

WOMAN AS OBJECT, WOMEN AS SUBJECTS, & THE CONSEQUENCES FOR NARRATIVE

Hubert Aquin's "Neige noire" and the impasse of post-modernism

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NEAR THE END OF HUBERT AQUIN'S final novel *Neige noire*,¹ which is written as a film scenario, appears the following description:

... the body of Sylvie Lewandowski slides slowly and falls into the void. Nicolas moves away, but he is seized by vertigo. High angle shot of him backing towards the precipice in terror, as though he can't stop and as though the precipice were exerting an irresistible attraction over him. He staggers, falls backward; his head is very close to the precipice. Fade to black. (*Nn*, 240; *HT*, 196)

With his uncanny ability for producing images of our contemporary cultural malaise, Aquin here places in conjunction the spectacle of a woman's body, the abyss to which she has been consigned by male violence, and a man's head: the male character riveted by the fascination and terror of the abyss into which he has thrown the corpse of the woman he loves. Fade to black.

Unlike a real filmic image, this one is described in words and therefore, paradoxically, it exists on the page framed by silence: the equivalent of a slow-motion shot in which meaning is crystallized. It is not accidental, I think, that the male protagonist in this shot is *backing* towards the precipice, as Aquin himself, in a series of novels that extended his range of exploration further and further into the Western cultural past, seemed to be backing closer and closer with each novel to a point of no return. In this final work, written three years before the author's suicide, the intertext is Shakespeare's *Hamlet*; and in it Ophelia's lament becomes an obsessive refrain — "Malheur à moi d'avoir vu, de voir, ce que j'ai vu, ce que je vois!" ("Woe is me / To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!") Behind this tragedy of vision, one detects as well the shadow of Oedipus — that drama of Everyman which ends in an apotheosis of knowledge as intolerable sight.

Post-modernism and feminism: the interface

What did the hyperconscious Aquin see when he looked into the gap in history that separates Shakespeare's enigmatic work from his own? And why did he privilege *vision* in this novel, to the point of writing it as "the scenario of an unproducible film"? The cultural configuration of woman's body, the abyss and man's head as it appears in Aquin's novel provides an entry-point into some questions about the intersection, or lack of it, between post-modernism and feminism: questions that have been raised by feminists like Teresa de Lauretis² in the area of semiotics and film theory and Alice Jardine³ in the area of French literary and psychoanalytic theory, but which have not yet been fully integrated into our analysis of literary texts.

If there is a polemical tone, even a sense of urgency, to some of the following remarks, they spring from a malaise I have felt with many discussions of post-modernism — a tendency in such discussions to assume that the hall of mirrors, the infinite play of truth and illusion, the irony, distance and often sado-masochistic games between writer and reader of the typical post-modernist text are necessarily progressive and even "revolutionary"; a seeming unconsciousness of or indifference to the fact that the list of post-modernist writers is exclusively male; or, alternatively, a tendency to indiscriminately add to the list feminist writers like Nicole Brossard or France Théoret with no attention paid to the very different modalities of their textual strategies. One danger of this blurring of boundaries between feminism and post-modernism is that once again we fall into the assumption that cultural forms are to be defined by their male manifestations; especially ironic given the post-modernist interest in deconstructing the codes of "authority" and "mastery," and integrating "the feminine" into its discourse.

The experience of reading Aquin's *Neige noire* was compared by one male critic to the sensation of reading "the last book of all time."⁴ Aquin himself told an interviewer of the feeling during the novel's elaboration of being "close to death," and in fact his inability to continue writing after *Neige noire* was certainly an important factor in his suicide in 1977. Always extraordinarily lucid about the implications of his writing, he was undoubtedly aware that in *Neige noire* he had pushed the narrative function to its imaginable limits. The novel's basic structure is one of incest: the artist as Oedipus, whose quest for the impossible narrative culminates in a scene of intolerable violence perpetrated against the woman he loves. The film scenario within the novel, which is being written as the narrative advances, is encased in an authorial commentary on art, time, love and the sacred — or what a post-modernist would describe somewhat less poetically as representation, desire, and the unrepresentable. In the final scene of the film scenario (towards which the author leads the reader in a process described as "rape" in

the text), Sylvie is ritually murdered, her body dismembered and devoured by her husband Nicolas — and this on a honeymoon trip to the North Pole that is presented as an image of the cultural and epistemological journey to the mythical “Ultima Thule” that has haunted the Western imagination.

