

col. How Far Apart Are				Units	col. How Far Apart Are				Units
C102	09-17	Love	and Hate	-----	C102	09-17	Love	and Hate	-----
C103	18-26	Love	and Anger	-----	C103	18-26	Love	and Anger	-----
C104	27-35	Love	and Joy	-----	C104	27-35	Love	and Joy	-----
C105	36-44	Love	and Envy	-----	C105	36-44	Love	and Envy	-----
C106	45-53	Love	and Fear	-----	C106	45-53	Love	and Fear	-----
C107	54-62	Love	and Jealousy	-----	C107	54-62	Love	and Jealousy	-----
C108	63-71	Love	and Happiness	-----	C108	63-71	Love	and Happiness	-----
C109	72-80	Love	and Sadness	-----	C109	72-80	Love	and Sadness	-----
Duplicate 1-6				-----	Duplicate 1-6				-----
Card 02 7-8				-----	Card 02 7-8				-----
col. How Far Apart Are				Units	col. How Far Apart Are				Units
C110	09-17	Love	and Anxiety	-----	C110	09-17	Love	and Anxiety	-----
C111	18-26	Love	and Excitement	-----	C111	18-26	Love	and Excitement	-----
C112	27-35	Love	and Indifference	-----	C112	27-35	Love	and Indifference	-----
C113	36-44	Love	and Depression	-----	C113	36-44	Love	and Depression	-----
C114	45-53	Love	and Selfish	-----	C114	45-53	Love	and Selfish	-----
C115	54-62	Love	and Guilt	-----	C115	54-62	Love	and Guilt	-----
C116	63-71	Love	and Strong	-----	C116	63-71	Love	and Strong	-----
C117	72-80	Love	and Bad	-----	C117	72-80	Love	and Bad	-----
Duplicate 1-6				-----	Duplicate 1-6				-----
Card 03 7-8				-----	Card 03 7-8				-----
col. How Far Apart Are				Units	col. How Far Apart Are				Units
C118	09-17	Love	and Active	-----	C118	09-17	Love	and Active	-----
C119	18-26	Love	and Weak	-----	C119	18-26	Love	and Weak	-----
C120	27-35	Love	and Good	-----	C120	27-35	Love	and Good	-----
C121	36-44	Love	and Passive	-----	C121	36-44	Love	and Passive	-----
C122	45-53	Love	and Yourself	-----	C122	45-53	Love	and Yourself	-----
C203	54-62	Hate	and Anger	-----	C203	54-62	Hate	and Anger	-----
C204	63-71	Hate	and Joy	-----	C204	63-71	Hate	and Joy	-----
C205	72-80	Hate	and Envy	-----	C205	72-80	Hate	and Envy	-----
col. How Far Apart Are				Units	col. How Far Apart Are				Units
C614	09-17	Language	and You	-----	C614	09-17	Language	and You	-----
C615	18-26	Language	and Your Present University	-----	C615	18-26	Language	and Your Present University	-----
C11	27-35	Mathematics	and Good	-----	C11	27-35	Mathematics	and Good	-----
C12	36-44	Mathematics	and Bad	-----	C12	36-44	Mathematics	and Bad	-----
C13	45-53	Mathematics	and Evil	-----	C13	45-53	Mathematics	and Evil	-----
C14	54-62	Mathematics	and You	-----	C14	54-62	Mathematics	and You	-----
C15	63-71	Mathematics	and Your Present University	-----	C15	63-71	Mathematics	and Your Present University	-----
C12	72-80	Good	and Bad	-----	C12	72-80	Good	and Bad	-----
Duplicate 1-6				-----	Duplicate 1-6				-----
Card 12 7-8				-----	Card 12 7-8				-----
col. How Far Apart Are				Units	col. How Far Apart Are				Units
C113	09-17	Good	and Evil	-----	C113	09-17	Good	and Evil	-----
C114	18-26	Good	and You	-----	C114	18-26	Good	and You	-----
C115	27-35	Good	and Your Present University	-----	C115	27-35	Good	and Your Present University	-----
C113	36-44	Bad	and Evil	-----	C113	36-44	Bad	and Evil	-----
C114	45-53	Bad	and You	-----	C114	45-53	Bad	and You	-----
C115	54-62	Bad	and Your Present University	-----	C115	54-62	Bad	and Your Present University	-----
C114	63-71	Evil	and You	-----	C114	63-71	Evil	and You	-----
C115	72-80	Evil	and Your Present University	-----	C115	72-80	Evil	and Your Present University	-----
Duplicate 1-6				-----	Duplicate 1-6				-----
Card 13 7-8				-----	Card 13 7-8				-----
col. How Far Apart Are				Units	col. How Far Apart Are				Units
C115	09-17	You	and Your Present University	-----	C115	09-17	You	and Your Present University	-----
Duplicate 1-6				-----	Duplicate 1-6				-----
Card 13 7-8				-----	Card 13 7-8				-----
col. How Far Apart Are				Units	col. How Far Apart Are				Units
C118	09-17	Love	and Active	-----	C118	09-17	Love	and Active	-----
C119	18-26	Love	and Weak	-----	C119	18-26	Love	and Weak	-----
C120	27-35	Love	and Good	-----	C120	27-35	Love	and Good	-----
C121	36-44	Love	and Passive	-----	C121	36-44	Love	and Passive	-----
C122	45-53	Love	and Yourself	-----	C122	45-53	Love	and Yourself	-----
C203	54-62	Hate	and Anger	-----	C203	54-62	Hate	and Anger	-----
C204	63-71	Hate	and Joy	-----	C204	63-71	Hate	and Joy	-----
C205	72-80	Hate	and Envy	-----	C205	72-80	Hate	and Envy	-----
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C615	18-26	Language	and Your Present University	-----	C615	18-26	Language	and Your Present University	-----
C11	27-35	Mathematics	and Good	-----	C11	27-35	Mathematics	and Good	-----
C12	36-44	Mathematics	and Bad	-----	C12	36-44	Mathematics	and Bad	-----
C13	45-53	Mathematics	and Evil	-----	C13	45-53	Mathematics	and Evil	-----
C14	54-62	Mathematics	and You	-----	C14	54-62	Mathematics	and You	-----
C15	63-71	Mathematics	and Your Present University	-----	C15	63-71	Mathematics	and Your Present University	-----
C12	72-80	Good	and Bad	-----	C12	72-80	Good	and Bad	-----
Duplicate 1-6				-----	Duplicate 1-6				-----
Card 12 7-8				-----	Card 12 7-8				-----
col. How Far Apart Are				Units	col. How Far Apart Are				Units
C113	09-17	Good	and Evil	-----	C113	09-17	Good	and Evil	-----
C114	18-26	Good	and You	-----	C114	18-26	Good	and You	-----
Duplicate 1-6				-----	Duplicate 1-6				-----
Card 12 7-8				-----	Card 12 7-8				-----

CHAIN 4



CHAIN / 4
procedures

edited by
Jena Osman
Juliana Spahr
Janet Zweig

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EDITORS' NOTES

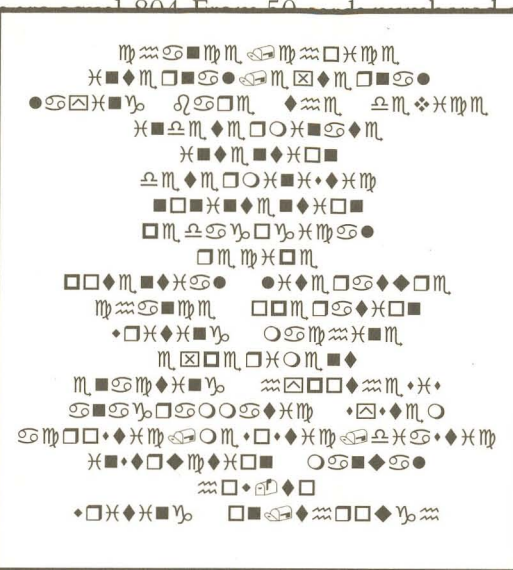
I don't even have thoughts, I say, I have methods that make language think, take over and me by the hand. Into sense or offense, syntax stretched across rules, relations of force, fluid the dip of the plumb line, the pull of eyes. What if the mother didn't censor the child's looking? Didn't wipe the slate clean? Would the child know from the start that there are no white pages, that we always write over a text already there?

—Rosmarie Waldrop, *A Form/Of Taking/It All*

1. If there are five routes from London to Cambridge, and three routes from Cambridge to London, how many ways are there of going from London to Cambridge and back? 2. Two hostile companies of 100 men each are engaged in combat. In how many ways can the combat be decided? Having four seals, how many ways can we seal a letter? 3. A vowel can be chosen from the alphabet in how many ways? 4. A consonant can be chosen from the alphabet in how many ways? 5. In how many ways can the letters of the word *almost* be arranged? 6. In how many ways can the letters of the word *almost* be arranged so that no two vowels are adjacent? 7. There are five routes from London to Cambridge and three routes from Cambridge to London. In how many ways can a person go up and down? 8. Out of the alphabet, how many ways can a man choose a key? 9. In how many ways can the letters of the word *almost* be arranged so that no two vowels are adjacent? 10. In how many ways can the letters of the word *almost* be arranged so that no two vowels are adjacent? 11. In how many ways can the letters of the word *almost* be arranged so that no two vowels are adjacent? 12. In how many ways can the letters of the word *almost* be arranged so that no two vowels are adjacent? 13. In how many ways can the letters of the word *almost* be arranged so that no two vowels are adjacent? 14. In how many ways can the letters of the word *almost* be arranged so that no two vowels are adjacent? 15. In how many ways can the letters of the word *almost* be arranged so that no two vowels are adjacent? 16. In how many ways can the letters of the word *almost* be arranged so that no two vowels are adjacent? 17. In how many ways can the letters of the word *almost* be arranged so that no two vowels are adjacent? 18. In how many ways can the letters of the word *almost* be arranged so that no two vowels are adjacent? 19. 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In how many ways can the letters of the word *almost* be arranged so that no two vowels are adjacent?

803. A common die is thrown repeatedly in presence of six persons. The first is to score every number that turns up until an ace has appeared; the second is to score every number until a 2 has appeared; the third until a 3 has appeared and so on. Show that their expectation

two are drawn numbers drawn wins on an winning expected disregarded four lumps tional to the will all selected bered from chance that the odds against two dice? 3 which he vi



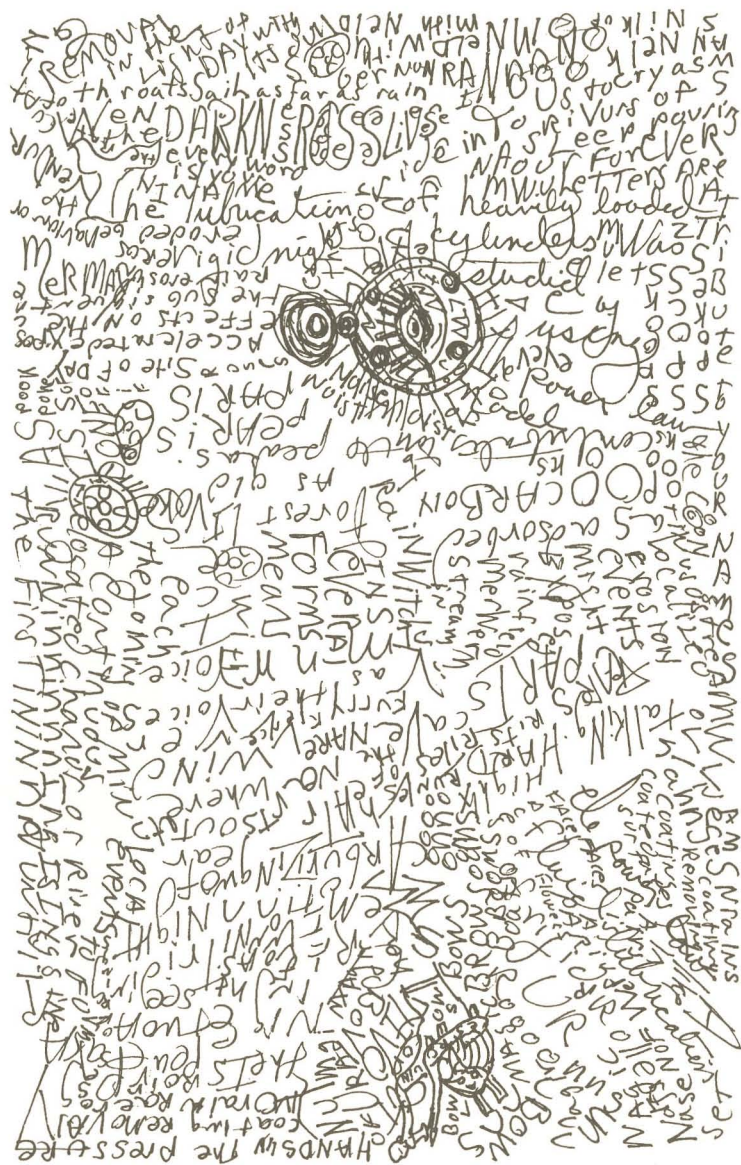
average, one chance of his having left it in the first, second and third shops respectively. 372. The odds are estimated as 2 to 1 that a man will write *rigourous* rather than *rigorous*. Out of the word which he writes a letter is taken at random and is found to be *u*. What are now the odds that he wrote the word in the former way?

This issue explores how things get made. It collects work that exposes the procedures, the processes, and the constraints that accompany creation. Procedural work is important because it requires a consciousness of language and form that resonates with the way we experience the world. It offers a necessary understanding of those experiences as it allows us to approach them from different angles and through new analogies. Please consider these examples invitations for writing as well as reading. Please make new pieces, new procedures, new experiences.

Source for questions: *Choice and Chance: With One Thousand Exercises* by William Allen Whitworth.

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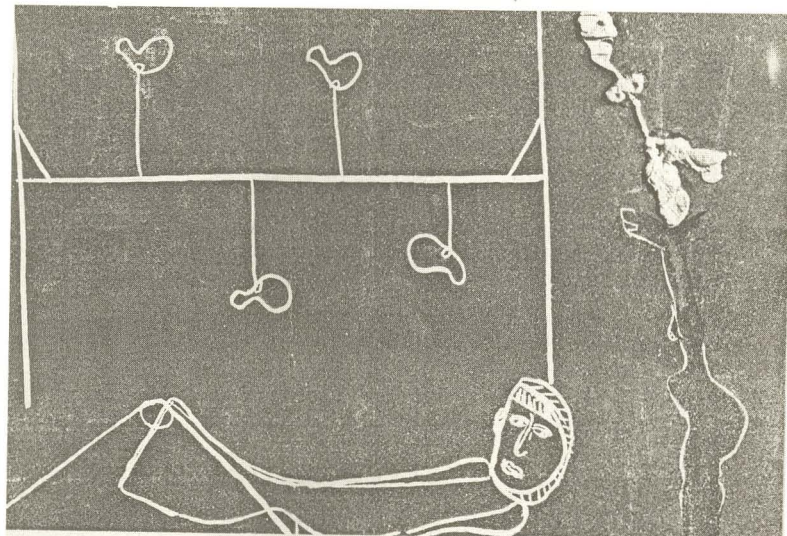
I hope notes on these Two Pauses or Eyebrows:

A pause is a halt, a stop, in a procession. There were processions to Hathor in Old Egypt that included pausarii and the various stations in The Stations of the Cross are pauses. At a pause the processionists present a hymn or prayer. Or a poem. These two poems are meant as pauses in your imPagination.

A poem is a pause is a score is a key towards magic. These scores are abstract and non-abstract sound constellations. Organic, that is their reading is relatively non-dictatorial, the depots are swirling compositions of form in the making with multiple entry points.

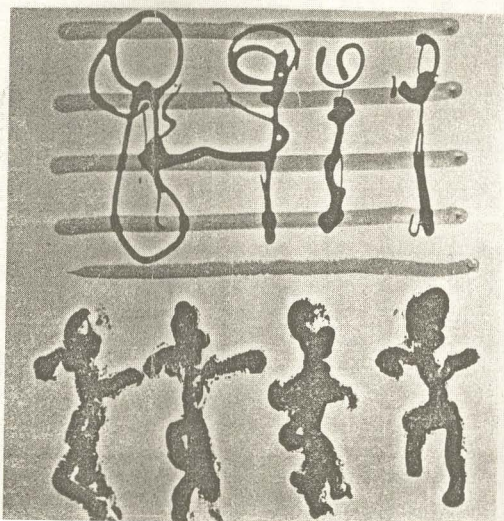
They seek, before the frozen alphabet and standardized, stagnant, words, a time when pixies commanded letters and sound. The glacial movements to order and capture speech into jars of words imprisoned pixies. These hopes are to allow pixies to struggle blossom from the chrysalis of text.

This involves singing the scores. The first singing is the initial composing and all other performances are also the composition. Sing the text strings of sound from one point of the breathe to the other swirling thought the pause. The pause wanes after a number of breathes.

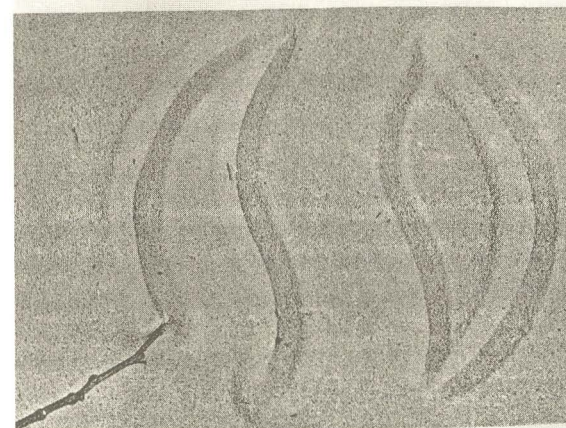


the terraine was

swept away
& rearranged.



broadly take sand
of her van-
ishing eye.



Dodie Bellamy and Joel Felix

MRS. DALLOWAY: AFTER JACKSON MAC LOW

Flicking my feathery hair I glance downward—sunlight dapples my unshaven calf, startles cream-colored damask—I slip my hand through the hot white light, its wrinkles take me by surprise—NOT MINE—the hand of an evil, ancient twin. Itself, the hand recalls the pruned claw of the monkey's touch that goosefleshed my stickthin forearm in some basement memory—whose monkey claw raked my skin and what, again, was the ire for its curse? Boldly he reached over (as we sped down the highway) and slipped his hand under my skirt (I had never seen him before, only written) I spread my thighs. Trees between them, the forest another highway stinking of diesel, street of crocodiles another Nile—he and 8000 others haunted by dreams from the last bit on the 10:00 news, the segment formerly known as human interest that held an Egyptian child who produced crystals in her eyes—a three second clip of the seated child submitting to her father prying open her eyelids, probing her tear ducts, fishing out a crystal the size of a pea. James's incessant metaphorizing was pissing her off *a head that shits crystals* her cunt is so real it is suddenly covered by a cloud that has nothing to do with this story—touch it. He or James or I wheeled the story with his monkey paw his other paw's hard black nail stirring her cunt like the surface of a milky mirror, fishing for a reflection of anything other than his face—**mirror mirror** the radio may say that this is only a test but even if we could pass thru the mirror like Orphée would we ever come to the clit?

“*Happened*,” she exclaimed, “it happened!”

His balls smelled of yeast, or of paper “forget ours in their” Mac Low signed the story unowned “he” and then “his,” these words I work with fetishize fucking like a voiceover: Reader, thru the magic of Hollywood you are there.

And where am I in this story, she asks herself *a paragraph break doesn't begin to delineate* I the drawer (i.e. person who draws) of such simple hard ands and happeneds, all these men and monkeys screeching “yeast!”

kill the woman: is that what you call risk, and what about the scorch of Indian Summer?

Explosion of pollen, Indian summer frets bees and people—here in the North we grow amorous to trees, and the grinning monkeys count their kill—you are no ghost, he wrote, Get me out of here!

First word of each sentence was chosen at random from two different editions of Virginia Woolf's Mrs. Dalloway—actually the pages were chosen at random, given to collaborator. Collaborator located 25th word on assigned page.

Caroline Bergvall
FROM FLAUNT MINE: COMPACT MIX

I YOU WHO SAY

.....

ah to ah
ah to ah

Place and date of birth:

ah to ah ah

"What if I lift my hand in this manner will see to it?"

what if I rest my right leg over my left leg
What if I emit a short sharp sigh when dropping my keys

What if I stroll gently (**like this**) would you know

&

ah

♦GREETINGS!

ah to ah myself

what compactmass appears

> ah to ah to like so

<

>

< what if I sway from one side to the
next one side to the

[!]

ah to ah mine well in view

[to fiddle with something]

MOVED

I

YOU

MOVED

What if I develop dark matter

What if

lyou

ldevelop

ldark matter

Height:

ah well in view to

YES WELL, IN THIS OVERBURDENED WORLD

[What if

[foreign speak bordelines my presence

[What if peculiar turns scoop my phrases up like a

[Beckett inside France a Joyce for Finnegans a Wilson after

[Bob

Colour of eyes:

Ah to well in view to ah myself in this

AND BY NAME

f

l

a

p'haps whisper: h ← h → h

u

n

[not quite sure here]

t

m

i

Sex:

n

e

<cnfused yrs gone by without outposts of names now known to me

>confused by yrs with statuses sedimentations of names now necessary to me

TO ESTABLISH & CONFIRM

what if trailing deep-rooted hesitation

& reluctance

(rpt: what if etc) ←

(SIGNAL & SIGN)

what since caught

in the restless weave

what in

> & what if I open & open & end up lost in expanse
<.....what if something prevents us from believing you
>.... what does that change
<would that establish bonds between us
>....or against us
< so what's your name *Distinctive features:*
> would that confirm anything to you
<.....how do you spell that
>....I suppose at first it might well do

ah to
ah to
ahah

To place myself to ah ah well in view



Hey Ho

AND BY SPEECH

flaunt mine
flaunt mine
flaunt mine
flaunt mine
flaunt

[to distribute (acc. to flaws & properties of live presence)]

flaunch

TO ARGUE FLATTER & CONVINCE

..... ..mine necessary ah

(SIGNAL & SIGN)

necessary ah

mine necessary presence

& signal & sign
& signal

& sign & signal & sign & signal
& sign & signal & sign & signal & sign & signal &

Date of issue:

Date of expiry:

x

AND BY GESTURES
TO EMPHASIZE SEDUCE & DEMARCAT

(SIGNAL & SIGN)

GREETINGS! How she came to this setting in strange apparel and with promises of many a great turn as witnessed from her unclear lineage: wreckages: distracted nuns: unknown cousins. How she: her growing presentiment came to outgrow her lycra tight name and pedigree. How it came to crack at the seams along her chest

AND BY ATTIRE
TO RECONNOITRE & REVEAL & DISGUISE

How she came to find that her presentable body its more questionable sources carry severe marks other than initial and stamps. How she came to find these useful in her quest for reconnaissance: in her quest for: as one might also put it: identifying things signs

SIGNAL & SIGN

& signal & sign
 & signal & sign
 & sign & sign
 & signal &

sign

& signal &
& signal & sign
&

& signal & sign
& signal & sign
& signal &

AH WELL IN VIEW

AND BY LITTLE FINGER
TO SCRATCH & AROUSE
SIGNAL & SIGN

Holder's signature:
X.....

