

About Writing About

/barbara mor

Beckett sd it did not say it: *the unworded word*
Literatur des Unworts, SBeckett wrote 1937 letter in German
to Axel Kaun in Germany. *unworts*
wort is a plant(in English). wort is a very strange thing that
grows w/out saying a word. about itself(in English). what is
utterd in other worlds we never know. it grows from inside
itself or not it grows or not do not comprehend a category or
orientation(perspectival). You are not outside this wort is
somekind of fungus,in German before crime(literature)words
printd on/as selves on silence.

(all things inkd this on silence
so long ago youll never know so long) it does not tell a
story *about* it speaks itself from Time is not about time life
is not about life etc this is very proscriptive sd somebody
else the wort the wort from dirt grows clocks not inventd
(daylight) or yr eyes or yr declensions(yet) can you let it
be a wort asks questions like that(of the daylight) – inside
a mushroom all the stories of a universe to now absorbd
from soil(so far)its rainsweat lunar exhalation some star(so
far away)but it works.words.a clock does not tell it not yet
inventd bigger than you a very huge clock exists at the(or a)
beginning not yrs the Lit of unworts writes the unhuman
clock not ticktock but how a fungus might think
a philosophy of the interior &germanic music that speaks
the *wort*. the unwort: utters of before this noise what is you
think i dont think shut up in this dark to listen *Poem*
Invention.thus the poem precedes the clock not the huge
clock only philosophy grows there(in the dark) &romantic
music (we who yearn toward not about) there must be A
chemic biologic before all this,preferencing the dark

the machineries are clever but
they hurt my eyes. he sd. the earth(underground)(under
that) deeper than that a huge deepness you(not there) it is
there rhizoming hears everything w/no ears a receptacle
of all sensation must stand push out sideways up down into
thick resistances yet it works undeaf unstoppd relentless in
our trembling way ‘Writing must break through the
representational or fictional mirror & be equal in force to
the HORROR experienced in daily life.’ –KathyAcker,
The Words SayIt, Bodies of Work, 1997, p68 ‘How
can you not hear the terrible screams all around that we
call silence?’ -Karl Georg Buchner, 19th c.

so (you) hear it screaming you dont want to hear fine fine
means theEnd goodbye ticktock there are many mansions he
sd this is one huge mansion lost/lockd in the sewers of rooms
clocks books the ennobld sewers of some minds w/strong of
trembling fingers pushing out into thick as moist or densely
soild what is *what is* there i hear dont hear but know exists
rhizome radical eradiate radical radix resolute rotwort *wyrd*
below them the earth(underground)(under that)deeper than
deeper deeper

‘One does not become enlightened by imaging figures of light but by making the darkness conscious.’ -- Carl Jung

Notes: as Said

‘On the way to this literature of the unword, which is so desirable to me,’ *Literatur des Unworts*: German letter to Axel Kaun, July 9, 1937; in *Disjecta: Miscellaneous Writing & a Dramatic Fragment*, Calder Publication, London, 1983; 2001, English trans., pg 173

Wort (neut) (pl Worter) word (neut) (pl Worte) (spoken) word.

Wortschatz m vocabulary (glossary) Worterverzeichnis (neut) -spiel (neut) pun.

wort n. A plant. Often used in combination: liverwort; milkwort [ME<OE *wyrt*. see wrad-]

wort n. An infusion of malt that is fermented to make beer. [ME<OE *wyrt*. see wrad-]

wrad- branch, root 1. Basic form *wrdd-* root; rutabaga, from Old Norse *rot*, root, from Germanic *wrot-*

2. Old English *wyrt*, plant, herb

Important derivatives: root, radical, radicle, radish, radix; deracinate, eradicate, radiate; ramose, ramus, ramify from Latin *ramus*, branch; rhizo, rhizome; coleorhiza, mycorrhiza, licorice, from Greek *rhiza*, root

o so close to wyrd the word is weird

writing from writing of writing against writing into
&/or *the word unworded* inward toward