What I think Aquin’s novel is telling us is that integrating the feminine into patriarchal discourse is no simple matter — that to lucidly see and confront the implications of the emergence of woman as subject is to confront the impasse of the male subject, the end of his narrative. One is reminded of Luce Irigaray’s ironic observation about contemporary psychoanalysis, which might also serve as a comment on post-modernism:

Subjectivity denied to woman [she writes] provides the . . . backing for every irreducible constitution as an object: of representation, of discourse, of desire . . . The male subject can sustain himself only by bouncing back off some objectiveness, some objective. . . . And her possession by a “subject,” a subject’s desire to appropriate her, is yet another of his vertiginous failures. For where he projects a something to absorb, to take, to see, to possess . . . , a mirror to catch his reflection, he is already faced by another specularization. . . . The quest for the “object” becomes a game of Chinese boxes. Infinitely receding. . . .⁵

And Irigaray continues: “But what if the object started to speak? . . . What disintegration of the subject would that entail?”⁶

“A game of Chinese boxes. Infinitely receding. . . .” After twenty years of circulating in the “narcissistic narratives”⁷ of post-modernism, perhaps we should be breaking their mirrors and looking for new ways of making contact with the real and with history. It is in feminist narratives, often articulated around concepts of music and voice rather than image, that these questions are being addressed. But the significance of Aquin’s novel is that it leads precisely to the conjuncture of patriarchy with feminism. His gaze into the post-modernist mirror is lucid enough to make it shatter; and what emerges from the shards is a plea for women’s voices to carry the culture out of its impasse.

Who is Sylvia?

Who then is this woman in fragments, this Sylvie Lewandowski thrown into the void while Aquin’s narrative, which contains within it a dream integrating all the narratives of history, attempts to continue on its course? My suggestion is that she is the symbolic Woman who has been the support of patriarchal discourse, that Woman with a capital W who as Nicole Brossard has pointed out must be killed in order for real women to exist as acting subjects within history. In the novel Sylvie is presented as “the Alpha and the Omega,” the ultimate beauty defined in terms of vision, painting, and the sacred:

Her gaze, constantly shifting, is what most connects her to the invisible. But how to give a precise idea of her body? Invoking Titian or Tiepolo is a reference to fixed images. And yet these points of reference are not completely ineffectual, for a halo of splendour suffuses Tiepolo's airborne women. . . . Sylvie is the ultimate woman, the mirror of love, the hollow vessel of *Snaebjørn*, the work of works. From the beginning — and for some time yet to come — Sylvie is the carrying structure of the film: everything refers to her, is grafted to her skin, everything is measured in terms of her. She is the origin and the end of all successions, and the allusive symbol of duration. (*Nn*, 45-46; *HT* 36-37)

Despite this idealization, or rather as an essential part of its meaning, the camera lingers over Sylvie's body in sleep ("her right hand . . . at the top of her thigh, at the most vulnerable place on her body, as though to veil the invisible," *Nn*, 8; *HT*, 5), focuses on the area between her breasts as if in a desire to penetrate her mystery, emphasizes the Medusa-like quality of her magnificent blonde hair. Aquin's choice of a filmic form exacerbates through its visual imagery the play of desire and the unconscious that is present in all narrative; as many feminists have pointed out, and as he seems to be discovering in this novel, patriarchal culture finds its privileged expression in the specular, visual possession and destruction of the desired object — the representation that kills.

Neige noire is not a film, however, but a novel, and it is the conjunction of word and image that makes the reader conscious of the symbolic and real significance of what he/she is experiencing through the image. The novel's opening lines, apparently narrated by a traditional omniscient narrator, are an example of the ambiguity of the narrative gaze throughout the novel:

The city is sweltering, as it has been all summer. Montreal is like a vast open furnace: apartment windows are wide open, offering solitary voyeurs countless low-angle views. Bare shoulders, backs exposed to the sun, thighs spread open, faces coated with sun-tan lotion, white stomachs: so many components of dizzying allusive images! (*Nn*, 7; *HT*, 5)

With no explicit mention of either men or women, the above passage compounds the ambiguity of the apparently genderless voice in which it is narrated: for the typical reader in our culture, whether male or female, will very probably imagine the solitary voyeur as male and the shoulders, backs, thighs, faces and stomachs as female. Unease increases as the reader gradually becomes aware that the action s/he has the illusion of seeing directly is in reality being mediated through the gaze of a hidden and voyeuristic observer: the camera? the author? or the reader himself who of necessity espouses the vision of this observer?

