

#4 (transcript)
Danny Snelson

#4

*An audio collage by Charles Bernstein (1975)
As transcribed by Danny Snelson (4.16.09)*

I'm always misrepresenting
giving a wrong sense of myself
giving a sense of too much panic
too much caring,
I'm afraid to seem to care too much, uh
Feel guilty, that, maybe I'll
depend on you too much, or
the situation
is wrong, or, that I'll
Lose my rightness, my justification, hurt
afraid of the letter
but waiting
waiting will
get that waiting will why what
guilt will why what

Sometimes so dense, so thick, but why not

The feeling, as well as words, better do that, feeling as well as, uh, letters do sometimes, because I miss want need love have activities meet people talk, go to the movies and yet all this I why not words as well as music, why not music sometimes without words, why all this musing, a an philosophizing and an going over minutia of the past, why why this planning to take over of the videotape, feel, why this resting sometimes why this blowing

Those days are over I'm not fighting for anyone except myself
I've heard this story a million times
Mister—
I met a guy once when I was a kid,
it would always begin

Tell me

Who was it you left me for was it Lazlo
or were there others in between
or aren't you the kind to tell

/ my neck out for no one
/ so can I, play it Sam
I stick my neck out for /
can stand it so can I, play it S •

If she can stand it so can I, play it Sam.
I stick my neck out for no one
/ can I, play it Sam.
I stick my neck out for no one

Those days are of •

I stick my neck out for no one / play it Sam.

I stick my neck out for n / am.

I stick my neck out for // / can stand it so can I, play it Sam.

I stick my neck out for no one so can I, play it Sam.

I stick my neck out for no one / can I, play it Sam.

Those days are over ah •

Those days are over I'm not fighting for any •

Those days are over I'm not fighting for anyone except myself

I've heard this story a million times

Mister—I met a guy once when I was a k //
/ ister—I met a guy once when I was a ki //
/ ter—I met a guy once when I was a ki //
illion times: Mister—I met a guy once when I was a /
Mister—I met a guy once when I was a ki /
times: Mister—I met a guy once when I was a
/ times: Mister—I met a guy once when I was a ki /
ion times: Mister—I met a guy once when I was a k /
illion times: Mister—I met a guy once when I was a k /
on times: Mister—I met a guy once when I was a ki /
on times: Mister—I met a guy once when I was a ki /
illion times: Mister—I met a guy once when I was a kid //

I've heard this story a million times

Mister—

I met a guy once when I was a kid
It would always begin

Tell me

Who was it you le •

Who was it you lef •

Who was it you left me for /

Who was it you left me /

Who was it you left me for //

/ was it you left me /

Who was it you left /

Who was it you left me •

Who was it you left me for wa /

Who was it you left me for was it Lazl /

Who was it you left me for was it La /

Who was it you left me /

Who was it you left me for was it La //
was it you left me for was it Lazlo // Lo / or were there other in b //
Who was it you left me for was it La /
Who was it you left me for was it Lazlo or were there others in between or aren't you /
was it you left me for was it Lazlo or were there others in between or aren't you the k /
• me for was it Lazlo or were there others in between or aren't you /
Who was it you left me for was it Lazlo or were there others in between or aren't you the kind /
left me for was it Lazlo or were there others in between or aren't you the kin /
// lo or were there others in between or aren't •

train platform
with a comical look on his face because his insides had /
with a comical look on his face be //
standing on a train platform
with a comical look •

The wild finish, a guy standing on a tr /
The wild fini // al
The wild finish /
The wild finish •
The wild fin /

Who was it you left me for was it Lazlo or were there other //
on a train platform
with a comical look on his face, because his insides had been kicked out.

Seems half // fooling
is dynamic in their own way // The Bernsteins
their own way /
in their own way
// namic in their own way

So called environmental hazards is high pri High prime area /
'posedly unhealthy atmosphere /
/ Fight / all these supposed ten capsule

// oved down in New York City with the so called environmental hazards is
is high pri High prime area
is high pri High prime area
is high pri High prime area
is high pri High prime area

'posedly unhealthy atmosphere /
/ Fight / all these supposed ten capsule

Ten Bernsteins have proved that one can see success and happiness if the right priorities are valued /

Anthropologists, Sociologists

America America

And the whole and whole-hearted support for Israel /
Their past is not shady, and their present //

Of course this does not make them simple, in fact one, uh, each one is dynamic in his own way. The Bernsteins have their liberals, reactionaries and middle-of-the-roaders. But this does not impede, in any way, what gentle and graceful respect each one has for each other.

