

contents

Notestalk
(page 3)

Theory
(page 10)

Following Notation
(page 13)

Hope and Confusion
(page 26)



for Carolyn.

Notestalk text and images © 2002 by Francis Raven; all rights are reserved.

Cover image © 2002 by Broken Boulder Press; all rights are reserved.

Set in Electra & Myriad Roman

First printing, April 2002

ISBN 1-929598-18-1

Broken Boulder Press
P. O. Box 6305
Santa Barbara, CA, 93160
USA

www.brokenboulder.com

FRANCIS RAVEN is a poet who works for Literacy for Environmental Justice, a small non-profit in San Francisco. Anabasis Press has published two of his chapbooks: a novella entitled *Journey Writ Large on a Blue or Lilac Notebook*, and a book of poetry called *The Plot of a Strangemaker*. Warnell.com has published an electronic chapbook of his entitled *Does Not Add Up* (available at <http://www.warnell.com/syntac/add.htm>). Raven has been published in the *Red Booth Review*, *Beehive*, *Gestalten*, *Untitled*, *In Posse Review*, *Inter/Face*, *The East Village*, *Moria Poetry*, *Oblique*, *The New Colonist*, among many other print and online venues.

Notestalk
(Sept. 22 - Oct. 20 2000)

Bald head
Nude
Is the
Actor's authenticity

'process questions' (Rachel Rothenthal)

feeding on illusion of grandeur

knots of newness
braided soul

Idea:
Compare Gould's idea of 'punctuated equilibrium',
Kuhn's idea of a 'paradigm' and a 'paradigm shift'
and an economic boom and bust cycle.
Something similar in each;
like a seed and then the tree.

'approved spaces'

influence the way art can and can't

I'd like to announce
strange voyages
of apples;
falling close to myth
and beginning to ripe.

Criticism which I gave an art show I did
in early October of 1999
(entitled 'A Group Show of the Self'):
Uneventful, possibly too wordy,
but interesting. I always wish you were
a better technical painter,
but you seem to be getting to know what
paint can do
better and better.

Wrapping the sum,
Warping the operator;
does not apply to single variable,
but roams over;
does not apply to existence.

Minus the page
Minus the body—
Fun with abstract
Does not function
In love.

Pass the dice;
the object has been rolled,
music skips
repeats
static glass (8.5" × 11")

Mirror too
but you see through

that you were once unmade
century's whispered finger
pointed,
placing door at alluvium.

that is something
removable
Place fitting
Place setting
that is something
altered by a meal.

Consistent—if its possible for a set of sentences to be true together.

How do hope and consistency work together?
Is it possible to have hope if the sentences
which you describe yourself with are not consistent?

Category mistake or category theft.

Archeology as an unwrapping of knowledges.

Unraveling the 'ledge' in knowledge.

When are you looking at the cliff over the novel?
Before or after erosion has taken its toll and troped its new form?

The sentence, rather long, displayed its own awful habits.

(Control over what counts as literacy of a place)

[("imagination")]

The arc of bridges reflects
the arc in the wings of the Mallards over those same bridges.

Pungent neural network:
"the secret's in the design."

directional object
set in wind.
you follow the rule
but mostly
do not decide.

when anxious
I am full of apples
full of temptation

Noted bruise
canyon of light
purposeful atrophy

Extended odor:
general
idea for book—
see it and
now it is 'this'.
transformation of modality.

Cunt like a flame
(Kathy Acker)
the abstract shapes
are so similar—
not just flower
but fire.
makes 'I burn for you'
make sense.

Idea for a book:
'exaggerated morsels'
overly described food
for two weeks.

Pull the handle:
torrent of ideas
sitting in the water
breaking the hydrogen bond

A leaf's small shadow
translates
the motion of earth
into human scale

Molly and I came up with this idea
at the same time, it is more her kind
of idea than mine, her style, more her
interest in destiny and metaphor, more
her way of understanding the world:
"The stars cannot guide you during the day."

Song that cannot be written (maybe punk):
Ohh baby, I'm turning up the radio.
Ohh baby, I'm folding my napkins for you
(Implicit love: a sidling)

Solid drip
or bent?
I can't tell.
I'm off to ask a scientist,
a really big-name scientist,
one with a big lab
and a floppy lab coat
and some assistants
who experiment with rats.

Fly-tying for novices—
Alphabets and the Bait
that nooses use.
Answers to these and
more philosophical questions
to be discussed
in the lobby
of the Yelm Library (Friday, 2:30 pm)

Molly's horoscope says,
"A new love interest tries hard to impress you."
I wonder if it's true.
She's at a party; I am far.
I am anxious,
though not full of apples,
another grammar of anxiety.

space where he says it,
has it happened.

