

**here.<sup>1</sup>**

Karl Parker

5 entries found for **here**.

To select an entry, click on it.

here[1,adverb] here[2,adjective] here[3,noun] here and now here and there	Go
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Main Entry: **here** 

Pronunciation: `hɪr

Function: *adverb*

Etymology: Middle English, from Old English *hEr*; akin to Old High German *hier* here, Old English *hE* he

**1 a** : in or at this place <turn *here*> -- often used interjectionally especially in answering a roll call **b** : **NOW** <*here* it's morning already> **c** : in an arbitrary location <a book *here*, a paper there>

**2** : at or in this point, particular, or case <*here* we agree>

**3** : in the present life or state

**4** : **HITHER** <come *here*>

**5** -- used interjectionally in rebuke or encouragement

- **here goes** -- used interjectionally to express resolution or resignation especially at the beginning of a difficult or unpleasant undertaking

- **neither here nor there** : having no interest or relevance : of no consequence <comfort is *neither here nor there* to a real sailor>

**ENGUIDANOS. Many thanks. But as usual, you keep avoiding my question. Tell me something about the essays. Why do you say that you don't wish to write essays and then go on writing them? What is the essay for you?**

**BORGES. I know that an essay requires a great deal of preparation. For example, if I write about an author, I have to refer to the author. I have to read something about him, I must be certain of my opinions, I must distinguish between my personal preferences and critical arguments for and against. Now that I am blind, now that in my idleness I can resort to blindness, I can believe that there is no reason to yield to this work.<sup>2</sup>**

<sup>2</sup> see Barnstone, W. "A Conversation with Jorge Luis Borges," from a previously unpublished colloquium at Indiana University, April 1, 1976.

IN THIS CONTEXT PAGE-BORDERS MUST BE CONSIDERED PLEASE AS EDGES OF A FRAME, OR RATHER, THE ORIGINAL, ACTUAL, FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH ETC. VERSION OF THIS THE FOLLOWING TEXT EXISTS AS MORE OR LESS A SMALL WALL OF FRAMED PAGES: SAY, WHATEVER THE THING FINALLY TURNS OUT TO BE DIVIDED BY THREE IN THREE ROWS OF EIGHT, SAY, WE'LL SEE. LITERALLY. IN OTHER WORDS, YOU'RE READING A TRANSCRIPTION OF VISUAL EVENTS, OR MORE PRECISELY, SINCE READING MUST BE SO TEMPORALLY ARRANGED YOU UNFORTUNATELY PHYSICALLY MISS BUT THEREFORE MUST PLEASE PROJECT<sup>3</sup> THE EFFECT OF EACH OF THESE PAGES SIMULTANEOUSLY FROM VARIOUS DISTANCES AS SIGNS, LEGIBLE AND NOT, SINCE OF COURSE THEY CAN BE READ FROM FAR AWAY, SO PEOPLE COULD HAVE NOT ONLY A DIFFERENT TEMPORAL BUT A DIFFERENT SPATIOPHYSICAL RELATION TO IT AS WELL, IF NOT EACH OTHER<sup>4</sup>, TO BOOT.

<sup>3</sup> "To continue: future reception, past genesis." —*not now, in a moment.*

<sup>4</sup> "BORGES. [. . .] There is an expression that may or may not be used in Spain and which is no longer used in Buenos Aires. It is 'remember' me for 'wake me.' 'Tomorrow remember me early.' I thought of the metaphysical sense of that psychological phrase, 'Tomorrow remember me early.' That is, 'I will be sleeping, I will be nobody, I will be everybody. And then they will wake me and I will remember who I am: somebody or other, who was born in such and such a period, who lived in such and such a place, who has such and such a past, who was afraid of such and such a person, who has read such and such books, all that is there in 'Remember me tomorrow,' as opposed to 'Wake me tomorrow.' The word 'to remember' is significant here. Of course when it's used, no one thinks of its psychological import. But of course it has such an import. [. . .] **I have been a hoodlum in fragments**, and if you read this story you can see what I was before I was born. *The genesis of this story is before my birth, and the protagonist dies before my birth. So if the translation is certain, I am another hoodlum.*"

