

# Issues in Phenomenology

Ryan Whyte



Series.1

I

if there is a theme it is the way language redeems solicitude in the face  
of its attendant and necessary dissolution  
which is already the dissolution of the pronoun its hideous linkages  
the repetition which aspires to music  
which changes the brain  
its very structure that is to say  
across the Copernican revolution  
things before things in the mind and without but if there is a theme it is  
already after the fact redeemed against the hell of persistence  
the conjunction and accumulation which is otherwise history and world

well language gets me up in the morning because beauty redeems shit in  
something else like neon  
which always appears to hover  
which disperses or repudiates solicitude in immense social project waves  
without end

## II

consider the way music works  
histories of art aspiring to music  
and the way the music works  
when sealed with a thousand listens or plays  
nothing new here she says

she points out to me the way it aspires to the condition of music  
when the condition of music is not to aspire at all  
like memory which aspires to nothing against the inadvertent persistence  
of living  
and the comfort of the thought of suicide

the way the memory or cantus firmus spurns plainsong  
she recalls it to me est-ce que tu te rappelles or some such the confused  
pronoun or music  
loops aspiring to the condition of migraine  
without closure and without the political economy of the fade

### III

what would be airless nearness and immemorial guarantee  
cancelled by joy's diffusion of the world of joy  
if expulsion or decahct would  
clattering typeset the world in velvet

install type in the immemorial substrate  
the diacritic of all in motion quiddity and lastness  
joy's exceeding sense  
the no-one-could-every-be-responsible-for-this

just on the surface of things  
the threat of dispersion of holy hush

#### IV

no one except the coming-before  
death's armistice before the word's not dying

cry against the last forewarning the forgotten millenarianist marking time  
or boredom  
forgetting the real already written in the real

your call  
the "immeasurable is of e. e. cummings"  
clattering articles no apology for him pronoun and conjunction

cry never contingent or meaningless but outside the \_\_\_\_\_  
nevertheless no one outside the \_\_\_\_\_ here

cry before the word to make eternity wait

v

how as in the course of the nineteenth century the feeble subject built  
itself in itself  
parasited its immemorial it  
escaped the 20th c in blameless chemical imbalance and  
atomised Frankfurt school  
ragings saran-wrapped and serried in thousands of underfunded  
graduate schools

prozac and Adorno !  
not an old bitch gone in the teeth but dumb inertia,  
precipitate of chemical drippings

## VI

naively, poems make no claim on the briefest moment of happiness  
when the well-chosen word is merely the singularly precious affirmation  
of the order of things

well, Schopenhauer  
your ashes or were they Gramsci's  
writing or carving the skin should clear a few things up

suicide as critical methodology  
evaporated in the wake of forensics

## VII

Professor John Hatch will be speaking at 3 pm in rm 100  
This will be his final lecture before we terminate him. Please try to attend.

as if all out of jointness banked on some kind of future, mortgaged tears,  
negative theology even -- think of the advertisement for cheese, French no  
less, in the Der Spiegel interview, between question what can be done and  
answer

only a god etc.. in spite of that good-old-fashioned-know-nothing outrage,  
we still read Heidegger as if his thinking exhausted him

I recall reading somewhere that Sartre was terrified of crayfish. I looked  
for the citation without success. Maybe it came to me in a dream but when  
I dream I dream of Nietzsche

as if everything were just fine between sleep and waking, Benjamin on  
Baudelaire, that old outrage, the therapeutic of understanding  
modernity, the universal therapy of Paris

## VIII

"Nothing can justify a conversation, nothing."

"All I want is to write a few good poems before I die."

"I haven't a leg to stand on. We are in such a narrow space."

"Who could possibly be responsible for this."

"And yet we insist on going on. Perhaps insist is not the right word. At the heart, there is an inertia."

"We go back to Schopenhauer. Vanity."

"And hence charm: the vanity of vanity."

"A doubling of vanity, and a collapse."

"Reflexive. A specular purity."

"Perhaps this is nothing but a sublimation of the old and terrible casting of the ideal against the shabbiness of the real."

"Only insofar as it is the foundation of a metaphysics."

"But it is. Kant is filled with this sadness. Time and space are not of this world, etc.."

## IX

difficult to deal with the screen's flatness  
not that all things being equal all things are equal  
or the kind of madness counting stones gets you, stars and dust

it is what goes without saying which is to say  
what I can not find the words to say  
what has never been said to me and what no one will ever say to me

stars are the exhaust of stars  
but everyone knows that the sky is anything but flat  
what can not be seen under and over everything

what everything is in and what is given in everything  
and what everything gives and what everything gives in  
to, unspoken just as the rules of linebreak and so forth

so much more stupid than the history of the sky  
a few hundred threadbare poetics, heartfelt nonsense  
no more than a handful but the screen \_\_\_\_\_ all of this

gives in, mimicry of condition of sky without exhaust  
twilight of nothing but the text and its illegibility  
all deafness against the thundering sky

x

several longings under the name for the time being  
of romanticism, sometimes softened a little in the plural romanticisms  
whiter sands and greener grasses maintained by borders  
recognized by inertia rather than by a vibrant idea of dignity

in the throes of style, a pronoun lords it over the propriety of a phrase  
"where justice is recognized, there grace dies"  
whether style or content, this question or insistence on one pole  
or the other will decide nothing, will not change a single policy

the idea of a language of openness, however appealing  
will also change nothing. wrong-headed esperanto of the graduate seminar  
banded by always the same two thousand people in international symposia;  
globalization is rather NAFTA or FTAA in the guise of post-colonial  
resistance

if there is no community there is and will be no community, despair  
in waiting, some deeply fascist magnetism will shore it up. at best  
there is the cult of personality. in the graduate seminar one waits  
to be assessed, minor catastrophes and small fisticuffs and

one spends a great deal of time waiting, at best, and though the people  
change the ideas do not. these languages are dead. certain people, highly  
conservative, wait for the building of piazzas and the marriage of home  
and community. if art is discussed, the great conversation

mercifully, cannot be justified and yet, like French in the 18th century,  
the language already underwrites its own Académie. one is afraid to make  
any claims, one invariably is wrong, as if the great conversation had  
anything at stake, as if it were political. painting, for example, is not  
dead, it survives the death of its language.