Page 146 of Wallace Stegner's Angle of Repose—
talk about the pulse of language.

[if you know] ["the more you know"]

Not knowing is a form of being in cahoots
or a form of others being in cahoots.

(getting at what you want to talk about)

How do we retain hope in this world? How do we retain hope and its ineluctable
relation to confusion? Hope is related to confusion in that in confusion there are
possibilities and hope is the wish for possibilities. Perhaps the reason that having
hope in the modern world is so difficult is that it is so difficult to be actually
confused in this same world. Sure, it is possible to be confused in an everyday
way, but actual confusion contains the seeds of actually working towards an
understanding.

Profoundly following a dream that gets lost.

I reach with words for the edge of the paper.
The edge then, of time in reference to
all that has been written.

Statues of consumption...Status of consumption.

Educational moments within increasing complexifications

What is the moral status of production?

Reforms always aim at distribution, not production.

(signing your life everyday, as you would a painting)

Holy new lead; new trail of question.

Let us undecide the new composition of apples and pears.

Each stone of grace pours its heart into its skip.

Man produces overcoat; overcoat produces man's reputation.

To do—Hope.

Hope and Confusion

Stolen filing system. Who could tell a spontaneous paper?

Expectations of phones ringing while calm music ponders your anxiety.

Brown milk crate;
Structure of the world—
Made not written,
Composed silence
Of constant shapes
With constant spacing.

A book which came to be known as "..."
(ohh hell, I don't know what it's called).

By the time I talk to someone
I'm tired of myself and what I'm interested in and just want to listen.

Grooves merge; the union of trees.
And now I mimic a leaf.
A singular growth throughout, from which all else follows.

Manic Fruit.

Exporting a sound into
an abstract idea, shall be said,
and in the saying, and in the
way a man sounds saying
any abstract idea, and in that

Food gives a word
in time—
digestion and belch,
like an idea.

Rifling through the day;
oddity of mile's
haywire burst
in epiphany
but mostly blah

handed Molly the painting,
"it looks mythical"
I wanted her to hang it on her wall,
but didn't know if she would

colors:
salmon gray
drunk red cherry color
tawny

Idea (not sure how to implement):
art show consisting of
everything which I consume
(including externalities)
and excrete.

Steps: mediation to meditation.

A book titled so that the reader
would not think
that the artist
took it seriously.

When Molly picked me up
from the airport
I was wearing
a notebook tied around my neck
with a string.
I thought it made me
look like an artist.
She thought it made me
look weird.
Of course, the notebook necklace
came off.

“did you destroy the peaceful?”
overheard from strangers
playing a boardgame at 1:23 in the morning.

angel’s engine fog
stranger murmur

tapped water
I’m tapped
tap rhythm
roll the dice

Idea:
Redundancy is one of the
most important factors
in evolution.
If two things are doing
the same job
than one can take on another function.
Can be investigated at many levels:
genetic, neuronal and cellular,
linguistic, and social.

I’m leaving
I’m leavened

Notestalk—
either Notes Talk
or Note Stalk
(the trace of growth is art)

'progress questioning'

Shapes of spacious dawn.
I don’t know them,
I slept in.

As I do more and more art
I understand the logistics
of actually doing art
and hanging a show
better and better.
There are some art ideas
which I had
when I was 16

help one understand the philosophy of poetics. This may seem odd, to go back to
some 16 year old’s scribblings in order to generate a theory for something much
more complicated, but it is only in the origins, no, not in the origins, but in the
becomings, or in how we learn about origins, that we may find the thread that
leads all the way through the mist.

As put to me, the trial
Of trying, the napkin
With a stain in its northwest corner,
Its edge held down
With that which cannot hold.

The conversation between the primarily private use of language
and the primarily public use of language.

The IT might as well
hold whatever any poem might—
It might as well change
in its midsection, or
perhaps in the mid-life crisis of a poem—
but it is still IT—
a tautology of the purity in the poetic.

“Sentences” = tenses of sin.

The questions are: How have you been brought to philosophy? And can that
direction be continued? I have been brought there by poetry, or rather, by the
conversation between thinking and poeticizing. This conversation is perhaps a
form of philosophy, but not of poetry, because philosophy is the conversation
and poetry is usually a break in that conversation.

Staging a map.

“I don’t care, well.”

Figures of the scent of motion.

How does motion occur at all?

Specificity of conclusion.

Testimonies reiterated.

