

CHARLES BERNSTEIN & HANNAH WEINER

Interview for LINEbreak

I was intrigued when I discovered, in the course of seeking permission to publish this transcript, that Hannah Weiner's 1995 conversation with Charles Bernstein for the public radio program LINEbreak had been edited down for broadcast. The show's producer, Martín Spinelli, replied quickly to my e-mail: "[Hannah's] recording session was one of the longest we did for the series." The raw tape of the session is preserved in Spinelli's archive at the immense UB Poetry Collection, and runs about twenty minutes longer than the broadcast version archived at <http://writing.upenn.edu/pennsound/x/LINEbreak.html>. In keeping with the spirit of Weiner's own impulse to let her "nonliterary" surround in, I have transcribed all the conversation on the tape. — Robert Dewhurst

One extremely hot summer afternoon in 1995 Charles Bernstein and I drove across Manhattan to Hannah Weiner's cluttered but comfortable apartment to record her for our radio series LINEbreak. Charles and I had been recording other poets and writers for the series and Hannah was one of last (if not the last) to be taped. This would turn out to be her last broadcast interview before her death. As I set up the recording equipment we wondered about the noise coming in from the open windows and decided to close them for better acoustics.

But even as we sweated in her airless living room the noise from the street made it through and prompted me to stop a couple of times. Hannah's interview was one of the longest and most meandering we recorded, as such it was one of the most difficult to edit it down to "acceptable" radio standards. The transcript below, in many ways, provides a better sense of the actual encounter. — Martín Spinelli

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CB: Sorry to get you up early, but . . . Martín's come down especially from Buffalo to do these couple. Ready?

MS: Yes.

CB: This is *LINEbreak*. I'm Charles Bernstein. On today's program, clairvoyant poetry with Hannah Weiner. Hannah Weiner is the author of *Clairvoyant Journal*, *Silent Teachers Remembered Sequel*, and, from Sun & Moon Press, *Spoke*.

Hannah, what first got you interested in writing poetry? I think your early work also included performance work; when did you actually start writing poems?

I didn't start writing poems until my middle thirties. It was something that . . . writing was something I wanted to do as a child. And I won a medal for it in junior high school. But I just couldn't hang in with writing novels or something. And twenty years went by. And one vacation I just decided to write. And a friend said not to care whether you write novels or short stories or essays or poetry, just write. And I wrote on a legal pad for,

oh, ten or twelve pages, and then suddenly I saw I was writing poetry. And that shocked me. And then I went to take classes, mostly at the New School. And I found I couldn't write New York School poetry. In fact, I can't.

Who were the classes at the New School with?

Oh, Kenneth Koch, and I believe Bill Berkson.

Bill Berkson. So two poets associated with the New York School.

Yes. And there was a course with Louise Bogan at NYU.

Louise Bogan!

Previously to that, yes.

That's a great thing to think about, you with Louise Bogan. You seem—

Well, she bored me to tears.

[Laughs.]

And I was going to quit poetry entirely, but I had a scholarship to the New School and I went into Kenneth's class and he . . . Although I didn't write his kind of poetry, he was a very inspiring teacher. He was just full of it.

Well there are characteristics of your work which—

MS: Hold on a second Charles. I wanna get—

CB: Get as close . . . Yeah, move in toward me, slide your chair in. He wants you virtually to be touching the mic, maybe just lean in.

Alright.

Are we still rolling?

MS: Yeah.

CB: There are characteristics of your work, I guess, which *do* remind me of the New York School: in terms of certain kinds of material from everyday life, a certain lightness of surface, even a *concern* for surface, that wouldn't have been in Louise Bogan's poetry, for example.

No, hers was very formal.

So when did you start to do the performance work, then?

The performance work started because I couldn't write my own poetry. And I discovered from David Antin that I could use found pieces of poetry, and I discovered the International Code of Signals.

That's something that they use on boats?

