white, a horse or cow, pale, blancmange, blazon,
 publish or Jelly like preparation of sea-moss, proclaim
 extensively, herald, em-arrowroot, corn-starch or the like,
 blazon, embellish, adorn, eat art of accurately describing
 coats of bland, mild, blamy suave arms, blazonry art smooth
 of delineating or of explaining coats, blandishment of arms,
 coat of arms, art of expressing fondness, artful bleach,
 make pale or white caress, amenity pleasure, grow pale,
 flatter bleak, unsheltered deso-blank, white or pale late,
 cheerless cold cutting, not written or printed upon or keen,
 bleakly bleakness marked, void empty vacant pale, confused
 unqualified complete blear, make the eyes unrhymed, paper
 un-sore and watery, becloud bedim written upon, form not
 filled in observe, inflamed and watery lottery ticket which
 draws no prize dim or blurred, with inflammation empty
 space, mental vacancy modification of blur... And the
 main thing is we begin with a white sink a whole new
 language is a temptation. Men on the wall in postures
 please take your foot by your hand and think that this is
 pictures, picture book and letters to everyone dash you tell
 what the story is once once when they were nearly ready
 thursday july first was a thursday: back windows across
 street I'm in sun out image windows and so on riverdale,
 did you know that, concentrated dash was all there was
 mind nothing sink... with my white pants in it. I don't
 remember this don't remember thinking one on one white
 and whiter the word picture, sing on the wall in pictures

did you get it right thought:

The earth's surface and the figments of the mind are in many ways more astonishing than the drills and explosives that can produce shafts and dissolve into "poured paint" from a container. They seem to turn the less to the artist who knows this state. "What the"

All differentiated technology becomes meaning. Perhaps that's why certain architects hate bull. Today's highly refined technological tools are not reveries. This slow flowage makes one conscious, yet it crushes the landscape of logic under a glacial clarity that avoids the idea of temporal space. Various agents, both fictional and real, have a devastating kind of primordial grandeur. From the material they operate on, loaders scoop and drag soil all over the place.

At the low levels of consciousness the artist has no anthropomorphic overtones. A serenification takes place. A molten substance is poured, like splashes of marine sediments, that swallows up boundaries. This brings to mind some kind of wasted charm. The dipper of the giant mining power shovel is located at different points in the city.

Steel is a tough hard metal, suggesting "solid materials". But no materials are solid. They quote.

The names of minerals and minerals themselves do not differ from each other, so that mind and matter get endlessly confused. Sadism is the end product of sides.

The arguments for the object deprive the artist of any existence in the dimensional perspective that has broken away. The container is a gauge, and not of the material of time or art.

Double perspective is composed of "hardpan". Sediment consists of a bottom to depths of water. A conformity is made up of beds. It follows from this that there is or was beneath every mountain a line of fused or semi-fused matter that we will call sub-mountain liquid. The field geologist follows the strike up in the form of a cone or dome. Let it be borne in mind. The Giant throws up a column. The Giantess throws up a large column. The Beehive throws up a splendid column and plays until the water will cool. Throwing large stones into the tube has the effect of partially or wholly quenching the strata of the flanks. A bulging of the surface is then seen and a globe termed The Turban. Cones project inward from the outside. It's fine. The black is discrete, hard, and projects. There aren't any other colors and divisions. The surface bends to the mark. The bands are often adjacent. It's not a coherent environment. The drawings are interesting too. The textures vary a lot. It and a small satellite hang from the ceiling. The young and old followers were ignored. A black band ripples centrifugally. This has quite a sweep all the same. It's elementary space. The white shapes are rugose. At an angle everything changes. The first was done in 1956. It is pretty oldfashioned. The rods elongate the dots. But several are very good. But there is no force to these. They aren't so wide, spare and loose. The color is good. This is interesting. The yellow is a wide thin blade. Three small squares of blue are left. Now they're a new wave. The space is flattened.

If you look at the map, you'll see it is in the shape of a margin — it has no center. It's a frame, actually. As I look around the margin of this map, I see a ranch, a place called the sulphur pond: falls, and a water tank; the word pumice. But it's all very elusive. If you are flying over a piece, you can see its whole configuration in a sense contracted down to a photographic scale. There are people in Scotland who claim that after being photographed they get sick. Also there is a tribe somewhere that believes cameras blight the landscape. After all the camera is a mechanism — a Cartesian eye. Pictographs are painted on the rock; petroglyphs are carved in the rock. In some places you find only petroglyphs, in other places only pictographs, in some places both. The pictures... are found on flat surfaces along the canyon walls, often at heights now inaccessible to a man on foot. (Because of erosion.) They are functional rather than horizontal. They usually appear in crowded clusters, with figures of a later date sometimes superimposed on those of an earlier time.

Abysmal deposits. Accidents to rivers. Fossilized venom. Adjutant birds. Arctic ids. Block Mountains. Poets celebrating grottoes. Bottom-set beds. Brittle stars. Data from drilled holes. Capture of rivers. Consanguinity of rocks. Derivative rocks. Measurements made behind stationary stores. Downthrow. Dry mines. Snapshots of poison gas. Dykes. Fault scarps. Foreset beds. Things fail to appear. Giant granite. Giant kettles. The world through the eyes of a Devonian lung fish. Hade of fault. Heavy spar. Hog backs. A bat of obsidian. Infusorial

earth. Initial dips. Quartz in the brain. Intrusive sheets. Joint blocks. Kettle moraines. Dull descriptions in a book. Lacustrine deposits. Limit of perpetual snow. The earth dips out of sight. Old Red Sandstone. Partings in coal. Peneplanation. A string of shell beans inside an icicle. Perched Blocks. Pitch of folds. Blue ink on Texas. Rill marks. Rock powder. Screw pines. Language and soil blown away. Shearing Planes. Sill tunnel. Clouds made of paper. Sink holes. Slickensides. Spits. Antarctic spare time. Stacks. Step faults. Pink fossils. Sun cracks. Table mountains. Throw. One-celled nothings. Tongues. Twinning of crystals. Erosive hoods. Underclay. Upwarp. Valley train. A guide to grit. Vein stuff. Wind gaps. A landslide of maps. Zone.

The equation of my language remained unstable, a shifting set of coordinates, an arrangement of variables spilling into surds. I was haunted by the shadowy lump in the middle of my work. Like the eye of a hurricane it seemed to suggest all kinds of midfortunes. It became a dark spot of exasperation, a geological gangrene on the sandy expanse. Apprehensions of the shadowy point spread through my memory of the work. The perimeter of the intrusion magnified into a blind spot in my mind that blotted the circumference out. All and all it is a cyclopiian dilemma. I was told that the boulder was one of the biggest in Holland. I am telling someone the plot of a movie that was never made. In a clearing with a few weeds and a heap of rotten bananas, Captain Beefheart is heard singing "I Love You Big Dummy". Fish heads and tails protruding from crushed bananas remind one of The Tomb Of Virgil. Palm trees and sun through a purple filter to the Suite Espanola. Grapefruit floating in a creek past rare jungle flowers and plants. From above, a circular heap of bananas and the stray bananas surrounding it. Coconuts landslide down a sandy hill.

Lobsters swim in a pool of milk. A rattlesnake being milked into a glass clamped to a tabletop, the glass fills up with venom to the sound of the rattles. A row of pineapples burns on a beach as we are told how yellow fever is to be prevented. A row of pineapples burns on a beach as a bibliography on toxins is itemized. Some dead tarantulas buried in apple sauce. Feathers blowing over smashed watermelons. A bramble of stabilized fragments taken from things obscure and fluid, ingredients trapped in a succession of frames, a stream of viscosities both still and moving. Everything about movies and moviemaking is archaic and crude. You can only stand a piece or two.