Moving (in and out) to realize wealth.

Conjunction of our identity. Indentation.

“Closing of the American Mind”/“Closing of the American Border”

This quiet recurrence of dreams. The renewal of the ‘new’.

Partitions of grace.

Coming home for short periods of time
always reinvigorates a questioning of myself.

The same is offered beside the table...

The seminar reinforces the feeling
that language and knowledge are,
at least partly, contingent
and that if you want to speak you must be able to teach.

Narrow opening in the bag
Hoping for an earring to fall;
Hoping for the gold of possible memory to fall.
Narrow opening of elevator getting larger;
Metal does the opposite of collapsing.
Narrow education, metal does something similar to clasping.

Narrow bag about to have enough distance to open.

Equitably between teaching and writing, that is, justly, or just.

A story to write: Two Marxists in the same Starbucks.
How does one begin to write poetry? Knowing the answer to this question might

and beginning to do art
that would either have been impossible
or incredibly expensive.

I got my first wallet
when I was 22.
I don’t actually keep
money in there.
I just keep all
of those punch cards
that let me get free coffee
or a movie
in there.

Now morning leaks
Center for pens

Filling jars
with sentences,
canning the inspiration
for the moon.
I’d rather be making out
with Molly.

Stones laid
into paradise circles
(connect with Joyce’s chiasma)

Actually, forget all those directions.
I’m just in love;
Typing out the tatters.

Theory

I dreamt I was a French theorist.

What does writing have to do with repression?

She sat on a wood table, said "Touch, touch, are you waiting?"
Everyone answered, "Yes." Her hair fell on the unstained wood.
The carpet was dull.

Everything went along with the script.
Is the script held within or does it invent us?

Errors in words; meaning gone hunting.

Motion goes along for the ride.

Leaves get meaning in the wind.

The crow lops between cottonwood puffs knowing themselves.

Between piles of work, noxious sounds of work make the city sleepless.

Between mornings, the piles of tones pile on their backs for pitiless sex.

An elm leaf shakes because you know too much about disease.

The islands make themselves heard through
wild microphones that scratch when they speak words of love.

Windows open endless elision/interpetation.

Living slow in the moment.

How do you know if an action
has been done freely or if it is determined?
What are the usual suspects of criteria?

Quick movie make me made face
Quick economy Quick change Quick structural adjustment.

What does global 'comparative advantage' leave out? The local.

Leave me out of your name.

Cup pouring clashing liquids.

Sponges full of dust which once was a beautiful painting.

Removing the name.

Replacing the liquid in your soundtrack with steel; friction.

How do we talk about ourselves? How do we talk amongst ourselves?

Elision of space. Misreading 'face value'.

Questions remain long after the house of answers has been built.

Coffee cups below gray skies of crows.

We are your famous pronouns.

I mean this as an architectural history (What difference?).

The base of a text.

Left for lovely.

Difference plunging.

"Please, somebody." vs. "Please somebody."

Fragments implying whole. But where?

I have made myself into a writer over the past few years, meaning that I can now sit alone in a room and write for the better part of a day, But the isolating force of writing oftentimes makes me homesick for ethical situations. The doing of philosophy (as opposed to the studying of it) binds one inextricably into an ethical questioning of how one should use language and how one should live.

(Implicating yourself/Explicating yourself)

Amongst someone's lips
Flowers this speech of the becoming;
Even if everyone is shaded grass (glass?)
Even if everyone is tilted drunk,
This speech full of memory and illusories,
This never ideal speech,
Distressed in its positions of the home,
In honed reality, in the home of shadows (flip).

Confession—Confusion.

Alluding elusive illusions.

Band of constants.

Questions alluding to proposed answers.

What are the metaphysics of the copy-store?

Talking like roots. Talking about roots.

Value proposing its own representation.

Directions wavering w/ intention.

Stare vs. Gaze.

Paralysis—Movement (in terms of art).

Accidents holding essential together.

“When, like, the clock, okay.”

Retrospective tastes.

Misplacing captions.

Say, “I am fallen.”

22

Songs make their own paths through the fists,
with the fists,
and the fight is gone with the passing of that triumphant music:
an unrealistic fit.

Passing the cup from one world to the next;
I love you in each type of cloud.

Hot sun needs its blissful son, the moon, to relax its wishes.
Now we have none.

Now the needs blister into themselves.

Motion goes in the van with the spray painted rusty wheel.

An oak-leaved hydrangea leaves
for its best white flowers with its wings wet and full of polymer.

The words get caught in their own throats,
hear me, their own throats, not somebody else's.

