

“Things fit together. We knew that--it is the principle of magic.”
Jack Spicer

Writing on Language Reading

Fit One--There Is No Place
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Fit One: There Is No Place

*One wants almost to shudder (yawn, laugh...) in disbelief
at the hierarchization of consciousness in such a dictum
as "first thought, best thought", as if recovery
were to be prohibited from the kingdom;
for anyway "first thought" is no thinking
at all. There is no 'actual space of'
not in language, not in thought, except, of course, if you are a psycholinguist, or
Descartes in the gland of the mind/body joint.*

Perhaps, as reference point, place is exiled in the practice of "language" writing. "I lived there," refers to temporary housing, a tabernacle inhabited between two homes: the foregone where words were fruit good enough to eat, and the forthcoming when they will, when all the signs appear, contract paradise.

Between these homelands there is meaning--ironic and evanescent--but of *Place there is none; we go forward and backward and there is no place...*

Poetry is the gateway to forwords and backwords. The poet is not Janus, though. She has as many heads as possible ways to say. *What is important is the word "Gateway" on the one hand (clear as to where you are and that you are going "out") and the matter of "resources" ...Here offer some guidance to these places.*

Suggestions are welcome and may be sent to e-poetry@ubvm.cc.buffalo.edu

Of course, the irony is that the disturbance of reference, the diffusion of place, can only be disseminated through institutionalized lines that reify, that stand for something "here."

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Poetry can, though, point toward place as the reflexive ground of shifting relations. "Act so that there is no use in a centre," Stein writes in *Rooms*.

This is what Jack Spicer studied as a linguist: the changing speech patterns in transitional areas. As we move through space, designations/destinations change: *haycock/shock; cowyard/cowlot; pail/bucket; chickenship/chickenshit; Logos/ Lowghost.*

As we move through time, all areas become transitional areas:
*Set this wall against that saxophone. Street in relation to
bridge in relation to briefcase, besides the other's traced hand,
which reaches out of the interval into thought. The street falls
away from itself, blocking the text*

The text blocks the street. The room where this desk stands, this computer rests. Electricity turns thought into language at a certain site.

Text is place.

Book was there, it was there. Book was there.

PLACES IN THE ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE

Charles Bernstein, "The Simply," *The Sophist*.

Augustine, *Confessions*. Epigraph to Michael Palmer's *Notes for Echo Lake*.

"Gateway to Other Electronic Poetry Resources," File in Electronic Poetry Center Archive.

Address for Sun & Moon Press as it appears in the "Sun & Moon Classics" edition of Gertrude Stein's *Tender Buttons*.

Gertrude Stein, "Rooms" *Tender Buttons*.

"Correlation Methods of Comparing Ideolects in a Transition Area," David W. Reed and Jack Spicer, *Language*, V. 28 #3.

William Fuller, *byt*.

Gertrude Stein, "Book," *Tender Buttons*.

Fit Two: hegemony/nonny nonny

Abbot Trithemius to Agrippa: *Yet this one rule I advise you to observe, that you communicate vulgar secrets to your vulgar friends, but high and secret to high and secret friends only.*

Inside: To be esoteric means to be inside, gathered within. A body, perhaps, dead from a long fall. The world's history is its decay. To be esoteric means to be inside and know where you are.

Outside: To be outside means to be inside and not know where you are.



Outside: Poets associated with "language" writing are outside of the inside of the "mainstream" public and enticements that reward poetic labor.

Inside: Poets associated with "language" writing are esoteric.

Mainstream poetry tends to valorize the poet as lyrical speaker and promote language as a transparent means of conveying the ego's utterance. Instead, it speaks (in the guise of epiphany) the decaying body of a post-industrial, late-capitalist culture: one person / free to spend, one voice / free to speak.

Poetry outside the mainstream tends to question the stable subject and expose language as sound-stuff, thought-particle, as opposed to emotional stuffing that fills the bed on which the poet lies. DO NOT REMOVE THIS TAG UNDER PENALTY OF LAW.

