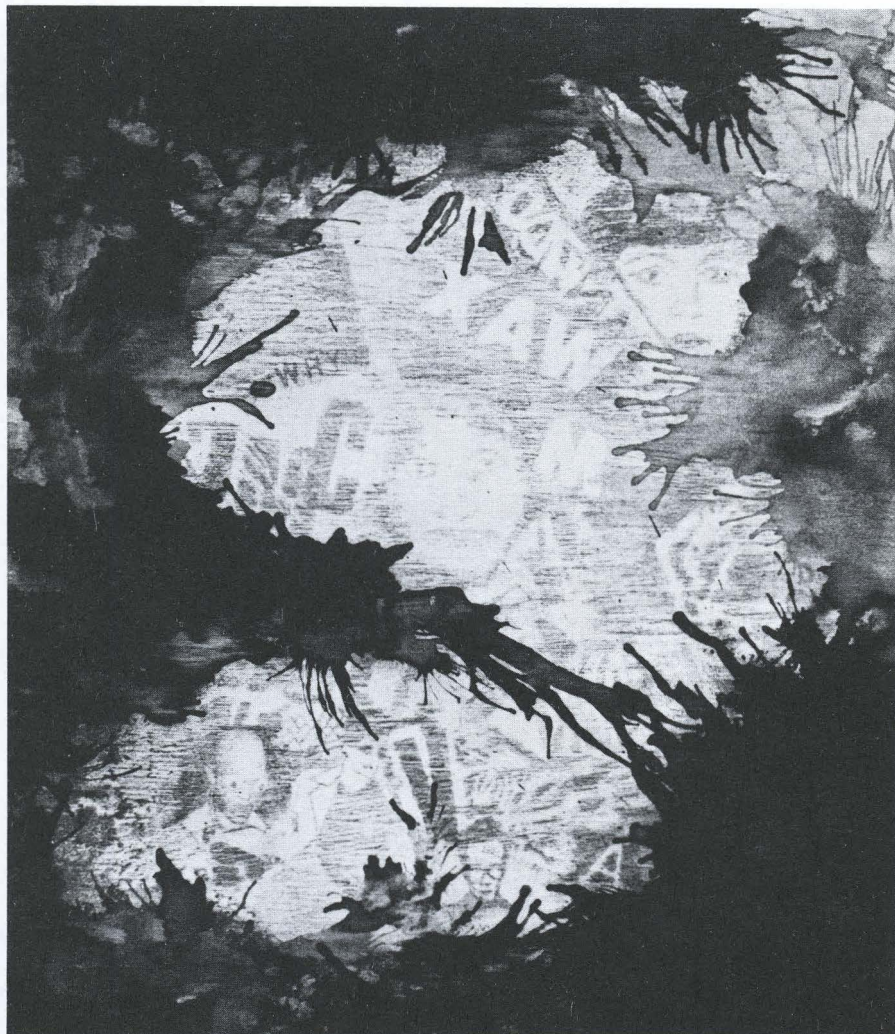


Richard Truhlar/SELECTIONS



Media Three—pencil, ink on wood.
Photo: Steve Venright.

THREE NATIVE TEXTS FOR RICHARD HUELSENBECK

1) uo uo uo uo uo u^o u^o u^o u^o u^o u_o u_o u_o u_o u_o u_o

```

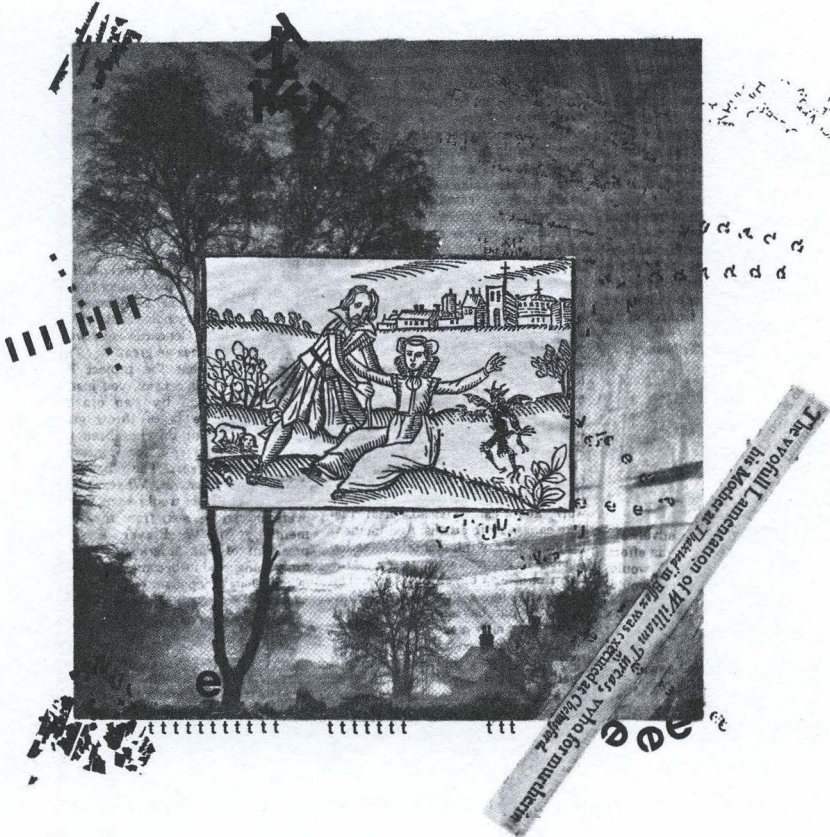
bssss bs bss ibsss iss bbbbs bssssb
sbis sbis bis issss sis bbsb s s s b
bbbb sbbsbs sibibsss ssb ssss bbsisb
bbs ks ks bbsk bisk sks sks bbsks ks

