

LAST

*five grappled steps*  
*in the method-making of writing*

*(ahhmm,...)*

“... she had tried... really tried for quite a while now to do it, but the animal would not go into the blasted thing. This time she was able to pause though, if only momentarily and acknowledge the ridiculousness of the situation, before she lifted her chin, her throat, and firmly stuffed it quite hard, down the front of her blouse. And she did feel she didn't care, didn't care a hoot if anyone saw, if anyone was looking... which was something like waking up on a Saturday when life looked new and different and was not Tuesday.”

Making writing. Making writing is always something. Something particular. And often peculiar. It is an approach less than. It is an approach more. than. more. or. for. It is an approach in making writing because. Herein is the making writing of the said, in saying, shown, down of the known, making it groan in writing, and there is the writing making of the unsaid, the unknown as the now known, writing, though sometimes known as underwriting. There is the making of writing that is thinging that is spatial palatial making. There is a making of writing that is the small, some writing that is something that is nothing spatial and then is the un-spatial. There is the ma'k'n for making. ONCE on-nely, And repeatedly. And it is, is it knot, not made for the eye, the page to make of it, a made, it is just as sa-aid it is nothing, making. And there then 2 in the making of writing which to some writing makers, is making the sayed unknown unsaid in sayin'. Undone. The making that is not making/saying any one thing. but. the making of everymakingwrittenthing. and in repeat'n, watching-for, listen'n for, search'n 4 that made making in becoming is in making making writing. And this is making of (my) writing.

There in, is the unmaking, unmade of writing. righting-sighting. It is indeed-instead sung. See it rung. Ring. And this is the fear-som-estly wrung, unstitched, unpicked leaps. Heap'n up.

You'll say... For a long time the trial of making the unmade makes made-fear. Some'thing doesn't come. Nothing. too much. Everything. Some'thing beautiful

doesn't come, some. most. And this is the fulcrum. Then the trying to make will become of the anything made unmaking. Some'thing to come, some real and still thing made to become.

There are slips. sure. There is felt loss. Once many times over the making will be a sort of nothing handed emptily back. This will repeat till tired out; and so with nothing, one will lean towards the break into the many of bitterest and sallow. echo

And this will repeat.repeat. repeatedly. But with each there is more now than the one making, the one making the made. There will be many tenuous tolds and perhaps holds in telling. All will be something added up to. Something much more. Will be said. In writing. There will be above all always be no shape that will hold anything...open. But there will be one one-shape, of shaping making writing made.

In the making of writing, writing will be a strong refusal the strong refusal for the tongue for the mind to lie still.

But inside the refused the maker of such writing will WILL-find. a-way. To open the closed as all open was stilled and held. This is the awe/fullness that holds at making writing. At the edge of all probabilities a possibility making that spills and speaks the unnameable. What pours what flows out is an overflow withdrawn from the pressure to stop. To stop the making. And this is finally something.

The pressing making will your lipping lie anxious, gulping at instances, sighing at times, at some space some voice sang to. This made willwill become the centre. It willemerges as the softest-solution and is known as made and so sure is its becoming something some - one - thing that it scalds all other tenders shut and goes forward and onward inside itself. Inside itself. Itself made. Making, containing wider circumference-s.

## *1. method of the field and the paths across it*

“... the processes that occurred outside, on the surface, sure, on the thing itself, once the chlorine had been applied appeared straight forward and deceptively simple. It was in essence, she knew, an orderly process. There was something. Then there was nothing. But within its own parameters, how it worked was a riddle to her. The bleaching, it felt, well it made her skin crawl. To the grey blouse that she'd put on fresh that morning it was an instant bleed. A type of blind haemorrhage. A move forward into an other state of blousedom not possible to go back from. As she spilled it towards her it burnt a white hole on her and then she felt the damp begin in on her. If it wasn't for her foundation who knows where she would be at present...”

There is always two. There is a surface, the ground. the furtilefield

There is the stuff of the 'thing' on it.

Separate from it.

There is always two. Always too. There is ground, the paper the sheet, the body with stuff, the word the substance, the mark on it.

a word, an utterance, a cry. A Vowal. As one with one other, with line a gesture. A meander, a script, a chisel. (If given two words a sentence. Then within the inherent a sense a repeated rhyming of a rhythm breath. There is ground with rhythm on it.

There are two.

There are two.

There is first one, then another. Then there are three. Three.

Ground. Mark.

Field.

Field is sufficiently third. Filled UP.