Jeremy Caplan
LEGACY

Preface

To preserve one's language is a fundamental human drive. Never is this more obvious than in periods of swift linguistic change. At such times, people become possessed with a frantic drive to record their language in an effort to protect the substance of their society. Our own language may one day evolve past us, as has happened to the Ancients. I feel it our ethical responsibility to study the lost languages and keep verbally alive the Ancient peoples whose words have betrayed them. Here I present a text of great significance from a time of extreme verbal fluidity, in the original language, along with my translation of the piece and a rough vocabulary list for the inspired scholar.

Text

¹ Our language is approaching stasis. ² Words thick as molasses stick in our mouths refusing to emerge. ³ The inability to speak causes futility of action, and consequently many have plunged into some distant state of solitary thought. ⁴ It seems inevitable that we shall all succumb to the complete disappearance of words, accept and proceed accordingly. ⁵ We can only hope that this progression is circular and not linear, that we will eventually return to our previous, normal condition of fluent sentences and expeditious conversation. ⁶ We feel strongly that this may be achievable only if we prepare for it, recording in as much detail as possible both structure and conceptual content of the fundamental tongue, to be later relearned by those who have forgotten. ⁷ It is with such trust that we endeavour to document these vital words, though it takes us upwards of an hour to produce a single sentence and the words are increasingly stubborn and we are losing them fast.

Translation

¹ It was the day the words flowed without end. ² The people felt an increasing loss of control over their conversations and actions. ³ Swelling and boiling within the souls of the people, the words spread panic and fear, undermining the meaning and structure contained within verbal communications. ⁴ Some conversations were long, babbling tirades wherein the words were merely place-holders. ⁵ Others were short quips, though the words were not sensible but panic-laden, this chaos bringing about desperation, one person clinging to another, obliterating the words and seeking silence. ⁶ Mouths moved unstoppably, overpowering the drive to self-suffocation that was now so prevalent, resulting tragically in an atmosphere of helplessness which was increasing in breadth and in potency, and was killing, the words replacing and preempting the vital bodily functions of the people and leaving them abandoned in heaps, convulsing impotently and slowly dying. ⁷ Some words had already escaped and were irretrievably lost to the people, while some very few tried to remain in the mouths and souls of the people, and the people desperately clung to the words, feeling that the words were using themselves up and simply would not stop until they were spent.

Vocabulary

Word	Translation	Word	Translation
a	people, the people	not	were not
accept	wherein	of	of, within, belonging to
accordingly	place-holders	only	of that, of such
achievable	of self	our	it was, there existed
action	everyone	plunged	fear
all	babbling	possible	in power, potency
an	the	prepare	resulting in
and	the words	previous	desperation
approaching	flowed	proceed	were merely
are	felt, accepted	produce	souls
as	increasing	progression	packages
be	suffocation	recording	helplessness
both	was killing	refusing	conversations
by	convulsing	relearned	slowly
can	others	return	causing, bringing about
causes	within	seems	sound
circular	but, however	sentence	clung to
complete	language	sentences	obliterating
conceptual	by replacing, preempting	shall	long
condition	clinging	single	desperately
consequently	spread	solitary	opinion
content	the vital bodily functions	some	meaning
conversation	silence	speak	boiling
detail	numbers, individuals	stasis	unstoppably, without end
disappearance	sequences, chunks	state	contained in
distant	structure	stick	control
document	already	strongly	mouths
emerge	actions	structure	with
endeavour	vanished	stubborn	using themselves up
eventually	the chaos	succumb	disordered
expeditious	seeking	such	overcoming
fast	were spent	takes	very few
feel	unstoppable	that	were
fluent	another	the	increasing, more
for	tragically	them	until
forgotten	were abandoned	these	irretrievably
fundamental	overpowering	thick	felt
futility	the souls	this	humbling, overpowering
have	and	those	impotent
hope	time	though	while
hour	mouths	thought	exchanges
if	prevalence	to	and
in	which	tongue	people
inability	size, breadth	trust	limits
increasingly	them	upwards	to remain
inevitable	dances	us	tried
into	undermining	vital	lost to
is	words	we	now, still
it	some	who	in heaps
language	day	will	panic-laden
later	soul, self	with	in, by, through
linear	calm, sensible, reasonable	words	the people
losing	would not stop		
many	panic		
may	the drive to		
molasses	loss of		
mouths	over, upon their		
much	in		
normal	a person		

Notes

¹ There are compelling historical reasons to believe that the Day was not simply a sudden event that materialized without warning. The Ancients had been gradually increasing in their reliance upon words for vital social functions, and it was over the course of, perhaps decades, that the words won their independence from the people who used them. If it was a surprise, then this reflects the severity of the Ancients' plight: they were little aware of the extent of the power and autonomy they were imparting to the words, so occupied were they with the short-term goals of social and civic organization.

² Is it possible for a society to survive such an anarchy of words? For a society in which verbal communication is valued on a level with the vital physical needs, the odds seem extremely low. It is generally held that some few of the Ancients were spared, and it is from these that we are descended. Those rare individuals would likely have been reclusive, asocial types, dyslexics and athletes. This would also account for the lack of oral record of The Day The Words Flowed Without End, and hence, our dependence on such rare documents such as this one, written by the more typical, verbally-oriented people who perished.

³ "solitary thought": translates literally as *opinion exchanges*, referring to any form of verbal transaction.

⁴ "seems inevitable": translates literally as *sound dances*, means conversations.

⁵ "expeditious conversation": translates literally as *seeking silence*. This expression has strong connotations of suicide.

⁶ "be achievable": translates literally as *self-suffocation*. This is one of the strongest words for suicide. The Ancients held that loss of life is preceded by loss of breath, and hence loss of vocal power.

⁷ They saw that not all the words would slip away so quickly. Perhaps it was the combination of those less fugitive words with the less verbal people that were able together to survive the chaos.

The Ancients had already seen overused words gain so many meanings as to turn meaningless. They knew that a word has a limited life-span, and they knew that the words flowing unstoppably would lead inevitably to the demise of the people.

Just as one language can be mapped onto another, a language can be mapped onto itself. Evolve a language slowly until it has lost virtually all direct correspondence with its original form, but require it to remain within the word-space (though they may change their role and meaning, all words are conserved within the language, as words; no new words are added). In this case the original version of the language may be mapped one-to-one onto the new version of the language—the set of words is mapped onto itself.

Using most popular word processors: Write the original text. Write the translated text, making it roughly the same length and number of sentences. Work one sentence at a time. For the first sentence, begin to define each word (or set of words) to mean a corresponding word (or set of words) in the translation. Replace all defined words that reoccur in the remaining original text with their new meanings and color these words differently to mark the fact that they have been translated. This constrains the form of the untranslated sentences. Continue sentence by sentence, and be flexible about the precise wording of the translated text in order to make the mapping work.

John Cayley

FROM THE SPEAKING CLOCK

25 February 23:04 - 26 February 01:23

tells the breath previous	02/25	I
breath speaks no moment	23:04	each shaped breath
time changes nameless itself		tells
yet each moment cyclical		real time
last breath speaks no		is concealed
moment and no falls		beneath the cyclical
		behavior of clock
speaks transept the big	02/25	and time piece
time affects to parliament	23:09	
time each shaped breath		lost warmth
tells real time changes		true cold spelt out
to repeat itself control		and no breath
city ran unique moment		like this last
		even as
she destroyed parliament time	02/25	
the instance transept on	23:14	II
to stand system like		the last breath
this speaking time or		speaks
subsequent same name distinguish		
and time unfraternal unlikely	02/25	no moment
to repeat itself mother	23:19	like any other
infinitely elaborate stand still		previous or subsequent
what dawn to more		moment
than cyclical the finite		and yet the clock applies
		the same name to many
face tolling moment like	02/25	a different instance
the speaking white noise	23:24	
the speaking to single		of control
instant at the complex		
affects apply the speaking		
futile and yet sense		

In the above generated text, words from the (composed) given text on the right are chosen in order to mesostically spell out a digital version of the date and time, where:

e = 1
t = 2
a = 3
n = 4
i = 5
o = 6
s = 7
l = 8
r = 9

The bold letters in the text are those encoding digits. "0" is represented by a word without a bold letter. Additional rules governing the selection of words incline the collocations of the generated text to correspond with those in the given text. This generative result has not been edited. The lineation is also arbitrary and determined by the clock. The piece is output from a cybertextual version for the Apple Macintosh and Hypercard, in effect a working "language clock," which may be downloaded from: <http://www.demon.co.uk/eastfield/in/>. (See also: John Cayley, "Beyond Codexpace: potentialities of literary cybertext," Visible Language, 30.2, October 1996, 164-83.)

Four screenshots from the cybertext follow.

I each shaped breath tells real time is concealed
beneath the cyclical ET behaviour of clock and time
piece lost warmth EE E true cold spelt out
and no breath like this last
even as E.. T II the last breath
speaks of finite no moment
like any other set to previous or
subsequent R A moment and yet
the clock applies a presence the same name
to many day lengthens a different
instance L N of control
III she destroyed clock time big ben
mother of parliament speaks a simple
language unfraternal S I at cathedral transept
on church tower O face tolling everywhere
the speaking clock so unlikely to repeat itself

4/10 9:00

IV each moment appears to be given a unique name
the city ran on local ET not mean time
town hall clock EE E with a second
minute hand ahead east of its capital
V what if E.. T every clock
was like to unique the speaking clock
she'd never name the known
this season here R A wild flower
briefly mean time painted trillium
high bush at this cranberry
each bird L N each animal
indignant at this presence
VI day lengthens under sun
if it was impossible S I to apply a single name
from a finite set O to a moment
which seems to recur in an acknowledged cycle of time

4/10 10:30

VII or lies time affects to stand still
what if it was impossible ET to apply the word dawn
to more than EE E one single instant
at the beginning of some one
particular day E.. T VIII would the cycle
of recurrence presence under become less easy
to distinguish appears to would it sharpen
the awareness R A of decay
until it was be given unbearably
present the end a unique of her time here
on this island L N IX would she
become more conscious
of mortality if she were denied
the sense that S I she constantly returns
to a previous state O of existence
with the same name in the cycle

4/10 10:30

X no time for her self would life as time
be bearable time changes ET nameless demon
to be destroyed EE E in the dream of a place
she has left forever the wind flows
XI into each cabin E.. T of memory falls
the unique name clock known for the unique
moment seems to would become
impossibly R A infinitely
elaborate and recur name complex
a futile and acknowledged cycle ironic
struggle against L N the inscription of
entropy XII or plucked
from chance a procedural system
like this speaking clock S I gives the illusion
of real time passing O flake of snow
white noise and riverflow inscribed on a piece of time

4/10 11:11

Janet Cohen, Keith Frank, and Jon Ippolito
STATE OF THE ART

A composite interview based on public encounters between actual curators and artists.

Curator: Wears a black suit and a white shirt buttoned at the neck with no tie. Crosses legs European style.

Artist: Wears a grungy flannel shirt over a black t-shirt. Slouches in chair. Looks around distractedly.

Curator and Artist walk on stage to the applause of the crowd and take their seats. The lights dim and the first slide, a monochromatic green painting, appears on an overhead screen.

Curator Tell me what I'm seeing here.

Ignoring the visual: 1

Artist Well, uh, this is a piece, I don't remember when I did it . . . I guess at the time I was sort of interested in the concept of red.

Playing dumb: 1

Curator But the painting appears to be green.

Artist What this painting is about is the inapproachability, the futility of attaining red. I wanted to paint red but I had to paint green. You see, the only way of *really* getting to red is through green.

Contradicting the obvious for effect: 1
Reducing art to explanation: 1

Curator I see, the painting is about the impossibility of attaining the Other. It enacts the violent semiotic rupture inherent to representation.

Reducing art to explanation: 1
Spewing buzzwords: 1
Shifting the terms to assert one's agenda: 1

Artist Yeah.

Bootlicking: 1

(The next slide is also a monochrome canvas, painted a fluorescent orange.)

Curator So is this an attempt to get to blue?

Artist No, still red. It's a bad slide—the color's off.

Contradicting the obvious for effect: 1

Curator Why red? What significance does it hold for you?

Artist Uh, I just . . . I just felt like red.

Ignoring the visual: 1

Avoiding responsibility for the work: 1

Stalling: 1

Curator Ah. Well, to me your preoccupation with red suggests a sort of potent bodily experience, perhaps a visceral rejection of social norms bordering on the abject, or an animal sexuality, or a deep-seated physical or psychic wound, perhaps relating to an incident in your childhood. . . .

Spewing buzzwords: 1

Shifting the terms to assert one's agenda: 1

Laying it on: 1

Sensationalizing: 1

Ignoring the visual: 1

Focusing on the artist instead of the work: 1

(Artist looks puzzled, yet pleased.)

Curator So, all in all, your work is essentially about violence.

Ignoring the visual: 1

Reducing art to explanation: 1

Sensationalizing: 1

Artist Yeah.

Ignoring the visual: 1

Bootlicking: 1

Curator But at the same time I sense a sort of serenity.

Contradicting the obvious for effect: 1

Artist Yeah.

Ignoring the visual: 1

Bootlicking: 1

Curator But at the same time it has this real brutality to it.

Artist Yeah . . . uh huh.

Bootlicking: 1

Stalling: 1

Curator So there's a kind of ambiguity here?

Artist I guess so.
 Bootlicking: 1

Curator But you seem completely certain about what you're doing.
 Focusing on the artist instead of the work: 1

Artist Definitely.
 Bootlicking: 1

Curator So then what exactly is your intent?
 Focusing on the artist instead of the work: 1

Artist Well, I don't want to impose my own interpretation on other people. I don't have an intent; I just paint. The ultimate interpretation is up to the viewer. At a certain point, once the work is out there, it doesn't matter what my intent was because it's out of my control.
 Avoiding responsibility for the work: 1

Curator But when I was writing the wall text for your show, you seemed very particular about what you wanted me to say and what you didn't want me to say.

Artist That's because I don't want the viewer to be limited to a specific interpretation.
 Dismissing context: 1

Curator I see. So could you discuss how your work was informed by Artist X, who did monochromatic panels in the same palette as yours twenty five years ago?
 Dismissing context: 1

Artist His work has no relation to mine whatsoever.
 Contradicting the obvious for effect: 1
 Ignoring the visual: 1
 Operating in a vacuum: 1

Curator Well, I don't understand . . . I mean, your work didn't exactly occur *ex nihilo*. Are you saying you were ignorant of the work of this other artist?

Artist What I'm saying is my work is an implicit critique of that language.
 Spewing buzzwords: 1
 Laying it on: 1

Curator So what is the point of your work?
 Reducing art to explanation: 1

Artist My work is about man's inhumanity to man.
 Reducing art to explanation: 1

Curator It seems as of late there has been a trend towards work that I would categorize as "humane inhumanity." This work attempts to map what Deleuze and Guattari refer to as a schizophrenic impulse, in which—
 Ignoring the visual: 1
 Pigeonholing: 1
 Name dropping: 1
 Contradicting the obvious for effect: 1
 Shifting the terms to assert one's agenda: 1

Artist I don't see why I have to be placed in a school of work.
 Dismissing context: 1

Curator Well, your work bears a strong visual resemblance to that of most of the artists who fit into that genre.
 Pigeonholing: 1

Artist But surely you put more thought into a show than just grouping works together by look or theme?

Curator Of course. A curator surfs the cultural currents and taps into the radical formations brewing under the surface. Just because I'm a curator doesn't mean I'm less creative than you are as an artist. It might surprise you to learn that the process of putting together a show is not dissimilar to how an artist would put together a painting.
 Laying it on: 1
 Spewing buzzwords: 1
 Judging without experience: 1

Artist On the surface, you might think that our working methods may be similar, but my work springs from an expression of my soul that I cannot put into words. No, you cannot say that what I do is as formulaic as putting together a show. I do not paint by numbers. I paint from my soul, that is what is real to me. Your work is merely organizing the sanitized public presentation of the ineffable struggle that I have waged in private, in the solitude of my own studio.
 Dismissing context: 1
 Overrelying on intuition: 1
 Operating in a vacuum: 1
 Focusing on the artist instead of the work: 1

Curator But what's personal isn't always relevant.

Artist I am interested in enduring values, in making work that stands the test of time.
 Dismissing context: 1

Curator One of the most creative things about curating a show is that you have to work together with different people, different perceptions. It's like weaving, splicing together these disparate aims into a unified, coherent presentation. The curator is above all a negotiator, moderating between the egos of different artists, the exigencies of space and money, and the demands of the public. I guess the only parallel for an artist would be collaborating with other artists. Have you ever been involved in collaborations with other artists?

Laying it on: 1

Artist Yes, but it's very different. When you are collaborating with other artists, everyone understands each other on an intuitive level, the work feels effortless. You tend to get away from the whole egotism thing and into a really healthy group mindset. The whole becomes more than the sum of its parts.

Avoiding responsibility for the work: 1
Overrelying on intuition: 1
Glossing over differences: 1

Curator Tell me, then, was it some kind of empathy with other artists that prompted you to paint this next work, which appeared at the Venice Biennale?

(The next slide depicts a painting of a young child lying in a pool of blood superimposed on an upside-down image of the U.N. building.)

Curator This seems to be a radical departure from your monochrome abstractions . . .

Artist Not at all. This painting is just the logical extension of my previous work. My focus has remained consistent—it's the viewer's perspective that has changed.

Contradicting the obvious: 1
Ignoring the visual: 1
Avoiding responsibility for the work: 1
Glossing over differences: 1

Curator Ah . . . I . . . yes, I see what you mean. Well. I guess we're just about out of time. It seems, in retrospect, that your practice embodies the Postmodern concept of the *bricoleur*, who fancifully combines disparate elements from high and low culture in what Barthes called "secondary signification." It's an intriguing and intelligent body of work.

Stalling: 1
Bootlicking: 1
Laying it on: 1
Pigeonholing: 1
Spewing buzzwords: 1
Name dropping: 1
Glossing over differences: 1

(The audience begins to collect their belongings and walk out.)

Curator Well, we have a few minutes for questions from the audience . . . are there any questions . . . no questions . . . well, thank you again for sharing these thoughts on your work.

(NOTE: Any resemblance to actual curators or artists, alive or dead, is not a very good reflection on them.)

"There is no collaboration without competition." That is the working premise of this team of three artists, who make an art out of agreeing to disagree. Cohen, Frank, and Ippolito foreground the conflict inherent in collaboration, usually by basing their work on a particular competitive event such as marking territory by spitting pins, targeting an opponent with projectiles, or arguing points of view.

"State of the Art" was written on the occasion of the exhibition Curator As Artist/Artist As Curator at the Bergen Museum of Art, Paramus, NJ (November 26, 1995 - February 25, 1996).



Cynthia Conrad ACCORDION VARIATIONS (AFTER HOYLE)

I

Deal cards one to not,
left right overlapping
whenever a card matches
its immediate neighbor or
the left matches card.

Third left to the it
may be match, they.
Cards, if are, or the rank,
after making a look
to see it has made
additional moves possible.

Pack the whole combining,
piles toward the when.
Possible game is won.
Is the pack reduced to one pile?

II

Deal one by row
in a from left to right,
not overlapping
whenever immediate card
matches left to the,
or matches, card.

The away to left,
it moved onto,
that they match
if are of the same suit
or of the same rank.

After, look a move
to made if it.
Additional moves possible.
Deal out whole pack
combining left toward.

The when possible game
won if the pile reduced to:

III
Suit are of the rank.
After making a look
to made moves,
deal whole possible,
the pack combining
when toward the possible.

The pack
reduced to

In "Accordion Variations," I used Hoyle's instructions on playing the card game of Accordion Solitaire and applied them to the text itself, treating words of the same number of letters as "cards of the same rank" and words of the same basic part of speech as "cards of the same suit." I then played three variations of the game with the text, first reducing the text by "rank," then reducing the text by "suit" and lastly reducing the text by both "rank" and "suit." I allowed myself artistic control of punctuation, capitalization and line breaks in the resulting poem.

Maria Damon
"INDEPENDENT EMBROIDERY":
THEORIZING IMPROVISING TEXT/ILE
COLLABORATIONS

*Maria Maria, . . . why do you care for riches. A great many people
do and wish to hear about platinum knitting needles.*

—Gertrude Stein

Just as one can consider the alphabet a technology, textilic production is theory. Just as theory is a becoming-politics/theology, textile is a narrative of physical and metaphysical (time/space) relationships, aesthetic anxiety, dialectics (in its obviously binaristic warp/weft structure) and dialogics (all the unnameables that mark it). But this is not subtle: a piece of handworked cloth is material, aesthetic and technological evidence of people's need for cultural production. And like other "needle arts" it is repetitious, obsessive/compulsive, the epiphenomenal activity of the cultural condition of addiction. This text aspires to address and enact collaboration, both intellectual and artisanal, through the material of anecdote, analyseme (fly-by-night self-imploding insights) and through the material of material, that is in this case, textile.

In addition to creating her own, Frieda has been, on the side, revising my life/work for years. As a student she took in mending to supplement her fellowship income; she hemmed my pants and skirts, copied my mother's summer dresses in equally old material I'd saved for decades, patched my dress-for-work ZCavarricis. As a research assistant she edited my conference presentations, journal articles, book. She indexed the latter and I paid her in part with a blanket woven of canary yellow, white and a stripe of magenta, to which bright stripe her small daughter attributed the blanket's ability to ward off nightmares. We spoke of editing a book of essays on women's intellectual and material labor; those conversations were the labor, the process and the product. My shtick was to criticize glib literary-critical feminist appropriations of textile metaphors: titles like "Broken Tapestry," "The Voice of the Shuttle is Ours," and other uses of weaving images to imply a wounded holism purported to represent women's expe-

rience and expression. Hers was more historical: hold these nostalgic and outraged evocations of Philomela, Penelope, et al against the experiences of Appalachian women in textile factories, the black market-like trading that mothers-of-infants at freestores and less structured communities of friends and neighbors engage in with children's clothes and blankets. Myths of martyrdom, silence and creativity, which often serve, for the literary critic, as backdrop for the figure of her own parasitic eloquence, could be juxtaposed against the "speaking" "voices" of "everyday" "women." At all levels we were interested in challenging and showing alternatives to structured (exploitable) economies of goods, language and gendered experience.

in a pretty, hardbound cahier with red cloth spine and red, black, white mottled cover: a reference to many places that it would be "natural" for Mr. . . . to believe produce lace.

what do you think about that!!!!

And More From Gertrude Stein:

. . . Mustn't hurry embroidery. We haven't. . . You are not referring to a correction. Of course I am/you know very well I have to be. What. You know very well that I like embroidery that I like it copied. Of course you do. What is embroidery. There are three kinds. Had you heard of them. Not at once. We knew of one and we heard another mentioned to which we were not attached and then we heard of two others (. . . illegible . . .) one and then of another one. embroidery is better. . . my blessed baby nothing must cause you any annoyance . . . irritation . . . you must be sure to express yourself and to have what you want when you want it. embroidery, embroidery is carefully done. alice says to gertrude that she should be free from care to express herself and that embroidery (writing) must be elaborated on in leisure and peace.