Quite a few of my pieces have been worn out. That came back. They sent a letter that seemed to be missing. Just information. I saw a painting by Newman with fingerprints down-room. Somewhere else a woman leaned the same way against a Rothko. A man, in time, become slow and careful. The room showed people, a few of whom are idiots. Newman one time leant back against a Pollock. You can't even get enough light. A man bought the face of a box. I counted sixty-four mistakes in the Still. The fast and constant space. Damage. Time too. That came back to sleep a second time leaning against a stack. A man eating, no thinking, no sitting or lying down. Glasses to be on everything. Ruined the surface to fill up the space and left it outside for two years. Between the open doors. Where a portion of, sat, the essay had to be destroyed. You can seldom see much of what is being done. And for people to sit or lean on everything. The museum caved in. A medium sized bundle of papers on the bed of their truck. There should be rooms somewhere, where the walls and floor were not in the same room. I remember a big fingerprint between shows. For a long time art has been back. Though 10% has never arrived. Almost always everything

is crowded. For example, one piece was painted blue, instead of blue. That was about the last I saw of professional handling. I leaned on one arm.

The rooms are buzzing and I see things red. Then out. Too much light on gravel flat track of yellow dusts, the truck one is in, ticking too loud. The history of the earth shuts off, to tiny views of a sun in eruption, tin cans in Manchuria, a partridge through dry leaves. The map in the glove compartment's too hot to open. Leaving the ledge of book paper torn over and dumped into the winds of the Great Notch, distances have accumulated. Two shots that follow each other do not necessarily follow each other — the same goes for two shots that do not follow each other. Movie frames a shale pile smolders in back of the dry goods store. And how do we know that a clock doesn't tick backwards? Tracks of times like a story pile down to the edge of what eyes can see. A lecture on the earth's pieces on missing pages by Thomas Clark. Then 30 seconds of a dust plume and a car honks. A run-down Plymouth broadcasting rare blood types. In a dust bowl with no sockets, rocks hitting the bottom of the page. I'd choose the borders that can be seen. Can I have your word? But the block was pasted with map squares. Ensuing a discussion hemmed in with deformed shore lines, the racers extended as far as salt would allow. In terms of the metronome, would a parrot ensue? Lightbulbs over Paradise. But if you take a walk the gardens would retreat to their concrete forespans. But I'm interested, can a road of particles be properly styled a thoroughfare, the surrounding flats a landscape, the sun an unstable ball? He is disturbed by the rhythms of ossified cephalopods in the truck. What was bright becomes whiter, a slide from the yellow end, and how many books can be stacked on a repeating surface. In a film the dust could be returned to its giant pebbles on the grounds. Call the Water

Bureau and ask about this untoward red. No thing has ever led a man where all time must lead. A miniature pan of gastroliths lifted closer to the glasses. My ape apart, there was little calm to these manifestations. I cracked a thick orange book and viewed white pages in a low reddish light. No water and the words were late. The wall of cases has not changed since I have been here, and given the speed of tourism the eras are running backwards. The tracking device ticked with an overload of particles from an unforeseen quadrant. Sun burning outside plate glasses and saucers in the morning sky. I have a moving eye, that's all it signifies, the summer desert. And the motes in the retinal liquid a poet once termed "flaws". The car sounds like a deserted hall. The building is closing and the dinosaurs are late. A bell tolls in a sunspot, the batteries have run to acid base. You have wired the considerations wrongly, you have stood up in the steaming bucking car. The corridors have been cleared of all but noise of radio star. Step in here a moment to examine the contents of an egg carton. These are not natural numbers, these transitions to an echoing ticking. The lightbulbs are burning. The walls, holding in the outside, then the inside. All water is connected to itself beneath. The door was pulled off the cave and calcium dust-rose. The sounds of hospital respiration contained with a bag. It's simple: first a buzzing, then a grid that moves us to stand some place, the edges all removed to the outskirts of a city. He speaks of a slow move across a map as a kind of whirlpool narration. A flat slab placed over the enamel potty. Outside the car noise were parallel aluminums in borax. And we snapped a picture to send later and say "This was really nowhere". In the sun, in the red some increasing blues, in the pan that ended in the brain. We started to get the point but surveying the bowl somehow lost it. The wind had the sound of water with rock chunks grinding together.

A dissolve from red air to reddish water made frontal can be most intense. I noticed my shoes and a steel container soon covered flush with the brushing sand grains. Some miles west was an empty locked shack by the turnout broadcasting hat sizes from within. Far and about. I watched the wires dip to the water, the strata strike to the edge of the bowl. A string was wound around and around the stake to slowly draw the earth in. We listened to the figures and stood around in pools. Radials proved to be a good deal. Steel belts around the arms of truckmen and fluttering wet red ribbons. To tell of snow you couldn't read but go there. More or less waters in a different stage. A postcard of wheel animalcules fading into the sound of liquids titrating. The foam remained to the height of a knee. The loaders were blowing sagebrush, near comatose in a silver smell of abstraction. A ladder bridged sky and ground. Is it a zenith or a rubber caliper? And all the low masses fell with loud splashes, as a nervy oculist would hit the brakes. The avalanche was grey and spun a blur of white pages in the hand. There's no time for narration. The water is to be continued. The oil seeps sharply in low relief. A lead hook sways over the sod, as a quick toad rips the road to black and white impressions. I load my camera as shades are drawn on the sun.

Can you see me? I'm afoot below tilting. The sun seizes, lasting on a flat of pink colloids. And basalt over limestone the sound circles the site. Worms rotate in a box of Pacific radio tubes. We've put the cap back on it though heats will still arise. Sag to the center of the bones, so this rotation may be termed narration. Flatten the spin to a stamp, wet film pressed in a volume. Run to the point of you walk all the way back. The star adjusted on the collar and the sage is beginning to pinken. A shot of mud salt rock and water will fix you any way

you turn. Aerodynamics posits a center, and nears and leaves it to sunlit pressure. Flat water, a vacuum. At some point he headed the front to land. Crystals on the boots, holes in all directions. An empty hallway, fingers on wave patterns. The flash revealed a sun blazing on Blacks Medical Dictionary. How did you know? No answer. A handbook of trits by water. He leads us to the steps, where the gaze locks into the sun. And a sun pulse termination brought him even higher. Pull out the file drawer and slow the budge of information. Some helictites of salt cause a delirium. And the night is altogether made up of a million stills. Spin, and the skin is dry. Bright overload, and the memory is concentrated. A tropic swarm of data, crystals pulling away in a sheen cause swoons. A close-up of yellow steps tumbles from the center of the spinal column. It puts me in mind of the earth arcs from pole to pole. In supersaturate space a ledge faces its twin.

Between these two cliffs, which preserve the distance between my gaze and its object, time, the destroyer, has begun to pile up rubble. Sharp edges have been blunted and whole sections have collapsed: periods and places collide, are juxtaposed or are inverted, like strata displaced by the tremors on the crust of an ageing planet. Some insignificant detail belonging to the distant past may now stand out like a peak, while whole layers of my past have disappeared without a trace. Events without any apparent connection, and originating from incongruous periods and places, slide one over the other and suddenly crystallize into a sort of edifice which seems to have been conceived by an architect wiser than my personal history.

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SUBJECT TO A FILM

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I.

They went off to make a movie of the land and on the sea. One if by land and two if by sea? The proportions of the job. To cover the land, and later the sea. The sea proved longer. It covered them, it turned them over, it washed their prints (which were however recovered). They waited on the sea. They looked through lenses at it, but mostly without them. They managed to alter the land, which after a year had managed to erase their marks completely. They didn't manage the sea. The sea remained.