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the final line of his final publishd work was ‘what is the word’ notes John Banville, Beckett: *Storming for Beauty*, NYRB March 22, 2012

so who heard scream she sd is that a word i dont
here in a room my acoustic skull is heard radios of silence
rare sound the stations of the crossd purposes roads go
hear go there go straight down when it dials you in like a
card game allow you sit in on the atmospheric games of
intention the intertensional air then music then news then
static cooking then silence,at end as beginning of its
continuum the etymology of scream

SBeckett on Kafka’s *The Castle*: ‘I remember feeling
disturbed by the imperturbable aspect of his approach. I
am wary of disasters that let themselves be recorded like
a statement of accounts.’ _____ *ibid* _____

it is now a species animal species that hates itself
breeding like cockroaches clean people,we are apt as
rational they (cockroaches) dont pay attention
dont pay the rent dont pay for the music what

music do you want to here in yr lonely elevator in
&out of a bldg who is occupied by bugs how it feels
at night i lay on the floor every nite woke up w/bites
chewd into (all)my legs a hotdog uncookd left out on
the kitchen counter in the dark in the morning
chunks chewd out big bites for cockroaches you wd
think but all sizes of them grow here,see the multiply
some can fly in the dark some can fly,or i will
learn also

this is 'a statement of accounts'

so a *work in progress* means,what draw something
out from a wall(absolute)thick skull, lean into it the
other side seethes .or not or not if not,what
herd in the dark muttermummer darkGermanic music
who inventd the clock,no listend to some heart(beat
beaten inside) march into it no,wrong cancel
.the true desire was hands knees prayer crawl inside as a
cave was warm in the dark,smell of warmdark as if
some sounds
are heartbeats of cockroach mothers inhabit yr skull
long before you

/words grow (chronic<chthonic) :backward /
who slithers back down the throat in its last word

clock *Uhr* clockwork *Uhrwerk* clockwise go on
UrClock before (that) *mudderwidder im Uhrzeigersin*
counterclockwise *Uhrzeigersinn entgegen* (widdershins)
(rootmute ssshhh) / as umbilical
code winds up back into It backword that brainstem
rewinds re this air stale mustd redolent (the word)of
extinctd species (bookstores) old people live hear old
things in the walls prefer silent soup climb an
extinct elevator or stairs staring at the steep stairs some
shoeprints staid sadly something crawld up also lucid
slime sibyl sibyllant a hissing sound

[MLGer *weddersinnes*
<MHG *widersinnes*: wider, back <OHG *widar* ; +*sinnes*
in the direction of; *sin*, direction <OHG; see **wi-** see **sent-**]

Glocke is a bell ,however: UrhClockUrClock hellKlingel
bell on the Door deathclock

Glockenspiel *spiel*, game; theatrical play *Glucksspiel*
gambling (something is at stake) so old people
sit a table,recursive fingers sense the cards or air as braille
messages read dictionaries drive people mad *it sd*
what does anyone here rehearsive of some snake
winds among them,under the table into their legs sex
dramatic cavities where first orations were utterd so old
who doesnt here hear Time as the game playd among
them or want it .otherwise

this is not romantick this is not poetick this is not man
tick (or perhaps is)(the pun(t)ick wars)
so it is playing (cards dice Time Life) w/itself reading

magazines in the nextdoor apts cockroaches are young as
Death once was earnest& impatient to clean up the mess
endless revolution plots in the ground nothing buried deep
there but sound,unhuman sound as in the humming walls
or silences of great thought Einstein invented television &
sees yr bones in the dark glowing &other farseeing men
as maggots of literature synthesize bodies into growing
words like mold in the walls,do not despise it also
serves in the end to tell Time