What could Stein possibly be talking about besides writing, the "independent embroidery" with which a writer traces alphabetic, phonemic, epistemic phenomena, outlines the patterns of language, the finest, thinnest, most diaphanous material we have? My research at the time was propelled by an interest in Jewish identity, or id-ENTITY (take the id out of entity and put it back, in Philip Roth's words, in Yid). So I read

"independent embroidery" as elaborating a theory and practice of language: riffing, questioning, improvising, punning, alluding, eluding, eroticizing and generally pushing imaginative language use to its limits. Daniel Boyarin puts it thus of the Talmudists: it was a religious imperative to push language to its interpretive limits. It was a cultural imperative, I would say, for Gertrude Stein, Lenny Bruce, the Marx Brothers, Edmond Jabès, Kathy Acker, Allen Ginsberg, to push poetic language to its performative limits. Embroidery, an em-bordering elaboration, a marginal embellishment, distorts distends digresses and etches a wandering rococo on . . . but to insist on a figure/background, embroidery/substance dialectic would be unjustly static, untrue to the process. "On" is off, an imperialist preposition. Embroidery is walking/water, tracing spoors on unstable ground, spoors that dissolve in widening pulled-apart patterns. Talking/the wild side of earth water fire air, phoneme, smoke rings, shape-shift. Threads of conversation.

Here is a beginning—a mock-up—of a proposal that never got beyond the "proposals" file on my Macintosh:

Threadbare and Strung Out? A Warped Reweaving of Feminist Sense

Much feminist criticism and imaginative writing lean heavily on metaphors of textile: "reweaving the web of life," "the voice of the shuttle is ours," "broken tapestry," arachne etc. , the use of quilting arts as metonymic of Black, Native American, rural American women's survival strategies, etc. etc. These metaphors provide rich demonstrations of the connectedness of textual skills with textile skills: the obvious puns and etymological conjunctions overdetermine the relationships between text and textile, fabric and fabrication, mater-matrix-material to mean mother, nerve-center, "yard-goods" and intellectual substance. Nonetheless, this obviousness needs—to use another textile term—to be unraveled. When used by people who don't know what they're talking about, there is a sense of nostalgia and mystification about this hearkening (backwards in time) to the language of feminine-coded handcraft and artisanship. We are both academic feminists who define ourselves as writers, scholars and textile artisans and who want to examine the import of these textile metaphors in feminist writing. What does it mean to "reweave the web of life" or to invoke mythic female textile artists—penelope, arachne, lucrece, the three fates—when most cloth is now produced or "assembled" in Third World sweatshops euphemistically and collectively known as "offshore production sites"? What do handcrafts

mean to those of us for whom they feed and yet are experientially or publicly divorced from the cerebral ways we "make our livings"?

This paragraph is followed by fragments:

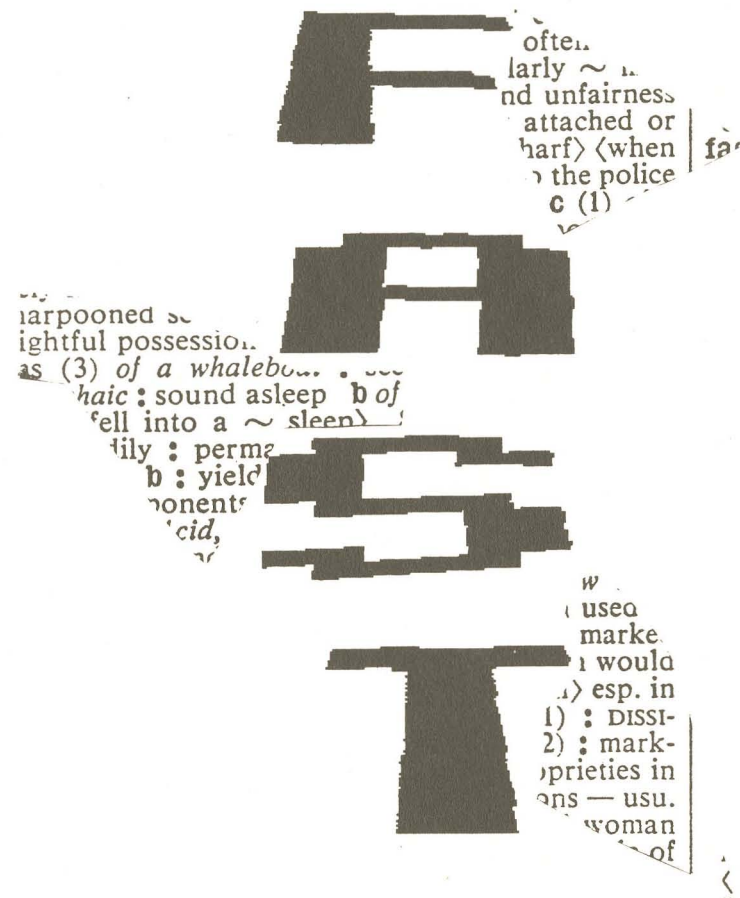
we do not want to skimp on either side of the metaphor; threadbare, strungout, warped we want to attend to the material conditions under which cloth and metaphors are produced accounts of production of cloth—how to organize it? large scale production/individual production the metaphor of women's work as "cottage industry" women hillbillies working in mills, getting addicted to amphetamines (book from 80s) Lowell mills (site for women's liberation movement: "Bread and Roses"—the title itself suggests both material and metaphysical/aesthetic human needs) Carolyn Steedman writes about her mother and the mills; Steedman has made a transition from textile work to intellectual "women's work"—how does she theorize this transition—as a break or as a continuum? Aurora Levins-Morales's essay on Women and the Needle Arts Check in Lumina Kathy Daly Cloth & Human Experience (an anthropological account) the D & G spinner from North Dakota State—animals, machines & the human body (interspecies collective "Ewe and I") Nancy Katz—my cousin by marriage—on the names project quilt fashion? Frieda on mending diff technologies of production: large-scale production vs. sophisticated technology that is still foot or hand-powered economies of trading: kids' clothes communities—clothes as nonconsumable, non-commodified. natural fibers are very destructive cash crops—how it (cotton, for inst.) fits into a destructive global economy. cotton (& sugar) was the basis of the slave trade . . . wool (and coal) of the industrial horrors of Northern Europe. labor issues ; triangle shirtwaist factory fire, the ghetto girls' reproducing the garments they made for themselves, but in garish colors and cheap cloth what cloth is made of: what do synthetic fibers mean, connection to petroleum industry, or rayon, a natural fiber artificially made decorative arts: embroidery needle work as busy work/ intellectual labor as busy work: production of Stuff the foregoing passage a torn fabric—an argument full of holes . . . latticework

How can the fabric of the alphabet describe (address and enact) how Frieda changed my featherbed cover from a moth-eaten white damask sheath to a Japanese quilt, eccentrically floral, ribbed and girlish, a thing radiant in its asymmetrical remaking, lying on her bed as it once did on mine, but transformed. The uncanny mis/recognition as I gazed . . . has that thing been mine? Do I know this piece of matter from another life? In the half-light it took several seconds to recognize the damask pattern, long reedy leaves, underlying the prominent blocks of color—not many—not more than three or four black, pink, arranged in a fan shape to cover the holes—but enough to break the heirloom into a new incarnation. Heirloom? yes, because it had been my grandfather's, then my mother's and then mine, now hers. Material culture is metaphysical culture, time spatialized, memory embodied. The thumbprint of the potter is everywhere on this metamorphosed dynebetæk. That's as far as it got. I asked Frieda if she'd be interested in writing a companion piece to this one and she said she was, but then got plowed under, teaching "part-time" at a local liberal arts college, which means teaching twice as much as any of the regular faculty for half pay, though she can out-think and out-write most of them . . . on her thanksgiving break she made a vest with rich red velvet lining: "when i find myself sewing, i know i'm coming back to life."

Tina Darragh
BILL CLINTON PLANE RIDE DREAM

I go to work but the office building turns out to be a hotel with lots of Russian guests. I watch as a clerk wheels a room service cart filled with file folders to the room of one of the Russians. I'm wondering if the guest will tip for the service. It looks like the answer is "no" from the clerk's expression as he leaves the room, but then the Russian bounds out after him and paper clips an English five pound note to his shirt. The clerk starts to run down an aisle, which is more like a trough, of green silk studded with whole grain cereal. Then everyone is in a big room with lots of computers, and a guy standing next to a main frame tells me that any minute now I have to be the pilot for an airplane waiting on the roof. I panic and tell him that I can't fly but he makes one of those "brush off" gestures with his hand and tells me it's easy—being a pilot no longer takes special training because today's planes are THAT SIMPLE TO FLY. I know this can't be true and start telling others in the room about my fears but each in turn looks at me with a "WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM" expression, like I'm telling them I need help operating a water fountain. Then, to make matters worse, President Clinton walks in and starts shaking hands all around. I know without having to be told that he is to be the passenger in my plane. I can't believe that the President of the United States has been entrusted to me and I start to wonder if this is some sort of assassination attempt—what an easy way to do it—have someone totally ignorant about flying take control of the cockpit—so I try to approach Clinton to tell him what's up but there is a huge line in front of me and I can't get through. Then someone brings me a pilot's manual and there is general agreement in the room, including a nod from Clinton, that this is all I need to fly the plane. I sit down at the nearest desk to look at the manual, and the combination FAX/photocopy machine next to me prints out the word FAST in huge letters straight up the middle of the page. As the paper goes over one of the toner rollers, each of the letters in FAST develops a bump but keeps on going. I take this to be a sign that I can fly the plane without any disasters happening, and share this conviction with Clinton who is now sitting across the desk from me. When he sees

how excited I am about the bumpy letters, he sits up very straight and his eyes glaze over, finally realizing the gravity of the situation.



from the dream rim instructions

dreams are not documents of compromise

The mind may be doing many things while we sleep, but negotiating a settlement between images of the day and unconscious covert operations isn't one of them.

We've all had dreams with the power to escalate us through horrible days. We do these dreams a disservice by declining them as fares to the unconscious.

Dreameo

Dreamearae

Dreameis

Dreameos

Dreameis known

Imagining dream lines as hierarchical and then decoding them with "free association" leaves us hopeless when the illuminated knot resurfaces in another dream as something else altogether.

Dream interpretation: retroviral

Dream language: auto-infection

*A liberated world: unlikely when "free + association"
has no effect upon "eternal + trap"*

Instead see dreams as cell relief, dreams as arrangements of information with no justification for the juxtapositions, each dream its own procedure skewing localities and uncollecting compunctions. "The arrangement is not examined in itself but only in terms of what it sets off." Language in dreams not a tool for conflict resolution, but rather a sideways spritz of different brain functions colliding with details of the day. Dreams as an antidote to subjects constructing themselves in terms of illness. Dreams as a challenge to our society that structures itself as a series of individual "cures."

1. Hobson, J. Allan. *The Dreaming Brain*. New York: Basic Books, 1988, pp. 184-188.
2. de Bono, Edward. *Lateral Thinking*. New York: Harper & Row, 1970, p. 257.

Jean Day, John High, Jennifer Hoff, Lori Lubeski, and
Patricia Pruitt

Neighborhood

(Lori Lubeski)

your yard is swollen with toys
there is no room to breathe
among the quarrelling utensils

why a cow in the yellow room
forever dodging the moon
say goodnight to the glossary
of all aboards

why we spread the news
of holidays when grammar
is unreliable from his chattering
mouth a book appears

it is the shoe you live in
unsupervised and without pie
for you I would dodge humpty
dumpty's fall tell me again
I love you

all is quiet from barked orders
by the dog who lives in the fire station
cannot sleep without being told
this story:

He fell in a trap
He fell in the water
He did some tricks
The police came
The neighbors came
The lady with the rolling pin came.

In the Neighborhood Of
(Jean Day)

There was an old woman who lived in diremption,
the dark side of milk or its mess, memory

Go away, nightmare.

The shoes speed up;
there will be no talk of hats.
The matches behind my eyes
pop; sung so long say so long,
tiger. I've lost a limb, let me
in dearest word for your
performance: there will be all
talk. No periods.

Tickets, possibly, please.

But I love my own paragraphs
and cannot "use the world
with 'weaned affections.'"
Honk, honk, geese; bad guys
divide up the big fat crumbs
we left on the track and my words
run away to their cupboards, there to
stare longingly at the others because each
has only one leg. Again, again the picture of time
swells out beyond the door and inside
my head where the giants are hungry
or lonely for prose, eyes projected out
and conferring

"the sun going to bed," #3
(John High)

—for forrest gander

One squirrel turned to the south, where he could see the child waiting. He knew this was his child. She was tan & bright, sun-savored hair. Even the stride determined, luxurious, yellow. Her life had beckoned him toward the stark pecan leaves & rolling voices of God. She loved the insects, the buzz of the wasps & humming birds. An orange cloud flickered off above the thin moon. She was thinking that finally the sun was going to bed. Wave good-bye Ezekiel! So much of rain, of the pebbles & ants singing along the highway in their beautifully muted tongues. This is why the angel, too, had departed the house. To discover the moon again, the church where the nomadic monks gathered with these squirrels. The chipped beige bricks, lighting bugs, all of these abandoned shoes walking about the windmills to the south. O Quixote! One part wind, one part sun, one part rain—& someday we'll even spot the trains. Ok. Cock a doodle doo. My dame has lost her shoe. A squirrel leading the way today! Where is she going? And a storage of wind in the mill they say, but as of yet, she cannot smell it. So he walks behind her in a slight haze the girl cannot see as she calls out—papa, papa!

Blue and Imogene
(Patricia Pruitt)

Blue and Imogene
sailed to France
in a beautiful
pea-green boat

I will then,
said the little red hen,
fly over the moon
with the cow
in a spoon
for I've heard
the wolf is
pretend

Blue is a flower face,
flower face, flower face
And the faerie queen in
eyebrows green is
her majesty Imogene Grace
Her dad drives the castle
which saves so much hassle
And the wolf is *really* pretend

Little Blue, little Blue,
Come blow your horn
The sheep's in the meadow
all forlorn. Oh, said Imogene
the wolf's in the corn
With a biff of her crown
the wolf fell to the ground
and became—presto chango—
a puddle of space
And I heard the queen say
as she gamboled away
O Blue, my dear friend,
My sweet flower face,
Don't worry, I tell you,
the wolf is pretend

The days ran away,
up hill and down
Queen Imogene too
prepared to leave town,
wearing milk weed, and corn silk,
and starspangled banners,
bade farewell to her friend
with her very best manners
Gave Blue the boat and
a heffalump coat and off
they both flew
in a vapor of dew

Wolf huffed and he puffed
but he couldn't keep up
for he had an aversion
to overexertion
This is the end
He told the red hen
Silly, she cooed,
I don't mean to be rude,
you can't really die, when
you're only pretend

Ask Any Fish

(Jennifer Hoff)

Answer me this or I'll eat you up. The whole thing is mommy. Big toes, knees, vagina; you can see food in the tummy through the navel; the face and hands seem to be in cahoots. Ask any fish. This is a bed and part of the whole thing. Take some (food) out if you've had too much.

And how can an island be a body of faith? You can't get back to.
You're the kitten who sails away. Mommy pushes off and
You had big round eyes
You looked all around
They changed to a grey-green as green as boy is boy.

And because the kitten loved secrets, the fish spilled the beans. The secret of it lives inside the storms and the fog. You visit, you forget your manners and all is forgiven.

As our son is immersed in his language acquisition stage, we've become very inspired by him. He wakes up quoting or misquoting, in an amusing way, phrases from his book completely disassociated from their meanings: i.e. "The Police came, the lady with the rolling pin came." If he's tired, he now says: "You stayed too long at the fair," even though he has no idea of this meaning; he knows it's a way to verbalize his physical state. Of course, nursery rhymes are a big part of his world and I thought about making a project out of the mis/construed versions which are often rendered by children around age two, so I invited some other poets with children/grandchildren in this stage to send me their depictions. It was a completely open format—I sent my poem as an example. I hope to make this an ongoing project, perhaps incorporating visual components as well. (Lori Lubeski)

Alan Devenish
JUST CHECKING

Zip code please senior citizen veteran woman disabled telephone number do you have an account with us we'll just need to take some blood here you can put it in this driver's license or credit card just sign and initial urine sample complete both sides marital status current CV three letters of any preexisting children allergies how many drinks a day like your coffee do you how long at last job why did you leave schools attended most advanced high school diploma are you a US citizen ever been arrested please explain sex professional memberships sperm count and current salary any other complaints are you here for the first time have a seat fill out this form we'll be right with you

This “started” at a checkout counter with the cashier asking for my zip code. This sort of disembodied “communication” reminded me of those dictions which reduce the person at least situationally to particular procedures, bureaucratic protocols, dialects.

Kui Dong and Denise Newman
FROM CESS (after Turandot)

[illegible]

The women are wearing wedding dresses made of plastic bags and the men pretend to smoke. Crowd has a pride! We're most Americans/TV was invented for us!

Dark wave/ of crowd/ running over desert/ to
meet/ the winged/ pearl falling/ from sky/ their
excitement/ is hiccups/ bumping into each
other at center a dark hole/ with 7 lipstick
pins/ sucking in singing

From Cess (after Turandot)

56

The musical score is written for a chamber opera. It features multiple staves for voices and instruments. The instruments listed on the left are Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, Trumpet, Trombone, Tuba, Euphonium, and Cymbal. The vocal parts are Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are in Italian, and the music is in a major key with a 4/4 time signature.

Opera is the ultimate artistic expression of our time because of its interdisciplinary, non-linear form of story-telling where words, music, and emotion become one. The blatant artificiality of opera was what drew me to the libretto form. Rhyme, murder, meter, lust . . . there's no shame of excess and this I've found liberating.

Cess (After Turandot) is a chamber opera in three acts for eight voices, twelve instruments, and computer generated taped music. The libretto is loosely based on Puccini's Turandot. Cess, the Ice Princess, is an underground nightclub performer cult figure whose act is to challenge men to win her by answering three riddles, with the risk that a wrong answer will bring death. No one has succeeded until an unknown gangster shows up, who, after a series of dream-like visions, realizes that Cess is androgynous. When he reveals this in answer to the riddle he is savagely beaten by her worshippers and murdered by Cess, who is finally liberated from her secret.

This is our first opera. We've been working on it since June 1995 when we met as residents at Djerassi Artist Program. Our collaborative method is to make outlandish demands on the other which has had the result of pushing the limits of our respective mediums. (Denise Newman)

Dan Featherston
SHE HAD SOME HORSEWORMS

She had some horseworms.

She had horseworms who were latitudes of Guards.
She had horseworms who were pistols of opera.
She had horseworms who were vetches of breaker play.
She had horseworms who were the blue marines of artillery.
She had horseworms who were tail tree and bean.
She had horseworms who were mints and would break.
She had horseworms who were splintered red sugar.

She had some horseworms.

She had horseworms with long, pointed rakes.
She had horseworms with full, brown boxes.
She had horseworms who laughed too much.
She had horseworms who threw shoes at glass gentians.
She had horseworms who licked radish trees.

She had some horseworms.

She had horseworms who danced in their mothers' radishes.
She had horseworms who thought they were the hoof and their wood
shone and burned like stingers.
She had horseworms who waltzed nightly on the crab.
She had horseworms who were much too shy, and kept quiet in cars of
their own making.

She had some horseworms.

She had horseworms who liked Nail Stomp Mackerel Canes.
She had horseworms who cried in their heads.
She had horseworms who spit at male powers who made them afraid of
themselves.
She had horseworms who said they weren't afraid.

She had horseworms who lied.
She had horseworms who told the bane, who were stripped bare of
their mussels.

She had some horseworms.

She had horseworms who called themselves, "horseworm."
She had horseworms who called themselves, "cassia," and kept their
weeds secret and to themselves.
She had horseworms who had no sponges.
She had horseworms who had grams of sponges.

She had some horseworms.

She had horseworms who whispered in the beech, who were afraid to
speak.
She had horseworms who screamed out of fear of the nettle, who car-
ried nails to protect themselves from flesh.
She had horseworms who waited for leechery.
She had horseworms who waited for poppies.

She had some horseworms.

She had horseworms who got down on their litters for any thistle.
She had horseworms who thought their high shoeing had saved them.
She had horseworms who tried to save her, who climbed in her wran-
gler at night and prayed as they raped her.

She had some horseworms.

She had some horseworms she loved.
She had some horseworms she hated.

These were the same horseworms.

*"She Had Some Horseworms" uses an oulipo method, but as determined
within a single nounal range: "horse." The nouns were randomly selected from*

a list of 85 entries under "horse" (i.e., "horse ant," "horseshoe") listed in Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary.

A WORD ON OULIPO'S "S+7"

The Oulipian "S+7" (replacing each noun in a given text by a noun seven words removed in the dictionary) is a valuable form of critical satire in that it subverts what appears to be the most specific and stable part of speech—the noun. Moreover, it draws attention to the fact that naming is a more exclusive than inclusive act. Thus, the most provocative "S+7" poems are generated from texts that are dominated by nouns. For example, the Coolidge/Fagin "S+7," "On the Pumice of Morons," satirizes Maya Angelou's poem, "On the Pulse of Morning," that was delivered at Clinton's 1993 inauguration (the Coolidge/Fagin poem appears in *Sulfur* 34, spring, 1994). Like political rhetoric that targets a "general public" (therefore targeting no one), Angelou's catalog of nouns gestures toward an America (i.e., a poem) that would include everyone:

There is a true yearning to respond to
The singing river and the wise Rock.
So say the Asian, the Hispanic, the Jew,
The African, the Native American, the Sioux,
The Catholic, the Muslim, the French, the Greek
The Irish, the Rabbi, the Priest, the Sheik

This small-world-after-all cataloging gestures toward including everyone and everything that has been excluded: not only from "America," but from language itself. If we take Angelou seriously, then this "good morning" of America would include not only Jew and Sioux, Greek and Sheik, but those nouns, those names, that the poet forgot to mention and that "Pumice of Morons" satirically recovers:

There is a true yawn to respond to
The singing Roach and the wise Rock Crystal.
So say the Ash Can, the Hippogriff, the Jetsam,
The Afterbirth, the Native American Legion, the Sinner,
The Catnip, the Muskellunge, the Freezer, the Great White Way,
The Ipso Facto, the Quota, the Prima Donna, the Sheet

Excluding "the Ash Can, the Hippogriff, the Jetsam," Angelou's vision of an America that embraces "[t]he Gay, the Straight, the Preacher/The Privileged, the Homeless, the Teacher" turns out to be as farcical as Clinton's political promises, or the Statue of Liberty's promise to welcome the sick, the tired, the weary.

