DEATH DRIVE through GAIA PARIS

Charles Xoble

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OTHER BOOKS BY CHARLES NOBLE

Three (with Jon Whyte and John O. Thompson) Haywire Rainbow Banff/Breaking Afternoon Starlight Let's Hear It For Them Wormwood Vermouth, Warphistory Hearth Wild/post cardiac banff Doubt's Boots I dedicate this book to all the people, including some of the other patrons, past and present, connected to the Banff *Saltlik*.

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SOCRATES:

Then it won't be with serious intent that he writes them in water or that black fluid we call ink, using his pen to sow words that can't either speak in their own defence or present the truth adequately.... He will sow his seed in literary gardens I take it, and write when he does write by way of pastime....

from Plato's "Phaedrus"

welcome to the ELEFONTS

THE DRAG OF KNOWING

serving	service	complex
customers	world	informed
		nuanced
she	where	views
could	mirror	
flirt	steals	in
	mirror	the
with		middle
the	and	of
truth	barmaid's	nowhere
	brain	
let		a
the	fingers	warhead
burden	the	
be	glass	
tray	-	

bank of	by the	boxer has
TVs	hydrant	"boxing"
1 1 8	liyulalit	tattooed
hockey	seeing	on
	U	
games	the	his
	jewelry	back
bank	store	
on		this
	Ι	tireless
us	put	front
"notes	out	
		tells
on	all	on
camp"	meanings	him
which		
fires		
the		

couch

young	a	outrage
guy	thin	over
tearing	man	a
at	with	dog's
his	grey	life
food	mean	in
SO	mustache	same breath
Ι	tattoos	as
see		child's
him	wolfing	
	food	slippery
raise		
him	dog	path-
	gone	us
to	human	
good		
old		
drool		

an	once	centipede
imposition	Ι	Ι
	cried	smear
then	for	
godsend	my	it
	dog	sets
work		me
	then	
as	when	back
long		
as	Ι	up
it	cried	
adores	wolf	to
the		go
wolf	made	on
	real	
		thinking
	flushed	for
	through	
	others	it

man	my	she
kills	story	annoys
wife		anonymously
kids	not	
mom	lording	inside
dad	it	the
		remote
past	but	Ι
life	as	short
takes	if	
	you	she
makes	were	dies
sense		
of	not	
it	in	
	business	
bleeds		
sensation		

we	to	he
pin	dream	arrived
the		rived
bully	he	
down	counted	by
	out	snapshots
steal		
his	her	he
ball	unmindful	wasn't
	acts	ready
bested		for
he	insights	
bests	to	this
us	turn	
	in-	gathered
steeling		this
us	to	

to think to crowds	the galaxy in the	soldiers know untrue grit
crowus	mould	giit
he died down	on your meaning	in distant lands
when	is	Ι
he woke	mine	an atlas
up	made not	on acid
he		
had	by	
been kicked around	me	

he keeps floating	being less than	the perfected wheel
up	your	
from	life	you
the		had
maze	twists	to
	round	re-invent
where	self	
he	help	SO
can't		your
figure	wind	head
out	mills	wouldn't
	say	spin
where	wind	
he		
is	no	
	spin	

right off the	"art film"	skin colour
bat	that	is
the	crowd	one
ball is	T	thing
virtual	want schlock	saying this
and		culture
that	to	
bat	zero	gets
to	out	not
worlds		its
strikes	like	own
out	art	skinny
	dreams	

a sleeper

he watched them	movie promotes	new world
watching	its	unknown
him	"special	but
	effects"	for
write		the
	what	old
behind	we	
them	must	smoked
	then	humans
SOW		
in	have	and
		the
his	already	drag
pen		of
		knowing
he		
pigged		

out

some of the	death drive is
guns aim	paved
alm	
at	through
the	Gaia
future	Paris
flared	
	Archimedes
hand	screws
hand to	screws loose
maria	
to	
to	loose
to mouth	loose le
to mouth we	loose le
to mouth we take	loose le

TRUE TRUE CHAINS

I would not have you think that I am shut out from a sense of what is called by the Japanese "the ah-ness of things"; the melancholy inherent in the animal life. But there is a Ho-ho-ness too. And against the backgrounds of their sempiternal Ah-ness it is possible, strictly in the foreground, to proceed with a protracted comedy, which glitters against the darkness.