There is field made. There is the element meaning/unmeans. There is the bleeding between the two the three. There is the between the one two three. Bleeding between.

There are substantial spaces. Between fielded making. The substantiated as space is full. In that fullness they are then empty. This is the field. (Within all substantiates and the substructure that translates are alot alot of parts, in good part, a little, in measure, a piece, a say, a share, a scrap, a cause, a concern, an interest, a party, a member, an organ, a limb).

Fold the paper... place it in the mouth Chew on it, a paste a round ball, in the mouth.

### *the fielding of playing the field*

“... inside that multi-storey, underground pay as you leave, the car was somewhere somewhere waiting for her to find it. And this she believed most strongly. All levels appeared the same to her and this was partly true. There was concrete and the ramping and other people's cars everywhere...”

The meister: ‘It is a field’. It is a ‘field’. Fields the fundament.

(cry-ed-out on Monday...)

The field. Of making.

But fields do not lie flat. Curved. Fields that are impossible space, improbable time. Fields potent full. Fields never literal or reasonable or is in any sense, anything any one thing.

The field ‘in’ making is openness, an expanse, a ground on which a battle is fought, a region in which a force is effective, and the force exacted in such an area mirrored repeated back mirrored rythmed.

The field is slow.

There is a patience to a field.

*play*

There is a patience to a field-play, play'n field as it concisely connects in fundament and extreme, to itself, over and over and over again. It constructs with grace and is grace.

Of the maker's field all matters tangible are your flange and tange-able. There is a field in the whore. Trace. A word. It is the name.

It is.

*the paths across it (making)*

“... if she kept walking, the keys poised, purposely in the right hand, and raised ready for insertion, if she kept her ten toes pointed forward, one step before the other surely her inner compass or homing device or whatever it was called, would propel her to her means home. Suddenly she remembered she must not at any costs appear to be lost and at that precise point she knew positively she was very lost a very very lost snoogums. Stopping abruptly with this thought careening through the byways in the space between her ears she found herself lifting her right hand and inserting her key into the lock of a big shiny green car. This was the one for her she thought. Her key slid in effortlessly... She was home. She was home . But now she was most terribly lost. Why she could take anyway home she felt wildly...”

All paths deviate, avert, bend, deflect, differ, digress, diverge, drift, err, part, stray, swerve, turn, turn aside, vary, veer, wander. All paths are in essence a multitude of points. Dots. Full stops. Pronounciatments. Places of particularity, stages, situations; they are summits and tips. Aims. Goals. Indents, intentions. They are motives and objects they are purpose, reason, cores. Essence. The heart. The crux, the meaning, the matter... Some are linked in streams, some are units, but all are deviations of the field. All deviations are one deviate.

To straighten, itself, is to deviate

To right

*to sight*

To realign

To ward off. At each site, each, there is one or 10,000 points of departure.

The edge is one point. It is a stream a multiple and still it conspires to silhouette. The edge of the body is one point to write down from, to write down from the edge. Has it filled from the edge, is it about to be filled? (the child's head silhouetted again and again on/at the page, its mouth, two lips sucking at white space...)

Matter courses fields that are deviations from the grace.

Words do always push something somewhere. Their placing involves pushing at shapes that are alluded to by further words...The placement of just about pressure is indicated by word in relation to some such sucking space. All h-em-ty. One will swing up, push back, pack down.

The pressure you will find is/has its own centre...

The centre relates to another centre, and announces more. Does one enter the other, does one stand in defiance... of/to the other?

“... rather than make tea or wash or iron or knit or clean the pool or do groceries or do anything she spooled words on the linoleum for hours and hours that afternoon, whirls of words...”

## *2. of the method of nonsense (the unnamed, unseen, and the unheld)*

“... she had no idea where it had come from, of course. Or what it was never having seen it before. But she knew she loved it. And, it was hers. Basically it had no label writ-named on it. So she called it... ness. It was her... ness.”

This is the deepest cling caress towards, deeper than across; in three parts. It is not across it from the inside, an inside full of the necessary. It is an outer crossing. There are two methods of making. One made with love and one not. Not made with love. The making with love is the one to follow here.

Of the method that is of something unknown there is its approach explored as a way. There are well versed grips. Forgotten. Open mouths. Sounding. Forgetting is one. In remembering, the body finds how one can not make method is this way. Three ways. Three ways remove three tools - three knowns. Here they are... Remove the eyes as the purveyor of clarity. The overseers - of the known. Remove the hand as tool - of the known. Remove the known - as intention of knowing.

