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Note

The Portrait of a Lady
was in twelve parts
of thousands of small disruptive
processes, classic reader, the
significance of some of these
is discussed
Face

the portrait of the body out of breath
as a silver bell in the striking
pitch of a call across water
a single character springing up
burst with latent still pierceable life
feminine at what price
dear novelist leaving without her
my apology for incomplete

H. J.
Her Scant State

As far as the limits of the room allow, I have asked permission, with a piano and with flowers, with phrases and gradations in speech, for a lapse in continuity.
the grass a little bristling bustling
   fertilized by a high civilization    a white hat

   a pair of soiled dog-skin gloves

tired America        hot weather
   a tall girl in a black dress

   inclined

Go to the box and stay there, sit a little behind and in the dark, angry for being
angry under the stars they call a free country.

   I wonder if stone walls like to dislike gravity to be innocent. Have I hurt the
   naming of something? I wanted so much to stop.
like a novel  his two hands on her shoulders were received
and husband slowly resumed reedy silvery observation
her hands folded upon "of course" "I'm lovely"
it was knife-like the disorder erect into law a house

The right word. As flicker of a match. As so many things at once going home
covered with a drooping veil.

*I think without intending it, fretting the edge of my ignorance, my blunders.*

*I told you it was exactly to do with bad, stupid art.*

"Possibly, but yours." Now at pains the breeze rose out of life. If she touched it,
it struck her. Character. It struck her as a word stupidly pale, emphatically easy.
an inquisitive experimental quality which of the daughters are you? writing money anything about money in point of fact inherited a wedge of brown stone violently

With folded hands I can only give, as I say, a blank page, a pure white surface easily, easily crushed. Please tell me. I have no memory.

There was a young girl.

I miss. I like. I’m really. I don’t. I don’t. When the sun goes I go. I wish.

Just a small sound like hands quickly. Kissed.

I’m afraid. I’m only.

The small dark, the clear grey which gave as it opened.
gently put out her two hands suspended between
to be sold and lose no time she undraped more
liberally than expected laid bare the idea of
a distribution of property her thumb and her third finger
for her losses

Her compassion concealed history,

as I believe you like it.

Exquisite, sad.

Don’t try to frighten me.

Because you fatigue yourself, I’ve given you an interest in detachment.

Certainly it helps. Start with the way we’re to end. Coldness, how we’re to
end. Common crimes giving an extreme effect. Her hands quickly beautiful.
Anyone’s valuation of anything.

I have made her that?
Our attention is troubled for attention. The lapse, the measure, the fluttering
wings projected on a field acquainted, for instance, with tenderness. But noisily
vacant of memory,

I had doubts and Isabel for subject.

Or, all had Isabel. The money had immense, but vague, form and body, she
kissed her hand and was disappointed.
squandered       gambled       daughters  
a proof modified  
by pain  

she danced very well  

the choreographic circle constituted  
the limits of her own power  

to and and  
frisk           jump          shriek  

cloudy envelop of epic to gender memory  
wars    bouquets  

I speak in secret discriminations, anti-climax, not smart, neat prose.  
Impossible world to walk—thick, brown, weak and red and human—without  
touching the ground. Brilliant correspondent fields effacing history from view.  
In clouds out of breath physical weight flung, atmospheric. A voice beat faster.  
Wrong, wrong. Said without quaver.
the privileges of abundant new dresses kaleidoscopic
the name of the name of a straight young man
a foolish period of history standing near the lamp
requesting your attention

I’ve seen poverty’s handshake burst the fact-angry window open and wildest hurt set up a house.
A very pretty American gaze doesn’t abuse people. “You know that, perfectly,” still ironic like a brown velvet jacket, like a joke dying hard for a delicate glow of shame. Many forms—shocked and false and lost—drifted about the house, or sat in the garden head thrown back, irreclaimable. Indebted suburban hours and all young lovers listened to the nightingales.
the history of her marriage and its consequences died
three years after the grey American dawn of not believing
a word she said

In life there is love, the moment becomes single, melted together and into
pain. Her hands raised, clasped, slowly moved his face.

“I believe I ruined you.”
nevertheless, he knocked  absented, watery
disamericanising desire  so very soluble a problem
in the white American light  “the banking mystery”
fine ivory surface polished  his own fault
Americans’ right  limits of  primary  pleasure
an unthumbed fruit  the historic consciousness

Dear limitation, the illumination was dying.

*I waked but was asleep, very much so, and I never arrive at the point, a certain point—a word I see caught and put into a cage, and letters in absurd pockets.*

Words should make mistakes and want no breakfast and live on air, quietly, coldly.

*I do. I go back. I take.*

Terrible mouthful.
the flatness of exile       the fragrance of fruit
in a poor translation

bursts of wildflowers       niched in ruin
property of the observed thing

the imagination loving the riot
she's my _____       she is not his

a sense of property
allowing her two countries       with a laugh

as good as summer rain       a land of emigration       of rescue
a refuge       their superfluous population

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Poverties dressed as a face of elation.
the broad, low, wide-armed staircase
to the furthest point they called her the willowy one

I wrote a note. My itch to be less subject to story’s haze and delicacy, a kind of ignorance that it simplified like a short dress, like a long coat, walking with quick short steps to the end.
the privilege isn’t seen by bedroom candle

These still bright days the passion for minor needs was the tragic part.

I’m sorry, money. My business is not to make myself.
In abundance, the abundance craved a beautiful sister.

I imitate need. I don’t see how we use that word.
All sorts of ordinary things—paper, lampshades, roses, fire, fibs, family—had designs on you. Writing you. You in the strongest terms. You if you can stand it.
tinged with rumor reverence they read nothing at all
a thousand zigzags, she escaped from a trap to flame
without parents, without property  a lapful of roses
gratified a need in the center of property  the earth
itself expected to have emotions full of kindness  stars
and stripes  “nothing in this world is got for nothing”
the taste of an October pear, the shadow of a deeper cloud

Dusk appears as a servant. A neat plain face in a drawing. Perhaps not in the
American sequence. Devoted meditation of the last two centuries, small and
densely filled with furniture.

“I love my things.”

Flushed with a perfect little marrying—to make use of teacups, get broken.
Absence is a source of income. To conceal the world? Push it into your arms.