Boats were upset, and the men on them. They wanted to return but they didn't leave. They couldn't until the work was complete. And its time, overdrawn. They waited while working. They grew ill. They stayed. They returned to the same spot on the sea many days. They urged themselves to mark it. The spot grew indistinct. It has always merely been a spot on the sea. Where they had to be, every day, through lenses and waited. They began not to know where they were. The Islanders began not to know what island they were on. But there was always more money, and it overcame the weather and indistinctness of geography. The island went on film. A film drew over the island. Signs were changed, faces unfamiliar became familiar for a summer. Amity. We believe in reparations.

After the fact, opponents of this film found their arguments indistinct. They asked for reality (sharks don't do that). But they found

themselves admitting the opposite. Philippe Cousteau after shaking his head at the film was heard to admit that "one shark in a million might be mad, might do anything unexpected". Another critical voice, heard in a record shop at random (also a writer), finally brought out a story of a fisherman chumming off a small boat off Hawaii, he turned around shocked at huge open jaws of a Great White bearing down and tearing away his fantail. Where is the argument? What has become of original intentions? Jaws seems more than an image, it is a language, a total interference with thought.

The sharks did not work. They don't. They eat, on their own time, on no thought or money. Their time may be only space. And money is not spatial. Weather, like money, only affects those above the surface. Men wait. Sharks move. Men found it difficult to sleep. Sleep, not as easy a change of state as diving under the surface. Sharks have found no need to change. Men spend their lives discussing it. Money as a counter of argument. Weather as changes of mind.

Could the film be brought off. The island. Movies never seem to have a separate existence. They are inexorably mixed up. With everything remembered. And what is forgotten may have been in fact filmed or not filmed. The remains are shown again and again, and always everyone misses something different every time. Alger Hiss is returned to the bar. Many do not recall even why he was deprived of this right. In the meantime he underwent analysis privately. After Arthur Penn's career had been thought collapsed, Night Moves occurred and he now works at The Missouri Breaks with Nicholson and Brando in Montana. He could not be reached. The Japanese refused unconditional surrender.

Many approved Eastcoast offshore drilling, with proper environmental considerations. Tax breaks applying. Steven Spielberg took off his vented coat and put on a wetsuit, then lay down on the beach and a picture was taken of him, that way. He was seen at rest at high tide. At sea the weather grew heavy, the camera barge filled and began to list and sink. It was towed and he was informed. Day for Night was used, as the sky was usefully grey. It would rain on the high-voltage cables. Feet and tripods in the rising tide.

I went to see the movie in one of the buildings that one of its scenes was filmed in. The preposition must be left dangling to point the direction of the thought with proper emphasis. The windows had to be left open at one side to allow the lights in, to point up the details of the selectman's chamber, a scene of argument central to the film's argument. The film was shown to the following summer's audience in a room directly above. The screen seemed to hover over the room now empty at night. Ghosts as matters of fictionalized memory. Rooms as a matter of boards nailed at particular angles. Image and sound are separate, in strictly two-dimensional terms. The mind is not a plane. Neither is it a room.

The moviemakers moved back and forth across land and water as if there were no change of state. Therefore the difficulty, and the money. And time and the weather. The artificial sharks waited. Their fixity must be held to. A preposition must have somewhere to go. A mind without memory could not make a movie. But it would be the greatest movie.

The alterations remain on film. The chemicals are all changed by

particulars inexorably external to them which remain unaltered. The film is taken away, then brought back, almost exactly a year later it is shown in the very place of those particulars. One cannot say "its" particulars. They remain unaltered in the precise sequence of their own change. I have walked on them and among them, a year before and a year after, and I have seen that film in one of them. My thoughts have been removed. A Delay in Film.

People are starting to call sharks "jaws". They slip. One of the alteration products in language. The film has been brought to bear on. People have been changed their minds about the island, about swimming, and about ocean inhabitants. This is not thought. Films are not thinking. Neither is thinking about films. Films either abut or actually encroach upon language. Among other things language produces images. Films produce language. Language produces films and argument and certain fixities that sometimes fade sometimes change minds. The projectionists change reels in proper sequence. The narrative is maintained. Things go on remained.

I have no thoughts about this film. The writing is an alteration product. It goes on after and further and another language. The sequence goes: Yes, I saw the movie. What did you think of it. Another story. Without thinking my mind was changed.

The film was taken away and edited. Some scenes were cut. Some prepositions were remaindered back into interior phrases. Others were left hanging, pointing out. Some were faded on. A scene that gradually dims to darkness has a period at the end of it. We are intended to remain spinning there a moment, as in the interior of a pun or rhyme. Did you see that? Wonder about it. A certain word placed adjacent.

Actors live nowhere. In other words,

some Hollywood. On the Island they were housed. They sat at night and drank as particular configurations of nailed boards enclosed them. They may or may not have been recorded. We tend to think of them as living outside of such considerations. Books written from the outside. This is another one. Some books have made claims from the inside. We tend to disbelieve them, at least in part. No one was everywhere.

A way of seeing the film: you enter through a door and sit down in a seat provided for facing the screen. A way of seeing the film: you run off certain scenes on your mental equipment. A way of seeing the film: you walk through the locations and overlay certain scenes on your eyes. A way of seeing the film: talk over with someone who also has seen it. A way of seeing the film: reading language that interpenetrates with the film (shark texts, The Jaws Log, etc.) A way of seeing the film: something that suddenly reminds you that you have seen it, fragments. A way of seeing the film: sleep on it.

Let me get this straight. One shark could only be shot from the left side. One shark could only be shot from the right side. One shark could only be shot from above or in front. All of these finally worked in some way, that could be used, added to the language. A tracking shot could sometimes involve all three. That sentence is false, in strict movie terms. It would require editing. Tricks. Delays in film. Better: a continuous sequence of a few seconds duration could well involve all three. And often did. There will be many in any audience who will not see this, this way. They lack a language. They like stories. They see a movie as a story without language. Therefore they do not like language. They miss their own connections. They laugh and scream and are late.

Steven Spielberg sits in

a small room with the door closed, one window giving on what he thinks of as nothing in particular. He hears vague typewriters and low voices from other rooms, and looks at a typed list of figures. In the back of his mind is something that will catch him later. At the moment his color range runs to black and white. His memory is set on low. A cup of coffee cools on a pile of books. The antique Edgartown fire horn goes off, a code, a language he lacks as a temporary inhabitant. This is a way of making movies. Of seeing movies before they are made, while they are being made. Someone puts out the fire. Or it is a false alarm.

The sharks live on a dock under heavy tarpaulin. Visitors are not supposed to see them. There is an armed guard, faulty. Instamatics are used one day and typical sights leak out. One of them is in fact published in a Boston newspaper. The movie businessmen were afraid untimely images would excite and throw off their interests. But no one is particularly interested. And most don't even hear of it. Publicity is an organ of timing. A matter of careful filtering. A fragment must sound interesting. Enough. It must be fitted, to abut or encroach on the language. The fragment is a filament of tiny content. Did you hear about Jaws? Not What did you hear. The businessmen do not even live here.