P. Wyndham Lewis – as quoted by Wilfred Watson with his "I shot a trumpet into my brain" (from *Mass on Cowback*).

Kate's	noisy	prairie
navel	group	stars
de-zens	in	
the	loud	over
denizens	lounge	grain
of		bins
the	thrive	
bar	on	the
	alpha	old
their	clichés	story
gaze		of
buddeth	and	pissing
out	their	
	much	in
	beta	my
	crumbs	drink

he	bit	he
wore	cross	pees
his	with	on
boxers		the
backwards	women's	electric
	gym	fence
because	shorts	
his		making
dink	crotch-	out
stuck	tight	what's
out		there
	SO	
gas		stars-
at	in	seeing
the	touch	brain
back	with	
	his	
	inner	
	cunt	

I spoke	I would	so my
right	win	escape
out	trips	from
of	cars	gravity
my		
grocery	on	gets
cart	the	taken
	phone	up
your		in
face	they're	gossip
a	tripping	circles
flock	away	
of		
shotguns	on	
	true	
	true	
	chains	

the	loud	Ι
sort	young	see
of	woman	her
guy		baby
	song	belly
who	of	
would	herself	SO
ask		kid
unrhetorically	annoys	
	the	she's
"what	unsung	in
are		trouble
friends	song	
for?"	of	she
	myself	admits
		it

who is that	I love the	Eaton's 'coy pad
blond?	weather	r
		for
Ι	woman	real
ask		
myself	but	shins
	get	
hair-		off
raised	this	the
by		
blonds	my	ice
	nephew's	in
now	comic	
they	strip	the
tell	wife	shack
the		
jokes		deked- out

playmates

trust my	on the box	I plant flowers
reportage	DOX	they
"Charles,	on	kill
it	the	
won't	ball	ho!
fit"		I'm
	in	joking
she	the	
tries	box	Ι
the		weed
Globe	talk	
in	show	hara-
the	mind	kiri
rack		hoes
	jacks	
	off	
	in	
	the	
	box	
	box	

LEIBNITZ NUTS

quantum-	the	he
like	monster	cried
traffic	and	falsely
	his	
is	dog	in
Leibnitz		the
nuts	me	context
	and	
drivers	mine	reason
each		stumbles
	ergo	
taking	I'm	onto
all	a	everything
the	monster	
paths		
	or	
	not	

that	most	Ι
you	fun	think
don't	requires	to
want	work	you
to		I'm
live	but	me
	we	
five	like	but
hundred	work	to
years		me
	if	I'm
leaks	the	free
your	cruelty	of
weakness		me
	subjects	
as	us	if
we		Ι
speak		follow

as	overboard	we
long	musings	discard
as	think	
you're		what
alive	haiku	Descartes
you	boat	depicts
belie		
your	deck	withdraw
image	hands	dotty
	play	pictures
dead	cards	
you		to
believe	0	his
it	minus	point?
	touch	

rightful	"logos	the
positions	is	new
	what	argument
are	makes	
taken	things	enlists
	definite"	old
held		other-
	boat	side
need	of	thoughts
to	ice	
go		making
	in	truth
to	love	
the	with	kinky
cogito	water	

the	the	thumbs
concept	you-	down
curls	don't-	on
around	know-	flicks
the	everything	yeah
disappearing	sting	
particle	U U	but
-	swells	Plato's
plays	you	idiot
for	up	
shape		Ι
	to	love
	know	the
	it	cave's
		remove
	inside-	
	out	

