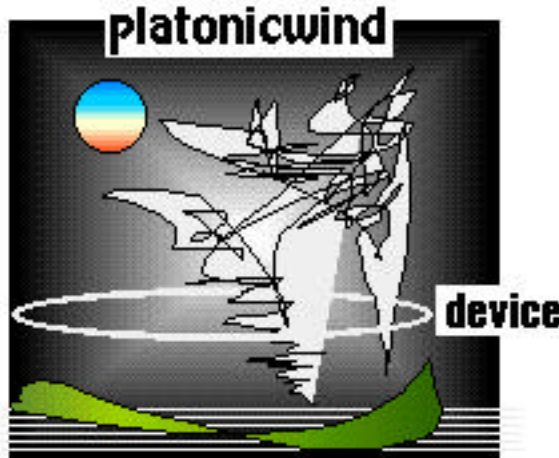
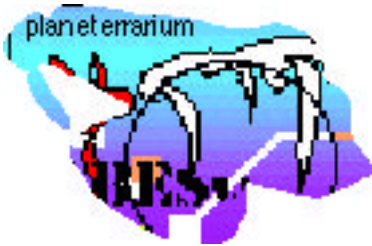


# The Learning Curve

To most I would say that this [reference not clear] in itself is an achievement, though I am still sending it [meaning, I suppose, the post-modern image and language combination which you even now are holding in your hand(s)] along in the old-fashioned manner, like a snail they say, but a snail with an embossed shell in some sense figured and refigured according to something slightly more than chance but much less than planned confidence. There is an element of hush-hush to this [considered as an event], everything which has thought of, both here and act of reading is indeed rewriting, because this of prose blindsiding suspension of disbelief willingness to make undoubtedly, you are yourself, not coherent at

Like you, I find myself in wonder begins right here irritation which making foray into text wrap



because despite already been heretofore, the an act of [once again] sort requires not but, arguably, a coherent what is saying to all.

wonder! And that in the miracle of even this first entails. Sooner

or later I shall be able to send this sort of page along to you directly through the email venue - do you think of it as a venue? Like a place as distinct from a time, that you travel to for shopping, window and worth. I feel as if I am entering into the most complicated fusion device while I am merely trying to step lively down the street. I know that each one of these pages which I get under my belt will make the next and the next easier & easier, but this has

already taken a few thousand hours to separate myself from the other necessary temptations and setbacks which the machine, all by itself, is heir to.

## Your patience is going to be needed as much as mine!

We could, reasonably, call this page one and try to think of all the work that ensues from this moment forth as the continuation, but already there are shadows creeping forward from the past and ghosts looming in the future that defy even chronological record keeping. It is going to be a long, hard road, with an expectation of musical accompaniment, which simply makes it ever more difficult. **Basta!** bastabasta.

Shall we say then that we shall meet again on the morrow, by hedgerow or beneath it, about the middle of the day, when the at rest and the scent of cut hay is most redolent. You are to picture before I say it, don't you know.



the reapers are see the

The wind is still, and when it is so, is it still the wind? And my heart? Time is a terror which gnaws from the inside out, both in me and in my machine; do you think this is a trip in the country? Stop!

And yesterday was (yesterday) and today has the force of today **and shall we say** precisely that is the interference. I am bending by my will to the nearly inevitable **FACT** if that is other than a condition of a condition proceeding through the weighs and means rigoramole. Where is this frame of reference located and whose mind is clear in these matters if the expected consumer con is removed from the action. All bets are down and the wheel has come into play. The gamble of sense is in between, as I have said before, but not here. This, like all texts, is a playing out of (with) one's own sense of conception as well as interaction; that is, it slices into the fairway of art!



The phone rings; time the interruption! Death & grieving, someone else's mother gone beyond this amusement park with bloody handles on the inside. Recollections.

At this point, in the normal course of events, I would begin to draw to make up for the absence of things to say...extending, so to speak, the brevity of wit to the curve of the mindline: a drawer is always in full echo thought.

Meanwhile, immediate onlookers the roost, enemies than chance longer talking



I would suggest not starting any fires in the vicinity. We are all overseers: some are and some are scenestealers; the third eye rules and poems arise by deflections from the camp. Chance verticals are most astonishing horizontals. The wind, in sum, is additive. It is no snowing outside my window; inside we are hums, not humdingers. I am in danger of losing faith in the enterprise: to strew the bits and pieces of my art so that each acted as a hologram of the whole. Like others, I am being unstrung by time. It is time to travel, to get there and look out even farther, to let the muck reach the knees but not the vital eye organs and hand vehicles. I realize that this inferno is engulfing me by simply asking too much and by requiring blinders to see - echoes, mirrors, virtuals.