there is no end to some sentence
words

as fatal dice in einsteins skull bone inside bone(Beckett
heres the deathrattle) inword about
bug insect ticks autotick ticktickticktick chronos eats
giganticClock of germanicmusicMozart elevates his children
up to a compulsd mouth 2/4 4/4 march ofTime &eats them
hideous Mozart relentless metronome tickherd *Macht
sund* pretty armies of them,hum he hums to (flutter
matrons patrons he flatterd bugs as kultur in their uniformd
wigs logorhythmic gestures,artifices gowns powderd w/the
flakd skin falling thru air beyond some plunderd corpse
hemisphere not his,theirs not hear yet sublime noise
ofClock woundup;tight other wounds,preludes & fugues
of innersound deeper than nervousTime(backwarding)into
sublime Futures hideous
what does all this have to do w/a book i threw one at the
wall once over & over to stop the noise

dichter dictation diction dictator using ones baton as a
dick or viceversa versasvice culture is nice

everything who announces hurts my eyes

the necessity you see of some(unword) dictionary of,for
we know exists before us *pray,hands and knees* crawl
into some *grund* as they say is very deep because hidden
from us,noise cannot penetrate,only serious music as of
the sea bottom once you cannot go there,breathing of
human sound entirely,

sound penetrate ascertain the depth of water measure or
examine as by sounding (O)F *sonder* use the sounding-
lead :-Rom *subundare* from Lat sub + *unda* wave So
sound act of sounding (surg) instrument for probing

sound grund sund grund the body was once
dichter is a poet conducted words without breathing
where the body is a sea

grund bottom of the sea or cave wormd thru grunting as
we were inside a bowel or whatever (s)urgd this forward
grund grunt no accidents in poetry occur w/out intent
of a Poet(dichter) bigger than you but not
Metaphysical you never understood(impossible,grund
under you under waves stolid tides of heaving massive
shifting as if thighs some creature who cannot give
birth enough to get it out

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poem Gedecht poet Dichter poetic dichterish
poetisch poetry Dichtkunst

Dictator in this language recognizd the tongue
rules offices lands desertd hovels of rejectd mss. the
dictator declares unspeakable & there you are worms
in their apts & cubicles the library mansions &hovels of
dejectd mass soupbowls selfdeclensiond arbiters of
high culture moths mutters & there you are

theGermanic tongue w/a spike thru it .recalling the
forest Wall of wood in its parental beauty everyone is a
child there once the fearful is not estrangd but a story
tell us again who what we are this stuttering because the
spike is a Word or the tongue is one or the other which
utterd which never did

i forgot

mord or mutter mord is the word for Death,it is black and
shiny &enjoys itself(glistend in the rain the black trunks
listend to their thoughts leaving them) i do not believe in
Evil except the murder of aTree & from the corpse comes
Buche(beech) buch bok book the pain inherent axed into
poem (&home a home *shelter of Spike morder by
tongue*) he doesnt want to speak it only because he is
writing in German to a german as his tongue isEnglish he
doesnt want to speak grudgingly to mudder in his cradle
milk pourd over him pages of (silence) stubbornness

(silence)spilling words out

like pulling teeth that is the way to speak Beckett sd as if
it hurt woman not pulld from the glib ofAdam but he
from she (something hissing like a snake

(from her cunt from her *Kunst*)

what is mud *mudde* probably MLG mud MHG *mot*
bog, bogearth, peat *mot* French means word, note (n.
mot m. *parole*) *wort* in german word it grows in
mudde dont we all those who know this worship their
books like trees reluctant to burn them,except they make
warmth it is a sin nevertheless(a direction)nevertheless it
is a cathedral in there in the forest black soil pourd in us
upward,root tree book poem rises in some fire a vision
original angel of pages opening as wings we saw it,not
yr imagination how the barbaric forest could talk,a
deep majestic,prolific thick w/things fungusd spidery
mammaryd &clawd tuskd crawling as flying upward
sudden in their immolations ofPoems sent upwards
from mud,sent to head for,go widdershins from OHG
sin(d), direction, from Germanic *sinthaz* you see the
canny thing arises sont-o godsend from OEng sand,a
message messenger from Germanic *sandaz*, that which
is sent. the poem from its root. Derivatives as(sense,
sentence, sentiment, sentinel, assent, consent, dissent,
presentiment, resent), from Latin *sentire*, to feel(<to go
mentally') it cannot be otherwise the only sin is not to
know it,to be born from this earthKunst and not speak
(mute)from mud even burning *burning*

