



2. WHEELER

THERE
ARE
DIFFERENT
KINDS
OF
WRITING

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Tui St. George Tuc
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.

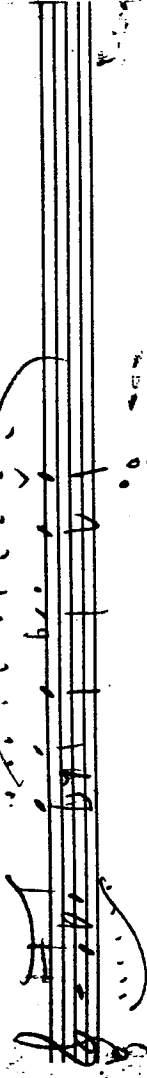
"Oh!" she sort of sadly said, and slowly retraced her steps to that place where she had stood, assumed her familiar pose, and has retained it to this day.

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.

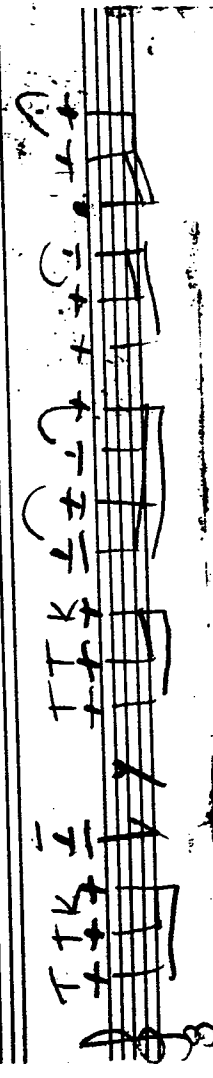
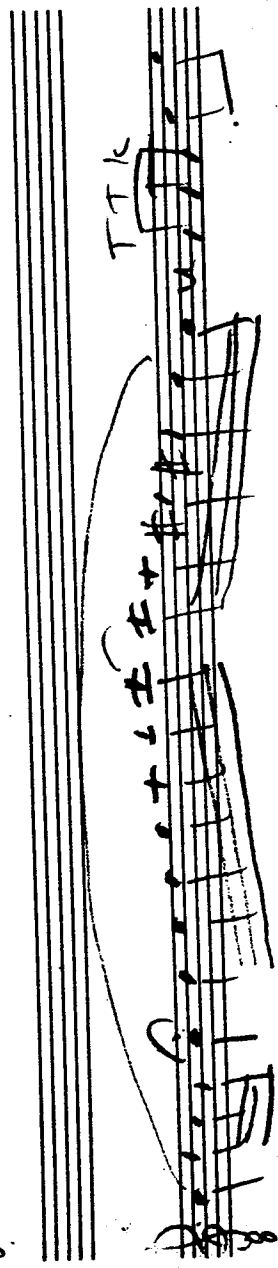
There was no transition, no pain. Suddenly we were no longer there. We were here . . . listening to your story. But I don't mean to interrupt . . . you were telling us a story . . . what happens next?

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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.

idiomatically

23

"Tell us again, grandpa... the retired baseball umpire sat deeper in his leather chair. The young boy continued, "How with the bases loaded in the ninth inning in the World Series the batter hit a line drive toward second base where you were standing and the ball hit you right between your arm and your chest and stuck there, and how your other hand just automatically reached over and plucked it from your armpit —"

I saw all the fans of Van Gogh, all past and future ones, all the millions fluttering about in the air, making the sky black in back of him, all trying to get a peek over his shoulder as he sits there, very hungry, and looking not unlike a scarecrow in the sunshine in the middle of a wheatfield, painting the crows.

like 23

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like 23

Look at that building framed by the mist, there is purple
 light inside it.

There are thirteen golden men inside it, their eyes closed.
 Patiently they wait for us, for years they have been
 dreaming that it is us approaching through the wet grass.

What about that? A broken arm, a black eye,
 adnesia ... found raving drunk in a cheap dive with your
 pockets full of diamonds.

⑦

can vib - pap shri

II

Handwritten musical notation on a staff with notes and rests. Includes the word "ma" written below the staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a staff with notes and rests.

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Crockery, cookery — shard, to be sure, but still with the taint of Ancient oil, attracts the hordes of cockroach ghosts to the archaeological site, affording to the few, those sensitives for whom the dead live, ghastly sensations.

Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page, including "be" and other illegible characters.