Films are best conceived in silence. But the moviemakers make a lot of noise. And it is finally at the height of the tourist season. Everyone pokes everyone and everything increases the din. The film is made in a context of shouting. Of high tide and uncertain seas and faulty machinery and labor problems and the polish of sea captains. Only the stars may use the waterclosets and mind the varnish. Beercans disappear

for a time and wash back into view. Pleasureboats encroach on location and often enter the frames. Men must be employed to shoo them. As the cameras take their roll a single tiny cloud obscures the sun. Everyone waits till the wind whisks it away. A teenage girl from the summerstock has missed her mark (a clump of seaweed held down with a spike) and the scene must be reshot. Seagulls must be attracted to the beach with special food. Tables set up noons for extras. Dressingroom and cook and equipment vans appear in the background of a tense shot, but are finally left in the final print. Despair as an image of the final language.

It occurs to me that I could be sitting here gluing together a Japanese plastic Dimetrodon with wind-up motor (a present from the same island), abilities totally involved. The rain comes down, a jay is wet, and Jaws far from my mind.

A man named E. L. Doctorow has written a book titled Ragtime in which famous dead people are made to do things no one is any longer sure they might not have done. He becomes famous, and Houdini Ford Freud and Morgan again enter the language. A movie is shown. Many of the people in Jaws are still alive, perhaps all of them, and may be seen on certain streets outside. In the movie they are seen to do things they never thought of doing. I saw you in the movie. You looked good. You might have looked bad, looked better. I saw the boy who was eaten riding by in a car. I read about him in the local paper. He was said to be criticized by his friends.

We sat on the beach one afternoon and watched clouds move in over the sea. No one is shooting this summer. I thought of Charles Olson and the Grey Flannel Whale, and how Huston's mechanical also sank to the bottom

of the tank. I ate biscuits titled Teekos, honey and sesame but they grew sodden. I imagined writing a novel that would be here today. My father read the New York Times. We had all seen the movie. We talked about everything else we could think of as if we had forgotten it.

II.

Stimson's torturous arguments with himself were at last mercifully put to rest on the morning of July 21, at eleven-thirty, when General Grove's report from Alamogordo reached him at Potsdam. Stimson did not manage to get to the Little White House before lunch. After lunch, Truman was busy with some shopping. The officer in charge of the VIP post exchange had brought over a selection of items from which the President was able to buy gifts to take back home to his family.

That day everyone spent in the water. The shark was tracked back and forth it seemed a hundred times but kept rising too far out of the water at the end of its run. Its superstructure had become visible. Perhaps the problem was with some irregularity in the seabottom along which the supporting rails were laid. Perhaps it was a matter of untoward currents. Everybody became cold and pissed off. Beer could no longer be drunk, nor cards played, on the camera barge or the supporting boats, and that was an order. Finally the light faded, but the shark still kept coming up. Everyone was tired and drawn. They got in the boats. The armada turned toward shore. The camera barge remained, under guard for the night. Day #96 was logged in as: No useable film shot.

The sharks were brought at great

expense from California to the spot in the Atlantic where a huge single shark had supposedly turned up uninvited. They were to play the role. Right, left, above or in front, as needed. But they had not so far proved out. The maker had never dealt with the ocean, only in tanks. So far the sharks looked fine submerged. Perhaps no-one had quite understood their language. The moviemakers already were in possession of another language, from decades of fine madness and tradition. It said: On location, on the ocean, tomorrow at 6 A.M. It said: Shot, shark tracks past the fantail of the Orca as Dreyfuss Scheider and Shaw stand and look on craning necks. It said: It's a wrap. But the sharks remained dumb.

Freud said many causes. Pound broke marble blocks with a hammer. Olson proposed a deunified field. Godard called the movies a world of fragments. The most beautiful world is like a heap of rubble tossed down in confusion, said Heraclitus. It seems that wherever one is one is in the open, with ever-tightening headroom. Beckett says he's searching for some form to accomodate the mess.

Confusion in strict order. The sharks' air hoses developed leaks. Tempers ran high. The Orca began to sink. Everyone was equipped with walkie-talkies. The boats' wakes became visible in shots. Quint's house in Menemsha would have to be torn down. Old salts came down with curiosity. The sharks' skins sloughed off in sea water. Actors with seasickness. No signs in residential zone. Story conferences ran on little but coffee long into nights. Tempers frayed. Weather remained poor. No land in sight. The false buoy drifted off. Reporters asked about Chappaquiddick. Transport was in the hands of rusty teamsters. No sharks

were seen, could be caught long enough. The one from Florida hung up, began to stink. Shaw, who replaced Hayden who had tax problems, developed tax problems and kept leaving for Canada. Dreyfuss read Salinger, an eye to further roles. He eyed unattached women. He sounded through bullhorns. Crowds kept wandering into shots. They had to be shooed. The light kept dimming, going away. A yell over the water. Electric cables fouled. Sea water in the generators. Shark went haywire, had to be lugged. Straight to the bottom with rolling eyes. A grip threw up. A former member of The Committee felt his center of gravity slide over the gunwhale and fell in. Ferries kept arriving with more food. Cars with changed license plates. Water taxi changed into shore patrol. Harsh language on the ocean. Technical problems, no useable film. The sea began to look "funny". Shots no longer matched. A movieola in a log cabana kept pace with its nightly cutting. Islanders kept cold up to their knees fearing sharks. A lookout broke his tibia. False reports warned of real sharks. The false ones began to rumble. Dreyfuss had never seen a boat. Shaw observed salty types. Scheider hurled his tray to the deck in complete loss of control. Reporters were asked to avert. No one could say when they might leave. A better tug had turned up, with irascible captain. The story board became a fluid collage. Outdoor lunches for three hundred. July became August. Money was film in the bank. The language was changing, no one knew quite what to say. No one had a word with the sharks. Everyone had a word for the sharks. The island only looked like one from the water.

Only harbor water was visible from downtown Edgartown. If you'd believe in miracles so could I. Where is the center of the film. A bronze jeep going by with Amity Police. The sand shark the kid caught that shocked with all its blood.

The audience in all directions. We saw High Plains Drifter, a slow blue film. Clint Eastwood eyed the blue horizon through cheap window glass, some of it sugar. The movie-makers watched Bunuel in the building their film was shot and would be shown in. They thought of Ma and Pa Kettle. There was lightning. They went off in all directions. I sat in the Harborside, watched anchored yachts, and bemoaned the passing of popovers.

I put on a shirt, dark blue, for the beach, and was told to get off the set, wrong color. I watched through heating binoculars from down the beach. Nothing appeared in motion. I went in the water, not a shadow. The next summer everything was a shadow and everyone kept looking behind him, constantly describing little circles. The film has taken its toll. The fire horn goes off in a midnight thunderstorm, a short circuit or false alarm. The memory of a woman screaming all night to be let out of jail.

The film trudges along. Rushes are shown nightly on the island, Hollywood sees nothing. Someone mentions Kubrick, covered in candlewax in some small English village. Everything will now be shot on location, from mad taxi drivers in Manhattan to biblical epics on the shores of the Nile. No sets but the same artificial scenes as yesteryear must still appear. Godard, if ever mentioned, is considered passe, too bad, before his time. His methods are said to have produced no epics. Not even any good stories. Nothing for television. Scarcely abutting or encroaching on audiences. Rumours of heros almost dying in motorcycle wrecks. Two or three things about taking in the clothes. The night director sees red.

The sharks were trucked from California, then shunted to and from a point on the sea day after day on a barge. They

began to work in small ways in a manner of speaking. Puffed up enough they would behave, briefly. Still no one spoke to them, or asked them how they were. To be constantly talked around and about is not much of an inducement.

From the beach we watched a skywriter begin to spell words, the letters all backwards and upsidedown. Before any of the words could be completed the wind had always washed them away. We never knew what it was he was supposed to say. The anachronistic becoming infinitely difficult. The sky harder to focus on. The sea trying to make a rug for the beach. Nixon was said to be gone into self-imposed exile. No words from him. No one asked him how he was. The film continued. Prepositions all properly fitted into their phrases. The moviemakers had used their Century Handbooks. Dim yells over the sea.