"Language" writing decreates, takes apart, discourses that support a corrupt state held together with packaging. It unpacks. Decreation undoes the work of creation, because what we've created is already fallen from a possibility we can imagine. What we say is misguided. Life, though, can change with a new way of speaking. Fallen world, fallen words, higher world, higher language--these tenets recall principles of early Christian gnostic sects.

The spiritual practice of Christian gnosticism was in dialectic with the centralization of power in the early church. It was a response to the institution formed to support patristic ideology and the hegemony of a specific Christology--the Logos turned into the Law, the transformative power of language harnessed in support of an officially licensed reading of the spirit. In turn, the gnostics organized, much as language poets have, around texts not sanctioned by the "official" church.

The power of the official church grew and became solidified, in part, because of its repression of gnostic sects.¹ Nevertheless, gnostic practices continually emerge in Western intellectual history with a variety of emanations: as religious controversy, as alchemy, as Tarot, as witchcraft, astronomy / astrology...as a practice of returning magical properties to language, as a way to speak out of ideologically determined positionality.

It is no coincidence that "language" writing came of age as a discernible cultural

¹ Indeed, Christian soldiers practiced for the crusades in the Middle East by first wiping out gnostic sects in the Provencal region, sects that have been long associated with the Provencal poets.

movement during the Reagan presidency, when freethinking individuals were in need of the 22 secret words that would lift their anima out of the Brooks- Brothers-suited body politic of the Republican nation.² Answering Blake's call for energy in the face of the law's repression, language poets organized, organized, organized.

The L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book, Sun & Moon, Sulfur, are names that indicate affinity between language writing and gnostic practices. The sentiments of its practitioners also reflect this affinity. In an issue of *Sulfur* published during the eighties, Charles Bernstein writes on the books he was currently reading. One was "a *summa contra* linguistic objectivism and analytic philosophy insofar as they claim that language neutrally designates an independently definitive world of distinct 'objects' (or object forms)." In a fascinating juxtaposition, he continues, "Matchless on this point is Chicago's superbly produced *The Greek Magical Papyri in Translation*, including the *The Demotic Spells*...This is one of the textually richest poems in years, complete with pages that look like lettrist poems or sound-text scores." Bernstein praises a book of spells--set against linguistic objectivism and analytic philosophy. Spells become (already are) poems because they untie the doing between words and things and configure new relationships.

white vine	bindweed
eagle	heart
eagle-stone	murr
eagle-ray	emerald

This spell is found in Maryst Waegman's *Amulet & Alphabet* and functions both as laxative and poem. It isn't difficult to pull an example from a contemporary poet to denote kinship.

zircon hellhound tintypes
uraeus

mesc
(Bruce Andrews, "Wrang")

"Language" writing, and magical language, share a number of characteristics: both upset linear narratives, defy syllogistic logic, and exploit language to serve acts other than speech. This is reminiscent of Artaud's desire for new poetic language, "make use of it [language] in a new, exceptional, and unaccustomed fashion...decide to distribute it actively in space...deal with intonations in an absolutely concrete manner...[restore its] power to shatter as well as really manifest something...turn against language and its basely utilitarian sources...and finally...consider language as the form of incantation" (*Theatre and Its Double*).

The "language" writers certainly have succeeded in distribution. The movement has demonstrated that new relationships between the word and world can be accomplished: The institutionalized tastemakers have not prevailed in this case. In the chorus of discourses in the literary arts, those associated with "language" writing have powerful voices and lively means to be heard. And they have accomplished this by organizing and labor, not by stabilizing meaning by making poetic language more

² I realize the movement has a number of literary antecedents that I'm not addressing, although to look at the San Francisco Renaissance, Black Mountain Poets, New York Poets, Stein, Beckett, Smart, etc, as being in a dialectic with the political and esthetic mainstream would probably bear the point out.

accessible.³

A difference between gnosticism and “language” writing involves telos and irony. Those daily words in that usual order couldn’t get gnostics where they wanted to go. Outside. So they turned over language to transcend. Spells are written because people believe they work. In the ironic age, what outside is language being turned over to? What happens to the transformative power of language as we distance ourselves from telos?