Killing this Woman-Symbol in a feminist text, as Nicole Brossard does in *L'Amèr*,⁸ is one thing; killing her violently at the hands of a male protagonist in a novel written by a man is decidedly another. On one level, Aquin's novel is a complex, modern version of the all-too-familiar pornographic aesthetic. Like Baude-

laire's famous liminary poem in *Les Fleurs du mal* it justifies its violence by accusing the reader of complicity: "Hypocrite lecteur, mon semblable, mon frère!" As the novel's suspense intensifies, the author intervenes in the filmic narrative to point out to the reader that he/she is being raped, violated, pushed to the edge of the abyss as Sylvie herself is being pushed, and that like Sylvie, s/he is complicitous in what is being done to her. What saves the novel from being simply pornography and manipulation, is, I think, the despairing awareness on the part of the author himself that this violence has its origin in gender-based concepts of identity and knowing, and that it is a seemingly inextricable part of the narrative process. The desire for mystical fusion which gives the novel its lyric intensity is conceived in terms of penetration and possession, and therefore of impossibility; hence an infinite sadness:

Love, no matter how deliberately intrusive it is, is reduced to a velar approximation of the other, to a desperate cruise on the roof of a sea that can never be pierced . . . It's not time that flies, it is being which eludes us . . . The cantata in a mirror has just shattered under the devastating action of the *Cogito cogitatem*, only the shards of an unreflecting mirror remain. No one knows anything, decidedly . . . If there is no way to convey the sorrow contained in this last assertion, if the bumpy travelling shots don't acutely render the pain of being on the impenetrable shell of the real, then the image is worth nothing. (*Nn*, 186-87; *HT*, 152)

Narrative as HIStory

Nicolas, the protagonist, who is constantly checking his image uneasily in the mirror, is clearly an image of the male subject and artist. An actor playing the part of Fortinbras in a televised version of *Hamlet*, he announces to Sylvie that this will be his final role, and that he is beginning work on an autobiographical film scenario which will coincide with their honeymoon trip to the North Pole. Corresponding to this sense of possibility in the plot, the reader is encouraged to seek meanings not in a closed one-on-one correspondence with *Hamlet*, but in the defocalized gap between image and referent: "Where is this sight? Where is this sight? Where is this sight?" (*Nn*, 15; *HT*, 11) says Nicolas, practising his lines from *Hamlet*; but "the two images are never in focus at the same time, as if they were seeking each other, but in vain" (*Nn*, 18-19; *HT*, 14-15).

Aquin is suggesting however that openness in narrative is not as simple a matter as some post-modernist critics would have us think. Whether we like it or not, we are made up of our past experience; and narrative, like life and like history, can reach a "threshold of irreversibility" where the accumulated weight of its past dramatically reduces its possibilities. Interspersed with flashback shots which suggest a menacing past hanging over their story (scenes of Nicolas binding and gagging another woman, Linda Noble, the actress who plays Ophelia in the TV

Hamlet, a scene of Sylvie in a rage attacking Nicolas' penis with her sharp-edged pendant necklace, a scene of her in bed with an unidentified man), the camera follows Nicolas and Sylvie on their honeymoon to a deserted spot on the island of Spitzbergen, then cuts abruptly to a distraught Nicolas explaining to Norwegian rescuers that his wife has had a fatal accident. The murder of Sylvie takes place in a blank space in the narrative, and not until the end of the novel is the reader confronted with the horror of what took place by the precipice. Following that ellipsis or blank space, Nicholas' life appears to go on normally, and in fact he immediately enters into a relationship with another woman, Eva Vos, who will eventually emerge as Sylvie's positive double. But he carries with him a suitcase which is "Sylvie's symbolic coffin . . . the weight of the body drags him along, determines how he will walk and what his destiny will be" (*Nn*, 120; *HT*, 97). Although Nicolas continues work on his film scenario, it will be invaded by reality, thrown off its original course by the accumulated violence of its history. In *Hamlet*, the play within a play is a trap to "catch the conscience of the King." In *Neige noire*, the film scenario is a trap for the characters and for the reader, who together are caught in its suspense and accelerating violence. But in turn it is trapped by an intersection with reality which transforms it into something beyond the author's control.