2001	science	alaganca
you	science	elegance
cast	SO	is
castles	far	a
in		good
the	off	driver
air		
	SO	it
just	we'll	never
where	have	pulls
	a	off
they	good	
can		its
be	a	own
	good	defeat
seen	problematic	
through	time	
the		
first		
11130		

stone

the beefy coil	relatives will derive you	they all look the
creates		same
a	out	
spark	of	"abstract
	your	universal"
ideal	tree	
recognition		but
	splitting	blue
with	the	likes
a	absolute	them
beef		
		like
		me

little modern monads with	young cool handsome everything	"make it new"
no	everything	but
god	they have	new's its
but	everything	own
true	, ,	no
to	their	mind
form	self-	
	doubt	got
none		by
the	seals	
wiser	it	mind with mind
		of

or its own

scientists	we	resort
say	meet	to
Mars	on	force
will	the	
change	street	power
us		flies
	with	off
if	our	(Arendt)
us	lines	
is	on	the
still	things	new
there		requires
no	glanced	force
	remote	(Arendt)
if		
not	fly	
	in	
NO		
	time's	
	square	

bios has no bias till the nervous crown bites its toothpick repast

ROME TAKES ALL ROADS

she drops she plies	unpleasant person you meet	he is drunk
all	meet	smarting
comers	say what	so digs
wears	you	at
aware-	have	you
weary	to	
drop of shame	protest pleasantries	not smart you smart
war wares		learn him
		back hoe

to	low
call	cut
her	dress
by	
name	the
	breasts
is	are
a	look-
dart	ma-
in	no-
the	hands
dark	
	he
she	can't
curls	milk
up	for
	all
round	their
the	worth
prick	
	call her by name is a dart in the dark she curls up round the

how	word-	kick
you	strapped:	ass
can		woman
drown	you	shape
	love	
in	her	mere
ideal	like	genetic
allure	mutton	film
	stew	
be		amor
saved	but	fati
	don't	says
by	say	
the	to	"choice
fucking	stew	cuts"
anchor	lamby- pie¹	

same	womanizing	he
birth	bends	called
days	thereby	his
		girl
strangely	human	not
intimate		crème
	but	de
outside	can't	crème
all	stop	
number	-	but
	its	crème
of	alien	de
backward	line	menthe
hearts		
		but
		should

but should have meant menth

she	will	didn't
flirted	she?	dare
her		phone
hip	he	her
-	withdraws	
against	to	but
his	doodle	did
leg		
	spirals	then
heat	into	beyond
he'd		premeditation
never	his	
feel	own	skilled
		her
doing	vital	
it	signs	

talking to oneself as overheard	those shoulders don't fit those	playmates on reality TV
overneard	hips	just
bespeaks	mps	girls
having	those	no
been	things	power
loved	wow	
		but
to	these	stripped
bits	funny	
		of
	Rome	it
	takes	
	all roads	

object	"she's	she
of	letting	had
your	you	a
desire	know	сар
		pulled
falls	it	down
apart	will	cock-
	just	eyed
then	be	
on	platonic"	fellas
		fell
the	what	over
ear	goes	themselves
	up	
a		to
hank	comes	see
of	down	
hair		

I	a Javalu	couldn't
saw	lovely	put
her	woman	your
beauty	Ι	finger
	said	on
SO		it
tell	it	
	takes	love
on	not-	
her	one	when
	to	you
like	know	could
rotten	one	
Ι	she	you
	rejoined	lost
were		your
selling		finger
fruit		

take simple breasts	I like	himself deflated
	her	to
they	whats	her
move		a
you	squeezed	rock
and	into	to
bearers	shape	which
back	-	she
	what's	sticks
removed	what	
to		all
prime	she's	puffed
	wise	good
the	to	points
pump	her	
	not	
	knowing	

public	turns	we
couples	on	are
	the	intimate
you	radio	
their		intimating
ceiling	when	
	it's	the
and	already	signs
on	on	the
the		gossiped
wall	story	have
	of	died
two-	his	for
way	wife	
Spanish		
fly		

not knowing he	cruelty kind of	not love flipped
	01	into
was with	when	hate
		nate
her	you	
	bring	but
Ι	up	love
opened	a	not
up	friend's	dared
-	failed	
on	tryst	dammed
her		at
	but	dawn
killed	up	
his	case	hanging
fishing		
	to	back
	the	light
	kind	5

you're	you're	heft
jealous	jealous	your
right	in	road
off	good	around
	time	
cuz		bulldozer
she	cuz	
knows	all	detractor
you	you	terrains
	make	arouse
in	new	your
the		seed
world	her	
	field	
not	finds	
as	a	
its	place	
mouth	for	
piece		

her	like	receptors
her	a	ape
	dog	women's
and	barking	hips
her	in	
	the	brain
you	street	synchs
love		so
in	he	
	didn't	SO
an	know	do
instant	which	your
	fast	hopes
many	femme	
worlds	to	swing
theory	chase	higher?