Little by little one becomes interested in the nature of thought. The thing attempts to think the thing itself.<sup>5</sup> Easy at times to be paralyzed in the face of the fact of the thought that there is literally everywhere to go with that. Of course one place to go is art. Some are words but these are thoughts except thoughts that everyone can take part in and that simply don't change don't go away don't wither in time and so on. The ape, the miracle, the miraculous language and so on. Since poetry is the most plastic practice of the most plastic of media in other words language it is among the arts the most habitable to thought.<sup>6</sup> The yes brought home somehow. The thing touches itself knows itself a moment or moments, series upon series of repeatable moments again for all it needs is room to move *most habitable to thought*.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> "The thing 'in itself' is only the sum total of the graspings to which it lends itself, a set of angles of potential intervention by outside bodies. All thought and perception are therefore partial, in the double sense that they are never all-encompassing, and that they follow upon a constitutional affinity, or mutual openness, of two bodies for one another. Partiality does not preclude objectivity. Thought-perception is always *real* and always *of the outside*." (Massumi, *A User's Guide to Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, 36)

<sup>6</sup> "To continue: *future reception, past genesis*. The fractal proper is in-between [here Alice Fulton's sense of a fractal poetics seems relevant—eds.]. To pass into its future as a plane it must cease to be itself. But to remain in its dynamic present it must continue to divide, rushing impossibly into the void of its own past. Two thresholds, two ways of passing: a relative limit above which a thing ceases to be itself but gets a new lease on life in a different mode; and an absolute limit below which no thing can go but upon which all things tread. A threshold leading across the synapses toward a new being, and a foundation of nonbeing." (Massumi 36)

<sup>7</sup> "To drive it home that actuality is dynamic they use the word 'becoming' in place of 'being.' A thing's actuality is its duration as a process—of genesis and annihilation, of movement across thresholds and toward the limit . . . The element of immanence—thought-matter—could be called eternal, but not without introducing an unwelcome religious or Platonic tinge. Nietzsche's term, 'untimely,' suits it best." (Massumi 37) *Yes, but can and do these structural integuments speak for themselves? How does something speak?*

“Life,” let alone “eternity,” would be “hell,” sheer endurance of duration, without play of a most complex kind.<sup>8</sup> This negotiates us momentarily in facts from truth. From the tyranny the idea of the truth or meaning has over material existence itself: uncontrollable mysteries on everywhere’s bestial floors.

Art says itself<sup>9</sup> as it wishes to say itself, no? Let me introduce myself: *it is what it means*. Poetry means the everythings it says,<sup>10</sup> potentially endless proliferations of meanings to many different people

<sup>8</sup> “It is assumed here that the task of reality-acceptance is never completed, that no human being is free from the strain of relating inner and outer reality, and that relief from this strain is provided by an intermediate area of experience (cf. Riviere, 1936) which is not challenged (arts, religion, etc.). This intermediate area is in direct continuity with the play area of the small child who is ‘lost’ in play.

[ . . . ] Milner (1952) relates children’s playing to concentration in adults: ‘When I began to see . . . that this use of me might be not only a defensive regression, but an essential recurrent phase of a creative relation to the world . . .’ Milner was referring to a ‘*prelogical fusion of subject and object*.’ I am trying to distinguish between this fusion and the fusion or defusion of the subjective object and the object objectively perceived. I believe that what I am attempting to do is also inherent in the material of Milner’s contribution. Here is another of her statements: ‘Moments when the original poet in each of us created the outside world for us, by finding the familiar in the unfamiliar, are perhaps forgotten by most people; or else they are guarded in some secret place of memory because they were too much like visitations of the gods to be mixed with everyday thinking’ (Milner, 1957).