If Nicolas, the film-maker, is gradually walking into a trap constructed by his own past, Aquin, the author, has other resources than image and other escape routes to explore for his narrative. Following the ellipsis in the narrative, the story seems to begin again, in apparent symmetry, only now music emerges as an alternative to the closure of the image. On Nicolas' return to Oslo after the "accident," he is met at the airport by Eva Vos, a friend of Sylvie who gradually seems to assume the same role as Sylvie had played in his life. But while Sylvie was associated with the image, Eva is music :

When we see Eva on the Lille Grensen, the film's musical theme is introduced . . . Generally . . . the music in a film is subdued, but here, when it bursts out it becomes supreme . . . Eva . . . makes the Orphic hymn which is dedicated to her extend onto Lille Grensen. The way she moves, her graceful walk, the beauty of her motions refer the viewer to the invisible stretto underlying all these visual insertions . . . It is important in this passage to let the image flow, not compose it too much, leave it partly undetermined, so that the weight of the music is not contested by any detail of the visual treatment . . . (*Nn*, 139; *HT*, 113)

As music "extends" into reality without "capturing" it, Aquin is seeking a new mode of narrative co-extensive with music rather than film, one which would play on repetition and variation and allow the reader to create his/her own meanings outside the text. The word "stretto" in the above passage is a clue to the fact that *Neige noire* is not only a film built on suspense and closure, but a fugue, with

Sylvie as subject or main theme and Eva as counter-subject — the woman-centred woman whose presence will transform the whole structure of the work. But significantly, Aquin is unable to let Eva/music emerge without making his male character disappear and ending his narrative. Like Sylvie, Eva is in love with Nicolas, but unlike her she refuses to be complicitous in his games of dominance. As she becomes fully aware of the violence in his film scenario and his life, she kisses her own image in the mirror, signifying a break from the role Sylvie had played as reflector of the male gaze. Irigaray's "object" has started to speak, and indeed her emergence as subject coincides with the end of the male narrative. The disappearance of Nicolas from the story is not however portrayed as the "fault" of Eva; for this new Eve carries none of the symbolic associations with evil attached to her Biblical counterpart. Rather, the fall of this post-modern Adam follows from the impasse of his own narrative as it unfolds to its inevitable intersection with reality. And in that impasse lies the beginning of my conclusion.

Aquin, Oedipus and Hamlet: or how to make Oedipus political

It has become almost a commonplace in modern critical discourse to refer to the Oedipal nature of narrative. From Barthes' statement that the pleasure of the text is "an Oedipal pleasure — to denude, to know, to learn the origin and the end"⁹ on through the proliferation of analogies between the text and the female body, the analysis of the psychoanalytic underpinnings of literary language has uncovered the same male story — the journey of Oedipus from the exile and anonymity of childhood through confrontation with the father to replacement of him as possessor of the forbidden site of *jouissance*: the mother's body.

More political and more despairing than the traditional Oedipus myth, Aquin's version is also consistent with the story of the male quest for identity as it has existed within Quebec culture. All of his writing is traversed by the nostalgia for a mystical fusion with an unattainable Other, a female presence from whom the narrator is separated by an all-powerful father figure. In his first novel *Prochain épisode*, this structure of desire is inscribed in an eloquent allegory of Quebec's quest for independence, where the female object of desire is an image of the beloved Woman-Country, and the father figure has associations with the colonizer who blocks him in his quest. Aquin's later novels, in which he gradually abandons the theme of Quebec independence, become increasingly black and increasingly dominated by themes of male impotence and violence to women. It is only in *Neige noire* that the structure underlying this violence is revealed, and that Aquin sees to his dismay the power of the Father over all of our narratives.

