

Two Thousand Journals

Bernadette Mayer

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Two Thousand Journals

March 20, 2000

Monday

when i saw the first
coltsfoot blossoming on
the first day of spring i
realized that spring 2000
had to be kept track of,
plus i like saying spring
2000.

March 25, 2000

Saturday

we heard peepers today,
first time this year, we
being me, max, alyssa and
phil. i ate a flower at the
blue plate restaurant, a
dandelion-like thing. there
are coltsfoot everywhere.
shared a snapdragon with
alyssa.

April 14, 2000

Friday

saw a bear last night. saw
trout lilies growing on the
banks of the tsatsawassa
creek. we showed grace
and maeve the house and
bodies of water and
finished emptying the van
of the stuff from storage.

April 20, 2000

Tuesday

being in new orleans is
like being in an octagonal
house. last night we saw
bo diddly at the house of
blues. we got the tickets
thru dave from a guy
named lucky who
supervises the kitchen
there. here we are tourists,
we went thru the french
market. we even bought
postcards and one has a
lobster on it, got a voodoo
doll for our hosts. dave
has an impeccable library.

he even has a copy of the
anecdoted topography of
chance.

April 24, 2000
Monday

lafayette, louisiana. my
allergies are so bad i can
see herons and horses and
eat apples all the time. we
went to dave's mother's
house where we saw deer,
goats, chickens, eloquent
snakes, you are eminently
replaceable. we went to
avery island and saw a
whole slew of egrets. we
ate mountains of crawfish.
went to prejean's (me,
phil, jerry, skip, mac, and
kyle).

April 28, 2000
Friday

outside agitators were we
in pensacola. we saw a lot
of people picking up their
welfare checks all dated
"the egg, albany, new
york." of an ocean or in
this case the gulf of
mexico, you can see only
a part. i have some
magnolia blossoms.

June 26, 2000,
Tuesday

past, present, lie
when i was about 20 years
old, ed bowes' father used
to say, being afraid to use
the word 'breast,' "please
pass the chests." when my
friend ann peters was in
Morocco, in order to be
polite, she would say
"please pass the eyeballs."
it is sunny and hot like it
should be this time of
year. someday i will know
what everybody's
thinking, read minds as it

were, just like a whale.
currently i am a doctor, an
m.d. of course, and can
diagnose especially well.
it's a magical power i've
had since early childhood.

June 27, 2000
Wednesday

when i went to taft farms
when i first lived in great
barrington, the person who
owned it was looking for a
wife. it's another one of
those hot really hot days
in july or august, i thought
it was june, i fashionably
don't know what anybody
wants today but max and
joe have to return to nyc. i
'remember' that i will
have gone in a certain
direction and made a
certain turn to wind up

finding out what you
think. this house is
finished—I was able to
pay everyone to install the
bathtub, paint everything,
do the ceilings and all the
lights now work. flowers
are blooming everywhere
and the landscaping is
impeccable like a library
that has the anecdoted
topography of chance in it.
since i have all this
external validation i am
totally well adjusted. my
name is bernadette mayer
and that is marcella on the
phone from cats magazine

and the news is that cats
folded. marcella now
works for dogs magazine.

June 29, 2000

Friday

didn't you used to play the
piano at death rehearsals?

past in every sense, death
rehearsals meaning
rehearsals for funerals of
which i've been to so
many. i knew this aspect
of my life couldn't
continue or there'd be
nobody left in the world
but that wouldn't prevent
me from wondering about
it, i being of an inquisitive
nature. but dreams don't

count as past, they should
count as present or as a
separate category even if
they are obviously about
the past which some
people contend they
always are. in the future
they will exist apart,
actually they already do,
don't they? i ate too many
lemon spritzer cookies last
night to stay awake for
"radio days," a woody
allen movie sort of about
rockaway and we saw "ma
and pa kettle at home,"
which gets sort of
nostalgic at the end

because it's about xmas
and even the bad guys
relent. there's a great
scene in it where the
indians read a book to
figure out how to dress for
a staged chase scene and
then they say "boy, our
ancestors were really
fucked up!" there are no
windows on our porch,
only imaginary ones so
everything i've been
saying about the weather
must just be a wish. the
chipmunk seems to be
afraid of the grackle. we
have gladiolas growing

here and one at least is
about to have a flower, the
day lilies are blooming
and the pea plants have
pods. last night we ate
pureed turnips and grilled
some kind of beef, this
latter to satisfy phil's love
or need for meat. i love
meat but can't abide it in
certain ways, thus my
moon and stars. we found
a movie in max's box
labeled, "Splash," so we
were all ready to watch
the eating of shellfish but
it turned out to be
"Natural Born killers" and

seen for the second time it
was still a fucked up
movie. i hope i never have
to see it again. i can't
sleep, feel useless and
cynical and only wish it
were tomorrow but it's
still today. dreams
s&m arde
dear
merd as
shakespeare
_er_a_ette shkssp