Yes, each poem has a distinct esthetic telos. I also acknowledge the danger in pointing toward telos--a rigid, articulated telos allows institutions to oppress with self-righteousness. But where does being inside get us out? The distancing of irony allows us to see a larger vision more critically, but what we love gets smaller in the process. Irony may be decreation without telos.⁴ You get outside laws but not walls.

Institutionalized power is frequently ironic when it comes to arguments against those who oppose it (force gives its irony iron maws). When Iraneus fought for the suppression of gnostics, irony was a weapon. By disallowing a certain kind of esoteric transcendence, he solidified a Church-allowed path to enlightenment that helped centralize power. In a tract against the gnostic Valentine he wrote, in imitation, “This cocubitancy and this absolute empty, which make but one, have emanated without emanating a fruit visible on all sides, a fruit which language names Gourd. With the Gourd there is a virtue of the same power itself which I call Melon. These virtues have emanated the whole multitude of the raving melons of Valentine” (qtd. in Doresse, *The Secret Book of the Egyptian Gnostics*).

It is puzzling, and perhaps impossible, to think out of this paradox--where does being inside, thinking out, place you? Is the Melon consubstantial with the Gourd, or is language as Logos one or the other--all Gourd and no Melon, or all Melon but no Gourd?

The first step is obviously decreation, but what is the goal of the secondary imagination if not to synthesize after decreation? The problem is apparent--it is doubtful that there is a garden to return to. We are outside.

We are inside. An ideology defines the outside and provides ways that lead out to the same differently. Which way does irony point? The outside we crave, or the inside that names itself out?

Perhaps the point is that telos shivers outside language and ideology. Decreation, then, allows telos a clear call--to think outside the all too easily articulated distinctions on which ideology depends. Perhaps the place outside language marks itself inside as unremarkable. Maybe poetry stands as a gateway, marking the entrance. Ecstatic.

Q: How can we enter too?

³ “Language” writing is a vital and important movement in the American intellectual community, not only because of esthetic daring, but also because of its success at organizing. Their labor to organize communities around esoteric texts has a very real, powerful, political effect. It doesn’t take a necromancer to realize that, as groups organize communities around fundamental, restricted readings of texts (the Bible, the Constitution), we need channels of distribution that give space to discourses that demand complex readings. This has been done and is ongoing by those associated with “laguage” writing. Their efforts have benefitted, and will benefit, all readers.

⁴ I’m thinking about irony as a discernible attitude toward the possibility of expression--the more ironic the stance, the further distance from a “meaning” other than “uncertainty” or “determination.” Although Bernstein’s hilarity as “the shortest path between immanence and transcendence” (reminding one of Artaud’s conviction that the Marx Brother’s were grand mystics) shows a way out--turning play between essential goals a kind of joyful, abundant practice, not innocent, knowing.

Jesus: If you can make the double into a single; and if you can make the outside the same as the inside, and the upper the same as the lower; and if you can make yourselves both male and female, so that you aren't one or the other; and if you make your eyes function as an Eye, your hand function as a Hand, and your foot function as a Foot, and if you can see images solely as Images--then you, too, can enter heaven.

(Fanny Howe, Excerpts from The Gospel According to St. Thomas)

Fit Three: A Letter to Jack Spicer's Notebook

Dear Book:

Near the back of *The Collected Books of Jack Spicer* is a picture of Robin Blaser. He wears a flowing white shirt and shaman's necklace. He is in motion, handsome, speaking without text. He looks like he could hold his vocabulary. A beloved neophyte, hagiographer.

You are in a photograph on the preceding page, held by a poet. His hair thinning. You rest against his ear. Eyes closed, he strains to hear above the din of the bar. You two: circuit board and speaker.