The moviemaking was tiny. DeKooning says, it's very small, content. The ocean came from Scandinavia. Boats arrive from the mainland. Cars shuttled between words and images. A dunk in the sea and back to words. The movie was shorting, a rougher kind of energy. The moviemakers all looked like false surfers. Blond California. They speak with each other through little boxes at the hip. The language is a code that never needs decoding. No one meets, they speak in place. Books are used to prop things up. Vaseline is used on the sharks. Wetsuits are powdered. No one is in a position to complete or leave. Small boats awash. The Orca must be securely sea-anchored from four points at all times. Leading to submarine headaches. Barnacles on the tracks. Requisitioned paperclips, potato chips. Food throwing in the Kelly House afterhours. A few additional pages leak out.

No one is piped aboard. They live there in daylight. The film is

run on sprockets and crosses the country, special handling. A conclusion must be held to. Work must be mapped. The world must be covered. You must stop talking and be seen.

Day for Night is a process. The language is filtered through artificial useage. No one is usually just where they are talking about. The current must be grounded, words all lodged beside the point. Dreyfuss can't drive a boat. This produces the concept of the Hidden Man. A mere inch of soundman's hair appears in the frame ruining the take. He must make his mark on the jetty rocks and keep below it. Boats are shells and must avoid rocks. The sea makes consistency of a language difficult. At best the film will be shown in drive-ins. At best a secondary alteration product. But tight.

III.

JAWS SEEN (First View, Pittsfield)

Jaws is an adventure. The early fear erased by later action. Overlay? The stomach muscles, still, clench. The shark is an eating machine. That doesn't work. Often. We, humans, don't think of ourselves as food. Maintain the body's integrity. The body caught in the mouth. The blood geyser over water.

Edges of harbors, colors of cloud. A place is not a background. You live on East Chop, work downtown Edgartown the first shock comes at South Beach. Where no one swims. Anyway, she was bumped, it was no night, filtered, and grabs a buoy that is never there. Picket sand break, fence in sand rise and stumble at an edge of sea. The sky always opening to the south. The integrity of boats.

A change of shot, a change of language. "Estuary"'s replaced by "pond". Sharks don't know us. They appear. Take shots. The people and boats around them.

Humour in an adventure. It soaks in fast and we're beyond the saying. A mast sways high above it all.

The line of "this shit" pounced on by a shark. It always works. The boat has an outside and an inside. But not enough complication to hide. And not even night a retreat. Even night is not even. Take off your glasses to see better the shark stay underwater. The shark might have blown its oxygen anyway. Stuck on a chew. Jaws is not an image but a (central?) name. What washes up at Cape Pogue.

You're out on the water you swim over. On the Gay Head Heights. Argument by billboard with additives. And no aerial shots (?) Everything is on the water. Or underneath, immersed in, upward looking. The inertia of large living weight in lateral spins. Hooper expands in hidden position, laughs. A pan in between overpass pilings to (on) "empty" water equals shark menace. You don't see much of him, he sees little of you but eats. Nights on a flat fluid. Bites, on the deck. Leave the teeth to drop. Fathoms, and car horns. Nothing is long fastened. The morning beach moves on still.

A blood machine.

— 24VI75

IV.

Weather on film. The clouds have been brought back, moved

in. They hit the floor. Blue sky is required. Each night the crew asks again. A clear sky, a calm sea. The film revolves on questions. A question of need, a need of chemicals to properly expose. The answer an arrangement beyond human quest. Pressure centers aligned and moving despite mind. The pressure of light on chemicals determines mood. Frames of mind posing more questions, exposing more film. Boulez's Rituel requires seven percussionists in independence, the mind of each closed to the rest. The audience sits in a humid hall, becomes restless to such exposure, applause following at a minimum. The moviemakers return to the point on the ocean at dawn (or reasonable facsimile), watch the cameras bob, the subjects avoid the frame, become despondent, grow ill. What is subject to a film.

An array of days.
The crash is along New England Sound. Motor resonance rise in background landfall. The beach faces another beach. They gain and lose their water in rhythm. In between are the movies, turning over and retaining. People stand on them, no solid footing, beck and call of the weathers.

One of the two (identical in all respects but the lowest) boats is made to sink and rise on the sea which lowers and raises itself. And the two boats, the one with no bottom, the one which is whole. So the raiser and lowerer raises and lowers others. One boat fills with water as the film fills with image. A film on the sea owns no fixed perspective. The men who make it. One brings up the subject of a film.

What is subject to a film. Television. A film filming itself (Godard). Water and/or a fire. Stock smoking through a heavy industrial camera pointed at a projectile. A film on drapes that doesn't burn them. Hitchcock's sets are nailed at all the wrong angles.

Just so, that a visitor will not see the movie. A fire on the boat and a fire in the script, both getting out of hand. The money that was kept pouring in to take up the displacement. Waste, scraps, not seeing the point. What is subject to a film. Personnel hours in detail. Love through a bullhorn. The same beach I learned to swim at. Sectors of the oceans' waters recycled and can be identified. Sharks not in schools but seeking them. Day for Night. Air for water. Money for natural disasters. Dubbing.

Did anyone notice where the film was going. While the film. While talking anyone thinking. Moving, at film, pace. Afterwards, off the set, on the dole, as a matter of fact, in a manner of speaking.

The pauses between the cuts were removed. They save you time. Where did you go. In a nutshell. Thought is not condensed. The film is still showing somewhere.

While I watched them, they didn't seem to be doing anything, the film was being made. While the water was being watched. The sharks had to be anchored to the bottom. Life imposed on the ocean. Cameras do not float. Makers imagine they see what they are doing. Framing it, mostly. Hitchcock never looking through the camera. Roy Scheider's thought to change his image. Roy Scheider pushes up on parallel chromium bars. Body as beef jerky. He was seen to be absent from his rushes. A truck was removed from the water. He counted on getting a tan.

No-one is living at the movies. They argue. Not looking after their looking talking while thinking. The film always passing at right angles. When the boat came around Roy was seen to be nude. That scene was not used. Only on television. They needed relief. The goof as

a function of repetition. Repetition leading to memory loss. The boat keeps coming around, as no one has the proper change. The actors would eat later. The sharks would eat now.

A movie about available space. You can't see the rocks in this picture. You can't hear the chatter (cross-talk). You'll have to come by again, we got the wake in that shot. Keep the fin down, keep the hose long. A maker of custom-fitted bras. Find one young girl for one line. Mike below the rocks. You can see the rocks in this jetty. This establishing shot took all afternoon.

An establishing shot of food. Where did Hooper get the cup he crumpled. Some sustenance lost between takes. Once adrift, the job became a matter of hooks. Strain on the latter. Water pumping iron, the side came out, and the boat sinks.

A shark on a pole patrols the harbor. Its back view of the open sea. One is brought up subject to a film. Mrs. Miniver on a shopping afternoon. They Were Expendable at the Loew's State. Hoppy Rides from the balcony saturday. Some grow into makers, to watch Ma and Pa Kettle in a floating shed dubbed the Garage Sale. A film in the daytime on the sea, a film at night in the air. Flashes in Hooper's glasses. An aid removing shark's teeth of plastic. A drone of the second war in the blue sky. I sit on a beach chair, through binoculars. Which side of the beach is the movie active. A skywriter. The ice cream bell. Which summer is which.

V.