June 30, 2000

Saturday

ted berrigan once said to
me, "cheese isn't food." in
a different mood he liked
to hold hands. the phone
just rang twice, then a dial
tone. i was sure i'd be on
time this time. what are
the possibilities? the
person who called
changed his or her mind.
he or she dialed the wrong
number. echelon is
checking to see if this
number rings, somebody
thought there was a fire

here. someone called, then
decided it was a bad idea,
or a wrong idea. the whole
thing was a mistake, a bird
called and suddenly
realized i couldn't speak
that language, a foreign
person called, couldn't
speak english and stopped.
a whale will call and i will
respond in clicks.

July 1, 2000
Sunday

a nuclear holocaust has
happened. you didn't have
to be a genius to predict
this one. now i've found a
sure cure for lyme disease,
thank god. should i fold
the sheets anyway or just
leave them in tangled
masses? i can't decide. no
one knows who dropped
the bomb; actually
'dropped' is not the right
word. often when
someone drops something
a torrential rain ensues

followed by a hail storm.
this time the hail was as
big as the state of rhode
island. once when i was
living in east chatham a
giraffe came to my
window and asked for
directions to a place he
and his girlfriend could
park near a lake. naturally
we thought they meant
something else. but what
did they mean? as a result
of the nuclear explosion
each letter i type on this
electric typewriter (an old
fashioned concept) comes
out as a different letter and

when i begin to speak
different words emerge
from my mouth. finally I
have learned how to fly
and the birds are as loud
as streams.

July 2, 2000
Monday

well our friends from new
orleans arrived so now i'm
going to sit in the sun.

July 9, 2000
Monday

moon just past full, i can
see it. unfortunately we
saw artificial intelligence
tonight at the hudson
movie lex, a small theater
that usually has one good
movie. the good part was
seeing n.y.c. under water.
pinocchio story, terrible
music. worst line: "if you
make love to me you'll
never want a real man."
very blade runner in parts,
the robot theme.
things to do tomorrow:

plant valerian root
sleep
observe flora and fauna
deposit ssi checks
obtain prunes
make cole slaw maybe
study remaining contents
in refrigerator, cook
crawfish boudin
names for cars:
aurora borealis
sonnet

i am the captain of
my chaotic desk.
sweet dreams, apple tree,
gingko tree and even
mariposas and those funny
flowers i used to see at

wakes, the gladiolas. fuck
you! like everything they
look better when they're
growing, happiness might
ensue. I am adjourning for
the night.

July 10, 2000

Tuesday

weirdest day on record; i
don't know why.
i couldn't tell you why. it
must be because of the
capitalism in the air. it's
making even the tiniest
things go haywire in the
tiniest ways. the best thing
to do is not move or build
a house in which nothing
can go wrong, but how
could you be sure? you
could get insurance
against haywireness. allen
said if you were bored to

meditate but i'm not bored
i'm awed without the
scared part. one thing
about cerebral
hemorrhages, you learn to
spell the word
hemorrhage. the other
thing is i can't experience
fear anymore so i watch
ER because it makes my
heart beat faster but even
that doesn't always work.
so i'm sitting in the hottest
part of the house listening
to some great thunder but
there is no lightening or
rain or the apparent
likelihood of it. it would

be fun if it would do either
of them—lightening
makes my heart beat faster
and rain is exciting
especially if it's out of
control. the sky in the west
is getting darker, maybe
there's hope. after i had a
stroke i could taste for
months the taste of
burning. no doctor would
ever listen to me. some
burnt-out neuro
transmitters, thank
goodness for a few of
them. it's raining but not
out-of-controlishly yet.
it's getting harder. fun.

hail! nothing more
exhilarating. great winds,
penultimate show. loud
nearby cracks of thunder
while everything else
seems to end. oops, it
began again just as i was
doing what i rarely do—
sending an email. you see
the problem with
capitalism? you can
perceive it on many levels
here. went to see “sexy
beast” and it was pretty
insufficient except for the
ending but i'm very
impatient with movies
these days. when we left i

was starving cause the guy
was eating calamari
during the movie so i
suggested we eat
something but phil didn't
want to so i assumed he
wanted to get home to do
something. when we got
here phil said "i can't
figure out what to do
now." maybe this is
because besides being
about crime the movie was
about love. oh shit oh
well. everybody's so
fucking lonely, soon it
will be tomorrow.