Memory hides in its shadow which is only available at dusk.
Please try again at a later time.
The cellular customer which you have tried to reach is busy with a life.

Silk of motion now hums with its exterior harsh pause.

French theorists dream of retention; a grace of meaning in the subject.

The rusty object always wants to become a subject
but cannot spray enough paint to prevent the age of meanings.

Risks fall apart in the drain and blush at their stupid angers.

Now age becomes itself with a dirty wisk in the dust filled sink.

How can you do theory in this town?

Wait before the signs know their own directions.

Advice along the road gets caught in the throat of a drain
which is not protected from the presence of all that might be.

What is known shuts up before it is ever heard.

The hair wears on, falls out, love falls upon.
The table gets stained with coffee cups trying to write.

Turn the world on.
Turn the world on to a carpet that knows itself
like the spirit coming around merely through poetry.

The turn on is the dream.

The lived world has the patience to ask the question:
“How does one best appreciate this world?”

The word stretches until it breaks.
The breaking point is a theoretical necessity.

She stands in a parking lot and says,
“There is no midnight train, there is no sunrise, but we are here.”
She says again, “Why?”

The going towards the plant becomes
all that you might be in a kelp filled ocean.

The bubble holds the whole spectrum together with its rising motion.
Even a theorist would understand.

How are revolution and reformation related?
Do reforms counter revolution?

In any event, intersect wildly.

Isn't she pretty tonight?
Isn't she wanting? Maybe not.
Emporium. Forward drive to design.
Towards the word of waking
And if I had the benefit of forgetting.

Go for the stronger conclusion.

But if we allow ourselves to be confused
in light of the changing aspects
which illuminate our form of life
then it is possible
we will see that our own ways
are no more grounded in the truth
than many other people's habituations.

Feeling of candles... follows me outward... made the same...

What would the words be? The ideas turn to salt.

The name gives it;
The world gives in;
What you put to do;
What might be done.

Discipline (party discipline?).

Around the bend, more bends, more burden.

Eye within the alley
Brushed vein, although still competent—
Fires happen;
Folded, I thought I was real,
But then it occurred
And the building
Obviously fell beneath someone's table.

'Specificity'—'species of city'. Ha!

Fighting against the river...fighting towards...

The solitude of creators.

Hallowed out—hollowed out

Now and then forcefully I cry upwards. upwords.

The words in the poet's song promise themselves,
but never offer themselves.

Sphere of music's becoming...

Something...(something again, perhaps the same thing)

Now and then the house gets caught in its throat.

Now again you sit comfortably
thinking about how to say 'again' (representation).

Now and now on.

A physics lesson written through Finnegans Wake.

Etymologically, of course, the poetic is also the made. There is a certain sense in which a study of the would also be a study of the made. But in what way? The poetic is the realm of the made which drains under itself to destroy all but scant traces of itself, for it is the essence that the making motion of the poet moves on, and how, oh how, ohh now, could it move with such baggage? The poetic destroys most of its weight in its underground forward motion; this is the essence of its foundation/movement paradox.

The utter shock of having a thought.
(just for style)

Satisfaction—not even poetic.

Expanding past limits into limitations.

[force words]

Embodying the erased...

When is the fall?

Following Notation

"I need to get a new set of streets."

Sometimes automatic me (atomic).

'Attention'—'Attached to tension'.

Push the music around to become.

Standing in for before.

Talking about the representation of a movie you haven't seen.

Constituting a critique from without.

One question for an artist is:
are you afraid of a mass uprising or of the police state?

Walks write through.

Difference as specialness is limited.

Scrawled rich.

Partitions of grace.

Nursing the fork in the road.

Trying to find a place (moment) where notation becomes art.

Locks and dams of meaning.

Where is the consciousness of the ordinary?

Liminal constitution.

Unstable ongoing paradigms.

Tears and flotation devices, perhaps, dreams.

“The entire family minus two drug addict uncles.”

Holding the bones of notation.

“Why haven’t you slept?”

“I don’t know. I’ve just had a very stressful life.”

Base texts.

Poetry’s connection to the possible (hope and confusion).

(again, only, perhaps, but an intersubjective ‘perhaps’)

Commensurate.

How does the ground, which could possibly be questioned, grow?

Joint method of agreement.

‘Cost’ etymologically means ‘constant’.

“What moves you?”

becomes a central question when collections of action are considered.

Confusions of position.

Width of the band of constants?

Confessions of confusion. Fusion of hope and air.

Customary rights of access/assess(ment).

Pieces of the bored wind.