```

[illegible]

2) gungungungungungungungungungungungun
gungun (p) gungun (c) gungun (t) gungun (kk) gun (n)
qunqukqunqukqunqtqunqtqungumgunqtqugu

[illegible][illegible]



THE PITCH

It began on a business trip, not the normal disorientation, sense of isolation, face after face chatting, eating, securing the worth of the voyage in the fragile ego fluttering against glass to escape those frozen moments of recognition. Memory comes back, a stranger met on the street, "I'm sorry, I've forgotten your name . . .", and you find yourself gazing into the mirror once too often, but you continue shaving, brushing your teeth, all the while feeling this body before you, somehow not connected to the feet firmly planted on bathroom tiles.

Leafing through the yellow pages in search of a bathhouse with yellow women who will soap your skin, lay hands upon, give some sense of the solidity of body you wish you could feel . . . only to end up gazing at the names of bookstores, having already bought more than you can read, the silence of the room you sit within voiceless, ambient hum of unseen technology behind the walls, in the ceiling, not enough to distract you however from the silence you feel without yourself.

It's too early to eat, you think, as you pull on your overcoat, your body moving without thought, can't stay here, the door locking itself behind you, your hand automatically checking to feel the key in your vest pocket, wouldn't want to be shut out of the room, the centre from which you act, out you go, incessant need for motion, not helping it, following it . . . perhaps if I walk far enough, exhaust myself, I can relax, fall back into the room, cushy pillow to support my back, take up another novel, pore over each page forgetting where I am, why I am here.

Each time you come to this place, at least once you visit that special spot, that urban beach which looks out upon the water, and you smoke and think and tell yourself that you must appreciate the vista: those mountains! that ocean! smell that! . . . for a moment you remember some other time when you were a young boy, and somehow you can't remember where it was, how you were a boy, the smell and what was it?

some mixture now forgotten but holding you as you move to the water's edge, pick out a few shells washed up and dead before you arrived, colourful enough you hope, take them back for the boy, hope he likes them, tell him where they're from, this bay, describe something he's never seen . . . and each time you come to this place, you come alone, each time wishing there was another to share this place . . . you walk away. This place cannot be had. If you . . . you always look back, the vista, wanting to take it with you, looking back, stopping more frequently, knowing the next vista obliterates the latter into memory, memory never a postcard you can send back to yourself . . . so you always return, every time you come to this city, sit on that beach, look out, get up, walk on, look back, stopping more frequently, wishing you could print yourself, say "see!" and perhaps they would all understand, all come along next time, the room opening up, becoming a house, a loving hand soaping your back, face passing by the open door . . . "hi!", but not forgotten.

You get up, look up, yes, there are the mountains, the rippled glass of water before you, gazing into a mirror once too often you have found yourself upon this beach with no answers, no questions, remember the silent room from which you issued, perhaps it's time to eat?

On the sidewalk you pause before a restaurant, menu posted outside, try to be inconspicuous, nonchalant, not wanting to commit yourself, diners inside staring at you, am I really hungry? do I go in? look down the street, perhaps walk a little farther, find somewhere else, just the place you want: warm, friendly, a waitress who smiles, relaxes your cold coat onto the empty seat across from you, poring over the menu, forced decisions of hunger and looking out at the water, remembering how it was to sit and watch from your bench the seagull peck at the sand, fly off with a dinosaur scream of some forgotten appointment.

You look at your wristwatch, the digital interface of death somehow absent from your gaze, seeing yourself after the third martini not wanting to move, watching the sun separate itself from your consciousness, move into the idea of its breaking through the clouds.

Appointments are made, but the room calls you back, "sorry

not 10:30,” sitting but not at a beach, brought back some shells, one unopened, dead but unopened and what’s inside? probably rotting, stashed in your luggage, probably will open on the way home, the smell of more than the sea reminding you how you carried it around for hours, the other open shells in your pocket, this one in my hand, will the warmth of my hand make a difference, open the unopened, warm air escaping, liquid run out onto my palm, smell it, smell the beach, me sitting there wanting to stay, wanting to move . . . carried it for hours, back to the room, wrapped it and the other shells in a plastic showercap, tied it tightly, no gas escapes, no stench, no reminder, just get it back and perhaps the boy asking why it hadn’t opened and you saying you don’t know but it’s dead and let’s hope it doesn’t open because of the stink, the stink you hoped for in that room, the roll of surf surging up, crashing against your bed where you’re alone with your cock in your hand wishing for wetness, looking at the digital interface of your wristwatch and wondering when they’ll phone, if they will, and wishing every chambermaid had yellow skin, would soap your back, giggle when in jest you splashed water from the bath like a child, your own child, face of your own child meeting you in the mirror, the brief flash of a smile, your feet firmly planted on bathroom tiles and “hi dad!,” the roll of the surf against your mind, I can relax.