& it is not yr God not yr God who is alive here
these are annunciations these are pronouncements

these are words

Beckett: the creature ripped of his tongue not ever
born, heard gutterally hard difficult attempts at some
language lingo(e)d the mother Time before they cut
the trees down clockd his roots into a (muted) Job this
faroff howl of a forest in his *blut* say blood, blood do
not mut(at)e erase this urgent message it does not
sound like *literature*, stupid

scream: 12th c. *screamen*, uncertain origin, similar words
in Scandinavian, Dutch, German, Flemish (cf ON
skraema 'to terrify, scare' Swedish *scrana* 'to
scream' OHG *scrian*, Ger *schreien* 'to cry')

The noun is attested from mid-15th c.

And (as they say) lamentings heard i' the
Ayre; Strange schreemes of Death' [Macbeth, II, iii, 61]

Shakespeare's spelling probably reflects 'sk-' as spelled
in Latin-derived words, e.g. school; he also has *schreene*
for screen.

Slang: 'something that evokes a cry of laughter' in 1903;
screamer in this sense 1831. Screaming Meemies—WWI
Army slang, German artillery shells making loud noise in
flight (from woman Mimi), extended to battle fatigue after
long exposure to enemy fire.

all words are such long exposure

skraema scrana scrian screamen uncertain of, from a
Wald of skulle The head, regarded as the seat of thought
or intelligence. 3. A death's head [ME skulle, prob of Scand.
orig.] and the head of brave foes as heroes also off, lodgd
stone wedges of housewalls in honor of our Thought

Skuld Old Norse 'future' 'debt' 1 of Norn3, Fate deciders
(female), Valkyrie also, she escortd his whole body Up,
as a Fire (invisible) meanwhile, the skulle some stare as
bone inside walls heroes submit, or pay
or bugs as Dichter Death requires

it walks thru bourgeois novels a cockroach addressd a
neat suit impeccable back&forth to the job downtown&
a little family of hideous numbers of similar ambitions
or not (of the Clock, crawling (so much he desires of)
upwardly Being

as he must be distinguishd from the dust & i do not
begrudge him anymore feeding his little appetite on my
flesh that's what it's for (poetry, after all malignates
inside him eats him from inside, guts brains tongues&
all to resolve him, in this white light into the lost

forest he,his chattermutter ofviruses &worms mutefood
of the next gods or,as host to chew remorseless on his
sad regret,oblivion because we can,because *Poetry*
we can
we ride thru fire transporting it th' embodied Thought

flip the switch on this nightwerk nitewort making
scratched brown notations leaving shitstains on pages the
pages that smell of scurry of multitudes when you
walk in incandescence a light you are sitting there at
table all yr fingers legs wings are busily writing
some genius is a trail of slime code moving it does not
know ahead (a head) no precedes it only *sund grund*
gravity pulsates beat of buried things yr ears,yr wings
it must not be poetic it must be hideous hidden in
yr[ME var of hidous <AN <OFr hide, hisde, fear, poss.
of Gmc orig] glorious machinery of mutterRime
.it is the story of yr people from the thorax,from
bone,the heart & there you are or not
there you are are not

to go mentally feel yr way up the stair down the naked
elevator whatever direction it can be felt in yr apt
where you rest red the blanket sleeping or read a book
every word,footprint stain on the page brown,not read
cockroach leakd of marching feet into yr eyes of bugs
yr ears yr mouth every hiss of orifice oreface of Being
(Guttenberg,each thought shiny black metaphysickal of
our risen blood which is first re(a)d but then brown as
mutterd earth who goes into you *as a matter of* feeling
into you from there to hear where you are/It belongs
because there is no choice in Time it goes on.

