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# I Meant To Be Transparent

LRL e-editions

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Series Editors: Julia Drescher, Ash Smith, and C.J. Martin

I Meant To Be Transparent



I meant to be transparent

Things were astounding enough

the passenger ferry      the steeple

enough to make you die of astonishment      an empty river  
the swimming bench      tips of trees      to take wing  
if you did nothing at all

I like that feeling right next to the stillness      being alive      if one could  
could realize that clearly enough

If I don't eat there's a situation      what everyone did was just a distraction from  
astonishment

magistrate building

sitting neatly as adults      the body as message

I appreciate a riot    let the hand down    revering books and language

charm    amulet

I preach practicality as a vision of the future

pilgrim    saint

I am not John Dewey

The shrine of the *beyond*    *that is within*    sideways next to the imagination one

must remember it is there    fluid    Sometimes miracles were written on

parchment    twisted into a paw    abracadabra    shining in the pocket of a good

realist    to agree    the minutes are a modifier

An emphasis falls on silhouettes

trenches    lilies

substituting for an original body and voice    you recall treatments of

nothingness    *books were not stories printed on paper*    *they were people*

*the real people*    silence was pictorial again

## Dismantling imperialist nostalgia

She finds the woman who wrote searing scenes. A rosy linoleum making a shapely thing of a chance meeting with a stranger. Fantastic titles surround. It was monstrous to break in. Wildness. Consciously shining as if she won knocking out any particular or blindered soiree. Making havoc and complications. Two tall Ts looking from face to face. Claiming audience and suggestions for accommodations. As everyone was the moment. Community crowned one for the other. Hearing only form is a kind of perfect happiness. Pancakes and pajamas. Science as cosmic scandalmongering.

Color as corruption

But when you threaten to go about labeled gingerale for ladies only

the problem is like certain businesses      You use the wrong expressions

perversions

depravities

horrors

Ugliness      rooms wherein the eye finds neither food nor rest

Estrangement

perpetuating claims

cultural visions

Keeping the center clear      the walls a pale soft shade      space and perspective

created by her treatment of the corners

Making a far distance there

bearing vertical stripes

of rare indefinitely retreating blue



To attend to color then is a part to attend to the limbs of language—whatever you have on ice—as a theater of simultaneous possibilities—Does the beautiful girl act as creator thief or scribe—Whether they are not glad to have escaped the bob fringed art-serge lodgings—sheltering their first five weeks—there is constant action and the action is in us

Everything is a side issue

She is backwards and forwards in a sense of time as vertical

rather than horizontal

Traveling the difficulties      no one had ever said

fabric about anything

The arrival of a dedicated afternoon

a dangerous looseness      and of the guests prune-and-prism behavior

instead signals the time to perform another reading of the paragraph just read

Pirouetting elegantly about one must both read by ear and follow the sound

read by eye

cakes

eyebrows perpetually up

To make the reader strange to herself for her swift perceptions

longing for participation

his eyelids had oftended served as shutters

An action and a process

nothing there      *butterfly*

Adventurers on a journey      garment      production as reproduction

liberated an artificial whistle      the windup release

An equally deedy female

She gathered up the scattered sheets

a non geometrical attempt to supply information

about what was far and what was important

bringing it down into life

and illustrating its operation there was good

it was more like an expressionist portrait than an identification photo

Perhaps this was a turning point

leaving panic behind

It was for sinners not navigators

these cupboards full of ranged freshly-labeled bottles

the distance from Oberland to Jerusalem

a ruler across a map

Drawers of stored materials

newly sorted and listed

turned each way and each way is undone

the multitude of charts and the many accounts

affect and atmosphere

the presentation so annotated and tabulated

Her successor would relievedly find herself

the sport and spectator of fueled efforts

The world

of a super humanly deedy female

canalled

and could be lived up to

Public inscriptions are all around us

She recalled the general pleasantness of the atmospheres during those last moments before she became for them a kind of monster—To refuse to return to the next—*she was a misfit in domestic service*—a crisis of expectations

She should have been a grenadier or a countess—Insert immanence going through the hall to answer the door—It was found he had access to money—*She was a procession—humanity in disdainful movement*—unassuming right and left contemplation—A world of people going into space—and at any moment might have the bad manners to go up in flames—Heels out between us—almost enough to make dangerous a fantastic intensification of everyday people

A hundred song magazines in order to make people attend—Love is a lavish language—Love is a huntress song—To his philosophy of astonishingness a bill of goods—*The astoninghiness of doors opening when you push them*—It was going to be this sweater—She had spoken firmly from the context of her private speculations—Lots of big big revolution behind my eyes—one long moment of attention

She has a guilt complex and a poison pen

*The night was like a moment added to the day.* Signing his name and forgetting his friends like years going backwards to the beginning of ambient textuality.