### *Lacking and the eye... a song*

“... she began in the bathroom by closing the lid...”

Lacking the eye. unbacking the clarity of claritus. Behinding it. Close'n one eye. I am writing as skewed. If I close both eyes, one sound I am one again... operated. I am placed in. I am in. I am. Inside. The other one. The other. realm. I am through. Intoo so song.

Lacking the I. In there amid great muffling pourings of amorphous amnesty lies word as an amendment atoned, a slithered skerrick unnamed, a fathom crossed slowly and by the 'nth degree of wonder. Another that in dark is everything light. Sense swim-min out in laps of flutter-fly to my limbs, my limbs, the writing limb, pressing out and is as inside of the saids fingerlings.

Lacking the eye. Hearing roars. Even every silence is groaning loud. Telling writing...

There is the, and the, the ... and the... signing of the sign writing which is nam'd over and over in bind until the sense of that sign goes grows.

Lacking the eye. Writing breath(ing)s.

Lacking the eye. Writing/breathing beating breaths.

Lacking the eye. There is everything. In this. There is nothing. Writing what can't be said.

Lacking the eye. If there is anything, if there is anyway to make at all, it lies within a singular breath. In the spot it will appear.

Lacking the eye. The recently blind, blinded in one, I, orientate to the centre and all new one eyeds ache their necks till tendons stretch and the neck with ease holds the skull with the one eye - central -.

*the unheld... dement the implement remove one hand to make it two from the heart*

“... with two hands in the one glove she was as an outcast, 4.00 tea was impossible, she was in the outer rim now, below the rest, the substrata of women with only one glove...”

To dement the implement. The portholes of the iambic-limb merge as linear sprocket-holes of sigh'n/time, the arm is only one 'O' and the body twists so its centre is the shoulder of the one arm and this will never do as it folds to cover the heart and pushes. To repent, unmeant the implement. There are two arms in one embrace. Two arms are forthwith taken as the tool that has no centre of its own. One arm will write its way. One arm will write its own hand. Two arms elsewise will write something between. It is too awkward. Write the back of this head, the inside of this mouth, the hair in this, your lap, the sky from the sea, the sigh from the knee, wonder, the slight with two hands... in too two throats.

To meant indent the implement. There is a moving down from the topdown.

To fragment-frament the implement. There is a moving inandout and from the in the out is being outcast.

To insist the dement. to instil peril. This is more then only an upside, there is a squirm to no side. frill. drill. grill. shrill. trill. mill. Still there are two separates inverted... the implement. and the implement in ferment. There is a moving in and from the in then...

“... once I was shown a secret. I was told it begins with placing of two fingers together, the thumb and the tip of the forefinger. Let the thumb feel the finger tip, I was told. And I did. Let the thumb be felt in turn by the finger... Now I was told here-in is the secret. Both can feel be felt at the same time. And in in-between is something some-other thing else only the subtlest of the sub can feel, write, say”

“... once I saw a secret talking. Walking with an old black man and his grandson by a dry creek the little one picked up a stick and trailing behind him/us marked the ground with it as he walked and as we walked on in front of him. After some time the old man turned and turned on him and turned and roused on him. Did he know what he was doing... no... Did he know he was marking her belly in that way... with a *no*-thing to his mind?”

*the unrecognised at the centre: recurrences obviously*

“... she would call it by its ‘proper’ name... if only she could find it. It was there somewhere... just for the moment though there seemed to be too many proper...”

“... the pool was not the thing of course, it was really the relationship she had with it that caused her to bring it up at first to bring it up at all really. It bothered her. And it always had. Right from the beginning. It had always felt like a tenant, to her, a tenant in her own back yard...”

The unrecognised. The field is open form. A forum with no edge. It is not the container for the form but form of form itself. It is wider than. More truncular. More.

The unrecognised. We reside. We are engulfed

The unrecognised. Blind dancing. If one move's at a pace that's rhythm is apart from the habit one has formed of oneself there are great gulps of open waiting. That word occur. That word. occur.

The unrecognised. Blind wonder. If one lifts from one's brow all understanding there are suddenly the gaps between fulsome. Between the nothings.

The unrecognised. Blind self. If one suspends the pull back with its impatience, and self hate and doubt and horror... there it is, waiting. It is there. One thing.