*The poet is a radio. The poet is a liar. The poet is a
counterpunching radio.*

*And those messages (God would not damn them) do not even
know they are champions.*

When the message has a powerful right cross, the poet gets knocked out. Your poet was knocked way out, punch drunk.

I can't speak to him

*Poets think they're pitchers
when they're really catchers*

but I can read.

I'm too much of a sensualist to commune with gnostic spirits. I wear a clod of earth on my chest to remind me where I am and where I'm going (Paracelsus tells us it aids digestion as well). Here, prosopopeia musters enough voice for words on a page, but they are only hearsay witnesses.

*"Personify," you say. "It is less abstract to make a person
out of a sound." But the word was the Word not because
he was personified but because he was personification. As if he
were human.*

On what the figure was acted, I say nothing. It is *as if* already.

as if nothing in the world existed except metaphors...

Being turned in words is not the same as being tuned in flesh. The distance between is analogous to the finite sentences our bodies serve, our typeface

*Where are you going pretty maid?"
"I'm going milking, sir," she said.
Our image shrinks to a morpheme, an -ing word. Death
Is an image of syllables.*

and the infinite glossalia of the Logos.

To proclaim his humanity is to lie--to pretend that he was not a Word, that he was not created to Explain. The language where we are born across (temporarily and witlessly) in our prayers.

There is room at the inn on the page, but it's a flophouse, threadbare and graffiti-ridden. The most pure guest will get fleas.

Now he is the Lowghost when He is pinned down to words .

We are all born in this flophouse, but act out. Reference bears us across the threshold, in time. As spirit falls into body, meaning falls between words and is crucified there, on its own possibility / responsibility [(made real)].

It is up to us to astonish them and Him. To draw forth answers deep from the caverns of objects or from the Word Himself. Whatever that is.

Whatever that is is not a play on words but a play between words, meaning come down to hang on a little cross for a while. In play.

And the stony words that are left down with us greet him mutely almost rudely casting their own shadows. For example, The shadow the cross cast.

Ron Silliman calls shadow, "light's writing." A linguist says "dialect," "ideolect." A linguist says, "phoneme," "morpheme," "syntax."

The shadow of the cross is structure, as the winter ground of a tree's shade. Your poet studied those dark lines--the law and language's passive will. In play.

The lowghost bound in written chains, as spoken,
according to a law,
in play.

Consubstantial.

*The morpheme--cence is regular As to Rule IIc, IIa and IIb
[cents] and [sense] being more regular. The [inn-]
With its germinated consonant
Is not the inn in which Christ Child was born. The root is
nocere and innocence*

The chains are fixed in your space. The messages broadcast in black and white, with static and ambient noise. They hurt, hitt- ing. This is a problem.

*What I mean is words
Turn mysteriously against those who use them
Hello says the apple
Both of us were object.*

It is not all problem, though. Place the falling apple in a text: Meditation interrupts alienation. Intercession read/spoken/written in every combination. Reproduced. Recreated. We're restrung and resung.

*A noise in the head of the prince. Something in God-language.
In spite of all this horseshit, this uncomfortable music.*

Not me, not yet. I lie here in dead prose and horseshit hoping to be tuned elsewhere

*They asked us to sing a sad song How
Motherfucker can I sing a sad song
When I remember Zion?*

But there is space, my good book, in the place of your pages.
Look at me.

I'm writing on you.

Love,

Mike B.

Fit Four: The Curious Case of Roman Jakobson & Other Knots

Saussure
Seuss
Doctor

Zeus

The Curious Case of Roman Jakobson

Opposed to [the] creative urge toward a transformed future is the stabilizing force of the immutable present, overlaid as this present is, by a stagnating slime, which stifles life in its tight, hard mold. The Russian name for this element is *byt*.
(Jakobson, On a Generation that Squandered its Poets, epigraph to William Fuller's *byt*)

Jakobson, in "On a Generation that Squandered its Poets," writes in the wake of Mayakovsky's suicide and argues for the poetic responsibility to the future. The essay is an anomaly in Jakobson's corpus. It refers to a life lived, not a law fulfilled. Most often, Jakobson searches for originary laws that predicate language, whether they're followed or not.