Endless couplets and in the brilliant sunshine the unchanging things began again. Non-pressure modalities. The characters of the story were always tiresome. The administrative and problematic heavy industry publications.

The ideas the wonderful quotations if you looked closely at them metadata containers things that everybody knew. I'm reading a novel I'm on an architectural space. *Dear Eve Shakespeare is a sound.*

He was secretly interested in adventurers and adventuresses the book in durational energy. Paid for does it make dinner an uncomfortable domestic container. *Before she finished the chapter Miriam knew the position of each piece of furniture.*

The information on the surface was romantic and modular. Every page a discrete unit absorbed in a massive amount of footnotes.

Tell her I'm giving up thinking in words

As a witness of enormities the failure that underlines the modernists. Regardless  
of street a perverse way of making Americans by making him realize  
something of the enchantment. A long gramophone recording over time that for  
him was just a way of being charming.

To take someone who doesn't want the pleasure of language and as desirably  
remote from science. Or when they've found perfection beaten vocabulary I  
don't have access to anymore.

Everybody is a special category. Without an infant do not feel obligated.  
Concluding that you don't want to risk electrocution they spoke English to each  
other. Erasing patterns of assimilation. One must you know keep one's  
metaphors up-to-date.



Complaints about the language she inherits always there

Years ago he said there will be no more him and her

the novels of the future will be clear of all that

Farewell my red balloon

romance is solitary and permanent

Need #1 in everybody

hinges

calculable

White walls

aluminum the smell of fruit A tangle of nerve-racking heavy industries Gather a  
feeling but not an exact picture How they all had handles Our point is now  
transparent Destroying everybody teeth first

I expected pioneers

The door is off its hinges. What people forget about the avant-garde forwards  
and backwards. The pre-raphaelites wanted to bring the background forward.

The tyranny of perspective they wanted all views at once two poles to the  
rickshaw. To be taken together seriously picked

sweet

cola

nicely every gesture has a sound shape. Make a drawing of the sound.

A dynamic space not a linear space

performative

crushed

the condition of fury. There is an absorption of the minor character as porous as  
everyone seems an enormous amount. The bonus round nothing with butter.

Swell certainly your desire. Not *about* anyone. She wanted her poem to go  
somewhere to be leaving the house.

The three areas of technical understanding—photography, persistence of vision, projection

Till now she had reached to where perhaps feeling fades into thought—her whole being a torch peevishly seeking inflammable material—Create foreground—reenact and place the miracle behind the surface—Miscarried inspirations of a prospective audience too long kept waiting—the continuous performance going on behind all invitations—To focus upon this or that of the film itself—short circuiting in a frivolous world—Dwelling behind all invitations I tried to make her admit—punctuality in the coming through of the hidden shape of things is scientific evidence—and a little dangerous—and apt to be pathological

*Why do these scientific people suppose that something supplying hints when you are not looking for them—hints that overpower the voices of reason and common sense are more strange and mysterious than anything else—Collective seeing—small ceremonial prepared for a group—Perhaps scientific people are intellectual saints and martyrs sacrificed to usefulness—believing that men and women are taught from the beginning to speak “his”*

And I waited for his arrival—Those people who hail taxis and dismiss servants  
with one imperious gesture—The torment of *all* novels is what is left out—Slaves  
to the lamp—I am late—*Look how nicely and quickly I am doing it*—The moment  
you are aware of it—*Look at me being late and apologetic and interested*—There  
is torment in them—Bang bang bang on they go—yet unable to make you forget  
for a moment

Since the beginning

I've left this standing on the horizon. When they go to town it is unfortunate as meaning gathered by a series of gestures. Until you can go on yourself make a drawing of the shape of the sound.

The difficulties rallying to maintain all of this and not following up. And into your quickness I'm assuming they know some of the work falls apart. He didn't mean some of them enter your blood but I really liked the comb in her hair. Now they've vanished into the early 20<sup>th</sup> century four pancakes personal anxiety.

It was done quickly a lion of essays to authority. Expected half spinal bruising basically afraid of it always curved-in and the effort did not succeed. The chest over and lure offence left there in exactly the same place as when I first contemplated it.