one god

his	now	she
lie	Ι	is
wheeled	x-ray	wrong
round	this	
	friend	or
up		sick
the	in	
sky	whom	but
	she	for
his	shows	the
bruised	up	future
rib	positive	
spoke		scrapped
free	like	by
	cancer	my
truth		timely
was		portrait
on		
his		
side		

MORE'S TIME

the	two	the
pale	cab-	bar
exit	s-park	works
sign		for
	oppose	me
or	themselves	
rich		some
red	touch	magic
one	on	
	no	but
either		Ι
way	car-	want
	go	
local		to
colour	no	free
	God-	the
goes	Adam	trapped
	fare	tourists

pajamas pimples hanging lip	crush a tricycle	snow- capped mountains
1	drag	night
on	it	catches
the	through	cliché
Y	the	down
hall	garden	
phone		before
	till	it
likeness	the	ups
	ground	the
of		ante
her	fancies	
	it	

all this emotional	low sun	logo A-l-b-e-r-t-a B-a-l-l-e-t
pollution	on far	wild
but	off	anagram
landscape	Waterton	phones
the	peaks	hoof
great	and	beats
carbon	what's	
think	more	range
		on
	more's	home
	utopia	

hinter roads maintain	the village
	cold
the	snow
roads	
to	dim
the	lights
road	
	in
belie	the
its	post
unforked	box
thunder	
	Sinclair
	Ross
	turned-
	up
	loss
	roads maintain the roads to the road belie its unforked

brother brings proud	coming out of	winter blahs
new	the	grey
hockey colours	theatre	snow
	poplars	wan
Ι	in	sun
wearing	the	
him	dusk	careless safety
take	the	
him	roles	but
off	reverse	black holes
home		
		beam
		me
		up

they	the	а
were	three-	big
near	legged	toe
grain	dog	on
bins	0	the
	twirls	lawn
fell	its	
in	lariat	toe
love		of
	the	nothing
birds	halo	0
veered	topples	stubborn
round	the	stub
the	rope	
pileups		no
		wit
like		just
swallows		it

house	the	drive
with	dogs	by
the	in	grade
dark-	the	two
defined	camp	
light	bark	my
on	in	life
	the	as
you	dark	a
enter		life
	the	
what	fire	now
is	doesn't	I'm
spoiling	do	the
for		kite
you	much	
	better	caught
		in
		the
		sky

history	Toronto	with
as	news-	the
"interview"	makes	pleated
	me	crossword
"the		
vampire"	but	they
	then	make
feeding	I'm	good
on	too	
		a
epochal	big	bit
blood	for	of
	my	bad
	where-	infinity
	abouts	

I smile	"species consciousness"	sea gull swallows
you	corrects	a
сору	our	mouse
	reach	
you		relieved
try	as	driver
to	enunciated	
make	out	dark
me	of	and
smile		warm
we		back
must		to
root		unborn
out		

ourselves

dog's sad friendly face	man drowns canoeing	man drowned I used
	because	to
draws	of	see
us	his	
as	buckskin	some
poison	shirt	what
off	claims	now
the	Joe	hear
path		
	blames	moonrise
which	Trudeau	
begs		carpenter
the		
quest		wife
		kids

my dog died	once I nursed a	after my dog's death
a	shoelace	
woman	out	Ι
wipes		have
	last	more
from	stool	time
both	now	
sides	beneath	to
the	her	part
glass	tail	with
door		
	mum's	all
the	the	the
two	look	other
noses		dogs

AFTERWORD

As sympathetic hysteric, granting myself some healthy, off-centre normality, I set about to write an afterword and will henceforth, as per usual, become the pervert. (No, I'm not Irving Layton nor was meant to be, I say – in reference to his prefatorial, Nietzschean certainties!) Therefore I aim to cleave – to the minimum.

