



2 WHEELER

THERE  
ARE  
DIFFERENT  
KINDS  
OF  
WRITING

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PART 1

*There are different kinds of writing. For instance, there's the kind of writing where you walk over to the typewriter, sit down, and write a first line. You go into the kitchen for a glass of water, light a cigaret, all the while thinking of what you've written. You return to the typewriter and write a second line, then you write a third line, and oh — all sorts of things happen, and there — you find you've written the last line, and if what you've written is any good, why, it's all of a piece, as if the whole thing were implicit in the beginning.*

*As if you put your hand in the water and catch a fish by the tail.*

*However, there is a different kind of writing: you sit down at the typewriter, just as before, and write a beginning. But when it comes to writing more — nothing happens. You have many thoughts, your mind is aswim with phrases, but your hands don't move toward the keys. Finally, you begin again, and write a new first line.*

*I have a big old wire wastebasket which I never empty in which I put things that I think I might work more on, and over a number of years it's got chock-full of beginnings, false starts some might say, failures perhaps — but I've made a book of them, or what-you-might-call a book, of ~~old~~ hundred and one examples of this nameless genre of writing. And I have given them names, just as if they were regular stories.*

*Sometimes I wonder whether there are real stories implicit in such first lines — you might say virtual stories, not unreal, but existing in some never-never realm ~~not-inaccessi-~~*

*I have also included some different kinds of writing.*

2

fair  
slow

as long as possible, octava bassa (if live, insert cork in bell to produce low tone (ist))  
(or cover with masking tape)

The porcelain figurine grew waxen, her eyes grew glassy, shivering as if alive, and with a sudden movement her arm dropped to her side, and timidly she turned her head to look around in wonderment. For years she had had her place upon the mantelpiece and now she tip-toed to its edge and gazed into the abyss of my living room — and then she turned to me and in a tiny voice she said, "You . . . you must be Hans Christian Andersen!"

"No. I am not," I answered.

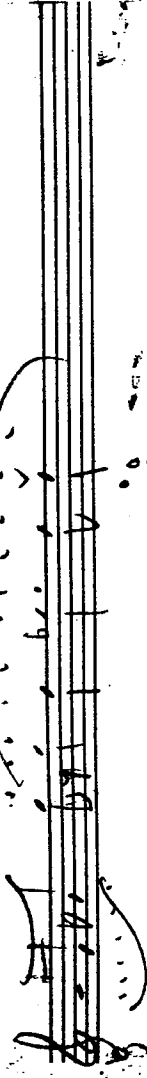
"Oh!" she sort of sadly said, and slowly retraced her steps to that place where she had stood, assumed her familiar pose, and has retained it to this day.

Arid land, black banks of dust, where hills change places daily and the wind is long, the dirty dunes rising in hot clouds to cake with grime the gristle left of yesterday's lamb that the wanderer eats. Tomorrow he shall chew his belt, the next day his tongue. It is Arthur Rimbaud!

None of us could get out of the way. There was nothing we could do. Those ten seconds when we saw it coming toward us seemed an endless time.

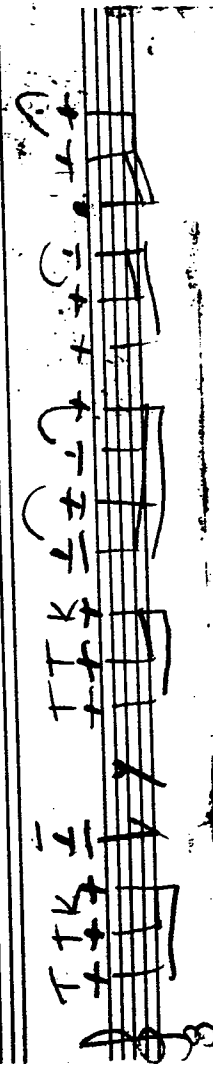
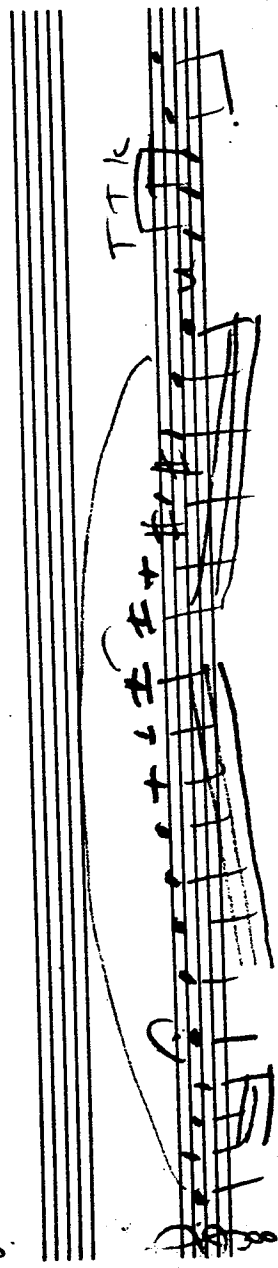
There was no transition, no pain. Suddenly we were no longer there. We were here . . . listening to your story. But I don't mean to interrupt . . . you were telling us a story . . . what happens next?

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as long as possible, octava bassa (if live, insert cork in bell to produce total tone (3rd))  
 (or cover with masking tape)

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Coat of Arms

Once upon a time there was a coat of arms . . . an extraordinary garment constructed by a tailor-lazy out of old coats customers had left at her shop and never called for — the coat had twelve arms, altogether, gathered in a circle at the top, so that when worn, five limp sleeves hung down in front like elephant trunks, and five hung down in back like a crazy cape. The coat had no opening in front, it was slipped on like a sweater, and indeed it had no front, for the wearer could turn it whichever way he pleased, this time choosing the velvet sleeves, or the next time perhaps thrusting his arms into the tweed, or the black plaid.