July 11, 2000
Wednesday

the ending of the film is
that the beast who isn't
sexy but very hairy winds
up in a dungeon-like place
with the guy they kill. the
scabrous news from new
orleans is that we might
have scabies (which
rhymes with lyme
disease), daniel had it
when he was here. scabies
is a hive-like disease
caused by parasitic mites
which die, if they have no
living host, in three days.

horrible to relate, wolffy,
the husky who lived in
new orleans died. plus in
pensacola there was a
shark attack, the shark
dismembering a boy's arm
and leg. in the possibly
not-horrible category, phil
went to a temporary
agency in albany to seek
out a fire restoration job in
north chatham. in the good
category, alex has had
another baby and we saw
dr. doolittle tonight at the
crandall and for the first
time since i've been there
the audience clapped at

the end, being serious. i
myself took a pointless
and wonderful drive
around the neighborhoods
of east chatham and saw
and thought nothing,
except i saw a great
swamp with white lilies
growing in it which
looked better when i
thought i'd missed it
(because there was an
impatient car behind me)
than when i went back to
find and contemplate it.
now that is all there is to
say tonight, of course it's
dark, and if it ever stops

raining i'll paint the front
porch, i hope i won't be
astonished by its beauty. i
still can't find the yellow.

July 12, 2000
Thursday

all it ever does here is
rain. In some places this
phenomenon would have a
name. el tormento, well it
depends on your mood.
suddenly the sun comes
out. this happens 25 times
a day. thunder, it looks
fearsome in the east. there
is never a rainbow. mobile
means fickle; automobile
means self-fickle or
selffickle add in popsickle
and...

Thursday, July 12
continued but why

ice sickle mayhem among
the leaves, yes it is raining
and the sun is out.
nobody's home but me.
when we were little we
used to sing: i hate myself
and the world hates me, ha
ha ha ha he he he—sort of
emily dickensonsish, eh?
or maybe it was i hate the
world and the world hates,
etc. i'll have to check with
rosemary on that. now the
sun is clearly out. it was, i
hate the world and the

world hates me, ha ha ha
ha he he he, for what it's
worth. (applause)

July 13, 2000
Friday

today's the kind of day
that shouldn't be written
about. amanda helped me
paint the front porch. it
could be done in three
more rainless days. i am
irate but of course have no
reason to be nor do i have
any reason to exist,
whatever that means. once
there was a moth who
went out in the dark, what
a hohenzellern it was! he
met the postman at the
farm at miller's crossing,

ate a lot of greens and
turned into a venetian
blind on a sun porch, oh
hell and as if the worst
hadn't already happened,
he became a blue
thumbtack, ceased to be
able to fly and attempted
to paint the front porch but
all he did was get in the
way. he lived in a house
which of course he didn't
own, relishing the food
friends and acquaintances
would bring him, then he
found out he was female,
what a blow! but soon he
became a rock star so he

had plenty of half helpers
until at an ancient age she
died in her swimming pool
unwillingly. what a fuck--
up that was. but for a
while before her death her
neighbor brought her
raspberries so she had
raspberry everything even
chocolate raspberry ice
cream. but she became a
human at a later time, she
never had a lamborghini,
or for that matter a
karmann ghia.

July 14, 2000
Saturday

oh well some things turn
out both well and not well.
actually there is no short
word that means what it
appears to mean.

July 15, 2000
Sunday

dreamt someone was
showing me around a
museum. pedestas, etc. i
said, "now i know what i
want to do—have a weird
emotion and put it in a
vitrine."

chris, sleeping on the
second floor, heard
someone else snoring but
there was no one else he
could have heard except
himself. he's also the type
who tends to sleep with

his eyes wide open though
he'd never admit it.
maybe he heard phil
through the floor, do
snoring waves travel north
like heat waves?

steak with tartar a la H:: :
i stick with a tall stack of
pancakes but still crave
salt. and, of course i pick
unripe blueberries, and
unleash the threat to bake
a sugarless berry pie,
likewise, the president of
peru recently subjected his
life to RealTV.

the seven o'clock light in
mid july covers the uncut
field and the broken
hammock droops between
the trees. can corn this
early possibly be "local,"
or have other forces come
into the picture?