### *3. the method of advancing from ink*

“... the tiniest spiders, she had heard, launch themselves from high places and make way all the while launching out across the gap, across space, across oceans and travel out. They build in spittle their raft as they proceed ever forward. She was echoing their filament she thought, now as the bubbles in the sink moved ever onward and out out and down the drain. One would travel there she felt, one's wish would go and out. On over and out.”

To cross from one ocean to another... Columbus. Going forward is always away from somewhere. Somewhere is the pivot to travel into the wind instead of it at ones back. So launched. so so of the black toward'n the barque (sailing ship) itself. of itself.

#### *4. the method of arriving at...as*

“... love sure. She felt. Yes. The only thing to sing is that. There is more, most, mon-u-mention moments stacked between the lips, over when it swells and swells biggestly and goes nowhere fast and holds open all the fences and the gates swing so wide that the sky is all shine and smiles and soothed softness and sweetness and smooth silver smirks. In the colour of spittle in the puddles all is all aglow, all slippery swallowed, smitten with wonder. Moving in itself. It is all filled up with itself. Words and paper... all full of... itself. And when the I is filled up, in quiet sense when all other's have left you/me, then all filled to fulling up there is then the full self, in the love. And the two do make quite something, stepped. Quite something is arrived at suddenly and repeatedly. That is love made...”

#### *5. the method of the deep gaze / writing is not a glance*

There are however two ways writing. Writing writing, making writing 'is' of its own. A move to the read (to blood). And a move to cordite (an explosive) to bright. There is also the further method/move between 'as' the two. There is both. Two are the method/moves for the self and each made lovingly.

“ 1... she raised the knife from the board. The onion had turned a deep moist red. She lifted her hand slowly towards her face. Pain was not so much present as a thick, a throb of numbing, the room arched full with it. Everything looking on. At the tip of her finger was a large white bone.”

“ one... she went to the bathroom, shut the door, turned on the light and opened her mouth. She pulled the cotton wadding from her jaw, spiting a black clot into the sink. Opened again, and searched at the back in the dark, in the hole... there, there was bone there... and she could see it glowing.”

“ won... she lifted the covers. She'd been waiting for this. And there... sure enough... was the seam sewn shut... her seam. She opened her shower bag took out



the quick unpick that she knew would offer more for less, as it were, and began the second procedure on herself... that day. She knew the first was done under bright lights and the invisible would not be visible. Besides they would not have had the faintest idea what to look for - but now in the dark, (they were opening) - she would have a chance - (there was a peeling back) - to see for herself, (if she could stand it)... the light inside of her... (self). Inside her very red self she now realised..."

If the move is made to blood to the body to flesh there is a dissection enacted. The form becomes separate. Is separated from itself. It is delineated at a clasping of metaphors as the flayed. The further move to light is a fathoming to its widest parameters through and through that decimated to a conduit that connects. Light will pour through all matter, all schemas, all liniments. All strategies.

In removing the subject as concepted misinterpretation and staunching the minds propensity for the claritus of precision... the opening of fathoms begins a flow off sighing situations. Making writing. There are following pools of full flatness, there are repetitions, there are rhythms, there are parameters forming, there are stiffness's both real and imagined. Here/There are glowings that spin, fluids that bleach, gaps that relate. There/here are segments of attenuated attention that gather moments together. There are great emptiness's and silence and whispers and chill. In looking you are lost.

And. Then... It is then you have arrived.

"... and then she remembered the orderly told her a very strange story on the way to the theatre. A woman was taken to a pit that contained a lion... 'now the lion was very old, ferocious and large, his yellow hair hung over his neck, he growled he roared... in all ways the lion appeared quite unconquerable,' the orderly had said. 'So that the woman was almost afraid of her own fear and would gladly have turned back if her promise to herself, and also the circumstances, allowed her to give up. No... instead... she approached the lion in his den and began to caress him. But the lion looked at her so fiercely with his piercing eyes that the woman could hardly restrain her tears. Just then she remembered that she had learned all during her life, that very many people had undertaken to overcome the beast and very few could accomplish it. She was unwilling to be disgraced, though, or to turn away, and she recalled several grips that she had learned. So she gave up the caresses and seized the lion so dexterously, artfully and subtly that before he was well aware of it the woman had forced the blood out of the lion's body, even out of his heart. It was a beautiful red. She thought. She dissected the lion further and found... a fact which caused her much wonder...' and this is the point, he said, 'that his bones were white as snow and there was much more bone than there was blood...' At first she couldn't make out why the orderly had told her this story... and what the woman had found... but then she realised... and then, well... then she knew."