

BULLETIN A. R. C. LITTÉRATURE

PRÉSENTÉ PAR EMMANUEL HOCQUARD

au Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris
11, avenue du Président Wilson - 75116 Paris

dixième année

N° 174

Joseph SIMAS

from ORIENTATION

In spite of the blanket example of light an idea of guilt in which our skill can only fall in one long swoop. The idea of north drawn from the bottom up, the series of free-standing lines of a will in tandem. Together ideas are made and attract the shift of footfall down forbidden streets. We enact the pace of streets, the temperature of light, the dust in the air. Errant ones, such as subjects displaced, following pictures in that path of light stops.

Finding directions is the central event of our being here. No other manner than to follow that line out, carry on. Each to its own, a place in its comforts, leads to wanders no less than singular crochets pick up and stop, change color, pull another thread through. I want to think of a picture as a stop in time, the moment of such a light freeze, an ice cube in water. Meaning floats. We wander in search of it.

Joseph SIMAS est né en 1958. Il est l'auteur de trois livres : *Entire Days* (Burning Deck, Providence, 1985), *Sets* (TELS, Tokyo, 1986), *The Longer Sentiments of Middle* (inédit en livre). Il publie dans de nombreuses revues, dont : *Temblor*, *ACTS*, *Tyuonyi*, *In-Plano*, *Action Poétique*, *Po&sie*.... Il édite la revue *Moving Letters*. Il vit et travaille à Paris depuis plusieurs années.

Joseph Guglielmi lira des traductions en français. Joseph Simas lira en anglais.

JOSEPH SIMAS

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Lecture

Mercredi 11 Mars 1987

à 19 h 15

dans l'auditorium du musée

—
Entrée libre

olive percher we lost in the lunar surface near the tired sun.
sons in
your youth
beware that indifferent lake toward compliance. wet and
sincere son,
thought is bogus if really caught, but away, time, embodied
acolyte as
stuck. a rising breeze.
as meat up to a mistress lost in spool. ghost in the lull of
rime
right, and down, era of light reel left objects to a
dot works. weigh sight urban after times it masks her dour
shoes.
thrall skim through a book, a convoy skips verse sages, wise
awning got
only the heard continuous, of the law of this, o that's invent
fine with northerly keel of hoods, the coverts, social babble
won
harass alder tree
past suppliants. anoint research or ornate person, for neck in
impeccable histories
of dress abroad the
other, sole alibi copy the truth backward,
brood, fawn your wheel on,
be cad, refrain from sun go rather
than
the fork in the road.

An accident could take us anywhere, at any time, out of
the confined circle. We sit and bloat in the angles on
this, a planned humor. The smug satisfaction of controlled
discourse fakes its way up around the borders of pain. In
the long term, we are bound to find a way and clumsily
thrash at such deviation our minds protest. Even here, I
want to say something as straightforward as an arrow,
something to pierce your lovely heart. But the puppets of
history confine my lines to various tactics the literature
suggests. Yet if I take on some particular esthetic angle,
it is not to beautify, nor to startle and shock, rather to
throw my body around in a world of half-formed truths, lies
and chance. I want to say something that rings as clear as
a bell. This order should be as all the world is natural.

I want to scare you into believing I do not know which
way to turn . I will point you in the direction of north,
but there is no north where there is no death.

The eye sees nothing in silence

The desert eye in this single point

On the horizon the chorus eye of assent