The major player in Aquin's version of *Hamlet* is not Hamlet, as one might think on a first reading, or even Fortinbras, the successful "un-tragic" prince who

Nicolas strives throughout the narrative to become. Nor is it Ophelia, although she is reflected in both Linda Noble, the character who plays her in the TV version, and in the tragic Sylvie. The villain of the piece and its principal actant is a Polonius to whom Aquin, in one of his inelegant jokes, gives the Polish name of Michel Lewandowski: a Father-figure who remains off-stage and hidden throughout most of the story, but who manipulates the strings in which all the other characters will entangle themselves. The final *tour de force* in the novel's suspense, the point at which Nicolas' film scenario "accidentally encompasses the truth" in "a new combination of the truth-fiction motif" (*Nn*, 220; *HT*, 180), is when, seeking some backup Montreal footage for his film, he stumbles on Michel Lewandowski's house, the very house in which his own and Sylvie's fate has been sealed as if by an anterior decree. It is only at this point that the reader realizes the significance of Sylvie's utterances throughout the novel about the sacredness and the secrecy of names. For the character who was introduced to us as Sylvie Dubuque, and who changed her name to Sylvie Vanesse when she married Nicolas, is in reality Sylvie Lewandowski. Michel Lewandowski is of course her father, and he is also the unidentified man with whom the camera showed her in bed in several earlier scenes of the novel:

Until this moment, the viewer has decoded everything. Suddenly what he was keeping at a certain distance . . . penetrates him violently; suddenly he understands . . . that at the end of this enigma there is only one Sylvie, . . . lover and daughter of Michel Lewandowski . . . The sudden revelation cannot allow the viewer to get back on his feet in a few seconds, or even to understand how this is really possible . . . His brain has just been bombarded by solar particles charged with electricity and . . . the walls of his skull are suddenly being swept by blank images. (*Nn*, 215; *HT*, 175-76)

It is here, in the discovery that "there is only one Sylvie, . . . lover and daughter of Michel Lewandowski," that Aquin's own narrative and all of his previous narratives "encompass the truth" — not accidentally, like Nicolas' film scenario, but because of the unerring logic of their creator. In the confrontation of the unitary Law of the Father that presides over its unfolding, the infinite reflections and illusions of openness of the post-modern narrative reveal themselves as the escape tactics of an impotent son.

On the mythical level, the surprise to the reader lies in a sudden and unpredicted shift in emphasis. Aquin's exploration of "the pornographic eye/I"¹⁰ at the centre of Western culture's symbol systems and representational apparatus has led him back not only to Oedipus but to Electra, the daughter who continues to love her father Agamemnon and to believe in *his* love even after he has killed her sister Iphigénie. It is the Law of the Father that holds both the sons and the daughters in thrall, producing the violence of the sons against women and the complicity of the

daughters in their own subjection. One of Electra's daughters is of course Shakespeare's Ophelia, who is not only a victim, as feminists have tended to see her, but whose loyalty to her own father's manipulative charm is an essential element in the foundering of *her* love story.

"The time is out of joint. O cursed spite / That ever I was born to set it right!" It is not Nicolas who could speak these words from *Hamlet*, for, like the post-modern artist always ready to try out a new version of his narrative without coming to terms with its impasse, he escapes unscathed to the appropriately-named spot of Repulse Bay in the Canadian Arctic to search for a new group of actors to play in his film. As Eva says to Linda Noble, "He *will* end up finishing his film. And because he's alive, he'll seem innocent" (*Nn*, 247; *HT*, 202). It is Aquin himself who ceased writing after *Neige noire*, except for a few short essays like the mystical "The text and the silence of the margins,"¹¹ which appeared a few months before his death. In it, the dissolving borders between the ego and the infinite are imaged by "the text and the marginal silence which presses in on it, corners it and will soon devour it"; and Aquin adds: "The price of individuation can never be sufficiently denounced."¹² Less than three months later, he took a pistol inherited from his father, placed it to his brain and ended his life. I recount these details not for their sensational effect, but because the gestures in Aquin's life and death were carefully chosen; and the analogy with Nicolas' head and the precipice seems not entirely fortuitous.

Epilogue

If Aquin is about any one thing, however, it is contradiction; and *Neige noire* is not, finally, a tragedy. The novel ends with a strange epilogue, a mystical lesbian love scene between Eva Vos and Linda Noble, the sole protagonists who remain after Nicolas' departure and after Michel Lewandowski has hurled himself to his death from the window of his twelfth-floor office. Its inflated rhetoric makes no pretense at realism and is shot through with a Christian symbolism which builds on and attempts to transform the images of the Christian communion ritual present in the scene of Sylvie's murder. "A particle of what has fled and what will follow" (*Nn*, 250; *HT*, 205), Sylvie has become part of the embrace of Eva and Linda, a parthenogenesis in which body and spirit merge as the two lovers "walk along the illuminative way" (*Nn*, 250; *HT*, 205):