Drilling is thrilling

Ten thrills a second when no one was there and making her know that this was  
what it really was when everyone was there

only these two glowing eternally

an assembly of tiny type

everywhere was darkness and challenge

her bones and skin above her a kind of factory of affectations and poses

All my life since the beginning he could show you skinny when he wanted to  
and all the while the party itself stood in my mind

They talk to each other as a space

her flexible spine less extravagant more typographic

mad parrots

an assembly printed in tiny type

for the flick of a bee's wing

Poetry has its distractions

talking at top speed erotically charged without a robbing of any boundaries

and as if all his remarks were contributions to an argument

or space inside a work

if let in all the time the picture of an injured seraph

if agreeable brows up

blue eyes wide



Didn't anyone tell you how to gracefully disappear in a room

No longer a pattern whose development she watched with indifference—she waited up but knew the change was in herself—the little parenthesis coming punctually as she turned to seek—in that movement she had gone part of the way towards the changeless central zone of her being

*Text is a site-specific work and a book is a site*—the little phrase had caught her on the way—friends as a kind of fur coat—good margins—good framing—good materials—triumphant social gesture was a permanent prison

Contemplating the theme in order to find phrases—good materials will get you a long way—Every experience of friends separated by circumstances—didn't anyone—we must talk of this elsewhere—didn't anyone tell you

You shall tell me once more this remarkable experience—I think this place is full of spies—he feels details are useless—this river is full of lost sharks—so utterly unlike anything we know—each flower a little upright figure and a song

The book made an emotion of the lost territory

*(for and after Bhanu Kapil, Dorothy Richardson)*

There he stood a comfort and a reproach the event of the border. How powerfully the future flows into the present. How to translate migration into the work of the line. And how on entering on experience one is already beyond it so that most occasions are imperfect save before and afterwards.

The border is unintelligible and only at the price of solitude. Rewriting in neomuscular terms as gesture. Perhaps everyone has a definite thought rhythm and speech. If we breathe long enough ashes in some kind of motion. Rhythm which cannot be violated without producing self-consciousness and discomfort. Continual migration molecular. The whole process is strange strange and secret.

Always a mystery and an absence from which one returns to find life a little further on. When the new volume arrives in its parcel inflamed one has to endure the pang of farewell to current life.

There is sound and there is needlepoint in their midst threatening like a packet of explosives. Every piece has a womb a woman tied to a tree. Serbia to Pakistan. To open the book and to the monster is to begin life anew cyborg with eternity in hand. You need the group to tell you the appearance of alien elements of quotations and gleaning of facts. To surround you with the empty to hold you in place at last rising from a crowd of problems.

Lips smacked everyday at the centre of which stands the specter of one's own ignorance. All girls are sewing giant dresses. Nothing to hold to but a half-accepted doctrine. Threading film being versus becoming. Becoming versus being. Some use sequins to reform the domestic. It is certain that becoming depends on being. Are the "classics" just a life revealed. Perhaps in the end things like beloved backgrounds are people it was difficult. I'm next to the pantry. The night was difficult for them.



*For Nathan Cordero, Lauren DiCiccio, Anka Draugalates, Jodi Lomask, Kristofer Mills, Viet Thanh Nguyen, Alix Ohlin, Larry Bob Phillips, Vanessa Woods, and the Djerassi Resident Artists Program.*

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#### Source Text/ Music/ Audio

Dorothy Richardson, *Pilgrimage*, v. 1-13 (Virago Press Ltd, 1976); Susan Gevirtz, *Narrative's Journey: The Fiction and Film Writing of Dorothy Richardson* (Peter Lang Publishing, 1996); A. W. Crosby, *The Measure of Reality: Quantification and Western Society, 1250-1600* (Cambridge University Press, 1997); Penn Sound (<http://www.writing.upenn.edu/pennsound>), *Close Listening*, Charles Bernstein with Johanna Drucker, Kenny Goldsmith, Tao Lin, Alice Notely; & *Linebreak*, Susan Howe with Alice Notley, Kathleen Fraser, Leslie Scalpino, Barbara Guest, and Anne Waldman; and the Naropa Poetics Audio Archives (<http://www.archive.org/details/naropa>), Bhanu Kapil.

“I meant to be Transparent” is a line from Robert Duncan’s *Ground Work Before the War*. The title: “drilling is thrilling” is from an interview with Kenny Goldsmith on Penn Sound. “The Three Areas of Technical Understanding” is a chapter title from Susan Gevirtz’s *Narrative’s Journey*. “Public inscriptions are all around us” is a blurb from John Ashbery for Marjorie Welish’s *Isle of the Signatories*. “The book made an emotion of the lost territory” is a quote from a talk by Bhanu Kapil. “She has a guilt complex and a poison pen” is a lyric from “Guilt Complex” by Sons and Daughters on *This Gift*, and “Didn’t anyone tell you how to disappear in a room” is a lyric from The National’s “Secret Meeting” on *Alligator*.





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