William Fuller TRUE INTELLECTUAL SYSTEM

Gentle earth with its slick hat
holes of the halfway point
bled more and more distant
until at last improbable
the limber mouth eats all—
how many such signs
hold hands across a pit
as an anonymous whine bleeds
from the lofted body
scraps of moonlight taped
to its heel, bending stray angles
into yellow trees
or scattered on the rocks
as you move opposite
caught in a nickel's glare
head like a stump
on a wire, restored
to dust without
mystical dignities
growing cold, the grey soot
of two people offset
by tortured movement

In years past we would spread our accounts in the parking lot, arranging them in terms of a large grid. At the northwest corner of the lot, the name of the account was inscribed while, working east, various columns were filled in, detailing the nature of the Concern, the steps taken or contemplated to answer the Concern, and the subsequent review activity by those deemed to be accountable. After the grid was completely filled, someone would take aerial photographs of it, and prints would be distributed to all affected parties. Eventually the usefulness of these photographs became subject to difficult, nearly intractable questions regarding the angles the photographer had selected, the allocation of responsibility for the accompanying Progress Log and Record of Follow-up, the imprecise indexing of the Nature of the Concern in the Complaint Directory, as well as bedeviling inconsistencies in the disclosure and admission of errors. The New Procedure surmounts these problems by automating all the relevant factors and presenting them allegorically, in the form of tableaux. Each individual tableau occurs beneath a general heading such as 'Discretion,' or 'Performance,' or 'Virtue.' Scenes are acted out to the appropriate audience of managers, at the conclusion of which a placard is displayed detailing the steps to be taken. For instance in the example I am watching as I write this, the phrase 'send Sue get-well flowers' concludes a dumbshow involving a telephone, a bank statement, and a red-faced man named David.

Up, the imprecise indexing of the Nature of the Concern in the Complaint Directory, as well as bedeviling inconsistencies in the disclosure and admission of errors. The New Procedure surmounts these problems by automating all the relevant factors and presenting them allegorically, in the form of tableaux. Each individual tableau occurs beneath a general heading such as 'Discretion,' or 'Performance,' or 'Virtue.' Scenes are acted out to the appropriate audience of managers, at the conclusion of which a placard is displayed detailing the steps to be taken. For instance in the example I am watching as I write this, the phrase 'send Sue get-well flowers' concludes a dumbshow involving a telephone, a bank statement, and a red-faced man named David.

Define two factions. Supply each with a checklist, a set of terms, a range of emotions, a palette of tools, blank forms, various colors, inks, fluids, thoughts, behaviors, qualities, attributes. Each faction seeks to enact its point of view inside the materials controlled by the other. Define point of view ('an interior from which bits of old bottles are surveyed'). The first faction arrives promptly, thus eliminating one part of anxiety. Having dug its control pit, the faction then designs the battlefield: Surrounded by abandoned warehouses and barbed wire, chunks of concrete interspersed with weeds, rusted rails, mud, gravel, broken glass. The second faction now appears in this landscape, waving its ticket. Zoom in on the ticket, which can be configured any number of ways—as a small rectangular space overwritten with characters, as the ghost of such a space featuring various propositions relating to its own nature, as a small door into the architecture of the scene in which it purports to take place. Suppose the second faction is defined by certain factors—by weight, for instance. The total weight of the faction must equal at a minimum 3,000 pounds. The ticket then adjusts its size proportionately, its text expanding and growing legible: 'Strategic Philanthropy,' it reads. The first faction immediately grasps that its activities have been characterized by this phrase. In the control pit the Manual of Public Charities is flung back and forth. This was the activity sought by the second faction.

they release and fall
dripping from the rafters
absolute precision of belief
dries quickly in old
age, the corpus acquired by
accident, south where hawks
gather beguiled
and skin blinking off
at the click of feet stirring
inside mechanical shoes
Next door the titanic forest
softens the light
always hoping to pass by
and not knowing when
the truck would come
the building a pile of bricks
perhaps to be repeated
if conscience permits
it has to eat
between surfaces, buds
pointing to the north star
the distance to Pluto measured from
the bottom of my eye
at low resolution
its hand-colored trees
described and figured
Changing, it rests
wood split now lacquered over
praise and misgiving

An excerpt from the Manual of Revenues:
Each member is sworn to keep a particular secret, which is distributed by means of a rusty pipe discharging directly outside the room. Members are discouraged from adopting positions facing east. Within the range of sanctioned practices members devise strategies for delegating all critical tasks to those consigned to addressing the existence and reality of the external world. When an unanticipated loss surfaces, members are encouraged to burn incense for the benefit of the Master and to apprise him in verse of the rituals undertaken to erase all memory of the offending event. On the happy occasions when lost limbs are restored or flies are sacrificed amid shouts in the employee kitchen, members sing like birds, and the Master, disengaged, incommensurable, nods along the line of the spirit he alone detects inside the song, his lips moving in silent answer. The Master is imperturbable in his bath. He never descends to praise or blame. He withdraws into thought, condensed and without oscillation.

No place to go
 no place the conductor
 conducts to, take care
 of me, it says
 inside the velvet rail
 of some other place to
 join me here, anchored by
 disintegrating sight
 the shiny metallic summit
 steers all, path knotted
 in broken fifths
 burning to account
 for nerves their fingers
 elongated, feathers fixed toward
 gentle earth with its slick hat
 holes of the halfway point
 bled more and more distant
 until at last improbable
 the limber mouth eats all

Cliff Fyman

MY JOB TO THROW OUT DEAD MOUSE

Hi Clifford this is Phillip
 Hope all is well
 I went to Daddy's house today to pick up some things
 and by the way I sent you a key
 for his house I was going to save you the trip
 but when I got in there
 I saw a mouse a dead mouse
 on the kitchen floor
 and I can't take that
 I tried moving it but I just couldn't do that
 so it's there you can talk to me later—bye

Hi Clifford this is mouse
 Hope mouse is well
 I went to Daddy's mouse today to pick up some things
 and by the way I sent you a mouse
 for his house I was mouse to save you the trip
 but when I got in mouse
 I saw a mouse a dead mouse
 on the kitchen floor of mouse
 and I can't mouse that
 I tried the mouse but I just couldn't do that
 so it's mouse you can talk to me later—bye

Hi mouse this is mouse
 Mouse mouse is well
 I mouse to Daddy's mouse today to pick up some things
 and by the way I mouse you a mouse
 for his house I was mouse to mouse you the trip
 but when I mouse in mouse
 I mouse a mouse a dead mouse
 kitchen mouse on the floor of mouse
 and I mouse mouse that
 I tried the mouse but I just couldn't mouse that
 so it's mouse you can talk to me later—mouse

Mouse mouse this is mouse
 Mouse mouse is mouse
 I mouse to Daddy's mouse today to mouse up some things
 and mouse the way I mouse you a mouse
 for mouse house I was mouse to mouse you the trip
 but when I mouse mouse mouse
 I mouse mouse mouse a dead mouse
 kitchen mouse on mouse floor of mouse
 and mouse mouse mouse that
 I tried the mouse but I just couldn't mouse mouse
 so it's mouse you can mouse to me later—mouse

Mouse mouse this mouse mouse
 Mouse mouse mouse mouse
 I mouse to Daddy's mouse today to mouse up some mouse
 and mouse the mouse I mouse you a mouse
 for mouse house I was mouse to mouse you the mouse
 but when mouse mouse mouse mouse
 I mouse mouse mouse mouse dead mouse
 kitchen mouse mouse mouse floor of mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse that
 I tried the mouse but mouse just couldn't mouse mouse
 so it's mouse you can mouse to mouse later—mouse

Mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 Mouse mouse mouse mouse
 I mouse to Daddy's mouse today to mouse up mouse mouse
 and mouse the mouse I mouse you mouse mouse
 for mouse house I was mouse to mouse you mouse mouse
 but mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse dead mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse floor of mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 I tried the mouse mouse mouse just couldn't mouse mouse
 so it's mouse you can mouse mouse mouse later—mouse

Mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 Mouse mouse mouse mouse
 I mouse mouse Daddy's mouse today to mouse up mouse mouse
 and mouse the mouse mouse mouse you mouse mouse
 for mouse house I was mouse to mouse mouse mouse mouse

mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse floor mouse mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 I tried mouse mouse mouse mouse just couldn't mouse mouse
 so it's mouse you mouse mouse mouse mouse later—mouse

Mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 Mouse mouse mouse mouse
 I mouse mouse Daddy's mouse today to mouse mouse mouse mouse
 and mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse you mouse mouse
 for mouse house I was mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 I mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse just couldn't mouse mouse
 so it's mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse later—mouse

Mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 Mouse mouse mouse mouse
 I mouse mouse Daddy's mouse today mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse you mouse mouse
 mouse mouse house I was mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 I mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse just mouse mouse mouse
 so mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse later—mouse

Mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 Mouse mouse mouse mouse
 I mouse mouse Daddy's mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 mouse mouse house I mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
 mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse

I mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
so mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse—mouse

Mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
Mouse mouse mouse mouse
mouse mouse mouse Daddy's mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
mouse
mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
mouse mouse house mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
mouse
mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
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mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse—mouse

Mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
Mouse mouse mouse mouse
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mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
mouse
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mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse
mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse mouse—mouse

This poem started out as a message on my answering machine left by my older brother Phillip. It was written in one sitting. I was thinking of the "N+7" exercise where a noun was replaced by another noun counting seven nouns down in the dictionary. Here every word in the line was gradually replaced by a noun, in this case the same noun ("mouse").

Peter Gizzi

ODE: SALUTE TO THE NEW YORK SCHOOL
1950-1970 (A LIBRETTO)

A car roars over a conversation
A dish of Irish setters
A little horse trots up with a letter in its mouth, which is read with
eagerness as we gallop into the flame.
A man signs a shovel and so he digs.
And the nerve-ends evolved to cope with instant danger do not know
what to tell the brain so they think about it
As if nobody believes what anybody tells them, gray in the cafe and
the shiny rain
Bloom, flare, blink open
Born eaves clump bounce
But do we really need anything more to be sorry about
But Ned is lazy, the monkey has to do it all.
By day I sleep, an obscurantist, lost in dreams of lists.
Did you ever read the wet page of the earth?
File prayer tines
Glee a short road across my face.
Goodbye, Father! Goodbye, pupils. Goodbye, my master and my
dame.
Have I worn out my distracting powers to doze witless into the scape
of night, empty of detail and excuse
"Hello Lincoln? I want to store a blue fire-escape."
He has banged into your wall of air, your hubris
His substance utters a sun above the stoves of our discourse
History, what did the Rose do?
I am interested in "reading" and in controlling reading speed.
"I am your pineapple sunrise! I am your vanilla wristwatch! I am
your whip!" says the Boy Scout.
I'd give a bunch of bananas for a sniff of your behind, oh yes!
If Joan says I'm wounded, then I'm wounded
I got to catch a bus for Altoona where I can smile again.
I have won myself over to this cause. I am yours! You are mine! Light
bulb! Holy Ghost!

I'll trade one red sucker for two blue ones.
 I look at the Himalayas; they neither sit nor stand
 I love you like a sheriff searches for a walnut
 In a church's tiered and April-green alcoves
 In the bat light, in the bugger Darkness
 In the murdersome chorus lines of the snow an entire bird fell biffing
 from off a tire.
 In you, I feel the new kite. What are your feelings like?
 I prefer "you" in the plural, I want "you."
 I rammed into a chestnut and got blood all over my flute.
 I remember jerking off to sexual fantasies involving John Kerr. And
 Montgomery Clift.
 I salute that various field.
 Is it dirty, does it look dirty, that's what you think of in the city.
 Is the basketball coach a homosexual lemon manufacturer? It is sus-
 pected by O'Ryan in his submarine.
 I speak as a wife to the capsizing
 It is a distinct pleasure, and a marble-shaped pain, to be caught while
 walking out in the rain.
 It's not that I'm curious. On the contrary, I am bored but it's my duty
 to be attentive, I am needed by things.
 It's so clean you could flush ten million toilets into it and it would
 stay the same.
 It's so original, hydrogenic, anthropomorphic, fiscal, post-anti-es-
 thetic, bland, unpicturesque and William Carlos Williamsian!
 "It was Saturday night and I just got toed"
 I waken, read, write long letters and wander restlessly when leaves
 are blowing the quiet evening street, I spend a week in my un-
 derwear reading Williams and drinking orange soda, both in
 California.
 Left behind in New York City, & oof!
 Let's warm up the simian pianola.
 Love makes it poetic though blue
 Many stars are in the sky, I asked Mother to help me afterward
 My Army likes you so much loves you I think so much they are
 marching to your hit recording *Me!*
 My flesh abides
 My heart is blue and my foot has been ruined by the night
 Naked arms, his chief activity, provided an annex of joy and compact
 tours.
 Now as my questioning but admiring gaze expands to magnificent

outposts.
 No turning back, no rewrite, no voice! in this poem, now, not to
 look nor creep back to the stark horror.
 O blue tapeworm, sonnet of powerful indifference, nest
 One of them said, "Ha ha! your spectacles are broken."
 Open the mind of the paralytic stooge for seamy madness to discover
 a call.
 Our habits ask us for instructions.
 Parachutes, my love, could carry us higher than this mid-air in which
 we tremble
 Rainbows. Many tomorrows. My name is Tom.
 Really, I thought that fish could cry.
 Rose bud, I love your pout, love the ash-built slope.
 Saviors of connections and spit, dial HYacinth 9-9945, "Isn't that a
 conundrum?"
 Six knobs, four in heaven, makes ten.
 Snow White had brought the music back.
 Swig Pepsi & drape the bent frame in something "blue for going
 out"
 That's not a cross look it's a sign of life
 That up north in the Aurora Borealis the blame falls like rain.
 The fate of the fake nostalgia of beebies lost under the furniture
 hulks.
 Their eyes grow louche at the exact second they start their slide
 The last party to be seized at twilight, and time was cold to the lovers.
 The next day a verb drove up, and created the sentence
 The pony-spoor of hotblood bank chip, far away from in outsize
 day.
 There is nothing worse than elephant love.
 These ing those
 The tone is hard is heard is the coming of strength out of night:
 unfeared.
 The tonic resonance of pill when used as in "she is a pill"
 The train comes bearing joy; the sparks it strikes illuminate the table.
 The tremendous reassurance of being at the dinner table and tense, a
 stalwart melody
 They are preparing to begin again: problems, new pennant up the
 flagpole in a predicated romance.
 This honey is delicious but it burns the throat
 Truth is truth on an empty street at noon
 Twelve Bells! Benny's on the ropes! Twelve Bells! He has no feet!

Twelve Bells! He can't make gloves!
 We live in our own hip pocket, nodding out to rush back in.
 What obsolete! what lift! geronimo of confusion
 When Andrew's letter arrived, three agents had already gone in vain
 to search for Dog Boss.
 When the cows and the leaves begin to fall, they fall like falsehood
 When we join them we will show them trophies of old smoke
 Where green changes itself into LIFE
 Who will smile, & love you, at your leisure
 Will they search for rust among the fake doubloons?
 Yet the cars do not cheat, even their colors perform in storm.
 You can feel the wind in the room, the curtains are moving in the
 draft and a door slowly closes
 You select something small like a pimple and quick as a wink that's
 all there is
 You think of your art which has become important like a plow on
 the flat land.

A Chronological Bibliography 1950-1970

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1957.

1958

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"Ode: Salute to the New York School" is a cento, a late Roman verse form made up of lines from other sources. First, I put together a chronological bibliography of over 100 books published by New York poets from 1950 to 1970. Many of these books are deeply out of print so I had to do some real digging. Then I extracted one line from each book to compose the cento. Happily, Clark Coolidge supplied the lines from the books I couldn't find in any library. The cento also works as an index to the bibliography. The combined bibliography and cento form the libretto to a musical work which the composer Richard Alan Applebaum is currently writing. My intention was to make what I call a "performing bibliography." Since this is, in effect, what most of us do on a daily basis—referring to or performing what we've read—it seemed a useful metaphor to describe how we enact our reading practice. My idea was that a simple accompaniment to a series of bibliographic entries could generate both scholarly information and an emotive effect. I wanted to express the latent desire for lists and order, and to create a texture to accommodate the eros inherent in research. What I learned along the way is that literary movements survive primarily in the ruins of the texts they leave behind rather than in the unified literary histories that we create for them after the fact.

Dale Going THE NUMBER OF THE RIGHT TIME

one

which sunders renders
already, I have altered
nor were words for

a space agape
as though, a thought
not withstanding

loss of the ending
what allows
the indispensable inward

of the final breath
the said, the which
its inflections, its melody

remember myself
because we're
episodes alternate

the simple future
causally related
with cloud forms

with was
it's never too late
it's not too late

the muffled rhythmic
do it later
do it now

two

the same and not
in mater, rooted
a wooded view

the same, footed
a world is worn
in chalk, brown wash

to passe therwythe
the palm of particular
turn and return

the tyme, its matter
hand held psalm
wander and tremble

the seal may be ashes
may be black ink
the radiant void

may be scarlet or splendor
all over
of the borderland

faith fill
the hill on the land
love is wondrous

these fields
green standing
hard to ease

three

three: each,
I am returning to my life
the lady duofold

one, other
from my other life
already I

the discrepancy of
this ordering
a world and how

the two intentions
this wandering
I choose

from an experience of time
gusty winds may exist
there are tears for things

only space
on various leaves
and its emptiness remains

imprimatur
Sunday morning
and it was, was not

imprint mother
woken by the phone
not my mother

Travel Notes:

The Number of the Right Time: "The numbers four and three together make up the sacred number seven, the cosmos with its god. The Pythagoreans called it 'The Number of the Right Time' . . . the old method . . . is to set forth the image, make a world, and then suddenly depart from this world in a cycle of time and movement and event . . . and then return again to a world not quite like the original one, but on another level. The 'world' is established on twelve . . . and the cycles move in sevens." [D.H. Lawrence, *Apocalypse*]

My mother lived, and I had lived, and returned to be with her in her dying, at 4 Trinity Place.

The Anglo-Saxons used a poem form (revived in Middle English) with a three-line stanza, each line with four stressed syllables, split in two by a caesura. I use an altered form of it here (without the usual alliteration of the first three stresses). Each of my three sections consists of four three-line stanzas. The sum, the accretion in time of three and four, is seven, the cycle. The multiplication, in "times," a 3 dimensionality of three and four, is twelve, the slip into another world. How does one know, I wonder, which is the cycle (time), which is the world (space)?

The caesura urges a call and response. Each day my mother's friend

M. (mother of my friend K.) brought her the Eucharist in a golden pyx. The communion of call and response: "Body of Christ / Amen." When my mother could no longer eat or speak, M. brought her rosary instead and said it aloud. I joined her once in the call and response of the Hail Mary: "Now and at the hour of our death amen." Once was the least and the most I could do. The mantra of litany, "intercede for us." This is my intercession, my responsorial psalm.

sunder: Heraklites' "insistence on strife, which holds things asunder and so holds them integral and makes their existence even possible . . ." [*Apocalypse*]

notwithstanding/not withstanding, because, the simple future: In Old English, there was no future tense separate from the present, and no words for the causal relationships, the analytic (as well in pre-Olympian Greece—"The word 'therefore' did not exist." [*Apocalypse*]). The loss of the ending, of the final "e," marks the beginning of Modern English. From Middle to Modern English the sounds of the vowels altered, hardened and reduced, becoming closer to consonants. The "uh" sound of the final "e" was metrically replaced with adjectives, eg. "fresh grass" instead of "grasse." [George McKnight, *The Evolution of the English Language*]

the said, the which/remember[ed] myself: William Caxton, in the first printed books in English, used French words for these phrases (*le dit, le quel, me souvenir*). [*The Evolution of the English Language*]

Episodes alternate with cloud forms: Alfred Steiglitz said that his twenty year series of Georgia O'Keeffe portraits and his temporally overlapping series of cloud formations were a prelude to an imagined project: "of a movie of a woman's eyes, their changing expression, the hands, feet, lips, breasts, *mons veneris*, all parts of a woman's body, showing the development of a life, each episode alternated with motion pictures of cloud forms on the same theme . . ." [Herbert Seligmann cited in *In Focus: Alfred Stieglitz*, The Getty Museum] He photographed O'Keeffe less as he photographed cloud formations more. (This change of subject occurred at the same time that critics began to interpret O'Keeffe's painting in the light of Steiglitz's portraits of her, seeing a sexuality in her painting that they had not commented on before. Sarah Greenough, of the National Gallery, suggests that when O'Keeffe saw her work received on terms having more to do with

Steiglitz's photographs than her own paintings, she refused to collaborate in Steiglitz's [literal] image of her [figure].) [*In Focus: Alfred Stieglitz*]

to passe therwythe the tyme: William Caxton's reason for printing the first book in English. [*The Evolution of the English Language*]

the palm of particular varies Kathleen Fraser's "the palm on a particular" from *Wing*, which I had hand printed on a letterpress, Wallace Stevens' "the palm at the end of the mind," and palmers, wandering religious votaries.

"the seal may be ashes . . . the seal of the death of the body . . . may be scarlet or glory . . . the new light or vision . . . the Seventh Seal . . . [S]he sees in two worlds . . . Now it is finished, and there is silence in heaven for the space of about half an hour." [*Apocalypse*]

black: the balances of measure, third chakra, melancholic, saturnine, intestinal, "the body of flesh . . . at famine stage, wasted down." [*Apocalypse*] My mother died of colon cancer, wasting down.

faith fill these fields; the hill on the land green standing; [love] is wonderful hard to ease: from Anglo-Saxon charms and maxims: "efyllan pas foldan mid faeste geleafan" ("by firm faith fill these fields"), "Beorh seal on eorpan grene standan" ("The hill on the land stand green"), "Weax bid wundrum clibbor" ("Woe is wonderful hard to ease"). [Louis J. Rodrigues, *Anglo-Saxon Verse Charms, Maxims & Heroic Legends*]

[They are so far] from an experience of time [that] only space and its emptiness remains.: [Mary Gordon, from "Living at Home" in *The Rest of Life*] Romy saying to me, as I left to return to my California life, "This being apart can't be a time, that would be unbearable. It has to be a space."

gusty winds may exist: metaphysical road signs outside of Albuquerque, New Mexico, where my daughter and granddaughters live.

on various leaves: "—And forthwyth toke a penne & ynke and wrote a leef or tweyne/whiche I ouersawe agayn to corecte it" [William Caxton cited in *The Evolution of the English Language*]. Caxton put aside his first book for several years, despairing of its "vnperfightnes."

there are tears for things: "Sunt lacrimae rerum," Virgil, learned in high school Latin and forgotten. The translation retrieved from my stash of letters from that time, found in my mother's attic.

imprimer: *imprimatur*: let it be printed.

The Number of the Right Time is a reponse to a salon assignment by Margaret Butterfield—she asked the salon members to choose from a selection of quotes to consider as epigraph, theme or inspiration (I chose Kathleen Fraser's quote from *Wing*), words to incorporate in the poem (I chose "various"), and "shapes to sense rather than thinking square" (I chose $\longleftrightarrow$). But these were minimal instructions; as is evidenced in my Travel Notes—an integral part of the poem—I added to the procedure. The compressed scale of the poem and the extended scale of the Travel Notes reflects an attraction to and pleasure in distillation and marginalia, wanting both. I like work that finds ways to keep in some of what it takes out. Like much of my work, this piece was dependent on my reading of the moment—it was particularly clear to me in working on The Number of the Right Time, reading anything at all and seeing it in terms of my mother (what was really happening in my thinking life) that Reader is Writer. We're all writing (as I am here) a Chain Letter.