Yes, they've been using them since the seventeenth century. And I just grabbed them because the flags had names, and the flags put together had different phrases. And not only that, the

language of the eighteenth century was very interesting. And I used to go to the library, and most of the book that I have is written from that.

So you composed performance works [for] which the elements were these signs or signals based on the—

Yes, I had the Coast Guard help. They sent help. There was a performance in Central Park and they sent two guys from the Coast Guard with big flashing lights and huge flags and an amplifier and we used megaphones and et cetera. And then I went on to street works and The Fashion Show Poetry Event.

What was The Fashion Show Poetry Event?

Oh, The Fashion Show Poetry Event was a big thing in . . . what year, I don't remember, '68 or '70? John Perreault and Eduardo Costa (a Spanish poet) and myself got there. It was really their idea to put together a fashion show, and since I had been designing lingerie they knew I could handle certain technical things. And we all wrote. We got famous artists: Andy Warhol . . . oh, Claes Oldenburg, Deborah Hay, the dancer . . . oh, Les Levine videotaped the whole thing, oh, and . . .

And what did the work consist of?

All the artists got one hundred dollars to make a costume. And John and Eduardo and I wrote the copy.

And what kind of copy did you write?

Oh, well [laughs]. We had some fun.

Well it's a big jump from that to the work that maybe you're most famous for, the *Clairvoyant Journal*, although I do think the *Clairvoyant Journal* is a performance work as much as it is a poem. It's a diary, as much as it is an essay. It's a work that's hard to characterize. Could you talk a little about what you had in mind when you started to do that work?

The *Clairvoyant Journal*? Well, I started to see words in August 1972. And I saw them for a year and they were all over the place, coming out of my hair and my toenails, and god-knows-what. And I finally got the message in the *Village Voice* . . . at a Satchidananda retreat, to see him. And I wrote a note, or two notes, to him, and he put the big words on my forehead.

So are you saying that the *Clairvoyant Journal* was partly dictated, in the Jack Spicer sense? That you were recording things, that you were seeing outside you, with your own interventions mixed in?

Well the *Clairvoyant Journal* has three voices. The capital words, which give instructions, the italics, which make comments, and the ordinary type, which is me just trying to get through the day. And it was a quite wild thing to type.

There's an earlier version of this—or several—in which you have different voices reading each of those three parts: the dictating caps, the often sarcastic, commenting italics, and your own normal type going through. But could you read just in your own voice a little section from the *Clairvoyant Journal*?

Yes, I'll read . . . This is . . . Wait a second. Sorry, wrong page.

It's alright, all this can be . . .

4/29 la for the book
Dear Malcolm

I LIKE APOSTROPHES

Your name just appeared about 8 feet *long* across the wall of the room close *on the* page to the ceiling *you* there they are, you *me* refuse to type without them LOOK AROUND so you return to bed and see MAKE ME A SWEATER nuts make one yourself the last TIME NOT READY you started a letter to you HANNAH I LOVE YOU (hanging in the kitchen air) it said *clean your apt* YOUR MOTHER and wear *dungarees* *oh_h* these words appear BIG RHYS OPERA that's Mike *not alright June* everything *n_n* is a clue or an order or writing *not so take a walk Bernadette* where's the *clues_{ah}* The underlines and caps I see HEAL ME *oversensitive* You I hear this but usually *ugly see Joan* stomach problem YOU'LL HIT ME sure NEGATIVE was glad to find *not in the winter be grateful* that was an ESP term your name SO WHAT has been appearing around here a lot so it's in this book JUNIOR some publisher is looking at it now *big question stop typing* BIG 11, look, it's 11 oclock *check not buying anything* SEE DONDE trying to make a copy of the original it's *see danger* NOT POSSIBLE Heard your voice say HERE PUS last summer? COME IN JUNE it says in cat colors And somewhere after book NOT CONSCIOUS with the NOT in a reddish glow NOT RHYS GO TO THE DENTIST COMPLIMENT RHYS That's usually reverse RHYS IS A BIG PROBLEM TALK TO ME How are you: Write to me *what on earth* CALL ME BIG DEAL *dearest Malcolm TOOTS DONT STOP labor dau*

Is that enough?¹

Yeah, that's fine.