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28

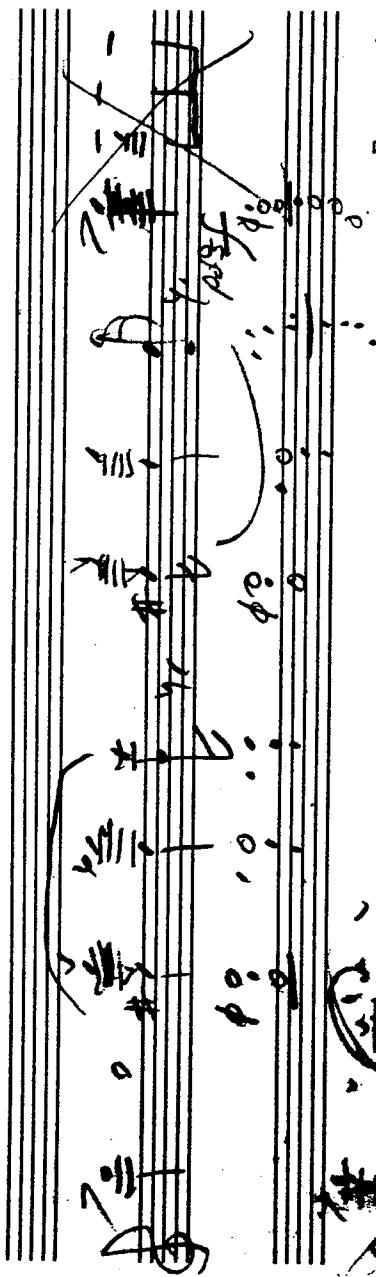
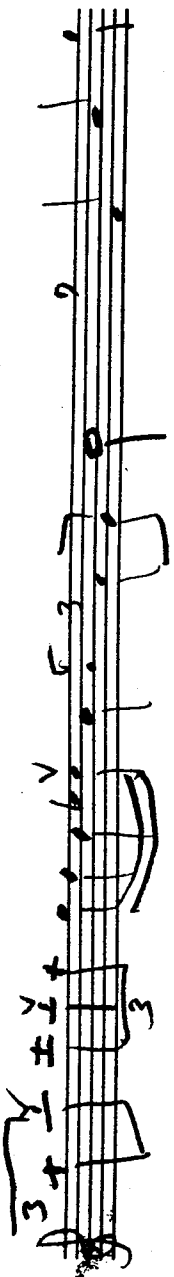
Let pitch groups
down with volume

And here I am at the grave of Yeats and it's midnight —
 my horse is miserable — there's a full moon somewhere but
 it's black, black, blanketing rain that greets the visitor from
 America.

Andante

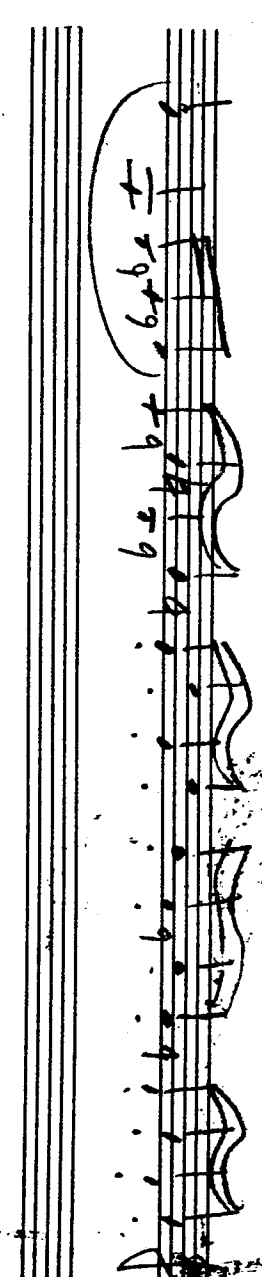
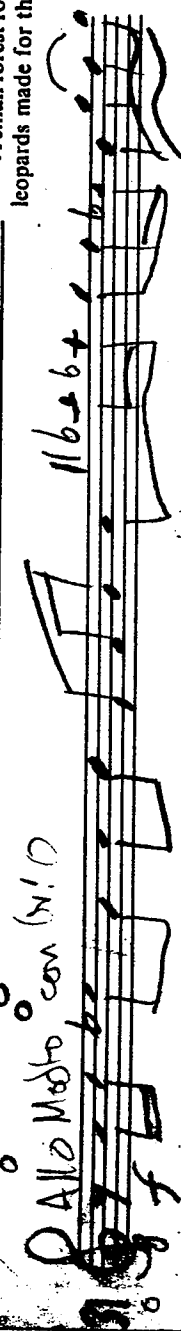
The brilliant white funnel of the tornado of snow dances
 atop an iceberg, vividly undulating against a sky that is black
 and yellow and brown, while below in the bay a blue whale
 suddenly surfaces beneath a giant waterspout. The boat is
 bobbing so, I can hardly write . . . I think it's my turn to row.

Adagio



Four snow leopards in transit by train to the Cincinnati zoo were by accident loosed from their cage, and unbeknownst to their sleeping keeper, they leaped from the slowly moving boxcar at sunset, together disappearing into a Kansas field burgeoning with wheat that stretched as far as the eye could see. It was not until midnight when the train pulled into the Chicago station that their absence was discovered.

A small forest rose like an island in the sea of wheat. The leopards made for the trees. In a month there will be snow.



MUSIC FOR "THERE ARE DIFFERENT KINDS OF WRITING"
 Words by Spencer Holst
 Music by Tui St George Tucker

①

slowly
 rit
 tempo
 fin

In London yesterday a lorry lunged, sideswiped a fog light and plunged into the Thames. The plainclothesman who surreptitiously was following me broke cover, took a whinzie from beneath his cloak and blasted the alarm, rushing to the embankment, abandoning me in the yellow fog.

It's hard to hold a hammer with your arm in a sling while carrying a gong during the rush-hour on the subway in Tokyo.

continued to play

conquered

The red berries of Fall — each scarlet ball rebounds the colors of the call of the scarlet tanager. Green frog-CROAK! — the water lily on which he sits trembles, and a careful eye could see green rings radiate around it, starting a