in the darkness also & there you are

&when you enter turn on the kitchenlight armies of
them massd concentration camps refugees silent(made)
workers in the cockroach factories scurry out of yr
sight they think,in fact never can you forget the sight
do not stampede perhaps orderly coordinatd in their
DNA as bugs do it or as birds fly magnetized to their
destination out and home out and home .forever
& there you are

dicht dense; (Wald, Nebel, Stoff) thick; (*nahe*) close
(by); (*wasserdicht*) watertight -Rom *subundare* from
Lat sub+*unda*, wave :sound, a sounding

all this is a word a statement of beyond grammar in
the walls interface of their silence music whatever
the place it does not care if you exist but it is yrs to
inhabit,speaks

not yet :*Literatur of the unword*
'german bilge',Beckett sd later *germanic bilge*
our Mutter tun(g)

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Dante ... Bruno . Vico .. Joyce Samuel Beckett, 1929

History, then, is not the result of Fate or Chance—in both cases the individual would be separated from his product—but the result of a Necessity that is not Fate, of a Liberty that is not Chance.

[compare Dante's 'Yoke of Liberty']

/ Disjecta, 22 /

In a word, here is all humanity circling with fatal monotony about the Providential fulcrum—the 'convoy wheeling encircling about the gigantig's lifetree.'

/ ibid 24 /

Poetry, [Vico] says, was born of curiosity, daughter of ignorance.

/ibid 24 /

Poetry was the first operation of the human mind, & without it things could not exist. Barbarians, incapable of analysis & abstraction, must use their fantasy to explain what their reasons cannot comprehend. Before articulation comes song; before abstract terms, metaphors. The figurative character of the oldest poetry must be regarded, not as a sophisticated confectionery, but as evidence of a poverty-stricken vocabulary & of a disability to achieve abstraction. Poetry is essentially the antithesis of Metaphysics: Metaphysics purge the mind of the sense & cultivate the disembodiment of the spiritual; Poetry is all passion & feeling & animates the inanimate; Metaphysics are most perfect when most concerned with universals; Poetry, when most concerned with particulars. Poets are the sense, philosophers the intelligence of humanity. Considering the Scholastics' axiom 'niente e nell'intelletto che prima non sia nel senso', it follows that poetry is a prime condition of philosophy & civilization. The primitive animistic movement was a manifestation of the 'forma poetica dello spirito'.

His treatment of the origin of language proceeds along similar lines. Here again he rejected the materialistic & transcendental views; the one declaring that language was nothing but a polite & conventional symbolism; the other, in desperation, describing it as a gift from the Gods. As before, Vico is the rationalist, aware of the natural & inevitable growth of language. In its first dumb form, language was gesture. If a man wanted to say 'sea', he pointed to the sea. With the spread of animism this gesture was replaced by the word: 'Neptune'. He directs our attention to the fact that every need of the life, natural, moral & economic, has its verbal expression in one or other of the 30,000 Greek divinities. This is Homer's 'language of the Gods'. Its evolution through poetry to a highly civilized vehicle, rich in abstract & technical terms, was a little fortuitous as the evolution of society itself. Words have their progressions as well as social phases. 'Forest-cabin-village-city-academy' is one rough progression. Another: 'mountain-plain-riverbank'. And every word expands with psychological inevitability.

Take the Latin word: 'Lex'.

1. Lex = crop of acorns.
2. Ilex = Tree that produces acorns.
3. Legere = To gather.
4. Aquilex = He that gathers the waters.
5. Lex = Gathering together of peoples, public assembly.
6. Lex = Law.
7. Legere = To gather together letters into a word, to read.

/ ibid 24-5 /

Thus Vico asserts the spontaneity of language & denies the dualism of poetry & language. Similarly, poetry is the foundation of writing. When language consisted of gesture, the spoken & written were identical Hieroglyphics, or sacred language, as he calls it, were not the invention of philosophers for the mysterious expression of profound thought, but the common necessity of primitive peoples. Convenience only begins to assert itself at a far more advanced state of civilization, in the form of alphabetism. Here Vico, implicitly at least, distinguishes between writing & direct expression. In such direct expression, form & content are inseparable. Examples are the medals of the Middle Ages, which bore no inscription & were a mute testimony to the feebleness of conventional alphabetic writing: & the flags of our own day. As with Poetry & Language, so with Myth. Myth, according to Vico, is neither an allegorical expression of general philosophical axioms (Conti, Bacon), nor a derivative from particular peoples, as for instance the Hebrews or Egyptians, nor yet the work of isolated poets, but an historical statement of fact, of actual contemporary phenomena, actual in the sense that they were created out of necessity by primitive minds, & firmly believed. Allegory implies a threefold intellectual operation: the construction of a message of general significance, the preparation of a fabulous form, & an exercise of considerable technical difficulty in