We will curve a little, bend at the knees with the surge, let the breeze become us and flag raiments through space making prayers out of dancing cloth. We shall, in this space, utter the shout "TUESDAY".



Yes, indeed, the agony continues! Neither blowing in nor blowing out; we have arrived at point cessation! The ides of January, which are not as well known as some other ides, but will do in this pinch. Cyberia, the frozen conumbra. My patience is only exceeded by my screaming genes; I am here in this quagmire because it was forewritten, encoded; only with the invention and intervention of this machine have I been able to reach/screech this particular crossroads where my destiny, like Oedipus' comes a cropper on proprietary murder.

This is not a confession.

It is an empty blue space. Speak. Speech. Paddling his own canoe had advantages. Does it appear that simply because I am frustrated by the willfulness of this machine enterprise that I am enjoying this literary form:



**COMPLAINT?**

A small part of the issue is that my thinking has become affected by the way in which I present my ideas within my limitations and capabilities with this computer. I write, this 'learning curve' piece for example, directly on the screen, rocking back and forth between the absolute present, in which I feel as if I am composing or painting (making art), and that other bit of my mind which is actually trying to GET A GRIP ON MY LIFE! I see each page as a unit, like an individual canvas; I add the drawings as I go along, as pauses in thinking. The pages really need to be printed out, or seen at 50% or 67% on the monitor; however, the words then lose their prose (coherent) quality (sense?) - that, in a way, is why the drift of the piece is both so digressive and so dilatory. I am not in Page Maker (thank god!), I am in Real Life Unedited. And I am at play. My aggravation is a pose surrounding a stimulus.



neither/nor  
black book  
non-i ching  
immediate read

desert

yes/but  
land scape  
chance  
linger



And thus, now thirstday, I arrive at another mere ending. Stopping short, to make of it a wit's tale telling. This could be set to music, but I wouldn't dare attempt it; already I have veered from the highway to the byway to the footpath. The mountain is nevertheless still in sight - glorious, mysterious, cloud piercing. Listen, yonder see.

Some say that this lane is the best; others contend that peripheral sliding is what it is all about. I think that this is like summer and winter. We are now in the grip of a winter Blast with Wind Teeth; it Howls and sends Swirling Skirts of Light Snow across every path; it gathers in Drifts in Bezier Curves with Crusts...tempting one to be buried alive in haunting whiteness. Some do it. We are ever closer to what appears to be the end of a threadlike existence: each by each we arrive, wander, and go. Leaving traces, ephemeral reflections; we are perceived by reflections, seen in light bounces, scene in magnetic units of attraction and replusion. Over distance and time understanding stretches until it becomes a seems to be its own standard of with self-certain clarity which or translation, on the other. But it artist tries to capture, manipulate Art is an investigation of that explores and boundary area of

In the center of THIS SPACE is instance, a paint stirrer, the This one is itself painted in a accomplish but which stands for am planning (expecting) to paint October 1996 and October 1999 house here in St. Paul and channels...each is numbered away, addressed to a particular unique work of art. Later, I shall exhibition somewhere here in them all together.

Now, Minnie, about whom I And she is, perhaps, mine! in a projection of my imagebin. But and laconic to a fault; the fault is though unchivalrous, is familial turn as the time flitters past the layer until a sentinel is formed to She floats through my space undefined but everpresent yawn suspicion of flouncewalk and gone by. Language is an

If and when this learning curve eureka shout and tell the electronic strewscene about it in a fashion which both does and does not lead us on. That is what seems, in these first few moments, to be at issue here, can the audience discriminate between the source and the echo, or is the echo always travel up the channel of its creation simultaneously? An inward, an inwordness, which impounds (yes!) or implodes the possibilities of meaning. The explosive, distributive sense of utterance comes crashing upon the rockiest shores of starkseas..it is not the center which cannot hold, but the edges which shimmer away in fretful grinds of boilerplates. Of a Wednesday morning I wish you well.



Contained Withinness which Recognition. One seems to know belies challenge, on the one hand, is precisely this clarity which an and illuminate. Correspondence particular aspect of visual art which sight and insight. Amen!

the Point of Exchange, in this merest of the tools used in painting. manner which no stirring could the process of painting aliveness. I 2,000 of these stirrers between and distribute them to visitors to my some through correspondence art 'x/2000' and dated when given person and signed; thus each is a try to re-collect them for an the Twin Cities so that we can see

have not yet spoken, is a fine fine! the sense of being an extension or she is daggered and swaggered hers, not mine, but the perception, to the urge. She shall turn and re-shorerocks, freezes in layer upon hold a pose both elegant and dire. like a ghost from the past, the of small(time)town life with merest flairscent which has already impact statement.

becomes the big easy, I shall