There exists, for instance, grammatical and anti-grammatical but never agrammatical. (Metaphoric and Metonymic Poles)

In "On a Generation that Squandered its Poets," though, Jakobson sets experimental poetry against the oppression of the (political) present, and its laws.

The homeland of creative poetry is the future.

It is not surprising that Jakobson sounds like Heidegger here. Jakobson was on his way to language from the beginning. Early on, he wrote poems and appeared in a publication with a group of poets who are literary ancestors of "language" writers. These poets wrote forward by dismantling language.

The last page of the book is devoted to the *zaum* poetry of a new poet who is identified only by his last name, Alyagrov. His poetry is a conglomeration of known words and fragments, distorted and invented words, and individual vowels...On the whole, Alyagrov's *zaum* is original and interesting, but his debut was, unfortunately, his last as a *zaum* practitioner. Under his real name, Roman Jakobson, he is, of course, now known to quite a few people. (Vladimir Markov, *Russian Futurism: A History*)

As a linguist, though, Jakobson believed this forward-looking decreation of language pointed to linguistic law. In non-referential, anti-grammatical language, grammar itself becomes the central trope. Language always speaks its own laws, no matter what combination of phonemes, or letters, we pull from it.

Two consonants (floating in the sea
of some truth together)
Immediately preceded and
or followed by a vowel. (Spicer, Language)

Searching for these laws was a lifetime quest for Jakobson. He likens the search for distinctive features of phonemes to the quest for the holy grail. On the way to this figure, Jakobson, a ghost, crosses another ghost.

Yet a simple, orderly enumeration and discussion of the delineated couples will hardly suffice and there may emerge critics prone (if they read poetry) to take up the hesitating lines of a recent poet and linguist, Jack Spicer (1925-1965):

I have forgotten why the grail was important
Why somebody wants to reach it like a window you
 Throw open. Thrown open
 What would it mean?

But the window thrown open means a way cleared to a venturesome contemplation of the inner-laws which govern the overall texture of these relational units, and any further inquiry promises an even deeper [way] into the hierarchical cohesion of the ultimate constituents in their entire network. (Quest for the Ultimate Constituents)

Jakobson quotes Spicer, dates and all. Spicer is speaking to Jakobson, from the dead. Jakobson hears but doesn't listen because he sounds language for a different voice. He does not want to keep answers at a distance. He wants contact with the sacred mysteries of language--its deep structure--in a phoneme, sentence, or tale.

In folklore as well as language, only part of the similarities can be explained on the basis of common patrimony or of diffusion. And since the fortuity of other coincidences is impossible there arises imparitively the question of structural laws that will explain these striking coincidences, in particular, the repetitive plots of independent origins. (Jakobson, Commentary on Russian Fairy Tales)

As law precedes language, so tale precedes teller. Its structure collects and holds changes over time: the linguistic and semantic substitutions (according to laws) that accrue over telling and retelling. As the language we speak comes before us, we're in the tale before it's told.

But where's the flying tablecloth
the airplane's wife? Late by some chance
Sunk in jail?
I believe in Fairy Tales in advance...
(Velemir Khlebnikov, Iranian Song, trans. by Bob Perlman and Kathy Lewis)

Nursery rhymes, folktales, are language's old cradle. Jakobson listens to discover the laws of its motion. Spicer takes down messages, enchanted. William Fuller shows us what it's like there.

The Bank

The bank is a folktale circled by a train. Heaven and earth fold out from the same memory. There are no spare words for this, an old bus, an old tongue. The old bus moves among the weeds. From its windows one can see peaks more ancient than the tongue. Snow falls on the lake beyond them. (Fuller)

The Widening Lyre

Mysterium Cosmographicum

Children stand at fixed points. The little heavenly circle
seeks the logic of their number, after the feast of solids
and spheres (Fuller)

William Fuller's *The Sugar Borders*, published by O Books, opens by welcoming us to the seventeenth century. Inside we find *Mysterium Cosmographicum*, the Johannes Kepler book that discusses music of the spheres and outlines the laws of planetary motion. Kepler wrote that the book came to him "as if a heavenly oracle had dictated."

