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Dear Mary Hoard.

[s.l.]: [s.n.], [s.d.]

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Dear Mary Hoard:

I owe you a great deal for the loan of this book. (Much more than just these few things about Virginia Woolf - but use them if you can and keep them a month if you like)

Ozenfant knows how to write, doesn't he? I can't claim always to belief in his laws of the universe and laws of art and laws of this and that as I am the kind of person who goes into that Bertrand Russell dream: there is no beginning and no ending ... only convenient terms these, like cause, and effect and world.

Some things I may not understand. But isn't the author himself reaching rather high among (Phyllis') eternal things? I have said a writer has no business with any writing whatsoever that is not an extension of his own wit to comprehend. And something like that goes for the reader, don't you think? I know that for myself, what is deeper than I understand is often the most pertinent to me and the most lasting.

I had spoken to Phyllis I think about Louis Zukofsky and the Objectivist Movement - this book opens up ideas I should have known long ago. Objects, objects. Why are people, artists above all, so terrifically afraid of themselves? Thank god for the Surrealist tendency running side by side with Objectivism and toward the monologue tongue. It is my conviction that no one yet, has talked to himself. And until then, what is art?

You see how I combed the literary side of your book.

My problem at the moment is to reconcile energy with unrecognizability. Z. has well said to me: energy when fully present dissipates unrecognizability. So I am left with fantasy and no energy? Ozenfant says: "There can be no intensity without simplification, and to some degree no intensity without distortion." Some unrecognizability is then permitted me if I wish to be intense at the same time there must be an art, though, somewhere, somehow entirely precious, abstract, dehumanized, and intense because of these!

You remember my speaking of the trance. Almost the first words of this book have this: a paper-weight "to induce hypnosis".

It is my belief objects are needed only to supplement our nervous systems. I have said to Z. (and says he: is it logic? which he would say) that the most important part of memory is its non-expressive, unconscious part. We remember most and longest that which at first perception was unrecognizable, though we are not aware of this. We remember, in other words, a nerve-sense, a vibration, a colour, a rhythm Ozenfant - "We imagine we conceive form as distinct from matter and in consequence colour lessly; but it is only a convention of our minds." Along with this if anybody can possibly see the connection, I conceive poetry as the folk-tales of the mind and ~~us~~ creating our own remembering. And no creature puts idiom on anything at all except by putting himself on it, and to me, that means, inchoate thought, the Self association of nervous vocables coloured by the rhythm of the moment... this would be ofcourse what no one else has written -- else why write?

But enough to have a strange book, isn't it, without having a strange note about it.

Thank You

And Again

Terine Hartwig