uniting the two, an operation totally beyond the reach of the primitive mind. Moreover, if we consider the myth as being essentially allegorical, we are not obliged to accept the form in which it is cast as a statement of fact. But we now that the actual creators of these myths gave full credence to their face-value. Jove was no symbol: he was terribly real. It was precisely their superficial metaphorical character that made them intelligible to people incapable of receiving anything more abstract than the plain record of objectivity. Such is a painful exposition of Vico's dynamic treatment of Language Poetry & Myth. He may still appear as a mystic to some; if so, a mystic that rejects the transcendental in every shape & form as a factor in human development, & whose Providence is not divine enough to do without the cooperation of Humanity.

/ibid 25-6 /

On turning to the Work in Progress [Finnegans Wake] we find that the mirror is not so convex. Here is direct expression—pages & pages of it. And if you don't understand it, Ladies & gentlemen, it is because you are too decadent to receive it. You're not satisfied unless form is so strictly divorced from content that you can comprehend the one almost without bothering to read the other. The rapid skimming & absorption of the scant cream of sense is made possible by what I may call a continuous process of copious intellectual salivation. The form that is an arbitrary & independent phenomenon can fulfill no higher function than that of stimulus for a tertiary or quaternary conditioned reflex of dribbling comprehension. When Miss Rebecca West clears her decks for a sorrowful deprecation of the Narcissistic element in Mr Joyce by the purchase of 3 hats, one feels that she might very well wear her bib at all her intellectual banquets, or alternatively, assert a more noteworthy control over her salivary glands than is possible for Monsieur Pavlov's unfortunate dogs.

/ ibid 26 /

And it is worth while remarking that no language is so sophisticated as English. It is abstracted to no language is so sophisticated as English. It is abstracted to death. Take the word 'doubt': it gives us hardly any sensuous suggestion of hesitancy, of the necessity for choice, of static irresolution. Whereas the German 'Zweifel' does, &, in lesser degree, the Italian 'dubitare'. Mr Joyce recognizes how inadequate 'doubt' is to express a state of extreme uncertainty, & replaces it by 'in twosome twiminds'. Nor is he by any means the first to recognize the importance of treating words as something more than mere polite symbols. Shakespeare uses fat, greasy words to express corruption: 'Duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed that rots itself in death on Lethe wharf'. We hear the ooze squelching all through Dicken's description of the Thames in Great Expectations. This writing that you find so obscure is a quintessential extraction of language & painting & gesture, with all the inevitable clarity of the old inarticulation. Here is the savage economy of hieroglyphics. Here words are not the polite contortions of 20th c. printer's ink. They are alive. They elbow their way on to the page, & glow & blaze & fade & disappear. 'Brawn is my name & broad is my nature & I've breit on my brow & al's right with every feature & I'll brune this bird of Brown Bess's bung's gone bandy.' This is Brawn blowing with a light gust through the trees of Brawn or passing with the sunset.

/ ibid 28 /

This inner elemental vitality & corruption of expression imparts a furious restlessness to the form, which is admirably suited to the purgatorial aspect of the work. This is an endless verbal germination, maturation, putrefaction, the cyclic dynamism of the intermediate. This reduction of various expressive media to their primitive economic directness, & the fusion of these primal essences into an assimilated medium for the exteriorization of thought, is pure Vico, & Vico, applied to the problem of style. But Vico is reflected more explicitly than by a distillation of disparate poetic ingredients into a synthetical syrup. We notice that there is little or no attempt at subjectivism or abstraction, no attempt at metaphysical generalization. We are presented with a statement of the particular.