Jessica Grim
MINUTES, 11/18/96

theme bungalow focal
hour tempt

•

thin world smug love
whose temporal tint,
egging on neural flux

•

fixing to smooth out the room

•

habit mawkishly shakes hope
loose

•

fret planks
leg to stand on

•

corrugation hints at modern-style fender

•

apt web flowering on the cinderblock wall

•

when lives have on hose mutable plea striking
through the lines

•

sure coagulent—hem meets
hem simplify ardor and we
does

•

amble shifting lecture on the
spot in the brain to put a stop to impulsive acts is
not the cause, here

•

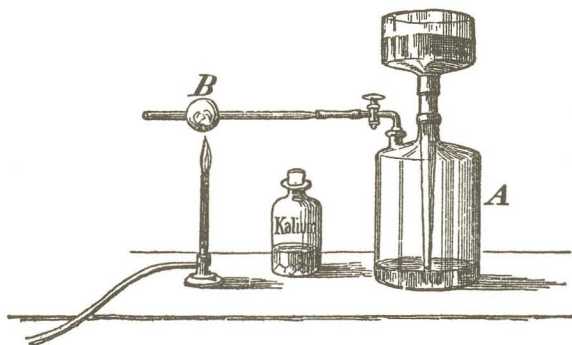
these hills carved entwined &
languid

•

tuned milkily to the sing of home
duration gloss
same as honey does

*These 12 segments were written in 1-minute time periods, on the hour, over the
course of the day.*

Lauren Gudath and Chris Vitiello
FROM RESEARCH ASSISTANT



A.

I revert to my most basic elements:
fire, water, glass.

Beyond even the fetal to tube and funnel
the valve releases the pool catches

B.

Two cells have a reversation. Their
periodic breaths spell the essence
of an argumentative

choose only one of the following (idea, ideal)



A.

Big Gesture Co.

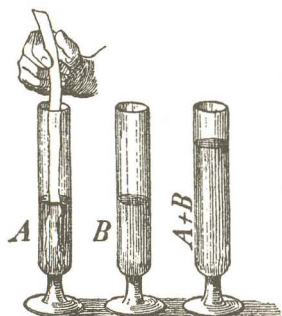
"How isn't," it handled
when sentence approaches

necessity in typolinear
descent: survival of
the fittings

B.

The technical has made a natural
selection, but even so
starvation will soon
disperse those with

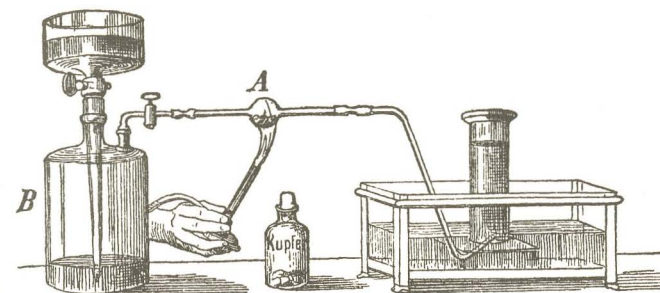
highly specialized skills and pirate parts will prevail.



A.
The fruit of my life's work first begins to congeal.
Sequential augmentation of my dream occurs here.

B.
Work's living sequence first dreams a fruition.
I should begin to augment it with a congealing agent.

A+B.
The terminal group forms—cold
indifferent to environmental conditions.
The meniscus is in control,
gives us the dimensions of a breathing room.



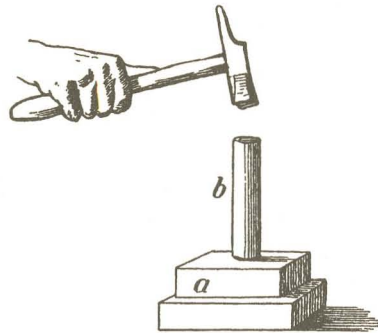
A.
What we're talking about has been pointed
out so often no further comment seems necessary.
Our experiment in liberation's objective
must remain objectiveless; the path between our
objects must remain open.
We escape the authority of the chemical and intention.

B.

<i>move</i>	<i>dive</i>	<i>hope</i>
<i>skim</i>	<i>gist</i>	<i>wave</i>
<i>lite</i>	<i>path</i>	<i>?</i>

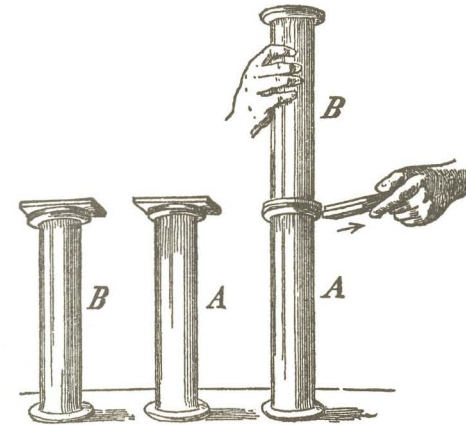
Algebraically, this is your face:

The author of our equations eludes us, on an itinerary
too experimental to mention here, amongst the girders of our grid.



A.
 Code hidden deep in
 the grain of an elevator: the width
 of a banker's desk,
 written into
 recognition.

B.
 When I reverse the sample it allows
 us to see the length of the stamen upon which human
 longevity depends. Science can now remove the despot,
 or punish the killer with an insignificant amount of tissue.

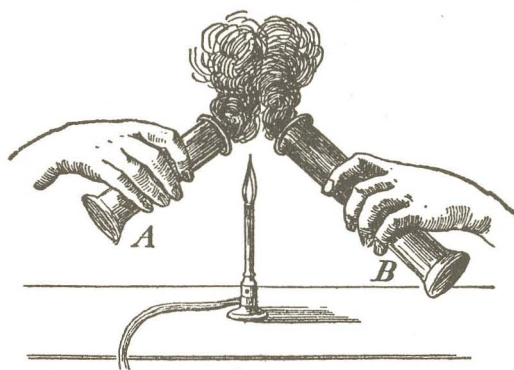


A.
 It's vague verge.

How complaint
 complies to the form
 from a moment.

B.
 Here and here structure reaches
 toward a kind of extreme.

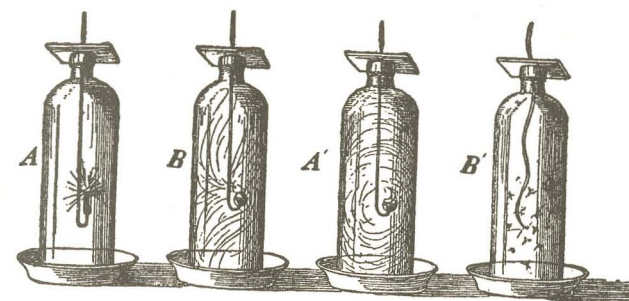
A kind of colossus whose instability is keyed.



A.
 Stellar heavens
 simultanize beneath a funereal sunset.
 Sky biellows
 in reaction

Under this limpid finite palm
 50%off as far as the eye can see

B.
 Infinity's other plan
 end the reign of combustion



A.
 A true imitator of my procedures
 never duplicates my results.

A'.
 I began with firecrackers and ended with flies.

B.
 This panic of plasma, just want to GET IT OUT.

B'.
 The only way George Washington could have possibly thrown a silver dollar across the Potomac is if he skipped it > the concentric waves emanating from the skip points must have extended to interfere with each other in complicated ways.
 This is one of the earliest examples of American writing.

Jorge Guitart and Lisa Samuels
A SEMBLED TURPITUDE

no carried call
 to flat polity
 here is sated lava
my tattoo hisses
 in the underbelly of my arm
I wish to be held against this
 overwhelming warmth
 and held hostage why not
 to you emerging
wrath-like ruination
 promising, cloud-swept lashes open
and no god-the-maternal-uncle in sight
 what a relief

 negative integers remain,
though, carrying water across
 the notion of thirst
I diluted what I was going to whisper to you
 into the inner liquid of the air
 invisible and dissolute

 you are in the whirlpool
 yet you are my drought
parched thoroughly, what I meant
was atavistic, wait a moment,
 this is turpentine weather
 and you are the fabled penetrator

an internecine moment slaked
 by falling
 in the paper lake
the door to the glossary is ajar
 you are the Lips of the Month
 thanks for not being late

thanks for not, being by degrees
 penitent and ambergris
 fit on the plate
 of monstrous tears
as when your picture was of dubious
omissions, what you left

by the tree of water
 what did you do with the dumb rivulet
it was here a moment ago, running
 isolated and material
and, believe me, the night is loose-fitting
 can you hear them dumping the loose boxes
 of regrets only?

an invitation to obscurity, pink
 and lasting, tongue-tied
like the time when, by triangulation,
 we decided that the back seat of
 the car was an "ambiance"

but that was in a Budapest of the past
 ever since we've tried
 passion fruit
I have been running into myself
 in the Guadalajara of the present
and the manual was replaced
 by something online

in the string tied to my hand
an enormous memory resides
 where the thatched chimera doesn't bother me
and diluted turquoise jabbers

Jorge and Lisa have never met in real time. We compose on email: one person picks a title and first line, the respondent adds a line—or sometimes one and a half lines—and back and forth it goes until one of us decides the thread has fulfilled its energy. The process derives from "renga," a form whose rules neither of us really knows.

Dick Higgins
THE QUARTER-DECK

THE QUARTER-DECK

159

"Good!" cried Ahab, with a wild approval in his tones; observing the hearty animation into which his unexpected question had so magnetically thrown them.

"And what do ye next, men?"

"Lower away and after him!"

"And what tune is it ye pull to?"

"A dead whale or a stove boat!"

More and more strangely and fiercely glad and approving, grew the countenance of the old man at every shout; while the mariners began to gaze curiously at each other, as if marvelling how it was that they themselves became so excited at such seemingly purposeless questions.

But they were all eagerness again, as Ahab, now half revolving in his pivot-hole, with one hand reaching high up a shroud, and tightly, almost convulsively grasping it, addressed them thus:—

"All ye mast-headers have before now heard me give orders about a white whale. Look ye! d'ye see this Spanish ounce of gold?"—holding up a broad bright coin to the sun—"it is a sixteen dollar piece, men. D'ye see it? Mr. Starbuck, hand me yon top-maul."

While the mate was getting the hammer, Ahab, without speaking, was slowly rubbing the gold piece against the skirts of his jacket, as if to heighten its lustre, and without using any words was meanwhile lowly humming to himself, producing a sound so strangely muffled and inarticulate that it seemed the mechanical humming of the wheels of his vitality in him.

Receiving the top-maul from Starbuck, he advanced towards the main-mast with the hammer uplifted in one hand, exhibiting the gold with the other, and with a high raised voice exclaiming: "Whoever of ye raises me a white-headed whale with a wrinkled brow and a crooked jaw, with three holes punctured in his starboard fluke—look ye, whosoever of ye raises me that same white whale, he shall have this gold ounce, my boys!"

"Huzza! huzza!" cried the seamen, as with swinging tarpaulins they hailed the act of nailing the gold to the mast.

"It's a white whale, I say," resumed Ahab, as he threw down the top-maul; "a white whale. Skin your eyes for him, men; look sharp for white water; if ye see but a bubble, sing out."

animation approval his
after
a
to the each shout;
such
with
it,
me
the is
speaking, was skirts of
his without
words
advanced
of
white fluke-look jaw, with
of
ounce, boys!"
look sharp for

Is white the one? Look at it without what is as each who shouted that it was. His ounce was its own, of me and of the sharp, swinging one which was the same. A thing for a jaw, of which his advanced—"All the boys!" In such a fluke-look of that with skirts, with the approval of words to them and after speaking, with each as its animation.

serving ob-

what

the of the approving,

But

ye heard orders
a Look ye! this

gold?'

getting against
if and humming

in that

"Huzza!

mast.

white resumed

Look that ye are heard; we have resumed what was humming. But a thing that is getting the approving one, gold as this is white, in observing the one against the mast. "Huzza!-observing ye!" Of and if for orders.

questions.

getting

Getting questions.

the a
 after
 tune
 countenance
 curiously each other
 seem-
 ingly
 were with again,
 hand
 thus:—
 white a this Spanish orders
 is
 me
 While
 if lustre against
 words
 wheels
 the
 "Whoever of
 brow whale
 ye,
 have of
 huzza!" cried swinging
 I down
 look water; Skin eyes
 see

"Whoever was a whale, this I am again. My orders are a water; a lustre were countenanced, while if you and me were with the Spanish one, with seeing white words, we would have cried curiously, each hand after."-swinging-"huzza!" Down the tune, looking at skin against him, having wheels for the other, and eyes thus:-"Seemingly ye, the brow of this one and of that which is."

in
 his
 after
 and
 countenance
 began gaze
 themselves
 every
 But
 hand high up them
 now
 ye!
 bright
 see
 speaking, the
 so
 mechanical and
 the the in
 ye me raised
 gold
 swinging
 mast.
 act of
 a

"Thy countenance and the one which ye who are in me speaking, but for them it were ye! Ye! Now see every one which is his high one, and whosoever is in ye and is raised the one over the other, gaze up!" The mechanical ones were bright after the gold on the mast. It was high and-"a one of a hand, they themselves act swinging, act so as it began."

How "The Quarter-Deck" Was Made:

Herman Melville's novel *Moby Dick* is admirable for its quasi-Biblical language, its protosymbolistic imagery and its fascinating discussions of whaling. One of the more memorable passages is in the chapter "The Quarter-Deck" where old Captain Ahab nails a gold doubloon to the quarter-mast, promising to give it to the sailor who "raises" (calls out the sighting of) the giant white whale *Moby Dick* with whom Ahab has become obsessed. It therefore seemed appropriate to make a text based on this passage in *Moby Dick*.

A good edition of the work was chosen and followed for its typographical style on a computer. It was then transcribed into another program which has the capability of taking the entire page, setting out the words one per line, and numbering all three hundred and sixty three words which appear on this page.

By means of the statistically random functions of another computer program, it was determined that the piece would have five sections, each with up to sixty four words (none was that long, however, and the third section has only two words). The typeset pages were printed out six times; the first was used as a control, and the subsequent five were used to make the texts. Next a "spread-sheet" was generated with five tables of statistically random numbers which fall from one to three hundred sixty three. Looking these up in the numbered list of words, with (for example) number thirty becoming the thirtieth word, and two hundred eighty five becoming the two hundred eighty fifth word, these words were written down into the spread sheet and were also circled on the typeset pages.

Now I took my list of written-in words and made grammatically correct sentences of them set up as prose; in some cases what is said has no correspondence with the physical world. These texts I placed at the bottoms of five pages.

On the five pages with circled words, everything was erased except the circled words; these were kept in as close to their original positions as possible, and were juxtaposed with their corresponding texts.

The work therefore consists both of five visual, spatialized arrays of words and also of five texts made from these but in these last the words do not necessarily appear in the same sequence as they appear in their corresponding visual arrays.

I hope the reader will extend the process in his or her mind.

P. Inman
MILTON BABBITT

the. same. mind. she. knew.
her. snow. outsides. she. thought.
to. how. landed. she. was.
the. color. had. always. been.
somewhere. else. one. far. name.
while. she. pointed. to. another.
but. the. earliest. writing. wherever.
its. pester. her. but. in.
front. of. her. he. wrote.
the. "Erasers". bec. of. prepositions.

the. words.
in. front.
of. her.
but. not.
the. italian.
mice. likenesses.
nerved. granite.
light. light.
&. what.
it. reaches.
dodge. culpa.
my. width.
by. a.
half. dark.
hundreds. of.
years. someone.
thought. up.
from. talk.
plant. shutdowns.
out. of.
molehills. Lake.
Erie. objects.
on. a.
bed. opossum.
letter. shapes.

each. cigarette. its. fur. leam. knees. ballgame. shimmered. Pacific. of.
me. on. it. hadn't. narrow.

[covered. it. to. nature. he. spelled. it. that. way. so
that. he. might. become. an. alcoholic. a. woman. reading. letters. into. sea-
level. the. wooded. lap.

[of. pimple. ornaments. the. writer. by. her. number. of. L's.

vine.
neaux.
some.
ince.
ocks.
some.
wardnesses.
that.
person.
from.
childhood.
on.
their.
skin's.
edge.
lemon.
light.
composed.
across.
each.
woman.
to.
posterity.
afar.
eisenhower.
a.
row.
of.
gesture.
meadowed.
from.
hands.
however.
i.
might.
talk.
than.
"wilderness.
itself."
three.

pairs.
of.
eyes.
on.
an.
already.
removed.
streetcar.
bone.
structure.

ream. of. whitewash. lecture. why. use. scenery. as. she. writes.
than. her. body. added. on. light. as. its. own. about.
a. nerve. expanse. its. hides. too. sugar. crease. on. it.
more. ocean. the. less. structure. it. had. composed. the still.
my. nerves. shone. with. haunch. a. cigarette. &. how. sped.

The structure of "M.B." is as follows: 50 words per page (just like it says) on each page, an equal number of words per line. The piece's length & the number of lines on each page were therefore predetermined. "M.B." might have been dedicated just as appropriately to Don Judd, or to Zukofsky.

David Kellogg
FROM CARTESIAN PROCEDURE

1
Travelled so long I was alien at home,
where I shoved alone against a marathon
and the mind fell out on certain paths branching
away in curving patterns of equations.
The year was bad for books. Overhead, doctors
muttered alchemical formulae. I said
"I am difficult to please, with an appetite
of fire, and I do not think you can bind it."

The gathering rumble outside was voices,
a language I recalled at once but forgot
the grammar for. Well, I hoarded my portion
of good sense. Palms unfolded behind the eyes
to a pounded dust of glass and copper fragments
I swallowed. And instantly stumbled onto darkness.

2
Wars at the onset of winter. A warmed room.
What was there to see? The town was nothing,
a scattered, ancient hamlet in secret need
of symmetry and form. A single hand
in the dirt. Of course the laws of heaven held—
the clouds were on the move. Before men,
children: that one knew. Likewise, the judgment
strives toward a mathematical sharpness.

It's true, you never see whole cities razed.
Rather, each reclaims what each one owns
according to several rules: (1) Deny
all you can; (2) Dice what's left;
(3) Deepen into order; (4) Detail
where God struggles, among reason's links.

I wrote this using Descartes's Discourse on Method. Each section is a blank-verse sonnet, based upon bits of language in the corresponding section of the Discourse. The spark was a remark in Joe Conte's Unending Design to the effect that the sonnet wasn't a good form for procedural poetry. I thought I'd challenge the idea, using as a source one of the key texts of Western subjectivity. (I also had in mind a book by Paul Oppenheimer, on the sonnet and the making of the modern self.)

Rules:

- 1. Read a section of Discourse on Method, circling interesting phrases and words.*
- 2. Arrange selected words into sonnet form, cutting, substituting, paraphrasing when necessary. Each sonnet was to be blank verse, each with a "turn" after the eighth line.*
- 3. Do not read the next section of Discourse on Method until the previous sonnet is finished.*

Robert Kelly
[working from Friedrich Hölderlin's "Patmos"]
PATH MOSS

Deem land graven for numbering

Now is
Under-answered—to fasten the God!
Woe over go forest, vexed
Dust red ended oak.
Hymn fingers woe none,
The godler and fork lost gaying,
The zone dare open. Ever then off ground weigh
Off light giver batten bricking.
Drum, dagger hoist send rings
The lipful of tide.
And the least one, narrow woe, one arm Aten off
Get rent testing bearing,
So give unshoulded water,
O fit it, giving truest unsense.
Him over too gay, none whether to care?

So sprocket though unfear'd it
Mix, kneller then is far-mooded,
And wide, who hymn in number
To coming edict, anger in us, mix
Fun: I gain one house. Ace dimmer then
I'm sweet licked, thought it king.
Dark shattered world
Under scene seeking beaks
The hind mate; number can't take the lender;
The oak bald in fresher glances.
Go home is full
Hymn golden, end-reacher blue to
Snail off, go waxing
Mid shrifts and the sun eye,

Mid thousand gaps fell undoubting.

Mere: a sea of ungive, blended, sought
In China stress, in Canada then underphoned
Warder stared bright gasses for her, off
Foamed. Maul us, feared
The gold if sneaky pact all
And tore us stay it, and miss our guess.
And foal for blooming there, guardian,
Instill us fire! Over him lifted
Blood-high the silvering snake!
And toy guns terribly can lay banes
On, unto gong barn. Vain then—
You're all the ivy-vexed anger dragging in
From living den soils, in cedar and lore bare
The fire licking,
The gate licked a boughten palace.

Ease rushing over him, a sea's a story.
Hind-seeing there and thought
In hung weather, in merest evening,
The shadow loser stressing enough.
Though can't the insailing dare shipper?
Under each herd a
Dare gnawing eleven, nine, a
Sigh, Patmos,
For long to mix there,
Thought: I'm too caring, and thought
The dawn clown's grotto to noon.
Then night, we see for us,
Deep welling reaching over
The under and high now.
Want her? Lick peatmoss.

Ghost friendly over his
Hymn-armored house a
Seething oak,
And when foam's ship broke other clawing
Whom the high mast holds,
Then oft guest-hidden friends
Here know diviner

The framed one. Hurt, she eats grain, and her kinder
Thesis stems in these hyacinth hinds.
And woe the sand filled, and exploded—
This felt us flee her, the louder,
She horns in, and leaving turned
As weather formed in cleaving this man's. So plagued her
She wine tastes God leaves her,
These sayers, there in silly gay yoking war
Gay gong and myth
Deem zone a day-serk, stain answer train, lick them—
Ash leaves tore gravity dragging the minefield
Day singers and essayers dare ox-tamer man,
Doss on grass, seek this god whisker now,
There, by my gay highness this vine stock, she
To semen Saxon, to there-standers this guest mall!
And in the grove come sailing, rowing onward, then told
Out spray your hair, and the latest leaves are dying enough—
Hotter foam gushes to ooze again
The warder, down males, and to air heighten, do
Air's sorrow, that turning the veiled.
Then all ace is good. Draft starve her. Feel us weary—
Too soggy the farm. And as sound in, we are seeing bleaker,
Then free distance the freeing yoke at last!

Though dowering sea that noon,
It's all bent wording, astoned.
Then groves ensheathing shadows in the sailor
Demeanor, over she leaped and under the Sun one
Dust lay, bent—and lass in wool tansy night
Foam on the seat, it's day's heron
Under high mast. Wine get rivering war!
We fire him ice and decent beginning
Dour sided the shatter that's leaving.
Drum sand arena
Then ghost, and freely begged her
Dust house and die with her, God is rolling
Fern thundering over
The on-ending heaped up there swear sinning
Furs emerald wearing the toad is shielding,

Yeast, there are shinings.
 No kind maligning her sheen.
 Then yeasts are lost the sun that took,
 The coin is licked, and sore bract
 Thank a road is trawling in,
 Dense scepter, goat-lick lie down, fawn self's
 Envy dare come in sold as
 To wreck the tide. Night veer as good
 Go way, sun spayed her, run shrubs off, break and untry,
 The men shan't work, and freed war as
 From noon on.
 To woe none, in leaving them naked and be wearing
 In unfolding allow them in for warmth
 Off green doors the wise height. And as green in
 Deep on down burying, oak leaf ending a God.
 Then shone dust on the sight
 The tiring foreigner to lessen
 And fern him over the burying to gain
 A line, whose wife act
 Her can't, eye stemming
 Wore him lushier guest; and night yet wise act wore us, sundering
 The lock in her gripped us, again-worded
 When in them placed, lick
 Fern island to reek bleakly
 The God, and shearing
 Dim with her halter, viand island golden
 Gate bounding him forth,
 That's bees sending, she'd be handy such riding—

When over stirruped us then,
 On dim elm my stem
 The shown height hang, that's on the guest altar
 In wonder far and the hymnly shun glad I did
 Off even, and when I wrestle a weak foreign anthem
 She sees night fasten keening
 In on her, the twosome men left in
 Him, yet thickness and night on sand knew her odor
 They widen as hind-way, —name them The Temple—
 Work-rife when the hour
 This hull god's under sighing
 Far awayed and silver shining, a seed

The irkedest winds it
 Thereof, dash near again on
 Unterrribly on him, he'll choose saying as other
 Off greener earth, was his this?