Well, let me stop you for a second there, and there is a little bit of a quality I can hear in your contemporary Frank O'Hara. For example, "It's 6:12 in New York," and the mentioning of the proper names of friends or people that you know.

Yes, I know . . .

But, also . . .

I cheat in language. [Laughs.]

There's the lack of a kind of anecdote or anecdotal force that you have in some of O'Hara, or in some of his immediate associates. You have a much flatter tone. This seems to be—if Louise Bogan was here—I imagine she would say that there was a lack of literary quality [in this poem].

Oh, for heaven's sakes don't mention her! She bored me to tears.

Because there's no beginning, middle, or end. It just continues on. And also there's a lot of very ordinary material. A lot of things that might be considered trivial, where nothing is happening.

Oh yes, it's a very . . . it's just a journal. When I became clairvoyant I just started keeping a journal of everything that was happening.

What interested you about the kinds of diaristic materials that would normally be excluded from poetry, that you've put in? The things that most people would edit out. Lots of the *Clairvoyant Journal* consists of things that in a conventional poetic and literary context would be edited out.

It came from conceptual art, when there was an idea in the late 60s and early 70s to document everything. Or to make documents of things. And so that's what I did. And then I edited out. For example, *The Fast*, I edited out forty-five pages from a thousand handwritten ones. And there's another book following that that's coming out soon.

If the *Clairvoyant Journal* is based on a diary or a journal, one

thing that's different about it is that it's not just one single voice, and actually it explodes the narrative by having 3 contrasting voices, and the subject of *that* narrative is one who is being bombarded by different kinds of information. Are you ever embarrassed by what you write about in the journal, by the openness of it? Not the openness in the sense that you're revealing kind of scandalous things, but just the openness to the triviality of thought, to the shifting of thought.

Oh, Charles, I don't have time to be embarrassed! I'm always seeing words! Or hearing voices, or whichever form the clairvoyance takes.

Embarrassment could be understood as being kind of a male concern within literature, which women writers have often pointed to. Certainly working within the diaristic tradition, or working with journals or diaries, can be associated with taking a form that's associated with women. Do you think of your work as being feminist work, in that sense?

No, I really don't. I don't really believe it's either one sex or the other. It's a daily journal, and it's gone slightly screwy, and is under control when you read it, with three voices, or when you see it, because of the three different typefaces.

So you don't feel some association or alliance with some of the feminists of your generation?

Oh, I did at the time. Yes, indeed. But that was earlier in the 70s. This was written in '74, and published in '78.

Because really you've turned a kind of writing or a kind of

thought which would be often disparaged as being women's writing, or female writing, and you've made it the center of a very radical literary experiment.

Oh. [Sighs.] Well, I don't know Charles. I bought a typewriter. And I looked at the words all over the place, and said *you have three choices: caps, italics, and regular type*, and that settled it, that's all. The words settled down to three voices.

You've often wanted to frame *Clairvoyant Journal* and your later writings in terms of the fact that much of the material was literally seen, that there was a clairvoyant experience at the heart of it. And yet people like me have often talked about your work in purely aesthetic, or literary, or formal terms—or structural terms—probably because of a kind of deep and abiding skepticism, I guess, that I have, and that other people do as well. How do you react to that translation of your work by the skeptic?

Well, there's a book coming out called *Pictures and Early Words*, and that's really nutty. That's *really* nutty. I mean, it's not the best writing in the world, but that was a really crazy year. It won't compare to this book—of which, by the way, I haven't published everything I have. I have more of it. But sixty-four pages was all the publisher would take.

No. I joined the Language group after this was written. This was written in '74, and I met the Language group in '75.

Well, I'm not so much asking about your relation to . . .

Well, they stomped on me for being personal! And I still got

some names and, when I had to, especially in a couple of books
. . . *Little Books/Indians* mentions several names.