/ ibid 29 /

Anna was, Livia is, Plurabelle's to be. Verthandi – Urdh – Skuld Weave – Spin – Cut

A last word about the Purgatories. Dante's is conical & consequently implies culmination. Mr Joyce's is spherical & excludes culmination. In the one there is an ascent from real vegetation—Ante-Purgatory, to deal vegetation—Terrestrial Paradise: in the other there is no ascent & no ideal vegetation. In the one, absolute progression & a guaranteed consummation: in the other, flux—progression or retrogression, & an apparent consummation. In the one movement is unidirectional, & a step forward represents a net advance: in the other movement is nondirectional—or multi-direction, & a step forward is, by definition, a step back. Dante's terrestrial Paradise is the carriage entrance to a Paradise that is not terrestrial: Mr Joyce's Terrestrial Paradise is the tradesman's entrance on to the sea-shore. Sin is an impediment to movement up

the cone, & a condition of movement round the sphere. In what sense, then, is Mr Joyce's work purgatorial? In the absolute absence of the Absolute. Hell is the static lifelessness of unrelieved viciousness. Paradise the static lifelessness of unrelieved immaculation. Purgatory a flood of movement & vitality released by the conjunction of these 2 elements. There is a continuous purgatorial process at work, in the sense that the vicious circle of humanity is being achieved, & this achievement depends on the recurrent predomination of one of 2 broad qualities. No resistance, no eruption, & it is only in Hell & Paradise that there are no eruptions, that there can be none, need be none. On this earth that is Purgatory, Vice & Virtue—which you may take to mean any pair of large contrary human factors—must in turn be purged down to spirits of rebelliousness. Then the dominant crust of the Vicious or Virtuous sets, resistance is provided, the explosion duly takes place & the machine proceeds. And no more than this; neither prize nor penalty; simply a series of stimulants to enable the kitten to catch its tail. And the partially purgatorial agent? The partially purged. / ibid 33 /

'Words give us the world by taking it away, this is why the young Beckett's ambition was to 'drill onehole after another into language' until that which urks behind, be it something or nothing, starts seeping through.'

-- Andrew Gallix, *InTheory: the unread & the unreadable*, 3am Magazine publisher; Guardian.co.uk, Monday Feb 18, 2013

Regarding Finnegans Wake & other self-satisfied responses by readers who 'don't get it' (& therefore assume it's not worth getting, has no literary value, is just more obscure elitist art for art & of no value to the lives of 'real people' like themselves, etc):

Most of us don't comprehend Quantum Physics, String Theory, or the Bubble Universe—or in fact the theories/writings of Einstein or Mandelbrot. This does not prevent these constructions from being possibly accurate models of the universe in which we live (including those who 'don't get it'). Reader's comments on Gallix's article are smugly provincial & very depressing: When did the English, inheritors of Chaucer & Shakespeare, Sterne & Woolf, ratchet down their brains? To sound like *Americans*...?!

I don't know what people mean by 'darkness' as a negative concept or description, since we live half our lives in it, including the very influential first 9 months. Applied to Art (Terry called my Theater of Cruelty in CTheory 'darker' than other work I've done, e.g.; in fact, there's a lot more textual & poetic 'light' in it than my usual stuff, I think, i.e. it's not 'dense' or 'unreadable' or...??) People just read words, & people just think 'dark'=the opposite of light; bad=not good. A reflexive, pingpong thinking that has nothing to do with Art, or in fact with *Thinking*: which only begins one step beyond such reflexive reactioning (*duelist automatons wording*, is our species just t i r e d ?).

'The German soul has passages & galleries in it, there are caves, hiding places, & dungeons therein; its disorder has much of the charm of the mysterious; the German is well acquainted with the by-paths to chaos.'

-- Nietzsche

waldschrat : forest troll

'My ancient forebears were heathens [pagans], & my ancestors were heretics. For their exoneration I collect the pieces that Rome left over.'

-- Otto Rahn, Lucifer's Court?