Eva: God is within me and I am entering God. I feel I am inhabiting him. When your tongue darts into me you lift the veil that separated me from the milky way, and now I am almost touching the great silence where life is born and dies and is born again on the cosmic scale, filling the void with a murmur of joy. (*Nn*, 252; *HT*, 206)

A writer of transition, educated in the pre-Quiet Revolution period of the *collèges classiques*, religious absolutism and federalist politics, Aquin expressed with passion and lucidity the necessity of a break with the past and the creation of a new cultural order; but was unable to make the break himself with the internalized values of the past. *Neige noire* is finally a vision of a new fusion of the sacred and the temporal emerging as history moves towards what one of Aquin's favourite philosophers, Teilhard de Chardin, called the "omega point"; but it is a vision in which he seems incapable of imagining a male presence, particularly his own. Although the juxtaposition of Christian imagery and lesbian eroticism as imagined by a male makes this epilogue a jarring read, it is meant, the author tells us, as a final "kiss" which he gives to the reader. Unlike a film, which as *Neige noire* demonstrated controls both the viewer's response and the reality it represents, this novel has been a journey in words and beyond them towards the exchange of infinite love, a "mutually fertilizing pleasure whose course overlaps the eternal Communion" (*Nn*, 253-54; *HT*, 207). It will be the feminist writers who follow who will develop modes of representation that "extend" into the real, "approach" it without penetrating or capturing it, and allow the sacred to emerge in new non-patriarchal forms of fusion between self and other. But Aquin at least has rendered for his readers the full implications of what he has seen in our history. The final lines of his novel, in which he intervenes for the first time in the narrative in the first person singular, situate him without question within a history his writing desires, absolutely, to transform: "Time devours me, but from its mouth I draw my stories, from its mysterious sedimentation I draw my seed of eternity" (*Nn*, 254; *HT*, 208).

NOTES

- ¹ Montreal: Editions La Presse, 1974. English translation by Sheila Fischman (*Hamlet's Twin*, Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1977). Quotes from the text are from the Fischman translation, with a certain number of modifications where I found her version was unfaithful to the original, or at times where I simply preferred another wording. Page references are given throughout to both the original (*Nn*) and the Fischman translation (*HT*).
- ² *Alice Doesn't: Feminism, Semiotics, Cinema*. Bloomington: Indiana Univ. Press, 1984.
- ³ *Gynesis: Configurations of Woman and Modernity*. Ithaca & London: Cornell Univ. Press, 1985.
- ⁴ Joseph Bonenfant, "Neige noire," *Livres et auteurs québécois 1974*, Québec: Presses de l'Université Laval, 1975, p. 22.
- ⁵ Luce Irigaray, *Speculum of the Other Woman* (trans. Gillian C. Gill), Ithaca: Cornell Univ. Press, 1985, pp. 133-34.
- ⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 135.

- ⁷ Linda Hutcheon, *Narcissistic Narrative: The Metafictional Paradox*. Waterloo: Wilfrid Laurier Univ. Press, 1980.
- ⁸ *L'Amèr ou le chapitre effrité*. Montréal: Quinze, 1977.
- ⁹ *The Pleasure of the Text* (trans. Richard Miller). New York: Hill & Wang, 1975, p. 10.
- ¹⁰ Geraldine Finn, "Patriarchy and Pleasure: the Pornographic Eye/I," *Canadian Journal of Political and Social Theory*, 9, no. 1-2, (Winter 1985), pp. 81-95.
- ¹¹ "Le texte ou le silence marginal?," *Blocs erratiques*, Montréal: Quinze, 1977, p. 269 (my translation).
- ¹² *Loc. cit.*

BEETHOVEN AS AN EXAMPLE OF THE UNCONDITIONAL

Ralph Gustafson

The absolutes are out of favour:
Beethoven who couldn't hear a vocable
Though his successive trumpets grew
In size, kazoo to bamboozle,
Heaven-heard, the questions asked him
Written down, the notebooks blank
Of answers whose music is the answer.
Plug. Plug. Rock against Easter.
What is to the heart and ear
And touchings true, closed off,
The given natural out of favour,
The apostrophic round and fateful
Summation, blown: flat.

