

"Well! Aint you two gonna give each other a kiss!" and we got through a routine of cheek-pecking.

After supper when everybody else was talking we walked out back of the house. It's hard to explain what the plains look like if you've never been there. The land is totally flat on all sides all the way to the horizon. There's a lot of space and the sky is huge. There was a sunset. Donald-Gene said, faltering and gentle, I guess it's hard to stay favorite cousins when you move away and when you're playing every day with somebody else. To let me off the hook. As if we're any of us off that hook. Our natural infidelities. But it breaks my heart to think how he tried to tell me he understood what had happened and didn't hold it against me.

Bobbie Louise Hawkins

Barrett Watten

March 20

A roaring. Truck labelled SMISER in white on blue block letters--one block down the side and the other across the front. As the roaring stops a man steps in so his head is between the two SMISER blocks. He is Irish. I look away. One cop is now standing before SMISER. Down the block his partner is phoning in a call. They start up the street. Truck SMISER drives away. Signs on other trucks--OROWEAT HOSTESS CAKES. Roaring starts again--air vents? I put coffee cup next to a postcard depicting the crab nebula. Used as a book marker for Carlos Casteneda. Roaring then stops. Radio commentary on horse races. Pays \$19.80 to win. What a difference \$15.30 would make. Green parka on a man--green VI comes up behind him. And if it is constant composition it is still possible for figures to jump out of walls, through the floors to show fight. People disappearing into small crypt-like depressions in the pavement as soon as I look away. I notice the roaring has started and stopped again without my noticing it. Working man was very animated, wiggled his eyes in paroxysm of egotism--is it possible to so totally identify with what you do? Anticipate some rhyme with do as the end of the sentence. John Clare--heaving thud of the rhyme word on what would be an otherwise interesting string of words. Rhyme as a means to keep going, a kind of conventional thump that can't be put down unless one has further knowledge of when and how to stop. The natural qualities of XYZ versus the occasional qualities. The anti-occasional qualifications recognized natural qualities, like a tape-recorder takes down speech. What I do now, for instance, while writing this, is no containment of natural qualities. Rather a possible ground spring for self's acts using any impetus which defines them. It's not any impetus, though; one which sets such and such off. Do you realize what's happened in twenty years??? Pay attention to the writing. WCN--rhyme of disarrangement of objects/the most obvious rhyme of all. Vast and inside writing he was to realize such on extended terms. Angry. Is somebody sitting here? No, it's me. Time to leave now.

April 5

Perceptions which end in atomization. Perception atomizes. Perceptions atomize. The atoms melt into lead--and it sits there, a lump of solid grey--material. Material contradiction, its essence, it's written, means that a piece of matter somehow separate from another piece interacts with it, resulting in displacement of both, a new description if someone were there to record it.

This may be going a bit far, but--the insides of a bird are a kind of granular cheese, moved by wings attached from one location, a tree, to another. An active intelligence in dissipation--kids running around in a circle "We want back, we want back."--OK a catalogue. All varieties of living arrangements. Tension. I found her--cold, it was cold in the apartment, but she was easy to talk to, I found her right away.

Oh yes, a large and lonely man--a condition of paranoid shock. The crowd flinches in unison as blocks of fog break off the main mass to cover the park. All of a sudden a horizontal condition, looking out from under this mass at the serious, squinting, troubled and nervous outline of buildings by the bank--the bank buildings downtown, a new billboard for KENT at least 30 feet, can see it here over a mile away. The clouds are sweeping people out of the park--clouds like disjunct concrete blocks in an open field. A scream and a crash. A sigh. I was troubled to find I was inside.

His story--Norwegian peasants, Giants of the Earth, ankle deep in mud, eyes level with the horizon, came to build cities in imitation of Northern Europe but then tricked by phony papers and schizoid wasp bosses & daughters. It went on like this. They picked it up as a kind of matter and carried it to another place, dropped it and died. Moved it around a bit for the next generation of inhabitants, had serious trouble calling it theirs, their place.

Detailed transcription of thought. Thought--I thought. There, before the eyes, a quickness, it changes. In passing a blankness of terrain. A passing blankness of terrain--SHAPE--the condition is its own shape. "Hovering over the page" a quote--note--full of quotes. It's a condition of its own, parallel, that's a kind of power. To open up, converse, argue back and forth. Becomes an experience, not necessarily a measure, whose solidity is-- I want to sustain this--a conversation, again, extremes with no intent.

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It's like living on a 2-inch margin, a strip. Things either are met with head on or impinge and cause panic. Being thrown into an area--space atomized--so that anything one is, is a point like any other. Space turned inside out? Black holes--white dots. Orange flares on a hill, lead curtain going down--

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