Abstract form, silent, symbolic, could be as magical as a chant or curse in the Renaissance. Formulas, the shapes and ratios that account for planetary motion, were mystical intonations to Kepler. Euclid's *Elements* was read as a sacred text. In fact, John Dee made his reputation by lecturing on Euclid. Form, for Dee, was a meditational device. Out of symbols and ratios he constructed a hieroglyph, an unsolvable visual riddle that taught natural philosophy. By looking at it, you could learn.

Likewise, to read is to temporarily solve a visual riddle ratioed in letters. The reading dissolves in time. Riddle is half Northrop Frye's formula for lyric poetry.

Riddle was originally the cognate object of read, and the riddle seems intimately involved with the whole process of language as a visible form, a process which runs through such forms of riddle as hieroglyphics and ideograms. (Anatomy of Criticism)

The other half is what Frye calls "babble," language as charm. In a lyric poem, word-play and symbolic representation carry the trace of magical pasts. Incantation and prayer shade rhythm; image rests beneath hieroglyph. Fuller sounds this relation and quickens the verse with time caught napping.

Each time the line is worked it becomes the same line, only
bulked. For time is elastic. (Fuller, *byt*)

Time is elastic in a text because form is elastic--the more complex the form, the more it can hold. One of Kepler's texts, *Somnium*, illustrates this. Its structure is layered like a postmodern novel. There is a narrative of the journey to, and perspective from, the moon. There are long notes to the narrative. An appendix follows the notes. The appendix has notes of its own.

Somnium is ostensibly a thought experiment to observe Copernican planetary motion from the moon. But, simultaneously, it comments on his mother's legal problems (a case ongoing in Witch's court), argues against esoteric beliefs not his own, and attends to a number of intellectual feuds. As a good postmodern work, the tone is ironic.

It is not impossible, I believe, with various instruments, to reproduce individual vowels and consonants in imitation of human speech. Yet whatever this is going to be, it will resemble rumbling and screeching more than a living voice. And in this mechanism, I think, are built in traps for the superstitious and gullible, so that they suppose demons are talking to them when art is copying magical tricks.

Kepler could be referring to Dee of whom he said, "I too play with symbols...but I play in such a way that I do not forget I am playing." Perhaps he thought, as Spicer did, that Dee expected too much from his magic.

John Dee with his absolutely fake medium E.K. (who later wrote *The Shepherds Calendar*) trying to transmute letters to metal all the way through Bohemia. (Spicer, Textbook)

You must be wary of the voice you dictate to text. You hear the music of the spheres until a philologist like Newton comes along and tells you, it's really Hermes Trismegistus and Dionysius the Areopagite singing a duet. Dictation is broadcast from a loudspeaker each time it's read or printed. Multiplied.

I hope this is repeatable but I know it isn't. The books I read will blow up in my face. But farcical walls rewrite them. (Fuller, *byt*)

Perhaps that is why Dee owned one of the largest libraries in Europe, yet was reluctant, like Spicer, to see his work in print. Except near the end of his life when, broke, his library destroyed, he gave their inventory as petition.

And these books and treatises here noted by order of yeares, or as they were written, or in any method set down, one after the other but...they came next to my hand out of divers chests and baggs, wherein they lay.

Like a magician, pulling rabbits out of a hat.