[ . . . ] Whatever I say about children playing really applies to adults as well, only the matter is more difficult to describe when the [person]’s material appears mainly in terms of verbal communication. I suggest that we must expect to find playing just as evident in the analyses of adults as it is in the case of our work with children. It manifests itself, for instance, in the choice of words, in the inflections of the voice, and indeed in the sense of humour. [ . . . ] I make my idea of play concrete by claiming that *playing has a place* [context] and a time [process of experiential unfolding]. It is not *inside* by any use of the word . . . Nor is it *outside*, that is to say, it is not a part of the repudiated world, the not-me, that which the individual has decided to recognize (with whatever difficulty and even pain) as truly external, which is outside magical control. To control what is outside one has to *do* things, not simply to think or to wish, and *doing things takes time*. Playing is doing.” (D.W. Winnicott, from *Playing and Reality*, pp. 13, 40-41)

<sup>9</sup> *The temptation to put a footnote here is too much at this moment not to indulge. It occurred to us spontaneously, of course—eds.*

<sup>10</sup> “There is a prose that dances, sings and recites to itself. There are verbal rhythms with a sinuous choreography, in which the idea being expressed strips off its clothing with veritable and exemplary sensuality. [*Ouch—eds., or Yum*] And there are also, in prose, gestural subtleties carried out by a great actor, the Word, which rhythmically transforms into its bodily substance the impalpable mystery of the universe.” (Fernando Pessoa, from *A Factless Autobiography*, in *The Book of Disquiet*)

in many different contexts as you know you know you know, you know. It's this interradiance through and between lives in language that adds palpably to the world to the seen and unseen to the real and the unknown the same

I found more way to begin to go like this. In the end there's only more writing more and more writing and therein lies the "joy."<sup>11</sup>

This is what I made it. It once began One becomes interested in the nature of thought but now begins *Little by little one* becomes interested in the nature of thought, as perhaps a kind of human comedy only possible in poetry only fully finding its habitation (*habitus, gründ, etc. on through the languages and before them through those sings those signs too.*) in poetry. Most alive flexible fully human, such a mobile fluid impermanent permanence of words in so many human works. That the thing

<sup>11</sup> "Everything is interconnected. My readings of classical authors, who never speak of sunsets, have made many sunsets intelligible to me, in all the colours. There is a relationship between syntactical competence [*structural, situational, contextual dexterity with language and affect, with audience—eds.*] *the comic* }, by which we distinguish the values of beings, sounds, and shapes, and the capacity to perceive when the blue of the sky is actually green, and how much yellow is in the blue green of the sky.

It comes down to the same thing—the capacity to distinguish and to discriminate. There is no enduring emotion without syntax [*orchestrated succession of linguistic or semiotic events in time, in context*]. Immortality depends on the grammarians." (Pessoa 198-199)

works to know itself in time is all we can hope.  
Thus “my” or any work in  
and as language-thought, whatever the materiality  
of the signs, *essay, poem, short story, fiction,*  
*framed things, thoughts, canvas,*

*a nightmare history*  
*and so on*  
*toward what*

*at least to keep alive to thought to dignity and*  
*delight of being somehow, even or perhaps*  
*especially without metaphysical or any logical*  
*reasons whatsoever.*

***continue, rehumanize***

What is the purpose and the point of the frame  
pressed upon the instance of this writing. We play  
a serious game.

*Touché.*  
[insert thumbprint **here.**]

In order to talk about the word joke, to talk about

what is, I mean what a joke is could come to make a joke out of the very idea of a—not to mention the word—*joke*.<sup>12</sup>

See there I've XXXXX<sup>13</sup> it. In order to do it you have to do it.

“I'm beginning to like this essay,” and *trust* I<sup>14</sup> have readers (ah now the frame is becoming clearer—you can see it in my voice altering and more punctuation needing more space<sup>15</sup> needing more means to me I mean to move no<sup>16,17</sup>

<sup>12</sup> *no, that's not quite it, but what happens here is a sign of it—eds.*