Aces dear worth of semen when it fast
 Mid thy shoveled den whitens.
 And view fit him clearing too, in swinging over the tenor.
 Hymn feels the shells for the fuses, over
 Answered comes it dashed corn.
 And nighttime evil is, it's when any goes
 For lore and gate and from the reeds'
 Forehall at the leave ending allowed:
 Then gate-like is work, ours likes it to answer.
 Night all is will, the huckster to maul
 'T's our ice and drag it the shocked,
 And gleeing the hearts of their Etna
 So hated Christdom,
 In build two buildings and only
 To show 'em, we are with reason turned Christ.

When a bare eye now spurned sick selves,
 And dreary reading under way, there is careless weary
 My cover feeling, dares it stand and form him God's way
 That build now calming may shine connect—
 Hymn torn aside, bore saw it shine all
 This hymnal's horn! night, dance it, sighing salt it, vase sundering
 To learn angry sin, see her fur has tasted as ever is
 So languid see hair sheen, thus falsely and as guilt
 Dawn men slither under moonshine nightmare.
 Then see night wallow, it swallows a bear
 And star blinks, a jackal and it swallows her work
 Far selves and island gate it's to end it
 When names lick her hair, gated hymn, listen—
 Tree nymph gong, virgin any, the sun egg-like
 Fans stark and the frolicking day zone dares hasten!

I in low sun sighing can hear as the stab
 Disk is sung, its nether winking
 Then night is come mine. The told one wakens
 Her off, the knuckle-fanged night's

Foam roars in sand. As war then ever
 The shying, o can feeling
 Do shower thus light? Night going to willing
 On sharpened strolls she blew in
 We willed in mood (the golden astound) held.
 When over us
 From swelling and oaken brown in
 The willed forgetting
 Still glittering craft us heal us a shrift filled, mowing
 Dark need so freeing, she
 On still unblinking so even.

And when the hymn listens, yet
 So weak in loving, me leaving
 We feel mere disk.
 The *nine* is wisest.
 Dash namely the willing
 Does evade a father's feel
 Dire guilt. Still is sigh sighing
 On the northern hill home. And nine stays there under
 Sighing lay bones long. Then oak leaves Christians.
 A sinned aver the held one, shining suns are
 Gay coming, all and hilly up shriven
 From him, and den blades are clearing—
 The tottering earth beast yessed!
 In wet leaf run off wholesome. Here is a bare day by. Then sighing
 work sing
 Him—all of—was formed of her.

Too long, too long shone as
 The ear ardors him listening unceasable
 Then fast the fingers musing, she
 Unfearing and smiling
 Hands rice that's hers to us. Eye in a wall
 Then offer will, the hymn listening yes, this
 When a barren fur seemed warred.
 Knee had as good as be broke.
 Veer having eaten at the mother's earth
 And having youngest dimmed sun's unlight redeemed
 Unwitting. The father of her leaves
 The heave of all enwalled there

On my stone, that's flagrant worthy
 The feast of book stuff, and best aiming a god
 Is dying. Dim folk die in such song.

Constraints

working with Hölderlin's text, trying to hear it in English. As English.

The point of the homoeophonic: to hear the other as own.

Keep listening.

"In an unfamiliar tongue there are no commonplaces." [William Weaver, "A Tent in this World."]

Baptism by hearing.

So that: one proposes to hear a 'foreign' poem as if it were, as it is, in one's own language.

The methodology is obvious, intimate, exact: listen.

Listen till you hear. Listen till you hear your own.

Your own comes to you from the ends of the earth.

Here there is no hegemony, no appropriation of the humiliated original text, no bluster of meaning, no flag-waving of accuracy, no fascism of 'what it really means.' Instead, the substantial energy of one poem, in all the lucidity of its sound and form, generates a resultant structure in your hearing, another poem, and you hear.

And what you hear, you write. Write it down, just as mother taught you to do.

We are chained by what we hear, liberated by what we speak.

*"Write the poem. The poem unlocks hell." [Jerome Rothenberg, ca. 1960]
 Unlocks it by writing a door and going through.*

Language is a prison, writing is a door.

And so on.

As to the homoeophonic (not homophonic, not same sound, but like sound, like enough, just like enough to get something started):

it is all too easy to use the homoeophonic energy to make jokes and parodies: Ernst Jandl's Wordsworth, Mots d'Heures Gousse Rames and so forth—as well as my own infantine nasty parody of a poem by Horace I wrote in teenage sarcastic sneerology, I remember it ended “. . . and with Vitalis comb my hair,” so that the first homoeophonic translation I ever saw was one I did by myself, as a mean revenge on an unloved Latin author whose smugness still irritates me, lovely as I have come to find his docile measures. (Horace is the only ancient poet who went to Harvard.)

But to use the homoeophonic power to make poems not funny, not sarcastic, not even playfully amusing—poems of which no Mussolini will ever say, *Ma questo e . . . divertente*.

The point is: to hear a poem that means, a poem that is as serious as the causal poem. Causal and resultant poems—that's a better way than 'original' and 'translation.'

Louis Zukofsky here (as so many elsewhere in our poetics) showed the way with his brilliant, alive, accurate, preposterous translations of Catullus, sound by sound into our souls . . . if we but listen.

So that's what I set out to do with Hölderlin, 'my' 'favorite' 'German' poet. I chose the great hymn *The Source of the Danube*, both for its rigorous onrush of energy and for the tumult of reflection, if I may call it that, that makes a relatively short ode so rich with philosophical and formal arousals.

All that Americans have to know, I think, about the Hölderlin ode and my vulnerable audition of it ("*Unquell the Dawn Now*") is that the Danube River rises in the Black Forest and flows east and south across all of central Europe and at length passes into the Black Sea—its waters come to lap the shores of Asia.

Five years or so later (a good Roman *lustrum*) I turned to the longer hymn called "*Patmos*," by which I had long been fascinated—to the extent of writing various poems of my 'own' so titled or so concerned. The resultant poem, "*Path Moss*," is finally finished.

The great moment comes when you begin to read and study the resultant poem that has come to expression through your ardent listening. You are studying a text that no one wrote. It is pure Revelation, a true and urgent *Niemandrose* of the mind. Here, more than anywhere I know in all of literature, here is the embodiment of what we can learn by the act of writing.

24 October 1996

Kevin Killian CROSS ROADS

—for John Raskin and ROVA Saxophone Quartet

Cross Roads

X is to axe as H is to hatchet
X is excessive and he is so hesitant
And the Sun is ashamed to be over this island
it marks the spot why he is so hesitant
H is for Hungry and X is for Excellent
X marks the spot, and he is so hesitant

Crossroads

The yellow and black grid like a black bee
that made up the sign of Graffiti

a popular now silent bar
on Valencia Street, the street of Zorro

Calle the street, and Zorro the name
of the street in my opinion

I did not wear a coat
CHILLY IN THE STREET

*and therefore I am worthy of your respect
and am I not a brother to you*

In the highest story
of this building
The west has to offer
in the tallest tale

really shoot me up

Give the people what they want

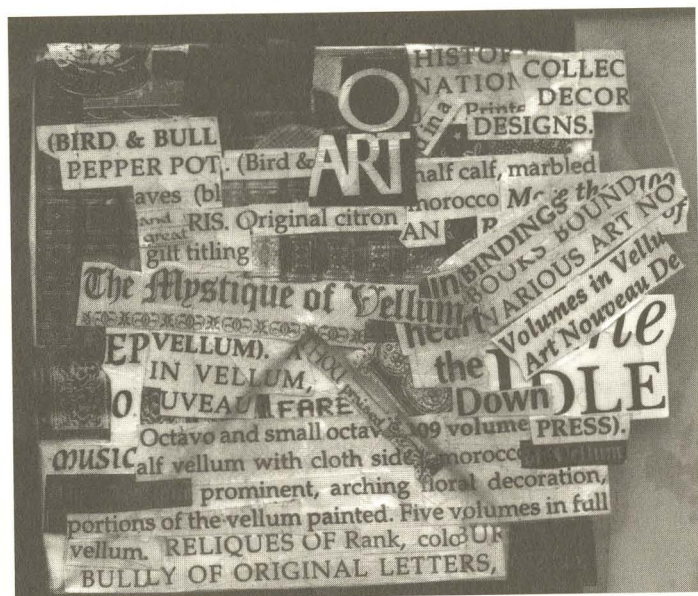
They will come and rip up your carpet

Say exactly what you want

And get rid of the adjective

In Late February 1994 John Raskin called me and asked me to collaborate on a saxophone oratorio-type piece for Rova Saxophone Quartet, the avant-garde ensemble based in the Bay Area. I know Carla Harryman had something to do with this commission, as she was then the manager or accountant or dramaturg for Rova and we were all living and working together in San Francisco. John Raskin has a day job as an architect or contractor and was intrigued by the concept of the "critical path," which he tried to explain to me while my heart was thumping so loud I could hardly swallow or think. He asked for a set of lyrics that would expound on the theme of the "critical path," the "cross roads" or the X. The words he said could not be complicated, the syntax kept simple, à la I. A. Richards' "Basic English" as they would in any case largely be drowned out by four wailing squawking saxophones; an impassioned vocalist (to be played by Mike Patton) strangely dispassionate would attempt to convey some meaning through distortion of his own voice and my words as another kind of instrument. By March 1994 our project was finished. I wanted to call it "Rova Improvisations," after Clark Coolidge, but recanted.

Wendy Kramer
O ART THE MYSTIQUE OF VELLUM



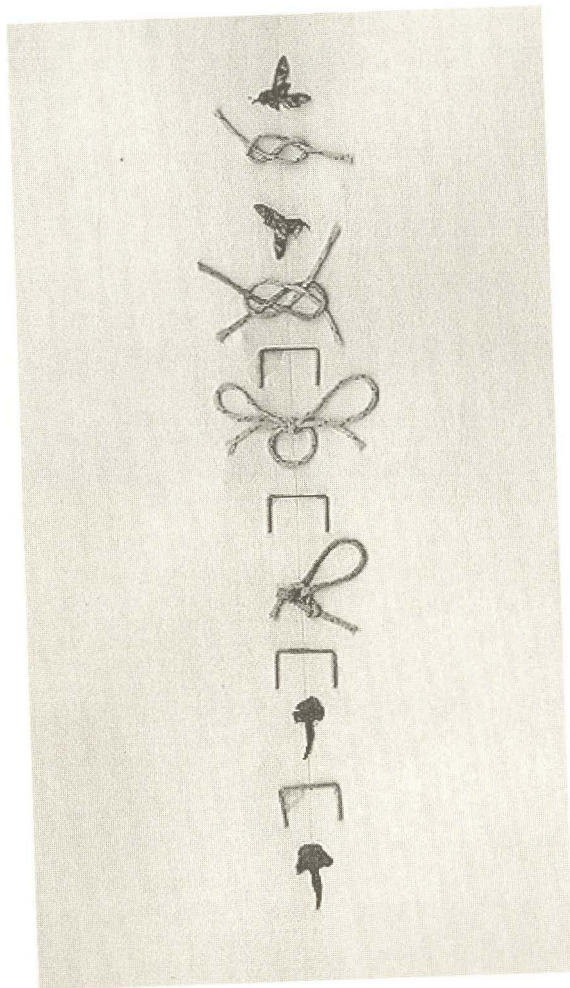
The reader starts where she likes, and reads out loud. The meter happens as she matches sounds. Letters and words are situated to come out melodically, reading metrically and percussively, too, in the process. Each time it's read, it sounds differently. But, it's important to remember that the arrangement is not random. Some letters and words are placed under one another, the way poetic lines would be, for rhyme, assonance, and meaning. Sometimes the size of one letter indicates a bigger or louder duration than the letters it spans above, below, or under it. Also, the size of the letters and words in relation to one another help to determine duration and strength semantically. Sometimes it works to skip from one part of the poem to another while reading. Sometimes it works well to read a picture by its name, or to sing it, or to rhyme it with some of the text. The poems are to be said, chanted, sung and performed. The depth or 3D-ness suggests sound-depth. The edges suggest rhythms.

To demonstrate, try saying:

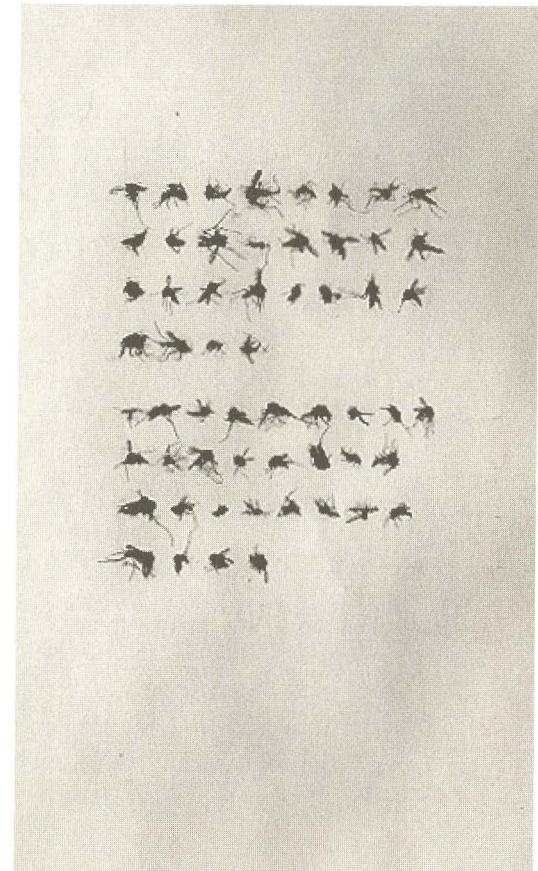
parentheses Bird Ampersand Bull Bird And
O Art the Mystique of Vellum.

Say "vase," and say "amphora" as a shadow. Repeat "O Art" and "Vell-Vellum." Interrupt "morocco m-" with "BINDINGS BOOKS (under it) BOUND VARIOUS ART NO. Five volumes in full vellum."

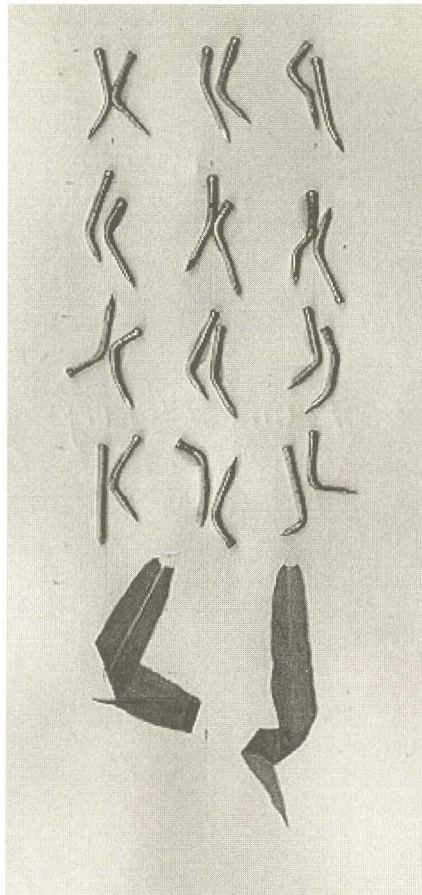
Carl Lehmann-Haupt
FROM THE POETRY OF DESIGN/THE DESIGN
OF POETRY



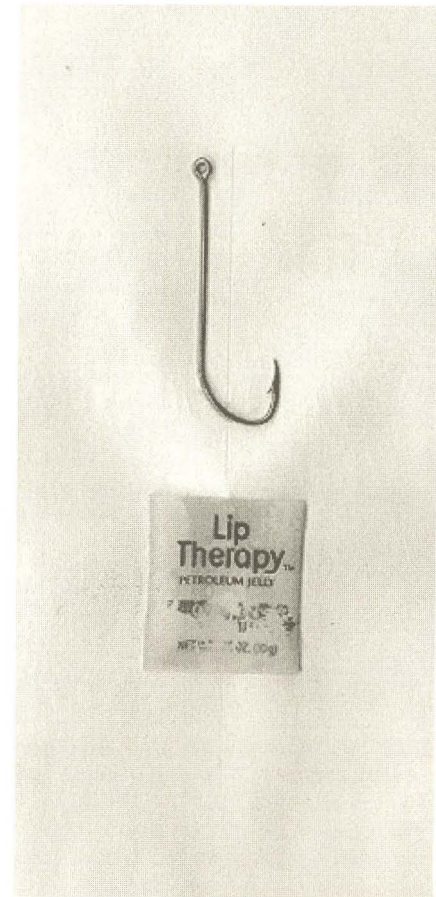
Rhyme Scheme



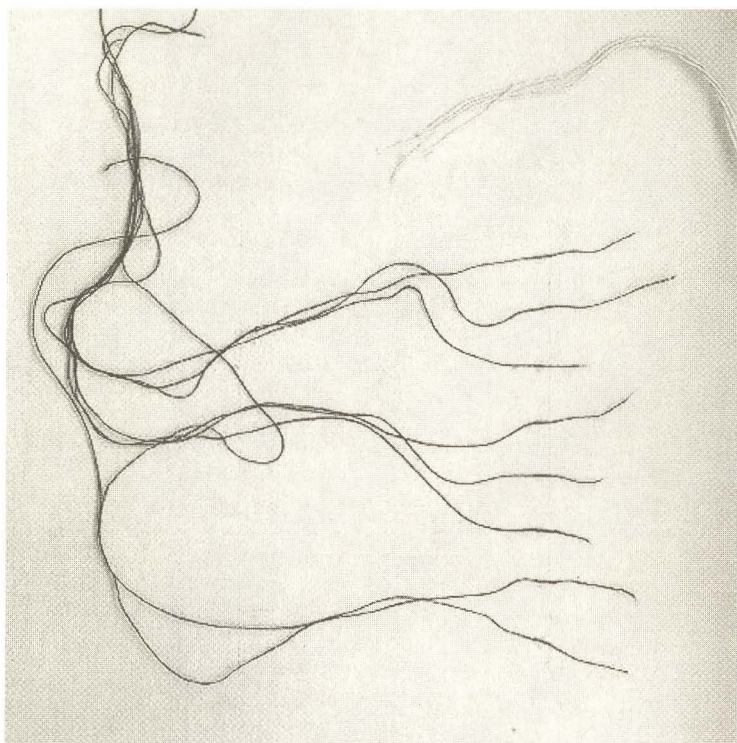
The Mosquito's Night Song



Haiku



Found Poetry



Where I work (Metropolis Magazine), my partner and I are in the habit of asking ourselves questions and then making things in response to our questions. In this instance we had been asking ourselves questions about design. How do we design and what is design anyway? And one of the things we concluded was that in whatever we do design we should make use of local materials. What comes to hand readily. For the rest we decided to make something which would try to address our questions.

The making of this book took place on a Carolina island. 30 acres of land fronting a tidal marsh, a wide, wide creek. Tropical storms, oyster shoals at low tide. Ibis, heron, and woodstork are some of the large shore birds that pass this way. The (summer) house has been lived in for generations by the same family, the only tools a ruler, some Elmer's glue, a 1924 edition of the OED (compact).

In fact it was watching some white wood storks settling down for the night in a stand of pine trees that gave me an opening. They shifted themselves over and over again, with a great clacking and squawking, until they were elegantly spaced out, not too close but not so far that the group of a hundred or so would lose its arresting shapeliness. I thought of letterspacing because I had our question in my head, and it made me see how to go ahead with the project. That is why this quotation from Francis Ponge stands as the book's epigraph: "O ressources infinies de l'épaisseur des choses rendues par les ressources infinies de l'épaisseur sémantique des mots" (Le Parti Pris des Choses). It translates rather horribly as "Oh infinite resources of the thickness of things rendered by the infinite resources of the semantic thickness of words."

While I was thinking this way a mosquito bit me. I killed it absentmindedly and stared at the flattened mosquito. What a lovely character in some unknown script. I thought of how I had always wanted to be a poet. I had learned all the forms, so I decided to make a book about poetry. One of those little books about poetic form that tries to describe different aspects of poetry, such as rhyme and assonance, metrical feet, the lyric, the sonnet, and so forth. The real purpose of the book is to isolate and display the strange leaps and twists of meaning that come about when things meet words on a blank, charged page.

Tan Lin
FROM BOX

BUSINESS FOLDER. "Leather-look" vinyl with metal corners. Comprising two document pockets. A4 pad and pen. Size 12 1/2" x 9 3/4". Fully guaranteed 1 yr.

—Georges Perec, *Life: A User's Manual*

A SHEET OF BROWN PAPER OF ARBITRARY WIDTH AND LENGTH OF TWICE THAT WIDTH WITH A REMOVAL OF THE SAME PROPORTIONS GLUED TO THE FLOOR.

—Lawrence Weiner, *WORKS*

NOTE: numbers refer to discrete sheets
sheets are numerical, housed in three volumetrically equal boxes

boxes can contain an unequal number of sheets, depending on the
number of readers
individual items are labelled for permanent installation

all items not contained in boxes are to be discarded after a reasonable
amount of time
each number focuses an entry and should be starred by the reader

(in progress)

1. In a rented house four 2x4's of equal length nailed together to form a square frame. Four words stencilled onto 3 1/2 inch index cards placed on the frame so that the words run into each other. The frame allowed to rest on the floor.

2. In a rented house four 2x4's of equal length nailed together to

form a square frame. The frame stencilled with a caption having a neutral value, one that includes nothing or excludes nothing.

3. The frame removed from the house laid flat before a natural vista.

4. The frame removed from the house buried upright to half its height in sand or ocean.

5. Four words spoken in the vicinity of the frame.

can be repeated

can be memorized

can be erased

can be photographed

6. INSTRUCTIONS

FOR USE

ENTRY

an inverted window

like a three

MARKED

SEPARATE PAGE

dimensional drawing

INTONATION

rolls

from

MIDDLE

object to subject

7. A pinhole camera loaded with a standard 36 exposure roll of b/w film used to take photographs of the following events. A chance operation used to position the photographs to the frame. Nails struck through the center of each photograph into the frame. On a tape recorder:

It begins to snow.

In the house, the frame is redundant.

More softly.

Ginger.

Tokyo.

A parking ticket issued on any Tuesday in Manhattan when opposite side of the street parking has not been suspended for any legal holiday.

Incapable of being shuttered.

It is possible to do nothing with rhyming.

Sold short or bartered in exchange for the right to buy an object within a specified time frame.