It is only by sheer indulgence for the enlightened of knowledge and the interest of their Jewish traditions and the fervent devotion to the land they love ah //

It is only by sheer indulgence for the enlightened of knowledge and the interest of their Jewish traditions •

whole-hearted support for the starpers of Israel, and creating a homeland for all those, all over the world who ought to be free //

What the ten Bernsteins are to do, is to pass on to their offspring, is to live in harmony and respect each other's opinion / me // to // notoriety or has ever harmed his fellow man // simple, in fact, one, each one is dynamic in his own way. The Bernsteins have their liberals, reactionaries and middle-of-the-roaders. But this does not impede, in any way, what gentle and graceful respect each one has for each other.

// can see success and happiness if the right priorities are valued /
the right prioritie // healthy atmosphere

// Fight / all these supposed ten absolute

Ten Bernsteins have proved that one

can see success and happiness if the right priorities are valued
if the right priorities are val /
one can see success and happiness if the right priorities are value
if the right priorities are valu /
the right priorities are val /
that one can see success and happiness if the right priorities are value
e can see success and happiness if the right priorities are valued
success and happiness if the right priorities are value
can see success and happiness if the right priorities are val
success and happiness if the right priorities a //
one can see success and happiness if the right priorities are value
can see success and happiness if the right priorities are va //
happiness if the right priorities are value /

Ten Bernsteins have proved that one

can see success and happiness if the right priorities are valued

Well I think, uhm, the way that the whole society in first world uh portions have reached a kind of snag is very much inflected by uh um uh the mediation of the bourgeois nuclear family—the bomb-ly—and society euh using the family as a vehicle to, mystify people. The ready uhh vision that's because he's hep to the mass communication media and so on. There's something more concrete m // Specific meter to validate a certain death to the whole population to see officially MAD. And the family is uh chosen as its private vehicle, to be reinforced later on by private schools, technical schools, and universities. The way a family drives uh MAD is, uh, a rather technical business, but uhm, there're many techniques //

This why it's this can't it

can't it why can't /

this can't //
Well then it's why it's why it's this can't it
 can't it why can't it
 why can't it why can't it
 why can't it why can't it/ t why can't //
Can't it why can't it
 t's this can't it can't it why can / Can't it can't it
 t's this can't it can't it
 why can't it why can't it //
Can't it can't it why / hy it's this
 can't it can't it why / why it's this
 can't it can't it why can't it
 why can't it why can't it why can't it why can't it / it's

 Why can't it
 Why can't it

/ still sorry for yourself one woman has hurt you un and you want to take revenge on the whole world.
If you don't help us, Victor Lazlo, we'll die in Casablanca.

Was put off by the plodding, style, naturalism without any formal interest nice nature descriptions but u u uh themes are striking uh a real critique of conventionality as the oppression this puts on the women hero Alexandra as well as others i.e. they, the brothers, the town, the neighbors want to put, want to put away Iber, a kind of religious nature freak, a prophet, who knows the land and animals better than anyone, anyone. But he's, queer, un, queer, he's queer, und uh, Alexandra u u, a strong woman unmarried always using her head, strong woman, unmarried, always using her *head* to figure out what's best to do, makes the family uh a mint, by using unconventional farming and business speculation methods, but always being put down for being unconventional. Also an acute sensitivity to feelings, love romance, and the insensitivity of others to it, the novel has in a way a kind of Chekov feeling of waiting waiting waiting desire unfulfilled, a very lonely hard sense of life, marriage a prison, people with just one friend for a whole life. Karl comes back saying, u u "In the city, nobody ever cares, you sit in the theaters an each in their own isolation, a mass of isolation but... Nebraska, Nebraska can seem that way too.

Oh that messy kid he's got it underneath it, Oh Charles, how could you be so cruel. Charles turn that magadget off, I'm I'm afraid of him now. I'm gonna get my own tape recorder and I'm gonna tape your conversations Charles. From in New York. Now there they're laughing at you for wha about what. Did you find – [unintelligible voice] – He suspect you Herman, uh, Charles, you know where the train is?

in a glass house.