<sup>13</sup> *something missing here—eds.* CENSORSHIP

<sup>14</sup> “In order to *know*, Dante requires the timeless perspective of the author and a metaphysical structure: in other words, the principle of intelligibility which is his *word*, the plot of the dramatic representation which made of the poem an exemplum instantly recognizable to his contemporaries. By itself, however, this *logos* is not enough, for intelligibility runs the risk of abstraction, the static and transparent allegory of ‘this for that’ or, in contemporary terms, the risk of the hack novel, where the outcome is blatantly [apparent] to the reader as it is to the writer because neither is involved in the characters who move like puppets following an inexorable destiny. On the other hand, pure experience cannot be recorded in words. When an attempt is made to convey a flesh and blood reality without perspective, without plot, one runs the risk of unintelligibility, the ‘private world’ of the nouveau roman, signifying nothing. Dante as pilgrim cannot see the objective designated for him by the author except in retrospect, when his pilgrimage, his evolution, is over. At that final moment, however, the Incarnation of Christ reveals his own timeless form to him and is joined by the here-and-now reality of his flesh—‘*la nostra effigie*’ (Par. XXXIII, 131). The author, who has for us heretofore been an abstract voice, takes upon himself the humanity of his former self. . . . The poem’s ending is therefore, as György Lukács would have it, the transcendent made immanent, but for [the author], not for us.

<sup>15</sup> *in time and form and*

<sup>16</sup> All this is straight from today’s *Times*.

<sup>17</sup> This work attempts to dramatize (through a variety of means, at times burlesque at times strictly formal—i.e., collage, pastiche, internal rhyme, latent content, etc.) a situation—at once physical, institutional, theoretical, practical, personal, impersonal, tragicomical, etc.—in which formal freedom, for instance as in some of these inter-views, would reign in the attempt to explore, in however a crude and sometimes smiling way, the nature of thought, the marvel of language, the position of the human vis-à-vis these, the simultaneous absurdity and utility of expository writing, alternate structural models of perception, both physical and poetic, language as gesture and event, the joke serious, “the lake a lilac cube.” Reference itself as part of these events, this assemblage of events which is designed to produce thought—not delimit or describe it—in other words, to enact or perform it. As a doctor is said to *perform* an operation. In this case, a performance prepared to stand squarely in real space too.

I meant to say I trust I have readers who are familiar with (this voice is fake, but I'm really beginning to enjoy this) the "New Essay" etc. Lauterbach, Bernstein, Hejinian, etc. God I hate this tone.

This is my performance for you. I mean this is my performance, for you. I mean this *thing* is my performance for you. There are at least seven ways to take that sentence. I'm kidding, but this is no joke<sup>18</sup>. Hey look, *you're over here*.

*I am to be judged on my performance. I was allowed to be intelligent on all fronts. To allow for instance the blurring of the creative and the critical to occur for instance because the difference between them is mythical, historical, a fiction, sometimes useful, sometimes as in this case an obstruction, what have you*<sup>19</sup>. I am what I am because of writing that calls to other writing and mine is part of it therein I am. Therein "I am" is my terrain, part of some landscape, but the metaphor

<sup>18</sup> "Here is a very similar example:

"The doctor, who had been asked to look after the Baroness at her confinement, pronounced that the moment had not come, and suggested to the Baron that in the meantime they should have a game of cards in the next room. After a while a cry of pain from the Baroness struck the ears of the two men: '*Ah, mon Dieu, que je souffre!*' Her husband sprang up, but the doctor signed to him to sit down: 'It's nothing. Let's go on with the game!' A little later there were again sounds from the pregnant woman: '*Mein Gott, mein Gott, what terrible pains!*' — 'Aren't you going in, Professor?' asked the Baron. — 'No, no. It's not time yet.' — At last there came from next door an unmistakable cry of '*Aa-ee, aa-ee, aa-ee!*' The doctor threw down his cards and exclaimed: '*Now it's time.*'"

This successful joke demonstrates two things from the example of the way in which the cries of pain uttered by an aristocratic lady in child-birth changed their character little by little. It shows how pain causes primitive nature to break through all the layers of education, and how an important decision can be properly made to depend on an apparently trivial phenomenon." (Freud 80-81)

<sup>19</sup> PLEASE MIND THE GLAS

misses. There is only writing calling to other<sup>20</sup> writing in various forms I say by all *means necessary*

I decided the most valuable response to this situation would be to use it evidently as an occasion to write *and therefore think and therefore write*<sup>21</sup> and so on in ways I never have before. To explore the space of writing in an open form. To forgive myself because there is no beginning and no end to thought. *I didn't mean to write that*. I'm glad it happened<sup>22</sup>