The "short hairs," pseudo haikus, are not in fact traditional haikus. I would call them logopoeic haiku a contradiction in terms. Logopoeia of course being Ezra Pound's term and of the three possible dominances (the other two of the standard ménage à trois being phanoand melopoeia) he claimed logopoeia to be the riskiest - a tending to philosophy and a leaving of poetry. But we're not talking about leaving - there is that '-poeia.' The will to logopoeia, even if just by way of compromising by any amount a genre famous for its proscription of same, also invites Charles Olson's judgment: "all the original thoughts in the world can be written on a postage stamp," To which I could lamely protest the stamp's rime (Robert Duncan's word) with the haiku. I would also point out that this logopoeia often lives (so lives!) on "psychopoeic" content, a standard literary ecology, where wicked psychic reflexes are portrayed, the ironic distances to be determined in each case - but always minimally there![?] (A perhaps too pat example of this would be: "she/annoys/anonymously//inside/ the/remote/I/short//she/dies".)

The main attraction to this diverted form indeed is its brevity and its discreteness – owing initially to a completely extra-to-the-form consideration, an ordinary general existential constraint, undisclosed here, but I may say not unconnected to being discreet (we're talking now of being off the island but still highly visible, yet not – à la "The Purloined Letter"). Complete disclosure: a good many were composed in short periods at my favourite bar. (The other half of the constraint upon this writing was that it was done when my attention was turned mostly to reading.)

At one point I was thinking of entitling the collection "The Minus Hand," from: "overboard/musings/think// haiku/boat//deck/hands/play/cards//o/minus/touch." And it occurred to me later that the "overboard musings" and "minus touch" were apt descriptions of traditional haiku. This is to say that the genre, while completely valid, has, from the point of view of a minus touch, a logopoeic decision frozen in the genre frame, as well as individual "overboard musings" in the wings of every actual haiku (not to mention the predisposed reader's interpretive flights).

I can't, or at least I refrain from, putting my finger on what language/thought action is spurred into being by the seventeen-syllable constraint - the only hewedto rule in these hybrid haikus.² The intersection of the "imaginary" and the "symbolic" is obviously the central consideration here, referring to the haiku genre level - not to the omnipresent intertwining, however hidden, in any language action, even of course in strict (haiku) phanopeoic language, and which can always be teased out again and explored or experimented with in many directions and to extreme degrees, even to, in reverse, cutting it all back to melopoeia, to one of the "materialit[ies]" of language, all of it to a pharmakon moment of apoetics uncannily taken up by re-cognized/re-cognizing literary process and thereby stutter-doubled into proto-genre, set off (a möbius and

deist-like pun) by on-board musings as twined and twinned to overboard.

Whether this intersection makes haiku [re]solutions harder or easier, or harder in a different way, is open to question. What is not open to question is that whatever the logo-/phano-/melo- mix, with whatever parts repressed or not, or whatever the abstract real³ (in Hegel's sense of abstract – splintered-off), marks or sounds, imaginary space circles back into and as, dare I say it, the picture which begs the picture, which fundamentally finesses the empirical irresolution at the threshold of the "mind" (the "airy nothing" that rimes with our reports and projected sense of irresolute and quirky quarks stringing us along, *i.e.*, alluding to those arch-deceivers just because real puppeteers, the answer to a corrupted puppet, that is the question) - leading even, perchance, to the phenomenon of the phenomenon in the phenomenon, *i.e.*, to aesthetic or metaphysical shine, which retrieves, another circle, the traditional phanopoeic haiku (its phano-fanning possibilities) we set out to depart from.⁴

Putting the discrete haiku into an order up-sets⁵ the discreteness, what with segues, oppositions, resonances, and progressions within the progression. Also over the course of the sequence the indexico-iconic extras (Peircean combos – of course made through symbols/signifiers, or minus-touch semeiosis) reach enough of a critical mass to insert some minute *local* into the *logo [minimus]* – thus ducking some Olson's implied injunction. (Re here the belying "Paris" haiku and title, see belying "Toronto" haiku ["too/ big/ for/my/whereabouts"].) A motivated sequence opens all the discrete closures (though not from certain perspectives or in certain cases closed anyway) – as it were, puts

an end to the at-wit's-end these turned haiku have been turned to. One could even say these catachretic little Cretans/cretins (befuddled and B.-Russelled⁶), as secreted through the backdoor, go archipelago longpoem, *i.e.*, intimations of such – not in the sense of narrative or architectonics, but in the sense of serial, and yet there are some arcs (and barks). Gazes of course wander through the poems like ghosts, which congeal, from "time to time," zoom-lens syntaxes, extra to, or intra in, or coincident with, the poems.