I could live in a glass house I don't mind because I'm not ashamed of what I do, I can repeat anything I say, anybody can quote me, say whatever they want, it doesn't disturb me, because I do nothing with malice, and I always would want you to know, that I'm not stubborn obstinate I don't have the last word in everything I say, I'm not God, and what I say isn't so important, what other people say may be important, so I listen, and I'd rather be a listener than a one who throws his weight around and think he knows everything

Do you realize I'm...

Those I'm afraid of, I'm afraid of those, who are so sure of themselves, nobody else's opinion amounts

to anything except their own, they make the day, the ones that cause the trouble in this world, obstinate uh tyrannical type of mind, are the most objectionable types, they don't have an open mind

Herman!

you're lost.

Are you saying Charles is a tyrant?

I didn't say about Charles I'm talking about myself

You don't feel that, uh, that, uh, you feel this is a reflection of your real character or rather what you would like to be?

Both.

Wellthen, do you feel like you managed to call us both what you like to be...

I'd, I, I'd like to be

what a st...

possibly. Maybe I'm not all the things I think I am. That's what, that's why I hesitate, indefinite an and if I was so sure of myself it'd become frightening.

Goodbye.

Wait a minute, Herman, my jewels.

Wait a minute, Herman, my jewel /

Wait a minute, Herman, my jewel

/ bye

Wait a minute, Herman, my jewe //

Wait a minute, Herman, my jewel /

dbye.

Wait a minute, Herman, my jewe

Wait a minute, Herman, my jewel /

Wait a minute, Herman, my je //

dbye

Wait a minute, Herman, my jew

by

Wait a minute, Herman, my je

dby

Wait a minute, Herman, my jew

odby

Wait a minute, Herman, my jewel /

As if I valued you too much and you were taken from me,
for idolatry as if,

too much too much,
tug and pull, want and need,
too much for any one,
or any one thing,

too much as if idolatry putting out the light of God,
as if, what's it who's it, about,

as if, what it who's it,
as if for idolatry shut out, that new grace to shine on
my native eye except
that you then he shone
closer by up to and against.

barren and shipwrecked
we're alone gazing up
amid endless where of words
and held fast grasped out but
why she
why she and not she or she
why she and not he or she
why this and that and not all that
it sweats

Well I think paranoia if one takes the intent at the origin of the word, the Greek origin the schemata becomes "beside oneself." The normal state of uh, mind, I think as being what I call Ethnoid, that is being out of one's mind, people who go to work in their offices and banks everyday, go home to their happy family, their VCR, are demonstrably, I think, out of their minds. Uhm, at least if one's paranoid one's beside oneself, that's fairly close by, but one can't stop there, I think you converge the experiences until you reach a state of being in-one's-mind and then be able to go in and out of one's mind, death's the end result, ecstasy, in sexual orgasm, and so on.

Trouble around here, talk talk talk, oh sometimes I think I must go mad, where will it all end, what is it getting you //

Thank you very much ladies and gentlemen, and now I'd like to try n do a little tune for you, that I recorded for Norman Granz, Clef Records, my tune to start the lady sings the blue //

and now I'd like to try n do a little tune for you, that I /
try n do a little tune for you, that I rec //
and now I'd like to try n do a little tune for you //
now I'd like to try n do a little tune for you /
ow I'd like to try n do a little tune for you
entlemen, and now I'd like to try n do a little tune for you /
/ nd no /

For a million times
Mister
I met a man once when I was a kid
it would always begin

he beats me too //
he beats me too •
he beats me to /
he beats me to //
he beats me too •

Again, not only my eyes, my consciousness my memory my dreams my longing, that these imaginary objects, a mirage a new memory, alone, my fear of being left alone, a ghost, an imaginary fairy, love cared about distant //

*what can I do /
what can I do //
what can I do /
what can I do •*

The concentrated state of intoxication a state which, like madness, frequently enables to victim to imitate the outward demeanor of someone in perfect possession of his senses

*I'm gonna sit right down
And write myself a letter,
And make believe it came from you.
I'm gonna write words oh, so sweet
They're gonna knock me off of my feet,
A lotta kisses on the bottom,
I'll be glad I got 'em.*

*I'm gonna smile and say,
"I hope you're feeling better,"
And close with love, the way you do.
I'm gonna sit right down
And write myself a letter,
And make believe it came from you.*

her dirty black open to the most miserable excretory degradation
beknighted, unthinking no white at all completely dark black almost
perhaps a glimmer of grey
coming into pure pure whiteness
in the light pure pure whiteness
in the light ahead ahead