***And thanks***, 'cause I evidently feel this is a public performance in front of some kind of audience or committee luckily not composed of anyone I really know all that well<sup>23</sup>

<sup>20</sup> "One could bring this movement more sharply into focus—but not explain it—by evoking those forms and those crises called 'complexes.' Their essence is that at the moment they come about they have already done so: they only ever return. This is their characteristic feature. They are the experience of beginning again. 'Again, again!' is the cry of anguish struggling with the irremediable, with being. Again, again, such is the closed wound of the complex. It takes place again, it recurs, yet another time. The basis of failure lies not in the fact that an experience meets with no success, but in its beginning all over again [*see Sisyphus run!*]. Everything begins again always—yes, one more time, again, again.

Some time ago now, Freud, surprised by the tendency to repeat, the powerful call of the anterior, recognized in it the call of death itself. But perhaps what must finally come out is this: he who seeks in death the meaning of repetition is also led to ruin death as possibility—to bind it in repetition's spell. Yes, we are tied to disaster, but when failure returns, it must be understood as nothing but the return. The power that begins everything over again is older than the beginning: this is the error of our death." (Blanchot, *The Space of Literature* 243-244)

<sup>21</sup> and make and [*poesis versus techné*]

<sup>22</sup> "Let us decide, then, to adopt the hypothesis that this is the way in which jokes are formed in the first person: *a preconscious thought is given over for a moment to unconscious revision and the outcome of this is at once grasped by conscious perception.*" (Freud, *Jokes and Their Relation to the Unconscious*, 165)

<sup>23</sup> "Jokes possess yet another characteristic which fits satisfactorily into the view of the joke-work which we have derived from dreams. We speak, it is true, of 'making a joke' but we are aware that when we do so our behaviour is different from what it is when we make a judgement or make an objection. A joke has quite outstandingly the characteristic of being a notion that has occurred to us 'involuntarily.' What happens is not that we know a moment beforehand what joke we are going to make, and that all it then needs is to be clothed in words [*note the sartorial metaphor. When viewed historically, theatrically: Costumes!*]. We have an indefinable feeling, rather, which I can best compare with an 'absence,' [Freud uses French here], a sudden release of intellectual tension, and then all at once the joke is there—as a rule

I'm sure these tonal shifts are lost. This writing is garbage. Thanks, Archie. I am glad.<sup>24</sup> Anyhow,

Aaron<sup>25</sup> said Robert<sup>26</sup> said be as creative as you'd like, and I remember that night.<sup>27</sup> Or should I be directing my comments to Fanny.<sup>28</sup> I'd write this differently then.

Who is exactly is my audience hearing here, though Fanny I know you're reading this, you see *I'd like to see the institutional frame better*, investigate the edges of what passes for thought critical and creative  
and *cockle-doodle-doo*

I know this is all meaning and find the thatness of that activity most clearly revealed not only in the sort of probably potentially infinitely trajectoried games

ready-clothed in words. Some of the techniques of jokes can be employed apart from them in the expression of a thought—for instance, the techniques of analogy or allusion. . . . Jokes show a special way of behaving, too, in regard to association. Often they are not at the disposal of our memory when we want them; but at other times, to make up for this, they appear involuntarily, as it were, and at points in our train of thought where we cannot see their relevance. These, again, are only small features, but nevertheless indicate their origin from the unconscious.“ (Freud, *ibis* [sic.]

<sup>24</sup> “The pleasure in *jokes* has seemed to us to arise from an economy in expenditure upon inhibition, the pleasure in the *comic* from an economy in expenditure upon ideation (upon cathexis) and the pleasure in *humour* from an economy in expenditure upon feeling. In all three modes of working of our mental apparatus the pleasure is derived from an economy. *All three are agreed in representing methods of regaining from mental activity a pleasure which has in fact been lost through the development of that activity.* For the euphoria which we endeavour to reach by these means is nothing other than the mood of a period of life in which we were accustomed to deal with our psychical work in general with a small expenditure of energy—the mood of our childhood, when we were ignorant of the comic, when we were incapable of jokes and when we had no need of humour to make us feel happy in our life.” (Freud 236; *italics ours*—eds.)