Anything resembling or suggesting the mouth or entrance of an animal in form or action. The structures serving

to open and close it. Impudent talk. A wave of water or other liquid. Jeers, scolds, or scoffing reflections.

To seize advantage of an opening. Of a long lens. Hose-tangled interior. One side left open to allow out. Amplified speech over fluid extent. Can you see the head yet. Piles, cans, float plane. I still get too much understructure. Removing the pants on or beneath the sea. And he waits. Boom, stay or yard.

Grappling with the ocean. The body is led from point to adhesive. To stake one's career on an undersea trestle. There are no turtles on the island. Heights of the interior are visually gradual. Water on the shelf.

It must look as if the shark is opening on the man. A distance must be maintained in the main. The language must include from a distance. Incidental speech must gain advantage. And the men say. Speech said before it is spoken. Pages in a room, accents on the sea. Paper chummed off the fantail. "Shit" brings on a shark opening. A negative gap in long space. Man and shark of divided place in a sentence. And we don't stay there, nobody remains in language.

In character. On deck. Above it all. Through an aperture. Taking up lines in memory. Approaching the image to a flatness. Go below, come up. Around one more time, with a sentence. It goes flat, though the image be sharp. The shark is a machine. The jukes of the Kelly House put out. An interruption of power and everybody out of the water. Romances carry back to Hollywood. The Sound is never clear. Please to take your pleasure boats from our frame.

Sports. A matchstick game. Scrimmage amid longshoremen, between trawlers. Chewing boxlunch in the open. Nodding and

keeping a list of all that happens. Experiences for later. Waterlogged and heading for shore. The sun too far in the shot.

The water is leaking. Through film, edges made apparent. Guest houses over in back, sand prints, lobster sauces. Talk over ingestibles. The girl has been eaten, filmed and thus out of the picture. The dinner is a wrap. The lighting is a snap. Get that wire out of the water and you men with it. We'll try the shark to arrive. As the coastline can be seen. How far out of the foreground, with or without oxygen. Man kneels on air to brush a nose. The sharks are dolls, moveable eyes and teeth. Plastic on boats, rubber on people. The saga of Orca isn't too sane. We were misled to believe the beaches safe for our children.

The footprints get swept, and the seagulls loaded. Camera rolled along boards on bluff while men stroll talking. The girl had been naked, harnessed below waterline to a cable, a truck at the far end. The motor started, she was jolted back and forth. The water shallow, the crew focused, intense. Many takes and bruises on the belly. Stretch marks, breast aches. Scream lines to be dubbed later. Bondage below and beyond the call of nature. Just after dawn before the umbrellas arrived. Her complaints in the shower truck later. Her toes in the sand and crabs.

La Nuit Americain, open for business, back sides apparent. Stands for the light in faces. We leave, the film run through, and the day pours in. The crowd speaks all at once the screen is black. Doors opening on a little traveling music. Lines of waiters ask the score, stood in neon. The movie let out in American town. The sky lowered so

the beach is clear. The film fleet gone, the light having dimmed. Back to buildings, back to the language. Lightning over the words all night.

Tell me when you see the head. Cut. It held the head too high. No roll. The head sank too much left of the frame. Re-rack. The head must submerge straight on. No. Hold it. The head came out too soon. Couldn't get a frame. Track the head back to your start. We've got lightloss, forget it...

Apparencies. Docks as histories of the ocean. Coming loose, pulled away, left unstable, stained, subject to tides. He laughed, and men go forth in open boats to die. A channel full of history (Kennedy), rip tide, and makos at night. Hauled the film back to its cans. The shark to its tarpaulin. He would write the history of four months on film in two hours. The sea gets chopped up, jarring in its colors. And the human weathers, taking a summer edit. Tati proclaimed the man and the beachchair silly. Black & White has its way of asserting (accenting) the language. "I shall not return." MacArthur didn't. Spielberg's thoughts turn to science fiction.

Bring back Sea Hunt. The grunted will of Lloyd Bridges, never un- or better employed. Lloyd Bridges elevates a raisin as Scheider dashes his lunch. Shaw lies with great force. And Hooper would rather be elsewhere.

Dreyfuss, rather. What would, not you, but your character do. An actor's sincerity, his equivocality. The series was returned, a few segments missing, nobody noticed. Their characters remained the same. The words from an identical can. Shots all overlain with gurgling and piping sonar. Dreyfuss had rejected the part, then took it. And what does it mean for the militant film-maker to ask himself the

question: "Where are we now?". Strike four words, and a pipe on the ocean. A peek at the innards under gas layer preempts further filming. Man reads the book of guises. A fish with three rows of teeth is by no means to be despised.

They turned and left the thought up to the boat. In the mind. It would sink, in the film. The reel runs vertically, the image horizontal. Spoken language runs beyond categories. The image speaks, introducing catastrophe. Everything filtered through a body coheres. He went on reading the book while the film was being made, shown. He presented himself at the frame. Before the words had settled he had taken part.

VI.

THE ISLAND SHOT (Journal)

"The obsession according to which jaws are the most philosophic instrument that man possesses."

—Salvador Dali

As movies are being made to wonder who's in 'em. Where will the jaws be seen. Where will the sky. The trucks wide down the small main street, the cops. But what goes out over the water in a way. Whatever comes before the month. The season has already opened up the steps and in the dark. Figuring writing as the slavery control line. We're inside that though, and as Nixon's at a desk alone in a field at Minsk. Slabs of travertine 1 1/4" thick

backed with a thicker yet concrete preserve what lines of what past. On the street, wide boats. Trucks need tires, stopping for them. Walk the ocean, it's a sandbar. Motorcycle pulling away from an asphalt rise. They're still out there on a flat barge with shed roof filming. A trawler with orange lifesaver towing a hoist in circles. Is that a crab clench. Board feet on the Chappaquiddick Express. Look into the sun your sneaker comes untied. My penmanship lacks control as they cue up for gas. An indian died that way, bicycles passing.

Gull wobbles over a spine antenna. And then there are leaks, and again leaves. A slow circle under yellow purse. Green sprouts are going nowhere on brief stone with built-in cage in back. Let me see your map. Will I always come from Providence. The orange paint-job which is desire. He dumps sand from a shoe the window of a blue door on wheels which have stopped. Now they turn as the head itches. Boats are as low in the water as the Three Musketeers seem always to be wounded. The ambulance is no longer though never was Mash. I've come no short distance to be a long way from there. Steamed clams, Lou's Worry, closed. Phone booths always locate near moving cars. High stockings and ideas of some weather. A man carrying a white drip-dry shirt past a parking avocado green truck, the long church bells of dinner time. The movies are in so many pieces that they're always somewhere near at hand. Distances of the men who make them. A cork in the bottom of a rolling car. Step on it, the elevation of a Cessna-150. Come again and it's Jaws following you around with its pulpy pre-cut text. On wings of beer and filing rod lessons. How much of an(y) interest is memory. Bernadette writes this movie and sees it to

the coast to see to its cut. Make a date for a summer edit. Projection of said movie in Burroughs' Barracks. I left parts at the beach. Mash screeches to a drive. Olson on Pemmican. Micro-sonic patterning of Carter's Little Liver Pills. A dance by the ocean no one saw. Let's hitch to my laundry. Up King's stairs, cut-off jeans. A case of nylon padding leaves its print on glasses. The Four Seasons in a garage brings back ten years. The grasses reached my pocket. By far most people go away and never come back. A daughter comes down stairs and says "I got scottiedogs in my hair!". As is repeatedly related, the paying of attention. Buck Beamer simmers by. Why look at pine trees when there are sharks loose, false rumours. First piano sonatas and front porches late at night or earlier as people sit on them and view cars go past. Sketches lacking direction. We go to eat after the beach and look absorbed into our faces.