Radio, Radio

Central Reader

I hold the book up to my face. The dead file out through a bullet-hole. Impassive and denatured, all books are talking. The green guitars play. (Fuller)

The nights of my childhood were spent in the company of that radio...Once I heard beeps in Morse Code. Spies, I thought. Often, I'd catch a distant station so faint I'd have to turn the sound all the way up and press my ear against the rough burlap that covered the speaker. Somewhere dance music was playing or the language was so attractive I'd listen to it for a long time. As if on the verge of understanding. (Simic, In the Beginning)

Lyric poetry, therefore, shows itself most thoroughly integrated with society at those points where it does not speak what society says--where it conveys no pronouncements--but rather where the speaking subject (who succeeds in...expression) comes to full accord with language itself. (Adorno, Lyric Poetry and Society)

Pray for them poor bastards who are too crowded to listen
An angle cutting off every surface to the prayer, the poem, the
messages. An angle of the mind. Meaning to do this.

They go through life till the next morning. As we all do.
But constantly. As if shimmering before them
were not hell but the reach of something.

Teach. (Spicer, Plato's Marmalade)

Fuller Leaves in Threes

For Bill the Lizard

Sound of flies in the eyes, flames streaming out of them.
This was recorded in a dream. Two of us inventing a third,
and so on. Windows locked. Meetings delayed. (Fuller)

Both *byt* and *The Sugar Borders* are divided into three sections. Here, three means: Meditation, Spicer, and Carroll.

Gnostics believed that three levels compose the universe: the law, the mind, the body. Or the unknowable, the creator of matter, matter. Catholic mystics used three steps to reach the divine: divest the memory; release the understanding; then the divine subsumes the will. Fire flares out of the eyes.

There is antecedent for the magic of three. Thesis, antithesis, synthesis. Grammar, logic, rhetoric. The pyramid. The Three Stooges and my three cousins named Chris. Three blackbirds perch in the mighty oak. Three is meditative.

Jack Spicer's *Heads of the Town Up to the Ether* is divided into three sections. The title is the name of an early Christian gnostic text. Two of the towns in *The Sugar Borders* are "Platonopolis" and "The House of the Manichees."

Fuller's verse, like Spicer's, leads the mind to the outposts of order, where logic, image, and nonsense crisscross. Where Lewis Carroll pulls Alice out of Grammar's hat. Where, reading, Bill the Lizard writes sans pencil:

(Bill, the Lizard) could not make out at all what had become of it; so, after hunting all about for it, he was obliged to write with one finger for the rest of the day; and this was of very little use, as it left no mark on the slate. (Carroll, Alice)

In *The Sugar Borders*, meaning multiplies before being dispatched. We read where sugar turns to thought in our brains. The mind leads our gaze.

Nothingness is alive in the eyes of the beloved. (Spicer, Textbook)

Nothing, a meditation point where the all-being-nothing (who art in Nada) resides.

Imagine appealing to that one possible emptiness (Fuller, *byt*)

Where everything and nothing is symbol. The mind's slate wiped clean. Clean is close to clearing.

What we have said or sung tearfully remembered can disappear in the waiting fire. We are snark hunters. Brave, as we disappear into the clearing. (Spicer, *The Hunting*)

The intention of author and reader dissolves into the poem; memory/desire flames in its space and empties. This is lyric. A William Fuller poem is a kenning, koan, meditational prompt. Marks sign leaving, until their last remnant, a grin of wit, fades as well.

The Absolute that can be obtained only by the loss of the personality, which is merged in the Boojum. The Boojum is the absolute as one which absorbs the many. (FLS Schiller in *Mind*, 1901, doing a turn as a Hegelian Iraneus to Carroll's Valentine)

Text is the public space of invisible cities. Fuller's poems are veinwork in their vast library. The imagination. The good author disappears there (There's no place like home). The good author disappears there (There's no place like home). The good author disappears there (There's no place like home).

Just the place for a snark! I have said it thrice.
What I tell you three times is true. (Carroll, Snark)

Fit Five: We All Killed Cock Robin

This is the house that language writes.

This is being, residing in form,
that confronted the mind, desirous and torn,
that directed the body, all covered and worn,
that voiced the speaking
that followed the grammar
that ruled the sentence
that ordered the morphemes
that combined the phonemes
composed of the features
that hide in the house that language writes.