<sup>25</sup> Raymond.

<sup>26</sup> Polito, Director of the Writing Program, New School University, 66 W 12<sup>th</sup> St., NYC.

<sup>27</sup> *way too defensive here*—eds.

<sup>28</sup> Howe. *To whom this work in frames is inscribed. Just look on the back.*

or nongames being played here but also—**the freedom of the space of art**—think of it—in writing we most live there that infinite<sup>29</sup> participation in the thinkable, in life, the palpable passing of things, again, uncontrollable mysteries on bestial floors,<sup>30</sup> being-in-time, moments in which moments themselves may be known and us in them, with them, as them part of all things including our own small scratchings on the surface of the event itself. It is our world yah yah the list goes on<sup>31</sup>

<sup>29</sup> “As the body is to a person, so language is to the world; to speak of a ‘soul’ is then to speak of a projection cast by the body. In this sense, to discount the pervasiveness of language—to be so accustomed to its presence that its constituting power over the values and objects of the world is disregarded—is to avoid the body and with it the materiality of time and space.

He is gone now  
Taking his body with him  
When all the time  
I thought it was  
The beauty of his mind

I loved [—from a poem by Ted Greenwald, “Off the Hook”]

In talking about language and thinking, I want to establish the material, the stuff, of writing, in order, to turn, to base a discussion of writing on its medium rather than on preconceived literary ideas of subject matter or form. And I want to propose ‘thinking’ as a concept that can help to materially ground that discussion. ‘Thinking’ as the conceptual basis of literary production suggests the possibilities for leaps, jumps, fissures, repetition, bridges, schisms, colloquialisms, trains of associations, and memory; as a literary mode it would rely on concepts related to spontaneity, free association, and improvisation.” (Bernstein, *Content’s Dream*, from “Thought’s Measure,” 63)

<sup>30</sup> a reference to Yeats’ “The Magi”: horrific image of the pious and ossified

<sup>31</sup> and on throughout the night. *These are sutures.*

### **This is a piece of stitches, a tattered coat upon a stick**

[A reference to Yeats’ “Sailing to Byzantium”: “An aged man is but a paltry thing, / A tattered coat upon a stick . . .”—eds.], not to mention *Frankenstein* (woven [textual] body animated, living pastiche nonetheless sentient, and the author’s early obsession with horror movies) + **Childhood** (sutures, stitches, Dad was a doctor, his name was Frank [to be honest], sutures, also from the Sanskrit ‘sutra,’ connection / prayer / joining; more near though is the reference to or indeliberate but nonetheless loving echo of Whitman, “My signs are a rain-proof coat and good shoes and a staff cut from the woods . . .,” more near true father, in any case. Echoes call across other echoes in time. Any piece is a complex of voices, intersections. I wanted to be more tender to the center, here, in leaving it open, only perhaps a *hazy, gladiolated foreglimpse.*

*God I love these frames*

So I wanted an example of what I wanted to talk about that would be both the thing I wanted to say said<sup>32</sup> true to what I would be and now am saying. This is it.<sup>33</sup> ***Everyw***

***here.***

<sup>32</sup> *ha ha*, or, radically affirmative laughter

<sup>33</sup> “One of the soul’s great tragedies is to execute a work and then realize, once it’s finished, that it’s not any good. The tragedy is especially great when one realizes that the work is the best he could have done. But to write a work, knowing beforehand that it’s bound to be flawed and imperfect; to see while writing it that it’s flawed and imperfect—this is the height of spiritual torture and humiliation. Not only am I dissatisfied with [what] I write now; I also know that I’ll be dissatisfied with [what] I write in the future. I know it philosophically and in my flesh, through a hazy, gladiolated foreglimpse. [. . .]”

I wrote my first poems when I was still a child. Though dreadful, they seemed perfect to me. I’ll never again be able to have the illusory pleasure of producing perfect work. What I write today is much better. It’s even better than what some of the best writers write. But it’s infinitely inferior to what I for some reason feel I could—or perhaps should—write. I weep over those first dreadful poems as over a dead child, a dead son, a last hope that has vanished.” (Pessoa 200)