

Bruce Andrews

LOST AND FOUND

[on Michael Gottlieb]

I'm staying up late night during the Big Blackout, reading Michael Gottlieb's *LOST AND FOUND* (New York: Roof Books, 2003), the affective ambit of its "Deep Vertical File Cabinet" activated by flashlight (& votive red Corazon candle). "The bright line" formal elegant snazz "the candid snap, / the large detail" on the spot with the telling clip, "the faltering isolate" end-of-the-rope troubles the social. To make it "a kind of decision tree."

B-1.

This is nonfilter, the aisles of units fully formed — "something we can all feel / good about abandoning." "A through-and-through". "A view-finger, that's what's missing."

B-2.

"Transitions, Extreme Twist Frame" — "breakage and peradventure" pivot into what's amiss, "like refusal simple," the insouciant perforation as "a topical reagent".

B-3.

"Unmanned" *because of* "the great intervallic leaps". "How much smaller may we dice you?" Fronting "a flurry of affect," "and the particulates". "Amour propre splayed across the page." "Think of me as a sort of temporary filling." "No one can help you now".

B-4.

In "our familiar, amicably stabilized ruins," "— those failed familiars... / our ganged evasions." "Themes and practices / not uncloyingly / erode inevitably into roles and responsibilities," compensation gathered up inconsolably. Monstrance, we are the walking reproof.

B-5.

Reading as "a consent decree" "and its thralldom". This Noun Left Intentionally Blank. "You come to believe you can 'collect them all,'" force & face "disarmed in the face of ... *ourselves*". To remember — or better, to forget.

C-1.

There are pinprick impulses & there are felt-tip impulses. A pell mell tonic smashing up the overspecified, unerringly not quite familiar, blusterless & jolting. There's "a certain jouissance attached" to what "could have been even *more* better." Trip up the retuned riposte "prostrate from abject". "In lieu of, / always." "What one once bowed to" "not unlike an exaggerated startle response."

C-2.

Even the facts are pastiches — to keep you from getting demi-remanded to the doxauthorities; "like mortality, a kind of haring, not a chase, / another routine" whacked by merchandising in a slo'-syruped-D J Screw pace trying to become less right-handed. "A kind of risorgimento / of the unacknowledged."

C-3.

"What we did to ourselves / and do still." The fond breaking of the mould. "What do we have to show for ourselves"? — "a fakebook / writ large" "interposed countersignatures". "There are adults / in need of supervision" "schooled to respond without reply." Rescind their ways of making us shut up.

C-4.

"The unbowed resignation" "miming inaction". As "a kind of constructive disavowal" went into syndication. The improper violence-averse study of businesspeoplekind vouching for a counter-resolution.

C-5.

"All of a sudden, seeing us all as just more special pleading, / and that was not enough." Instead, the lost is unfounded, jouissant as any "appreciated hope, / we try / to breathe life into."