Right, but I'm not so much asking about names.

**[To Martín.] By the way, Martín, does that construction stuff,
that doesn't come though?**

MS: Yeah.

Is that clear? Did I answer your question?

**CB: Yeah, let me go back because that whole section, there
was some construction stuff in there which would have over-
laid. Let me go back and ask the question in a different way.
So we'll erase that, and we're starting again. I'll ask it, and you
can answer it in the same way.**

Alright.

**Hannah, you've always emphasized the clairvoyant, dictated
aspects of your work, yet this work can be understood in more
strictly literary terms. Why do you resist the more formal or
structural characterizations of your work? Or do you?**

Oh, I don't believe in any formal structure at all. I really don't. I
just don't believe . . . sometimes I write by the page . . .

**Stop talking for a second, we have a hammer. I don't know,
this may be . . .**

MS: Well, so far it's . . . I haven't been getting the cars.

CB: “Sometimes”? Do you remember where you were? “Sometimes I . . .”

Sometimes I . . . No, sometimes I write nonclairvoyant. There have been two or three books, or four, I don't know. I can't write clairvoyantly all the time, it will drive you . . . I mean, it will take too much energy. But this book was written . . . I just left the sheet of type in the typewriter and wrote down anything during the day and I finished the day before I went to bed.

Why do you think of this as being poetry rather than prose, since looking at it on the page it fills up the entire page. You love to fill up pages.

Oh, for heaven's sakes, Charles! That question was discussed thirty years ago. It's prose poetry; it's a mixture of whatever. It's certainly not ordinary prose by any standards.

It's certainly not ordinary poetry by any standards.

No, I guess not. No, and I think the closest I've come to real poetry is a few poems that I've written in *Little Books/Indians* or *Sixteen*, which is rather one of my favorite little pieces. It's short but a little bit lyric, and begins to discuss the teaching, as does *Spoke*. You must remember the clairvoyance . . . Once I got this book out which hit the scene hard, because there was a movie and an audio tape and a videotape and it was in so many magazines I didn't list them, I took those pages out. I mean, I read it many, many times. And I read the whole thing at St. Mark's.

Stop for one second, because . . . The back-up noise is what's

gonna get you, because . . .

MS: Yeah, well the back-up noise is actually not that . . .

CB: He wants it to be studio quality.

MS: Yeah

CB: Your work seems very porous to the world outside. You seem to let so much in: TV news reports, everyday things happening in your life. You seem to, in that sense, break down the distinction between the literary and the nonliterary. Is that something that you're interested in?

When I'm not clairvoyant I tend to write rather political things. And they have to do mostly with Native Americans. Although *Weeks* was just news off the TV screen and it came out much better than I thought. And there was another pamphlet called *Written In / The Zero One*, which has some stuff about [Leonard] Peltier. I don't know if you've seen it. It's cut-up letters, words with numbers, and a small piece of shaped prose in the front.

Let me ask you a different kind of question, about you as a reader, rather than as a writer. How do you judge a good poem from a bad poem?

Oh. I can usually judge by the strength of the power of the author. Whether the book is interesting to read. And especially since I've been into silent teaching for four years—oh no, it's four and a half now—I've really concentrated mostly on those people. Their books can be felt. In Ron Silliman's book I saw a

color or vision, and on Barrett Watten's *Under Erasure* I saw a bear named paw . . .

Now isn't "paw" the title of a new work of yours?

Well, "paw" is the other thing that I want to read for you—that you want me to read.

Can you tell us something about "paw" before you read it?

Well, I think it's self-explanatory as it goes along.

OK. Hannah Weiner, reading from "paw."

The current title is "astral visions." And either eventually we'll just call them visions, I'm sure, but I did for three—or more, three and half—years, see actual like holograph images of people, including paw who's an astral of someone else. And I saw all the people I was working with, and this went on for quite some time. And it was like a movie. It was like living in a movie house. And I don't know really what else to say, except that that's Indian, and I'm Indian-trained as a teacher, and Indian elders see, or so I've been told. So I seem to have a very strong visual capacity.