July 16, 2008
Monday

amanda came by today
with her cousin from
gloversville, christopher.
SLC means sarah
lawarence college, shirt
from the bowling team.
CMI is a kind of
marijuana. then there is
cousin and of course G-
13. and strawberry, it goes
on endlessly. for breakfast
we had some wildeberry
jam made by alice across
the road. she also gave us
rhubarb, a huge amount of

raspberries and raspberry
preserves.

July 17, 2000
Tuesday

we've almost finished the
front porch but it keeps
requiring more polluting
spray paint for the
beautiful spindles or
maybe they're called
something else. it's
raining at 4 a.m. not cold.
max is making great
progress on the room that
was once the t.v. room, the
cold room. we had great
salmon and pineapple,
grilled. max fell asleep
watching the eddie

murphy stand-up comedy
thing called "raw." i
surely shouldn't be awake
now but am, drinking
eddie Murphy i mean
cranberry juice but there's
always the chance of
dreaming one is awake. a
baluster is a wild
pomegranate,
etymologically. max and i
saw a huge pileated
woodpecker today. max
and phil are working on
the ex-t.v. room though
phil isn't really working,
too exhausted from his
resultless interview for the

fire restoration job in
north chatham. i finished
painting all the balusters
on the front porch with
some deficient spray paint
from ace, deficient
because the spraying
devices don't work but
mainly because they don't
seem to know the
difference between
antique gold and copper,
both being identically
copper so the balusters
have lost their
mathematical accuracy.

July 19, 2000

Thursday

yesterday, ill from
antibiotics, i watched as
they finally mowed the
hayfield. ways to make
money: oops. miriam just
called, saved by the
telephone. the only way to
make money i can think of
is to sell books and that's
infinitely finite. i wonder
if the balusters seem like
they once had
mathematical accuracy.
phil just took a job making
refrigerator magnets. starts

monday. last night we,
that is me, max and phil,
went to see "jurassic park
3": the funniest part was
the sight of a kid who
answers the phone and
was watching barney the
dinosaur. i can't help
hearing the words of songs
that are playing, now it's
the hotel california so I
have to exist.

July 21, 2000
Saturday

we did everything
yesterday so i guess i can't
write about it today yet
there is something about
past in my contract. the
owners of the hayfields
made the cut hay, mown
hay, into neat little
rectangles and for a while
we were surrounded by
them—a new world. we
asked if they'd leave one
in the middle of the field
so we could watch fireflies
and stars though we didn't

say that so we, alyssa and
i, had to buy one. now we
have, for the first time, our
own hay bale to sit on.
two people can fit on it so
it will have to be the
women. we picked up
beautiful garlic, eggplants,
small purple potatoes, ate
lots of black raspberries.
last night alyssa and max
went to the drive-in to see
“dr. doolittle 2” and
“jurassic park 3,” we
stayed here and saw juliet
of the herbs. All similar
movies in their way. today
we'll go to the ecole de

musee or musee de l'ecole
open house and then if we
feel inspired to the german
alps festival in cairo. we
also went to this new park
in valatie, pachahunk
park, perhaps where they
seem to have scattered
wildflower seeds at
ronadom, random is what i
mean. i wish i were juliet
of the herbs or john cage.

July 22, 2000
Sunday

the bavarian alps festival
was terrible as was the
choice of schnapps there,
you'd think they'd know
what they're doing. the
spaetzle was good though,
john had a copy of the
"china syndrome" with
him so if you think the
bavarians should know
what they're doing that
could be construed as
naïve but the people who
work in nuclear power
plants, well they're not

peasants, they're corrupt
like the rest of the world
and this is one of those
movies that makes you
think spectacularly and
hollywood-ishly. so let's
get prepared virulent vita
brevis. but at least we got
to see "the curse of the
vampire," which is
hilarious.

July 24, 2000

Tuesday

another bout of humidity,
time to shake the rattle.
every day it dawns hazy
and there is pretty much
nothing. nothing that is
but gladiolas, red and
yellow. there's deadly
nightshade everywhere. at
least everywhere i look.
yesterday we went to the
jimmy d. restaurant out of
desperation, at least for
me, to be someplace
bearable and cool. it is
always either too hot or

cold here. we must see
billy budd again, or perish.
terance stamp didn't
perish. since the fields
have been mown we see
flocks of red winged
blackbirds. soon phil will
have to leave to be a
magneteer, at a place in
chatham called kling. soon
i will graduate.

and the other side
of the river, the
water is very shallow
and the bottom is
very soft. The water
is very shallow and
the bottom is very
soft. The water is
very shallow and the
bottom is very soft.

brown boke #3