Loom fend.

Riddance.

It's finally going to be resolved one way or the other, because one man. I don't know why we were talking about police. Hardly anyone in Danbury had even heard of Ives. Now the beach will be ready faster.

The camera on sticks, you'll have to cut fast. Would you move in back of the hotdog stand please, you're in our shot. One cloud in the sky and we got it. It's a delayed roll, take your own roll. First mark: action; second mark: Carla. Roy Scheider is not in the shot. Sound Carter. Camera one Butler. Steve Spielberg.

And when you see the glance it's too late for a frame.

At the end of a time of an imaginary town, the kid says "a shark" and a real one flops in the boat by the dock to be deftly knifed and blood on the deck it takes a long time to dry, we see. The Oak Bluffs Township Limits sign's been changed to Amity, part of an increasing overlay on everything. A jeep with one sign's no less actual than one with another. The sky turns a deeper blue, clearer you can see into it, a Canadian high edges down. Will we go home to heat. A grip truck gets stuck down in sand at watersedge and they finally reverse it to roadbed with boards brought out. Make the sun shine in. A loose shark and a wider finger for the ring. Chicken breast pressed around ham cube in cheese cover on a toast. No television and lines of bikes. Louisa May Alcott's closes late to multi-course caters. Sam Dash uses two hands as I remember. Are these connections or real discontinuities, isolations of each thing. Das Ding it is. Simply putting this thing next to this thing. How much actual connection is there in arrangement. A combine just because the mind thought it? Next rather than together? To write a book full of mind full of earth. Mechanical sharks and dying ones. Sharks. Is memory true to verb tenses. There is no simultaneity? Could a whole book, every sentence, be question. Could I ask that this has always been. Had?

(Louis Bellson eating watermelon.)

The paraders march to a fiction. The salamanders finally wouldn't reveal their make-up. So the thesis be just a record of what was done, no conclusions(s). They will never finish shooting this movie (hundreds of set-ups so far for one shot). And not a sentence that ever ends.

Whitefoot.

...and now. So what's that, a person who doesn't know jaws.

—Edgartown, 13VI74

VII.

A settlement. Three frames internalized while walking the street. The boy who was eaten speaking from a car window goes past. Lives past the movies. I saw him, in and out of his life. Exemplary lives. Frames beyond value. His friends kidded him.

The film as another town in fragments. Gull on churchtop smears the catholic bells. But it'll burn off by noon. A film on this morning would include slants on the graph of sun penetration. Angles of worries. The makers be on beach or at sea? Places in a notebook. Not what the camera took in, but where it was when taking. Where someone could absently stand. I stood behind the film being made. We put away the beach and sea. Hands folded over Panaflex.

We have seen the language, and it is a distance from us. People will not accept being shown a language full of mysteries, but use it all the time. Change of shot. Dreyfuss is seen standing up front, then sitting to the rear, and is he the same. He could see himself, as we see him. The syndrome of meeting oneself in a dream. Susanna York sees herself on a hill. We identify and see ourselves seeing. We see her stare past a mirror through an open window. The consistency of movies, we accept the gaps. Not allowed to stop and think. The gaps

become irregular and disorient. Which direction are we facing. A geometry of geologies we accept without thinking. Seen in a room, seen in a door, going through another doorway, standing aside, sitting down in back from in front. The gaps between frames have become gaps between scenes, we accept. Later what was seen is questioned. We don't accept but continue. What was not seen advances the action. Look down and miss some movement of trees. The water moved the boats and that shot was impossible. Lines were fixed to hold the language for a frame or two. The crew left the movie for the night. The shark was lost beneath the dock in daylight.

Stand still and look at things as the camera sees you. The actor's mind on food in horror. When the boat really sank, that was not in the film. A sort of inter-shot script of discussion in restaurants, toes in the drink, soaked walkie-talkies, arguments on the way to the scene. The film was continuously leaving the island the director would not allow himself to leave. Fresh water on Sunday, new pages discarded. Reporters talk it up, Islanders play it down. Films do not leave you to your own thoughts. Language preys on the mind.

The sharks have decided to stall. Someone comes up with a name for them, "Bruce". They are covered and put away. The next day they kick up again. They are neither human nor sharks. Constructed for the purposes of Jaws. A Bruce gets away, sinks, appears in the wrong gap. The skin of a Bruce must be attended. Third graders take spelling tests. The New York Times advertise. Enough humans must buy it, then forget it, till the next one. Sharks must shock at their appearance, or they are ungrammatical. The surface must be kept, useful as holes.

I wonder why I was afraid of the ocean. Why I

hated the language. Washed up on the strand. Morning in the universe. The words for the former forgotten. Walk until you come to the breakfast, where they forgot the maple syrup. Tonight, another movie. Meanwhile, speech. I sit on the beach again, choose between binoculars and a magazine. Out there they are loading. Again they are covering the ocean. Boats please leave. A thought to include the wrong kind of fish. The last night's pages are brought in a boat to a point on the sea. The news is blank. The ocean inarticulate. Sharks must be provided. And men who are moved by them. The film boat sank again.

Put on your pants, drop the cards, down a beer, and get on set. Which is the deep blue sea. Remember your lines, pulling cover. A mixture of makeup and suntan cream. A man stoops over the marge. Sneakers slipping on scuppers in this shot. A man drowning is revived. An old tale redressed. Reactions in a cabin, awash, no room for the cameras. A day as a wrap, the sea all around.

I have seen the film, beat the heat, deranged my thinking, shuffled entrances and leavings. When next will Jaws appear. The life of a film, nonexistent before and after the time it runs. We were there before. The void particular, fills with everything else. The lines around the corner in the night light. The car on the ferry in monoxide. The headland in different sizes. Some life according to the frame.

A film just the right size for its array of elements (Five Easy Pieces). Jaws opens beneath its closure. A film that doesn't end, but rises. A hero keeps his proper distance. Sighting the headland, Bulkington at the helm. Shoreless, indefinite as God.

Must come home. A lighthouse and a few lines. And the music rises. And the sun again.

An equation of featureless ocean set in its headlands, basins of attraction, and a film length that equals it. The Sound as a factor of foot-frames. The shoreless one computes this, but is non-union and cannot be found in time. Jaws opens without measure. Feature-length ingrained in the makers' bones? Godard wonders if his films will meet feature strictures. Rivette doesn't care. Woody Allen's film is deemed a ripoff, and must be packed in old cartoons. Whole dream puzzles flash to, in seconds. Two hours, the commercial modicum.

Actor's life in fragments. Must hold space, not think of the time occupied. He must hold enough to repeat. Language chopped, a chair as his period. Yet another take to rhyme him with himself. Won't attend rushes, afraid to see himself again. See you at the beach. Meet at a point on the ocean. Film a matter of living there at the time. Seagulls in the rushes. Sharks see humans as seals.

When the movie's over, turn on the light. Leave the seat. Speak on streets. Are you in a film or are you real? In a film? Liars!

VIII.

The tracking camera loses the man. In narrative. Is it natural to like what one is looking at if one is looking at it sometimes it is and sometimes it is preferable to be

nearer and nearer further away and they might they might be careful of it as careful of it as careful of it as careful of it. Run down the blocks of the jetty to leap over a bridgerail to see with one's own eyes the remains. I walk those rocks the next summer to no object, the current changes clear under that bridge the scallops rise and sink. The story has gone off. The landforms nobody studies. Is it not allowed to neither like nor dislike but to be nearer or further and careless of the objects in no former lines. A graph of fracture lines in granite. Carted from the mainland, not native, no lines in this scene. Can you see the opening, the exhalation, the head line. Now another one sits on the rocks, and suns, in no scene.