Alright. "astral visions: paw."²

i want to discuss astrals, the visions and i want to begin with paw the white polar bear because he seems to have started his existence four years ago this coming January and still exists

CHARLES BERNSTEIN & HANNAH WEINER

the reason to discuss paw is that he is one of the teachers and gives me instructions that's a silent teacher and in the three years i've known him, or that he has appeared, he's grown in intelligence and acuteness and accuracy and he also happens to be the funniest person that i know

I cut this . . .

the interesting thing that i have to say about the bear is that he is an astral for an indian healer someone who has invented for himself an astral that speaks for him in the form of a bear in some indian legends a bear is a healer, not that paw has ever done any healing for me* no maw but i still work that's paw work means teaching

* but i have felt his real self sending me bliss

paw's instructions were good except at the beginning he really wasn't doing too much after four weeks when the sun came out and it got really hot he walked out in full brown fur saying, "see you on the plane, maw"

when I got home the bear was very small, he had changed shape to a very small brown bear who lived in a cupboard in my forehead it had blue sheets and if i looked through catalogs and he saw some clothes that he liked he would immediately appear with the clothes on particularly appear in black bicycling shorts and some wading shoes i tried to keep him occupied and i sent him on trips one was skiing in south america, and one was sending him to the south pole, and finally he decided to take his real maw on a honeymoon or whatever, a vacation and they went aboard a great big ocean liner and she, i think was called maw belle, sat on a deck chair lounging on the

WILD ORCHIDS

deck of the ship and paw was flying overhead in circles because he was bored sitting on the deck when they got to france they rented a limousine and paw donned his chauffer's cap and drove the limousine and all through france all i saw were piles and piles of spaghetti, that's all they seemed to eat, they never went into churches for some reason also paw invented astral traveler's checks so that he could pay for this whole thing

this is the imagination of someone whose name is unknown but who has invented a, no hannah you know me, yes i have to admit i know the person just a little, a form through which he can work so this was just sort of fun at the time you must remember that paw has written a great deal for me he wrote "the comma" in SILENT TEACHERS with noah kleinman my friend who was in england at the time and he wrote "turpitudinous" which i read in october, and he also gets in everywhere where i type up anything for the next book i'm working on

Oh, here we are . . .

i went for a walk in the park and paw started sort of leaning over and kissing me or pretending to kiss me, or to tickle me or to laugh to make it a lovers' lane walk and i started to laugh hysterically and i thought, what will ever happen if i'm picked up by somebody, here i am talking to somebody who is invisible and; oh well he was very funny the next time i went to the park paw* left the path and went over to some antique fair and came back with a velvet vest on it was a lilac velvet vest with a yellow braid and green stones and one long earring i laughed

I'm cutting "paw" a little short, is that alright?

Yeah, good, no that's fine, 'cause we're . . .

the last time i really saw paw in any remarkable circumstance was in the country he had disappeared for awhile, he said "maw i have to go home, something important is happening" and i was having breakfast at a coffee shop, and there appeared paw sitting across the table from me with a big grin and next to him was a white lady bear, a daintier, felt to be gentle with a wreath and a long bridal veil and they were toasting each other in white coffee cups that was the summer i hurt my back and the lady bear would appear with a pink apron and a cup and a tray and bring me coffee or tea or whatever well i guess that's paw no maw i'm still really working teaching hard

* he was now in his final form as a large white bear with a big fat tummy

Hannah Weiner, reading from "paw."

Hannah that's a little bit like hearing Lewis Carroll and Beatrix Potter as told by Carlos Castaneda.

Well, there's also the son of paw, that you don't know about.

The son of paw is coming up?

There's a son of paw, if you wanna hear.

Are you . . . In this work you seem to be getting at certain kinds of fantasy material that I don't really associate with the earlier work, which after all was more involved with the everyday, what was around, what came though, what was on TV.