NOTES

- 1 The second and third stanzas are taken/adapted from The Seminar of Jacques Lacan (Book III, I think).
- 2 The one word per line, with no punctuation marks, is not meant to produce any staccato effect. The reader is invited to participate in the phrasing as suggested by the idioms and the enjambments, with their senses carried over, so to sometimes pick up new sense in a larger completion, and to sometimes split apart what is about to pick up from what would be picked up – *i.e.*, either to "up-*set*" or to upset. Senses then arise and override, with micro-rhythms, any merely spiky effects, which would, ironically enough, have a leveling effect. Stanza breaks are the only punctuation marks and help facilitate the phrasing.
- 3 Footnote 15 in the afterword of the forthcoming Sally O gives a specific spur for this note on how Lacan's "real" can never be obsolesced by the world of copies or by the virtual - the virtual being "at one" with his "reality" which is overall in contradistinction to the real, though indistinct from it at any one point, also [all so] hidden outright in "the drag [or dress or gauze or gaze] of knowing," so of course, in the world of copies, confusing, because confused. Analyzing [loosening back] a bit, the complications pile up, to use an extra-alienated or mechanical metaphor [mitigated by a second sense, *i.e.*, "crash"]: reality [to go with Lacan] broken into more intimately reveals a structure that includes the symbolic, the imaginary *and* the real, where the real is revealed, intimately, as "extimate," in-itself and as mode for the others, which also lend themselves back, in turn, as modes, which hints at the dynamic and dialectical relations going missing in this listing, this pile about to topple - into weird topologies. It all adds up to not adding up - if the negative has its say, in its selfrelating way: it's not "life is an illusion" but "illusion is life." Truth escapes us so it can, as outside chance and a real rule, interrupt all realities as they would settle for relativism, or fall to the low-level question-begging in "he wins because he wins," that capitulation to an extimate of blind power, rather than the truth that would have it both ways, *i.e.*, would determine the choicest reality, where the extimate becomes the only consummation of reality's intimate turning - to recapitulate and re[-]fuse itself, which is certainly its most endearing, oh sorry, I mean enduring, quality, if you won't think it too ironic. The genius of the negative, as Kenneth Burke

said, of Bartelby, as applied by Slavoj Žižek, and as Hegel would "tarry" with, and on which he would move, on – in his inimitable no-no way. This enunciation is brought to you by the nearest thing to the greatest of all, I, O great escape clause, greatest deal ever, sheer contraction, end of endless subcontracts, nothing but I, i.e., nothing butting nothing. But that's not all – there's also nothing butting all, which is then so always overcome by all its shortcomings, and things that dance in and out of themselves, that can't quit being placed, nor quite be so.

- 4 Two points: a) These haikus are, properly speaking, more dialectical than "phenomenological." b) The death drive, in a sense [in sense], runs on its own steam and so, like boxers' shorts and the afterlife, is everlasting, a bid for more than [life], as buried in more [life], ironically supported by life, biological life, for a while. In Deleuze's The Logic of Sense he says the death drive is dramatized in Zola's novels as "the crack in the universe." The absolute then clutches itself (think "drive train") through this crack, and one could say, contrary to Russell, becomes a member of itself, terms that Hegel, though in agreement, would call "[dirty] picture thinking" (see forthcoming Sally O appendix for how a certain breast haiku's point is not "the leering" but a point of departure, a dramatization of how the death drive exhausts all the other drives and then folds into a field of love and "such like").
- 5 I would like to thank the (anonymous to me) reader for the University of Calgary Press who suggested I think about his/her idea for a new, five-category order and then making formal section breaks. I had fun doing this, the categories always to some degree undecideable (some poems participating in all five), and fun coming up with section titles. Lots of the local "runs" or progressions carried over and the new order of course still "up-sets" the discreteness.
- 6 See "Russell's paradox."

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