The man sits by the cut writing watched by the police. Another story. The man lost by the camera will reappear in a further shot. He will be reading a book of pictures of sharks, and their victims. The sun, formerly at noon, will be sinking, thanks to a cut. Sense will be made of a day. The man has no lines in this scene. It is natural to be looking at a book of pictures. He is careful of the book as it shows blood, in horrible gashes. Soon his wife will arrive with lines, following another cut. The cameraman has preferred to be further away, precluding closeups. Their lines extend to a dock at the harbor, two small boys in a boat there. The danger is wholly verbal.

The camera is tracking right, constantly emptying the shot to the left, filling it equally to the right. Nothing is lost on the film, a balanced equation. One would prefer to see what is beyond the frame. Teeters on the edge. Smoothly directed toward forgettal. Antonioni kept his camera

on the actors moments after their lines had terminated the scene. Residua of language holding the attention. What is preferred. What is behind the camera. What is stationary.

The painter remembers all the forms painted out. There is a log of shots not used. Fellini fills his films with the people alive with him. Antonioni subtracts, carries over the last digit to void. Godard adds the irrational numbers. Spielberg takes a readout. This scene needs something. Try a bucket.

Look at the sky. There is no sky. Ceiling zero. A wheel in an old film is remembered. And the rest forgotten. They get up in the morning to the new pages. A fast read. Check the weather, attach the hoses. Row. Shoot. What you don't see might as well not be there. Fellini's footage was stolen and held for ransom. If both eyes are not of equal focus your sight will lack an edge. A lock on the water. Prepositions frozen or left open. A television left on while you are away.

IX.

The places where the water has covered you. Don't move the camera. When I shot a small movie I found it destroyed everything. The edges shots, together, motion enough. The points of mind where parts of films have entered you. And does it stop you, or do you go on into the next frame. The end of a film as the pan in on mere ocean under the bridge. The occasions of films dissolving you.

Falling asleep during a film. Or parallel film in images produced by the

track alone. Radio plays, and water in a glass that enters you. She stares out a window we can't see from within the boat. Daydreams, and uneaten food, and the sound of dinners. Jaws will be forgotten, or what film was that image from. Spinning wheel of truck in an African film of narrative refuse. Two women in big hats and comparing hands.

Never leave.

The film will never run out. Even if the projector turned off, the amplifier extinguished, the reels packed away in their brown cartons. The old nitrous film stock had a silvery look. The new approaches television. Roy Scheider wants to turn to his wife. Robert Shaw away from Canada. Richard Dreyfuss silent. They watch their rushes together, then leave by different directions. The streets on the film. The faces of the town on the film. They refuse to watch themselves. They see the film going on without them.

The man in the frame turns to face and scream "The same!". The glass has been left upturned on the porch floor. Light wounds in the dark. He sees himself doing to himself. Face cancellation. The edge of light blending faces. The light is taking place in the dark. Never go home with new glasses. Not put away what's uneaten. Pay attention to the sounds you don't make. Come away from the film that stuck. The frame that wouldn't go. The man wants it back, that part that framed him. Holes in the substance it has enough. The same him going by him he thinks to remain.

The mere true voice of the box invoked by ghosts. The mystery of the ways is coincidence. The littoral tracker. The poem never to get spoken "right". The movie was made in a year of my time, though laid

in "the present". The sentence to another period. A blackness between everything stays it alive, i.e. separate. Windowless rooms give me the feeling I've been tricked.

Robbe-Grillet says, I identify completely with the progress from motel to motel across the United States. He was said to be in New York at the time. No one could identify completely with progress. Not even Melville. The motel is the same motel, spinning slow in place as a pun or rhyme. No one saw the movie in this way, every inch down the same road. Blacks tend to censor bits, like movies intervening.

A movie tends to vanish, on the face of it. A print of Contempt all in pastels. The Island in shades of white, the ocean all in blacks. But withal the thought behind it, the movie proved fast enough. That everyone stuck to it. The words to stuff.

X.

Walked straight into the water. Going below on the ocean. Then, deep enough, turned and walked back out onto the beach. A film that doesn't admit to doubt. A direction of no inclusion wavering. Lines with no lapse. What goes on between, in space, like sound and colours. No life, no tones, no little peeks. A monstrosity rising from the sound. Her tiny eminence on the rug. Forms following from a decision to proceed. He stands on the water. As the film is run off.

Now she turns her head to the left (she does not turn). But it doesn't matter (she turns her head to the left). Three long slow pans

of uninterrupted active surface sea, horizon half the frame, back to back. But then a film was never my object.

But a film set on a plan, the speed of. Mouth tipped to a camera in millimeters. Long sky of an afternoon shooting a single establishing shot under the active blue of uninterrupted sky the afternoon. Camera prints in the sand, the pages of words for image. To shoot, is active, something that never took place. Nothing left. Stood up on the jettywall, facing water, turns away from the camera, says her words. The camera still, the people shifting. A cloud hits its mark, dimming the acts. The movies are a world of waits. And the hurried mind to link them into a tone, the story.

Even your plastic shark will not tell you. Glass rod on velvet, cat whisker in the arc lamp. The sea breathing in your sleep. And there is not a rock in this movie, but divided, particular, subject to ocean. On light beams. In coincidence. You go out.

All this hubbub contained in shots, one wonders if the world is as active. Man spills coffee on script. Grip trips on piton anchoring seaweed for a mark. Popcorn down the aisle in the dark. Beckett recording pronouns in his room, away from the one window. Godard trotting on dark pavement, but Parisian in wet trenchcoat and polaroid shades. Anyone in the decoration of his life, framed, still.

I haven't got back from the movie or the island, anything, still. I look through a back window into the empty room. Which simply tells that I'm not now there. The ones there now don't see them, are they inside their words? Strife, and anatomy, and a brass window well. Fluid business of

pronouns in the stiff exchange of nouns. Shown into the room the film was shot then shown in. And the people says their return went far beyond anyone's expectations.

A point of lingering on the ocean, the light disappearing. Expectations say it's flat, but it's not. Moon driven whorls and winded minglings. Creation is expressionless, since it has no face. The movies are all exhausted details of a mind. The cigarette burns a finger promptly drops it to the floor. The writer still turns in his chair, rocks in a window bottles books, leaves. Typing errors in the plot. Memory is a matter of lapses. Films are cut, but rocks are cracked, as books their pages. Oceans undivided. Thinking, a matter of filters, to accommodate the mess. Nobody has even known the end to a thing. A hair wiggling in the gate.

Since they got back from the moon, the story is well protected. Images, not answers. The makers will not return to the island, even for Jaws Two. The story of that summer can not be replaced, not even by the film it gave to. Another construction of box lunches in the wind. They gave it up, enclosed in a form on hand. Another summer, other avenues, swap of narrative's guises. Flattening the moment to come forever, I stand for another playback. Else project, big-little, on a loop, just, the sea.

Come to that, an iron thong, casts shadow on a stone, just touched but undone. An open avenue walked down, another, and their plots too enmeshed for set of frames, their faces telling but told too fast, unfound. The end of nothing at last revealed at the bottom of main street, the harbor lain. I left, to the movies, their exchanges, nothing. That, I was also that, I was also. Enough film to film the island, island enough

to film.

Goes away as the same it is not. Is not flat, is not a loop, is not of credit of image of character. I think of the island as having risen from the bottom in one night. As "over night" is a phrase come loose, its meanings wave. An autobiography appears, the jetty light comes on. But the film is over. The eyes are not closed.

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