Well, that's paw. I mean, that's paw or his original self. I can't tell how it happened. An independent astral is a very unusual thing to find. And he certainly acted as any other silent teacher, among the group that you'll find in *Silent Teachers Remembered Sequel*. And he's in the next book, too. Don't worry . . .

A new and recurring character.

I'm afraid paw likes to write.

This work looks—at least looking across the table from you—more like conventional prose, at least in its format.

I taped this. I knew I had to get the visions across. And I knew my own handwriting was really bad. So I thought I would try taping it. And it's a little bit better than my ordinary writing. And I taped. There were two readings, I had two readings that I taped last year, and then I taped some more at home. So I've got quite a lot of visions. And they'll go with silent musicians if I ever get around to that. I wrote that this summer while I was ill.

Do you think of your work in terms of a tradition of the avant garde, of experimentalism?

Yes, I've always felt that the best thing . . . I mean, how can you not be avant garde if you're the only person in the world who sees words?

[Laughs.] But I thought we all see words, in some sense.

No, it isn't the same at all! If you saw words in color across the living room, twelve or twenty feet long, "OBEY CHARLEMAGNE"

or something, or saw them every time you moved, you'd realize that it's really visual, and at the beginning it was in color. The color has disappeared. And at the moment I don't see words on my forehead. It's a little tiring for me now.

Well do you think such a project goes beyond poetry then? Or is it what poetry could be?

I'm really a silent teacher and that's what I didn't discover until I wrote *Spoke*.

What does it mean to be a silent teacher?

What?

What does it mean to be a silent teacher?

A silent teacher is one who trains other people to teach others who work subliminally and they give instructions.

Is that something that comes through in your writing? Or happens to readers when they're reading your writing?

Well the *Clairvoyant Journal* is, if you read it that way, a book of instructions. I don't say so. There are a lot of things I haven't made really clear, and I have to in the next book or two or . . .

Is there a performative aspect to . . .

Or three books, really. I have three books that will take me god knows how long.

Is there a performative aspect to “paw” in the sense that we talked about your early performance work and then the *Clairvoyant Journal* having three voices? “paw” is written more as a narrative or as a fantasy narrative.

Well, it’s an astral. And there are astrals. I mean, I checked with Integral yoga at the time and they said yes, they see astrals.

But in terms of the . . .

Of the people they’re teaching?

But in terms of the work as you read it, or as you imagine readers reading it, is there a performative dimension to that? Thinking of it in context of your other work that has that performance dimension, or do you see this as leaving that . . .

No, I would say that it’s purely on the page. I mean, the performative part comes when people do strange things, or paw walks into a store and comes out with opticals and a black leather vest or something. But . . .

I don’t know if to call that magic realism or what, but it does seem that there’s that shift in this work, and that when I’m hearing it, and I’ve not had a chance to read it, but I’ve heard you read it, and then just now, it seems that the level of visual detail makes the words in some way disappear, and I imagine these events that you’re describing even though they seem magical, and so there is, in a way, a play or a performance going on that one plugs into listening to you read. Is that something that you’re trying to allow for?

I don't know if you could consider the astrals performances, but certainly people appeared in my bedroom. Which is where I worked, or in the living room, if I were in the living room. And they appeared in image form, and I could judge them, and there are three or four famous musicians included who work with me also, silently. I don't know them personally at all, of course, as there's no really way to know them.

In the version of "paw" that I heard in its original performance, you spoke of paw inhabiting a part of your head, or actually a box in your head.

Yes, I read that.

It was read there. Let me do that again. In the version of "paw" that we just heard, paw comes to actually inhabit a part of your head. Could you describe that again?

Yes, he decided my forehead was a convenient place to have a sleeping bunk. And there was a ladder that he climbed up to. And he slept there, and as I said it had blue sheets.

So paw is actually sleeping in your forehead, in a bed?

He did for a while, yes. But then he grew into his big white form.