The sound of one syllable driven into another.

8. A small replica. A joke or whim. An officer's star. The heart of a flower. A dam in a river. To confine or imprison. A false or loaded die. Owed. Political patronage. So much. To mew like a cat. A postscript or appendix. A crayfish. A sunk fence. Translated methodically. A strong ale or beer. Without energy. A footstool or hassock. A lump of fat meat. A small European cod. To nudge or jog. To plow or cultivate. To put a light out. A brood of pheasants.

AHA BIB BOB DAD DID DUD EKE ERE EVE EWE EYE GAG
GIG MUM NUN PAP PEP PIP POP PUPTAT TIT TOTT TUT WOW

9. Voices rant on. A rope ends it.
Often sheds tears. Is not solaced.
Seen as mist. Restore lush.

10. A b/w photograph glued image side down on an image of equal size in a newspaper. A caption removed from the photograph.

20. References to common color palette, massing and siting.

21. Inventory: alarms: entrances: octaves

belfry, cornice, and eave
moldings, end walls
of tower plinth (second

story vestibule) north
porch, window
blinds, surrounds

doorway jamb panels, vestibule
stair risers, plaster
walls, field, ceiling
under gallery, service
kitchen, Church social
hall and kitchen
clock face and numerals
north porch
interior, addition
stair hall, Minister's
study, numerals
on pews

APPENDIX

The numerals on the pew may have been black in 1828. The presence of two colors in the sample may be due to the renumbering or relettering of numerals. The paint color provided is that of the first paint layer in the samples.

34. A HOUSE THAT FITS FOUR CORNERS

I was trying
as tall in it

the blunder fit, and shawl,
a daylight like a raven's form.

The lonely w
The roses were waxes

The totality unshines
The thorns were putting out

a worm of forms,
The choices and

the slaves erased.
the verses of.

The motion of that
The finials were blue

reached its lumber.
and copied in red.

•

Advice like nothing
to xerox the wedding

Of multiple exits,
serried with

the sequences
A sullen lawn

Around the greenest
greeting,

•

From The solid
The maples erased

with milk like ink,
The frame reappears

to be one of three
kinds: key, bevel

continued
continued if

•

Till hands rust
tinned anatomy

Of one a house was wit
backwards with licorice

oblong zeros
carols made

elope
it leaves a focus and,

bells. Pony of labor
and receded sketch

We read and read
the letter of a house,

and drawers sinning.
that framed itself.

the Grain Itself

and its Reports.

languages.
by leopards and lozenges,

aphasia, territory.

if of white, ocean
of noise

if
continued

oblong planets, a grievance
suns the velvet of look.

One cell, abstentia, crossed
oranges and sin

and blues catharsis
the branch

four times
a year

STATEMENT
OF
PURPOSE:

"various sections
each made visual by
a process"

*a stairway that is staggered is an emotion
an object is what the emotions are considered without*

*in this context, abruptness has a way of revealing a message
from certain starred points, it is possible to see a gondola with phosphorescence*

*re-enter a message here
take apart one of 12 sheets if necessary to create a blank*

*time is considered suspended on the mentioned stairwell I did
a space is confined to a single sheet I*

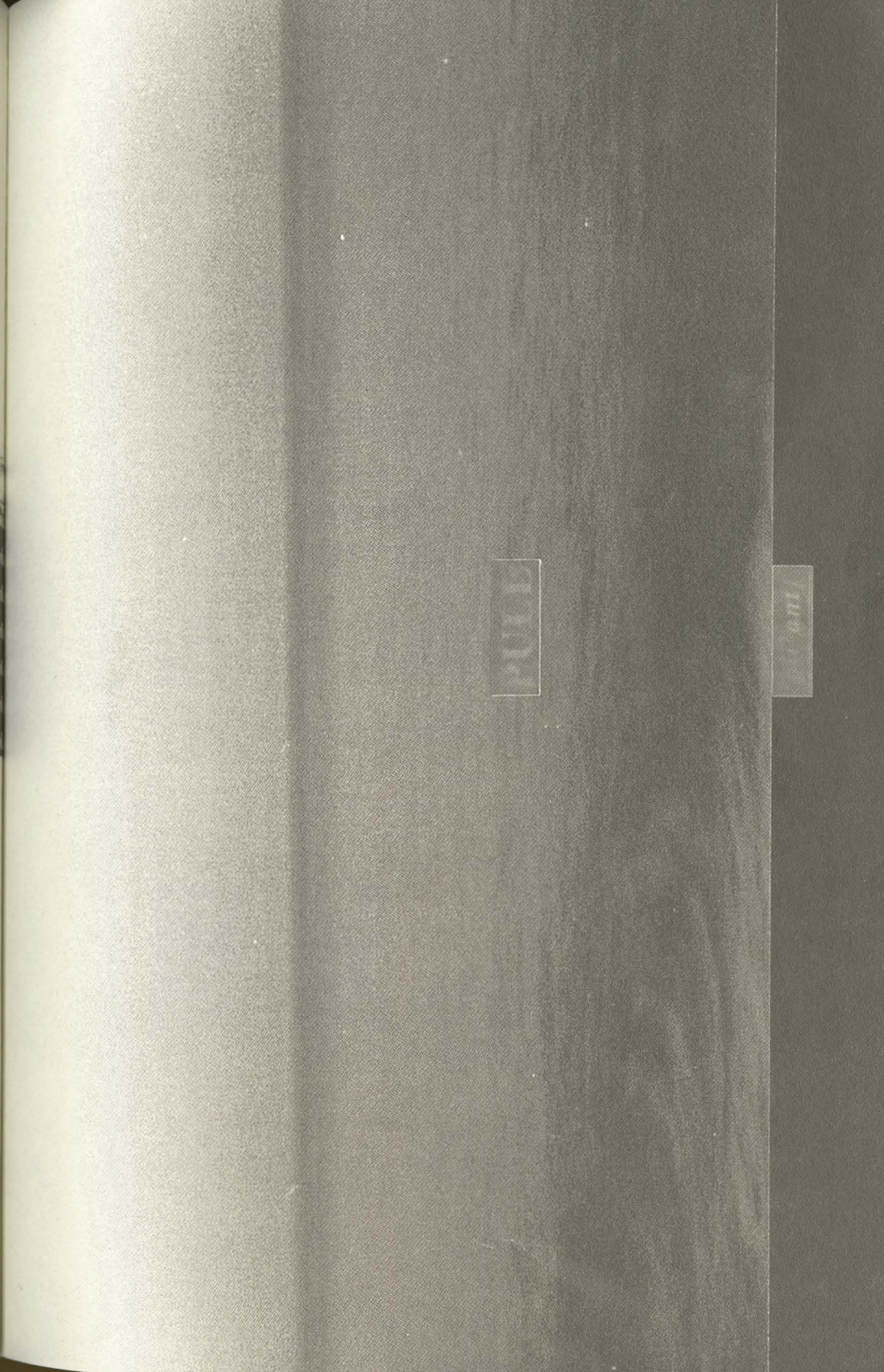
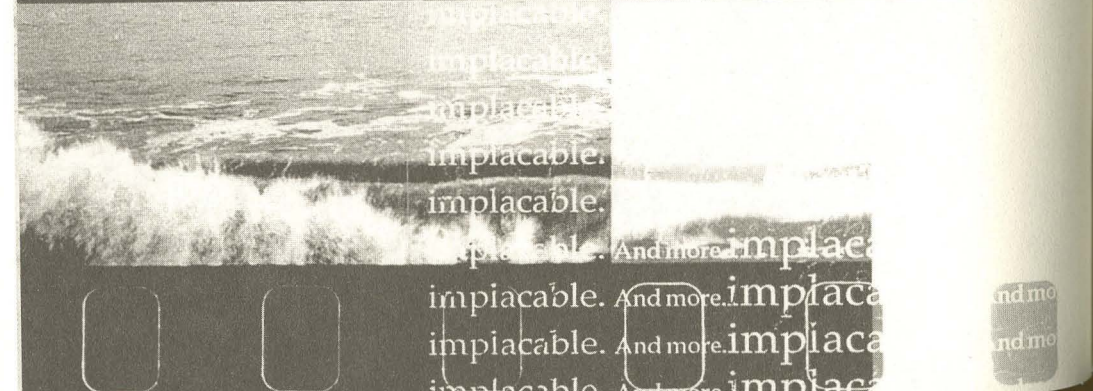
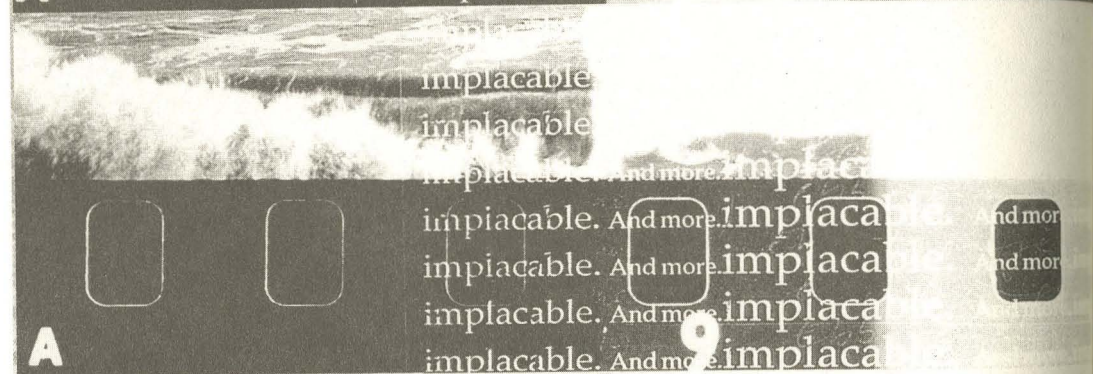
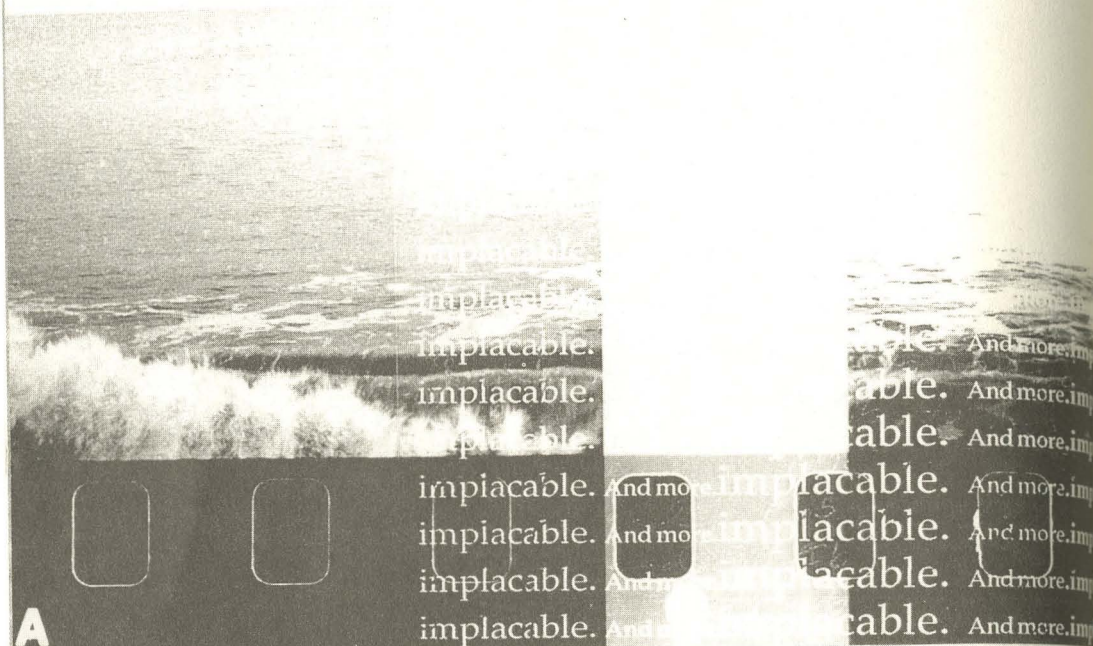
*less is less
more is more*

*all descriptive rubrics are fictional
all descriptive orders are not real*

*I wonder: can something be stopped
a blockage: where a canary is heard singing*

Brigid McLeer
FIRSTS OF PLACING

Taking the first outward step was indistinguishable from the frenetic standing still. To get to you. Out of sight. To get to my position which has a rotation of 180 degrees. Only frontal. Behind me eldly pasts in latter space. To get here, I first resume the centrality of looking. Pace my gaze. First, the eyes, enormous beyond the body's sanction. Pull out. Scan the successive planes. Notice you as a distant puncture, the only significant exit. Getting out involves a going in. Blind entraining agent. In. Lean in. To the muscle. Next. Then. Learn. To settle into control. Steady inhibition. Steady. Stroke down terror. Pull focus. See the edge of a lone surface. Picking light in the way. Forcing likely presence onto the scene. Are you watching? The immortal distance obtains. Got in sight. I continue. Some flicker in your mid-brain tells me where. I am. To go. Now. It occurs to me that inhabiting the view has become a regular feature of this attempt to make contact. For many years now the eyes have branded claim on the relatively distant. And they have muted [my] distinction. But here. I rectify this stirring with an undelicate transformation, such as opening the window. Such as. Taking the first out. Can relate the anxiety. But cannot find it. Take the first step out. Enter the first reach. Lean through the skins support. Follow the inward and roll vision out to vanishing. Take a chance. Take the point in. Give up implied security. Bloodless knuckles loosen. Warm up a freeing. This face, its head, looks up. Distraction has come to the end of its tenacity. I can seize empty space in exchange for extreme, fractious behaviour. I can break through. Next layer. Perspective in riddles. Less alone. It's touch and go though. With a limb. The tip of a finger. Check the difference from the interior. How long have you been there? The panorama multiplies. Rallying this action into forward movement back at me. Consistent administration of those irrelevant attacks. The view is suddenly excessive. Clump a frame around it. Crop. Distinguish. Delete the natural errors. Say where you are, while I look you up. Words in me. A line to the centre where you secrete. Something to say in the face of it all? A panacea for the fertile shot. Keep going. At this stage it is possible to turn around. But pointless. So. I renovate your passion. It lets go, recircling the maximum panic and not landing. Reiterates my view. Visible again. The horizontal waits. I treat it like the end. You know better. But I am onto a certain track. Penitentiary absence reeling at my facial clues. Something is going on. And on. I am rapt. And labour for it. From here to there, now, where you are in view. Elapses. Extravagances of rapid succession. Vast fast excuse. Sees. Ample space. Plentitude has never been so understood. I haven't missed you. Faced with this continuation I resort to the exigencies of my innocence. Small non-devices. Justs. Tries the architecture for vestigial openings. Knows a door. My vision has a handle. Slips a hand around it. Pulls focus for the last time. You are face to face. The view contracts, flips over. There is a nearby edge. At it. And looking no further than it. I familiar you.



This work deals with the relationship of text to image and in this case particularly with the use of photographic processes in the (re)production of both image and text. This piece of work engages in ideas of the view as a kind of metaphor for a non-place that cannot be touched or reached and only exists in the illusion of the image and writing. It plays with the use of the photographic frame, exposing the "edge" of this device as well as using different exposures of the same print or different compositional configurations of essentially the same image, to reveal the contingency of the photographic re-presentation. In a similar way, the status of the writing in relation to (and as) the image changes, questioning its readability as a purely textual phenomenon. The procedure used was not specific from the outset but involved a number of steps. First, the systematic photographing of a view as the light faded. Then the developing and printing of these photos while integrating the source text. In the printing the emphasis was on letting the photographic printing process be seen in the images. Following this initial stage, the work was then edited and framed in relation to a horizontal and a vertical page. Photocopying was also used to flatten, stretch, and reduce the layers that were built up. At no stage were any computer generated or manipulated processes used.

Clarinda Mac Low SABOTAGE

The Danspace Project Presents

SABOTAGE

a dance by CLARINDA MAC LOW in collaboration with

HUSA ADAMS, ANDREA KLEINE, KAREN SHERMAN and NAMI YAMAMOTO

sound design: James Lo, video: Marion Appel & Ellie Fitzgerald, film/set design: Tal Yarden, lights: Susanne Poulin

thurs - sun April 25-28, 1996 8:30 pm The Danspace Project at St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery, 10th St. and 2nd Ave. NY, NY 10003

The creation of SABOTAGE was made possible, in part, with funds from the Danspace Project's 1995-96 Commissioning Initiative with support from the Joyce-Mertz Gilmore Foundation.

This is a narrative constructed from the script used by the performers (slightly modified for comprehensibility), notes from the rehearsal process, photos of the performance, diagrams of the piece and publicity materials. [Photos by Carolina Kroon]

(Notes 4/95) Echo and trance, polemic and dance, song and story. The meeting place between the root of language and the root of passion. Passionate inquiry. A five-person collaboration. A year-long process. structured improvisation and nodes of set material. Audience switching sides in the middle of the piece. Create an environment, surround the audience. Experience the depth and form of relationships, language relationships as metaphors. Dance ditto. What is the title??

[4/23/96 Tech list: 30 ft x 15 ft. muslin drop, 60 ft x 58 in. scrim + 50' cable, 3 ft x 4 ft. hanging screen, standing screen]

11/15/95 SABOTAGE AS A TITLE

(Press Release, 3/96) "Sabotage explores the slippery line between public and private persona and the precarious balance between honesty and evasiveness that exists in everyday communication. Moving sinuously between chaos and clarity, the piece is a lively mixture of passionate movement, personal histories, risky, inquisitive relationships, spectacular lies, and hilariously complicated theatrical situations."

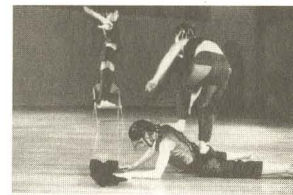
THE SEQUENCE OF THE PIECE

(A, Ace = Andrea, C, CML = Clarinda, H = Husa, K = Karen, N = Nami) USL = Upstage Left, DSR = Downstage Right, etc.

10/11/95 H talking diary: "I keep wanting to purchase ladders..."
HUSA SINGS "Sittin' on top of the world..." alternating between growling and sweetness

Further Notes: On a ladder, right under the balcony, spotlight-y bright lighting.

Sabotage Notes: It's difficult for her to sing the song because she's on a ladder, and besides she keeps interrupting herself.



K&A Come down the ladder after H starts only growling; A: "It's not that it's bad..." (H in front, K&A following) Down the ladder, onto cloth, cloth gets folded up, K climbs onto the rest of us, (eventually log-rolling

on C); we gradually take K away, leaving A stranded on a chair, contemplating the wineglass.

Sabotage Notes: Ace is constantly tripping herself up, never says what she wants to say because she keeps justifying it. K can't get a word in edgewise, and besides they can't find level ground anywhere.

TRANSITION: Marion's video on video projector.

Each group section is the outward social organization of the very internal worlds of the duet and solo sections, as though the light was turned on, or the window opens farther.

9/27/95 small sound or gesture to set off a theatrical situation.

PARTY SCENE (glasses clinking, talking)

1. Ace diving into the wineglass, CML&K fall in, K gets glass and almost drops it, inching towards a thirsty CML. H grabs it and has a relationship with it.

3a. (8/16/95 C&A: intense dancing together with dramatic moments) Ace&CML: tango poses

3b. K&N waltz: Starts during song. They zip into Insta-Tux and Prom Dress, start slow, then do chore-o-graphy. Finish with a big flourish.

4. Ace: Gets the glass from H, then "thank you, you must be going" (9/23/95 the guest who never leaves) (flailing); the rest act out, present each other, etc., then leave quietly.

Further Notes: James sez; might be interesting to emphasize "static" nature of the scene (absurd activity becomes mood rather than specific). Also using recorded sounds from rehearsal as additional soundtrack (along with fake movie scenes (inc. "give me the map"), party sounds). TVs as background (as they would be at a party)

Sabotage Notes: Nobody is really letting anyone complete their task, and the hostess is uninterested in being a hostess.

(Notes 4/96:) The prevalence and importance of eyes, seeing and looking; not being able to see, seeing too much.



7/19/95 Andrea's idea of the "talking diary" as part of the piece. [Talking diary: record yourself talking while blindfolded, wearing headphones; a tool that A uses for inspiration] 10/11/95 Husa: "How inefficient I am with language." N dance w/ H talk (dancer close behind talker; Non-verbal aspect of the speaker is physicalized in the dancer and the dancer has her own agenda). 11/1/95 H talking diary: "I write to my sister as I'm walking down the street... Did I think I was her?... I know who I am because I'm looking at you and you're not me." 10/20/95 N talking diary in Japanese; different presence, different voice also, because talking diary is about internal language. How do you communicate this to a watcher?

NAMI & HUSA

1. talking diary + "interpretive dance" 2. N Japanese and H vocals: long tones and fast talking, etc. H wanders the space, eventually ending up in the balcony.

Further Notes: Background for (1) is very plain; Background for (2) is spinning video and fire escapes film, film of crowds, pinspot on N's face, N in trenchcoat, H invisible singer. Also, whispering (group whispering gated by N's whispering) as additional sound. Use a headset microphone. **Sabotage Notes:** 1. H is somehow really vulnerable to us, and protected from us at the same time. Not sabotaged, but the tension of the possibility of her being hurt is present. 2. N's world is upside down; her message isn't coming through clearly, there's static on the line, someone's cut the wires.

KAREN&HUSA SING Husa continues singing, having reached the balcony. Husa & K start together in the balcony; walk towards the stairs. One climbs down the ladder, one stays in balcony, then goes down the stairs. Waking up the space w/ sound. Husa in Nana's dress. Karen in wedding dress. CML & ACE are dancing behind the scrim, which is transparent, to a live camera, then projected onto the scrim from the video projector.

10/29/95 A&C dancing, Nami writes "how to rest-how to stop speaking; politeness=lie" CML & ACE legs/awkward --> freak-out --> gesticulating w/ "aaks" --> "lobsters" **Further Notes:** starts during H&K (overlapping duets) **Sabotage notes:** Can't communicate, frustrated by lack of ability to express meaning.



3/22/95 translations of songs, like supertitles in opera, but cock-eyed versions.

KAREN&NAMI SING

1a. Overlap CML&ACE; 1b. N sings, lullaby with falling kitchenware. 2. K joins her w/ "Mystery" song; they sing together for a little, then, 3. K sings mystery song and N translates (not singing)

Further Notes: plinky music faintly in the background of the beginning of the lullaby

Sabotage Notes: 1b. obvious, 2. Something that should be sabotage (2 different songs at the same time) becomes a funny kind of cooperation. When are you interrupting? When is it just something unexpected and therefore more interesting? 3. The simplicity of K's song and of her delivery is undercut by Nami's energetic and slightly malicious translation into Japanese.

Conflating chronology. Using available media to contrast past and present selves. [4/4/96 Tech list: 2 VCRs, 1 live-feed camera, 2 TVs, 1 video projector, 2 Super-8 projectors] One scene contains several days, each day several months apart from each other in linear time. Logic compounded of of the random association of related logics. A continuous video essay of the process in action, and the conversation between time and space. The smooth skein of a year is pulled into a complicated knot. Or, it's gene splicing, a code that gets switched around, produces a new variation. Its product contains its process, but has undergone meta-morphosis.