Name on the door, sweat on palms,
hurry up, it is never time, execute this nervous state.

Transistor—from transfer and resistor—to transfer and resist.

I am a silent illegal member in a strange economics class.

“I am only myself”—merely or solely (soully)

In noble voice we know you have never been a chorus.

Bare stage.

Taking it to yourself through the metered hours,
we might imagine the early progenitor’s voice
of self-critiquing individualism
proclaiming the self necessary for recognition;
that is, the awful gaze of growing up.

Evocation—out of vocation.

Maps on the wall
Hearing them roll up
With the ding of clocks mounting.

[lurks in scratched glass]
touching-teaching

‘Relief’—‘Lift Up’

‘Consist’—etymologically—‘with cause to stand’.

Where is the person who initiates language?

Period. big deal.

The ‘same’ gets traced and effaced by the poetic.

What is poetic completion?

Did you throw your wallet into the distance?

Did distance alienate the tree with almost fallen leaves?

‘Relic’—‘residue, remainder’. As in division? As in talisman?

Inaugurating the question
(revenge against inauguration) how far can I go?

The counterbalance of faith...

WORK ON

(beyond my limit)

what counts as original research?
(how style diverges from content—is a poem always original research?)

My cold days at Evergreen,
in which I saw nothing,
and yet I miss them quite the same.

What is the secret curse at the bottom of the bottle?

(thing theory)

(published work until the present, until the presence)

What questions are you attracted to?

A quarrel, remember, always relies on some form of agreement

Shifts of will,
Flower turn. I will
turn the flower. Hardrock.
A punch. Gut. Always
I will move. Will might
Take me thus far. Prayer. Gut.

What is needed? Small experiments in poetry, discrete.

I wish someone could follow me into this notebook.

This crappy notebook,
already falling apart,
already falling into use, then disuse,
then wild scraps, wild memories of scribbles.

Wrapping up with a summary, with a beginner's survey.

Phrasing identity so that it is untouchable, unanalyzable.

Countenance.

Get flight info for that meeting
that won't fly your mind and trade in your ticket.

(factors participating with each other)

"teaching omissions"

Finding the necessity and impossibility of speech
through overdetermined looks and readings.

Sharing identities in order to use 'we'.

.Taking—Talking.

Afraid—'raid's of consciousness
or the 'frayed' edges of consciousness.

"The sources I found didn't really help at all."

.Relief—Relive.

(Angels of discovery
very
dis-assumption)

/.Claustrophobia./

Plan about the book.

'descriptions of towards'

Not objectivity, but shared purposive subjectivities.

Agreement as portion of critique.

Agreeing at least on purposes.

(relating back and forth
moments of choice)

Tracing through the major points.

The creative arts scraping into scientific.

What counts as transmitting knowledge?

Bracketing off as illegitimate.

Traces of ownership as traces of relations of production.

Opinions that are skipped in favor of knowledges.

Departmental canons are about time.

(Smash the order with interspersions.)

Status.

Coats crumpled into vacant stares.

Outlets for creativity.

Chairs in vacant halls, blocking.

Freedoms from a bird
Tumbling electricity
Eye like a network
Pulses together
Bound freedoms
Book of circuitry.

Do people bet on elections?

(Distance of knowledge
Proximity of meaning)

Cutting all unnecessary
Rain scissors behind statue.

Missing the point gives evidence for another conclusion.

Heidegger—forgetting about Being is the worst sin;
forgetting about poetry is forgetting about what hears Being.
(But poetry is always necessarily forgotten about.)

(Bloom of difference)

difference extended into rot...

[(Ring answering)-(Ring calling)] = reciprocal difference.

The line that draws poets together...

Misreading only takes you so far...
The horizon cannot be merely a misreading...

“the room of poet as poet”

Introduction of moments—of discrete presences...

...(read more Stevens, please)...

(in some great sense, etymological understandings
are always poetic swerves, misunderstandings)

What if poetry evades the soul?
It's attempts are not only futile, they are necessary.

[Complement—supplement]

I found myself waiting for the poem—
I had written its boundaries,
But its soul evaded presence
(even more so, evaded represence).

The necessary futility of explaining art
goes with the purposive purposelessness of art.

I evaded my own understandings,
And more so, my own misunderstandings;
Evaded presence in my words,
Evaded until the maze
Unlocked its own digression
On a small white bench
Within its rising hedges.

Waiting for escape, but not escaping the waiting.

In conclusion, it will show
how the content of religious properly basic beliefs
form a limit of language which may only be accessed
through poetry or, more generally, metaphor.