The reason I mention that, especially sitting across in your apartment where we're recording this with two mosaic works of your father's with Hebrew letters on them, is [that] within the Hebrew tradition very orthodox Jews will put the Hebrew text exterior to their forehead when they pray. This seems to me an interesting relationship to the idea of this astral, as you

would say, textual imagination or imaginary being, as I might say, actually existing in your forehead. Does that make any sense to you?

Well, all I can say is that paw's real self is a healer. And that's an important thing among Native Americans.

And within the Jewish . . .

So that's a holy thing to be.

And within the Jewish tradition, which you also have roots in . . .

Yes, I do.

The word itself is healing, the word itself as a text. In the sense of the Torah as a text actually appears on the head, so this return of the word as healing, as astral, seems to bring several different strands of your work together.

Well I haven't discussed it, but I'm paw, both Levi and Cohen. So I don't know if you know what it means.

What does that mean for you?

Oh, the Levis were the holiest tribe who had no land and were the hidden teachers, and they went from place to place and were welcomed everywhere. It's in Deuteronomy. It doesn't say they were hidden as teachers, but you have to know that. They're the ones who carried the Torah to the Ark. And the Cohens developed later with the temple, and they were the high priests, and they were also silent, but they dealt with the people

at large. So . . . I have, you know, I didn't think of putting it in the introduction, but my grandmother was a teacher, and my mother was somewhat.

I suppose it's part of my continuing interest to read your work in a slightly different way than you yourself present it, but I think in a way that extends it, because to me the absolute attention you pay to the word as given and as seen relates to these several different traditions that you've brought together, and also to a number of literary traditions and genres that you were familiar with and you studied. Actually you went to Radcliffe, didn't you?

Yeah, I went to Radcliffe and graduated Magna.

And what were you working on and thinking about then?

I was reading novels, because it was . . . That is, I majored in English literature, and took as many comp lit courses as I could. They were more interesting than pure history. I have no memory . . .

But didn't you write particularly about Henry James?

No, I wrote my thesis on Graham Greene!

Oh, Graham Greene . . .

I'm dumb enough to have wanted to write my thesis on Dostoyevsky, and my tutor had to tell me he was Russian and I couldn't. So he suggested Graham Greene, and I did. And I think I read through *The Power and the Glory*, and there were

some interesting things in there.

But surely there's a Dostoyevskian side to our guest today, Hannah Weiner.

[Laughs.]

Hannah, it's been a great pleasure to be chatting with you here in your house on the Lower East Side.

Oh, gee Charles, don't leave me with Dostoyevsky, unless you leave me with the *Underground*, which is where I'll always be . . . What I call a silent subculture.

***LINEbreak* is produced by Martín Spinelli for the Poetics Program of SUNY-Buffalo, with financial support from the Faculty of Arts and Letters . . .**

I have something I forgot to say.

Yeah, right now.

I've been with Indians for twenty years. And not only with the people who are the medicine people, some of whom've become healers, but also with some of whom're in the American Indian Movement. There's now, well I guess they work too in some way or another, and I keep in touch with them fairly frequently by phone.

OK.

You can fit something—

Tape ends.

Notes

1. Weiner reads this excerpt from *Clairvoyant Journal* exactly as it appears in the original Angel Hair edition of the work, pictured here. Although the Angel Hair edition is unpaginated, this passage is easy enough to find by its “4/29” date which appears in chronological order amongst the other dated entries in the book.
2. Weiner reads an abbreviated version of the published “astral visions” available online at <http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/weiner/astral.html>. The version read here differs most notably from the online version at the first two points paw seems to speak-up or interrupt Weiner (“no maw but i still work” and “no hannah you know me”). These lines are not included in the online version, perhaps suggesting that Weiner was ventriloquizing paw’s interruptions as they occurred to her during this performance. paw’s final remark (“no maw i’m still really working hard”) is included in the published version. While I have transcribed the version of the text read during the interview, I have followed the paragraph breaks, all-lowercase-format, and unusual punctuation of the online version.