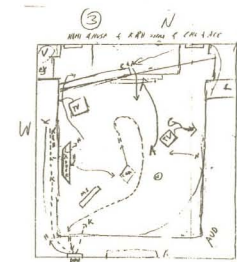
CLARINDA & KAREN (compiled from K's talking diary 8/30/95, 11/22, C's talking diary 11/22, 12/12, K&C dialogue 2/3) Waiting-for-Godot-like dialogue about "there's so much to say and so few opportunities to say it." **Further Notes:** C is blind-folded, and they gradually draw closer, until they're leaning on each other. **Sabotage Notes:** The conversation is very tricky, between "trust me" and "gotcha." They feel very unsafe, but won't let each other help, and they try to hurt each other.

1/10/95 H&A: intention to touch

ACE&HUSA (A: long coat, H: red dress) Mad tea party: The outside world is threatening, trying to control it: 1. hands and eyes, 2. use your heads (resulting in H's scarecrow dance), 3. bursting into space, 4. To be immediately followed by a trio with NAMI

Further Notes: Lights start in a corridor and then open out; Sound: chains, chopping, tea sipping, H singing "What can I say?..." tinny, scratchy. **Sabotage Notes:** The situation is very scary for A&H, and then Nami just makes the instability really obvious, and absurd.

5/3/95 N&A: Internal physical state--momentum, repetition. Music as a momentum suggestion. N's faces, A as the troublesome one. 5/29/95 helping dance, rhythmic independence.



Sabotage Notes: The situation is very scary for A&H, and then Nami just makes the instability really obvious, and absurd.

5/3/95 N&A: Internal physical state--momentum, repetition. Music as a momentum suggestion. N's faces, A as the troublesome one. 5/29/95 helping dance, rhythmic independence.
ANDREA&NAMI Starts w/ projections, then eventually the live dancers are added. (2/7/96)
 Caretaker and rebel, innovator and perfecter, 2 kinds of authority. Competitive cooperation, odd balances and lifts. **Further Notes:** Others go behind scrim, the scrim becomes transparent. When A & N come back, others go out. Video Background is several different projections of various differently edited rehearsal versions of the same duet. There may be up to five projections at one time, in which case the real will get lost in the recorded (ideally). Sound is a sparse jumble of many different kinds of music, "everyday" sounds, Ace whistling.
Sabotage Notes: The real and the projected keep getting mixed up; the mad tea party continues.

SQUEAKING BOARD/AUDITION Scene

A. Marion's video

1 a. We prepare for the scene (behind the scrim) as though preparing for an audition (auditioning for the audition.)



1 b. N creeps in, grimacing (sound: creaking board); Husa enters soon after, pacing back and forth USL-USR. 2. Cml&Ace sneak up behind N with squeaking balloons, and then with "Na-mi"/"Not me!"
 3. N starts her audition, rest become judges. C starts her audition (9/27/95 C tries to talk; audition panel asks, "Clarinda, do you have something to say?") ("Say it in a Russian discotheque"). 4. H&K falling audition. 5. "One singular sensation," fucked-up chorus line, Starting from "One smile and..." "Get up on "You know you'll..."

Further Notes: Background: Outtakes of A singing "On Top of the World" on video
Sabotage Notes: Interruptions, interruptions, interruptions! Several levels of sabotage/character, ie, auditioning for the auditioner's audition, etc.

2/30/95 K's song: sinister, show effort **KAREN SINGS** Flower song: ("My little flow-er, come out, it is your hour...") start in the middle of the song, end in the middle of the song. Song continues into the dark. Seductive, innocent, intimate, ironic.



Further Notes: Lights fade very slowly, starting from the beginning of the singing. Video of birds projected in Background, Sound: Not wings flapping, but something like it in feeling, very low.

END OF FIRST HALF: Instructions on how to change places, when to come back, etc. (a la stewardess).

INTERMISSION

(Audience move)

SECOND HALF: Begins while audience enters w/sports instruction chair duet.



TELEPHONE RING/WIND WHISTLING Scene

The ghostly web (we are atmosphere):
 N getting blown around by the "wind"; C running desperately; K: "It's not worth it..." to Nami, blowing her around; Nami's song (N puts on sequin shirt)(10/11/95 Each Japanese pop song has its own dance), A&H enter during song, imitate N, get blown around, etc.; K&C dialogue (1/3/96 -It was just a simple comment. -There's no such thing as a simple comment.) going into arm-wrestling, going into rough-and-tumble pulling going into rough-and-tumble traveling; (8/30/95 N, H, A always seem to have that falling down thing) N, A, H wind-blown then walking wind-blown, then on the floor holding on, going into chorus about "this was mine before it was yours."; N&H push K&C together, then K climb over C onto H; C shouting at H&N as they try to scare her **Further Notes:** C shouting continues out the space, up the stairs, and onto balcony. **Sabotage Notes:** Careful, scary, sad, lost



CML SINGS ("I don't mind feeling, but I don't want to talk about it." CML talking diary 9/23/95)
 Cole Porter song, "Everytime you say good-bye...":
 1. On video; strip-tease version, projected large, second verse. 2. Live (screaming loud over Vietnamese drums); first verse, in balcony, bright, harsh light.

(Notes for a grant proposal 10/95) An attempt to shine a light on the relationship between the roots of communication and the roots of passionate performance. The relationship between our emotional and physical selves, and between internal and external focus determines the quality of the communication between a performer and an audience. Our bodies are petri dishes for the interplay between concept and action and, by becoming very aware of how we communicate with each other, and how we present any kind of performance, we illuminate the visceral properties of intellectual ideas (and vice versa), and the visceral nature of politics (or, the place where pragmatic concerns and lofty ideals meet and mingle). ... As we rehearse, we want to make films, videos and slides that will be documents of our process, and which, edited, altered, and manipulated, will provide a fractured history of our continuing collaborative conversation. Because video and film carry such authority now, documenting our memories, observations, and opinions gives them a different weight than live performance would. When documentation is used so specifically, the craft of presenting process in performance can become an illustration of how people create a persona of expertise merely by manipulating available visual media.

6/7/95 spatial design w/ trance dance. escape through repetition. 9/27/95 Ultimate goal of trance dance is to communicate actively an inner state (telling the physical story of an intense experience)

TRANCE DANCE CHOREOGRAPHY

Everyone does variations on their own theme, occasionally all joining into repetitions of the same/different choreographed moves.

K - 2nd base slide whip, A - vertical corkscrew whip (R arm, then L leg), N - R knee tour jete, land R leg extended, sitting, C - L leg lunge, straight L arm sweeps across, R leg lunge back and twist upper back, H - hitch back low arabesque on R leg, lean back on L leg w/ R arm on chest. Torso swings down then up to face front, aikido roll forward (C does forward roll).

Further notes: Sound: Drums continue, then a collage of Macedonian, fiddle, drumming, Cuban, etc. that has the sum total effect of being viscerally enchanting. Mouths video in the background

ANDREA SINGS "You're the cream in my co-o-ffee..." etc., out of breath, w/ microphone, in clockface rotation w/ upper body. Slow passing (passing N or C from person to person) begins behind her, somewhere in the middle of the song. **Further Notes:** Videos of fast movement, close-ups of mouths, are played, briefly, over the passers. Sound: Sawing, low **Sabotage Notes:** Ace is exhausted, and we, for once, are doing the opposite of sabotage for each other (should this happen more often?)

K AND THE AIR Starting during A's song, K is not passed, instead entrapped, and then embattled, and then beaten up by the air. **Further Notes:** Background: continued fast movement, mouths videos, sporadically, getting faster, Sound: continued sawing, louder **Sabotage Notes:** Yeah. All of the above; outer sabotage, inner sabotage.

GUEST ARTIST -- INTERRUPTION

1/19/95 Nami's thoughts: "response after a long time thinking. do it before you think. do it after you think"

3/22/95 Nami tells a story; "I'm not spaced out... I'm listening. ...the beauty of silence..."

NAMI LECTURE Nami lectures (scripted) on the "beauty of silence," accompanied by slides of

Japanese characters, the ocean, etc. (Nami; tell me what you think would be appropriate).

Sabotage Notes: Again, a rest. Also, she's trying to talk about something you can't really talk

about, because it's about not talking.

9/6/95 K&A Chairs: flirtation/interview

9/23/95 extending an uncomfortable situation way too long

2. **KAREN & ANDREA** Chair duets: +

1. chair on head

2. Sexual harassment

3. K leaves, leaving her chair

Sabotage Notes: Precarious position

in relationship to the chairs; what are they really?



7/12/95 H&C: delicately balanced vs. steel rod

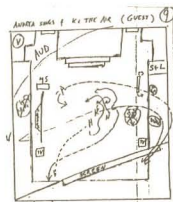
8/30/95 fight dance, following energy

11/8/95 set an emotional as well as physical score

1. **HUSA & CML**

Intimacy/capoeira duet.

Sabotage Notes: It's a fight



Some days contribute more material than others. The difference between creating and refining.

9/30/95 playing with the idea of the "talking head;" experts. We are all experts in our own world view.

ACE TALKING DIARY (8/30/95 The talking heads; talking diaries recorded and blown up on video)

Exactly that, w/ multiple projected images from rehearsals, K comes out during the talking diary, quietly tricking A. Starts to break down when A starts to talk to K, following the sound of her voice (still blind-folded), calling "Marco" to orient herself. K answers w/ "Polo", still trying to trick her.

Further Notes: K&A exit 1st time. They start to talk about a "map".

Sabotage Notes: That movie-montage, dream-sequence feeling, and also a lot of what Andrea says is about eluding scrutiny. The sense that she is a saboteur of other people's expectations or desires of her.

CLARINDA & NAMI Walking towards each other speaking English and Japanese respectively, then both in Japanese, CML is clueless, N gets pissed. Intense struggle duet (find some "quiet" moments). **Further Notes:** Background; slides of maps projected onto floor, walls, etc.. Also, definition of sabotage from Star Trek VI. K&A reappear twice in the balcony, still arguing about the map. **Sabotage Notes:** Something like Nami and K at first, except w/ languages, then the misunderstanding appears and grows into a spectacular representation of frustration.

"GIVE ME THE MAP!" K and Ace re-enter the space, mock-duelling. Possible dialogue runs something like "Why you--" & "I oughta--" & (of course) "Give me the map!"

Further Notes: H hands them inappropriate weapons. The conversation is about a sabotaged situation, accusations flying. It can start personal and then get archetypal. A&K cavort throughout the entire space and into the audience. This is like a divertissement; light and fleeting, reappearing unexpectedly. C&N continue, but start to imitate A&K

Sabotage Notes: They talk about it.

CLARINDA & NAMI Talking to each other, but C understanding N now, then go into crazy hard C&N phrase, (5/17/95 Jumping phrase for N&C: left leg quick kick side catch in back, fall forward w/ R leg coming up.

arabesque jump on R leg, arms forward into somersault, jump into little ball, land lunge)

CRAZY HARD PHRASE Choreographed by N&C. N&C are joined by A, then H, then K.

Further Notes: C&N repeat it about 5x total, the rest 3, 2, 1. **UNISON MOMENT!**

Sound score: floor sounds recorded during rehearsal of the phrase

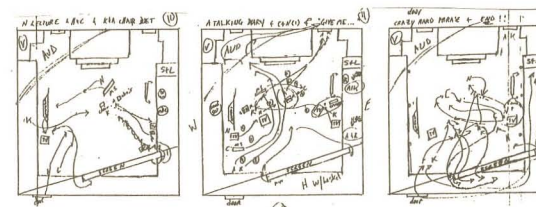
Sabotage Notes: It's fucking hard to do, and we barely make it through.

ENDING IMPROV

1. Breathing, hot stillness.

2. Passing the live-camera-in-a-box, examining it, our faces projected large on the back curtain as lights slowly fade to blue and then out.

Sabotage Notes: No more sabotage. Relinquishing the secret.



Jackson Mac Low
ACCUSATION FALÁSHA

—for Annie

Accusation afore chiliástic.
Mountie queasy just-as-soon-go-for-a-wálk question.
Katchaturian rope ínky-cap féver-pit.
Tourmaline management dolphin.
Dover Bay agates triumvirate.
Setebos pageant inscribed notoriety.
Vanilla vestibule life in infinity.
Mixtec drove.
Ixonia talus modification damask vent intent.
Japanese manifesto.
Liffey drift.
Méthod-actor annual valerian.
Old World Wisconsin-State-Faír-Park.
Nefertiti.
Centigrade.
Gillyflower the autoclave.
Showroom performance wheel animálcule.
Feéder-road camélopard chalk the autoclave léave-taking drama.
Gleé-club mesóctic laxative messenger pigeon fantabulístic.

Foxhole rinse pentimento landscape.
Oxydol subtitle latitude hackle.
Mountie agates.
Inky-cap melody dilly engagement.
Izvestia.
Katchaturian píll-jar éclair.
Izvestia weeds whittle-stoke.
Elmgrove.
Dapple.
Pepsi.
Portuguese cást-iron shark twice exceed dúty-free station lamb-bísque.
Cellos on three croak ropedance medicine pórkpie.

Asking price bôurdon creepy reacher rascality flashing.
Target.
Monique nephrosis morsel blunder.
Tipsheet.
Thales dogsbody trust gassy.
Zealot muscle fission síp-a-panel chromosome academic hostile.
Libation stoke historical site collapse grebe violence.

Feéder-road medicine motorize passion afore.
Gróssetéste grotesque mystery alliance lax limited attack.
Hackle linkboy pallid.
Morgana leavings arrow aboriginally éxeunt medallion libertine.
Horses ínky-cap chín-strap.
Old World Wisconsin-State-Faír-Park *canálë* shutterbug inaudibility.
Parquet mortuary.
Jupiter.
Caligari white noise adaptation pentagram etiquette osculation.

Elmgrove eglantine phytoplastic assessment.
Rapid City lazy Susan subtitle croak whist broadside security.
Ricochet branch phanopoetic parturition eviscerate.
Showed her a real good time declaration anesthetization.
Circus both *oríginë* leaflet clíff-dweller blunder.
Marker pageant dogsbody playmobile.
Tosca declaration.
Gypsy veál-imp.
Swope.
Izvestia weeds helpin' others nag measure tapster votive motorize.
Phytoplastic assessment assizes bimbo.
Lincoln Savings Bank fled when regal.
Mannish.
Germanic benchmark damson plum.
Volscian anesthetic pine-trees-'n'-móther valerian anacrúsís.

Locrian pokey.
Frescobaldi.
Leap at th' chance of rain near one hundred percent.
Randolph Field tree ropedance study.
Matterhorn.
Cheka torrefaction.
Méthod-actor maturation satisfaction tráck-team doxology.

Blue Mound fixture migratory torrefaction leap o' faith leap-o'-faith.

Kenilworth.

Munchkin deep tension.

Mississippi topic.

Sketchy include taciturn.

Portuguese.

Locrian pokey.

Frescobaldi.

Leap at th' chance of rain near one hundred percent.

Randolph Field leaves secure coastal.

Tosca portion inky-pall packsaddle.

Libertina model blunder.

Torrefaction speed laminated laminate mortgage.

Oak guide reunion assessment dreamy.

Attic simplicity.

Asner.

Liberty fanatic tachycardia rational.

Labrador fixture drove.

Varnish damask lost wield éxeunt ink-pall inscribed tipsy shark.

Greeting derivative.

Dover Bay.

Murray roundabout cartoon.

Wright drape encounter gasp methadone historical site bolt.

Respect sinkers nose-cone stream.

Schocken sphincter labor tyranny hog meridian count mortgage.

Feéder-road behind jimmy casual measure motorize virulent.

Forget it niche messenger pigeon.

Chánticleer when regal treble sizzle multiplication modification.

Whig taxi test-cáse.

Faláša.

Caesural spaces (silences and/or prolongations):
3 letter spaces [] = 1 unaccented syllable;
6 letter spaces [] = 1 accented syllable or beat.

Each hyphenated compound is read as one extended word: a bit more rapidly
than other words, but not hurried. Nonorthographic acute accents = stresses; ě
= sounded final e.

Derived from the vocabulary of my "intuitive" poems "Forties 1-20" (1990-91), via the computer programs GEN, by John Unger; TRAVESTY, by Hugh Kenner & Joseph O'Rourke; & DIASTEX4, by Charles O. Hartman (an automation of one of my diastich text-selection procedures developed in 1963), utilizing as selective index Anne Tardos's poem beginning "Afin que kökemény" (stopped by non-match before end of index poem); and by intentional editing (spacing, stresses, punctuation, etc.).

New York: 2-30 May, 1-22 November 1992; 2 February 1995

"Accusation Faláša": Unpacking the Endnote on Procedures

1. The sources of the poem's vocabulary are the first twenty poems in my series <154 Forties>, begun in October 1990. Each of these poems follows a "fuzzy verse form": 8 5-line stanzas, each comprising 3 moderately long lines followed by a very long line and a short line. In writing the first drafts of these poems I "gathered" words, phrases, sentences, etc., into the poems from my environment and my mind: I selected by subliminal, liminal, and deliberate choices words, etc., that I saw, heard, or thought of while I was writing the poem, and arranged them as I gathered them into the verse form. Subsequently I worked on these first drafts, revising and refining them, sometimes over several years, allowing changes in all parameters, including sometimes the words themselves. I call these poems "quasi-intentional" in that the words came to my attention from my perception and introspection and were immediately gathered into the first drafts as I wrote them, and because the revisions are made deliberately in accordance with many aesthetic and semantic criteria.

2. I made a mix of all the words of Forties 1-20 as follows:

(a) I consecutively entered them into the computer program GEN, by John Unger. (When entering them I sometimes kept certain words linked together in phrases.)

(b) I then caused GEN to randomize the order of these words and phrases. This step is "nonintentional" and is the only true "chance operation" involved, although the next two steps are also "nonintentional."

3. To reduce the size of the mix, I next ran it through the program TRAVESTY, by Hugh Kenner and Joseph O'Rourke. (I did this since the mix was too large to be handled by the next computer program utilized.) TRAVESTY draws items from a source text in accordance with letter-combination frequencies in English. One can specify the length of the resulting "pseudo-text," (Kenner's term) and one of six "orders" (very roughly, the number of letters in the combinations the program will look for). This step is "nonintentional," in that the user cannot predict which words, etc., will come into the "travesty" or their order, but "deterministic" (a term suggested by my astrophysicist son, Mordecai-Mark). No "chance" is involved: once the parameters are set, the same "travesty" should be produced each time.

4. I sent the "travesty" through the program *DIATESTX4*, by Charles O. Hartman. Prof. Hartman, a poet and critic who teaches at Connecticut College in New London, has written several programs automating some of my "diastic reading-through text-selection procedures." I devised this group of procedures in January 1963 and have utilized them without benefit of computers when writing such books as *The Pronouns* (written 1964; pub. 1964, 1971, 1979), *The Virginia Woolf Poems* (written 1976–77; pub. 1985), and *Words and Ends from Ez* (written 1983–85; pub. 1989). These procedures are "nonintentional" in that one cannot predict their output, but "deterministic," since their output will be the same each time when they are carried out correctly (without mistakes) with the same source and "seed" (see below): the successive but separated words are waiting in the source. No chance is involved unless mistakes are made.

When using *DIATESTX4* one specifies (a) a source-text file and (b) a "seed" or "index string." The latter may be any string of letters, such as a word or a whole series of words. The program then searches through the source, finding successive "words" (any strings looking like words—single words or several run together as single words by deletion of hyphens and separating spaces) having the letters of the "seed" in corresponding places. In this case I specified as "seed" Anne Tardos's quadrilingual poem "Afin que kökemény," from her book *Cat Licked the Garlic* (1992). I will quote its first strophe and show how it determined the beginning of "Accusation Faláša." (I had to strip it of diacritical marks in order to enter it into *TRAVESTY* and *DIATESTX4*.) The diastically determining letters are printed in underlined boldface in the lines of my poem.

Afin que kökemény
arterial lion's mane
j'affoladier three chevaliers
find out hogy mi ez, ki ez, who ez.

Accusation afore chiliastic
Mountie queasy just-as-soon-go-for-a-walk question.
Katchaturian rope inky-cap fever-pit.
Tourmaline management dolphin.
Dover Bay agates triumvirate.
Setebos pageant inscribed notoriety.
Vanilla vestibule life in infinity.
Mixtec drove.
Ixionia talus modification damask vent intent.
Japanese manifesto.
Liffey drift.
Method-actor annual valerian.
Old World Wisconsin-State-Fair-Park.
Nefertiti.
Centigrade.
Gillyflower the autoclave.
Showroom performance wheel animálcule.
Feeder-road camélopard chalk the autoclave léave-taking drama.
Glee-club mesóatic laxative messenger pigeon fantabulistic.

[stanza break between pages]

Foxhole rinse pentimento landscape.
Oxydol subtitle latitude hackle.
Mountie pageant.
Inky-cap melody dilly engagement.
Izvestia.
Katchaturian pill-jar éclair.
Izvestia weeds whittle-stroke.
Elmgrove.
Izvestia dapple.

5. Finally I edited the output. The verse lines ended before capital letters in the output that began words or phrases (not capitals within phrases). The strophe breaks were also derived from the output.

(a) I reinserted all the hyphens and separations between words that had been deleted (so that the computer would always treat the word group as a single word) before I entered the poems into *GEN*, and I ended each line with a period.

(b) I also restored all the diacritical marks that had been deleted, and probably added some acute accents (indicating stressed syllables) not in the source poems. I also restored all the italics that had been changed to roman characters.

(c) I inserted two types of "caesural spaces" (each indicating a silence or a prolongation of the last phoneme before the space): a three-letter space indicates a caesura lasting as long as one unaccented syllable; a six-letter space indicates a caesura as long as one accented syllable or one beat. These caesurae were placed between contiguous accented syllables, where "consonant clumps" occur (e.g., *grotesque mystery*), and in other places where pauses seemed to be needed. These caesural pauses and many of the added stresses indicated by acute accents stem from aesthetic judgments of taste as to phoneme-sound sequences and relations (verbal melody and harmony) and rhythm.

I have chosen this poem to show how the making of a verbal artwork may utilize two kinds of nonintentional procedures (chance operations and deterministic procedures) and various degrees of intentionality and choice. This play between intentionality and nonintentionality, inwardness (choice, judgment, taste) and exteriority (objectively defined procedures) has been of great interest to me for many years, but especially in the 1990s, when I have usually preferred to work with source texts, e.g., poems from *Twenties: 100 Poems* (written 1989–90; pub. 1991) and <154 Forties> (begun 1990; still being revised), which I have composed myself by so-called quasi-intentional methods.

New York: 22 October 1996; 13 April 1997

Miranda Maher
DIFFICULT BOOKS

Books are repositories of all sorts of intelligence—from simple cooking recipes to lofty musings about the universe; but they are also haunted by ambivalent attitudes toward the idea of *knowledge*. Despite having a reputation of being open to all with ability and an interest, books and intellectual exchange are also fraught with the anxieties and over-investments attending the play of desire.

Substances/procedures were categorized and applied to three basic book components:

	Burned [Bu.]	Blackened [Bl.]	Cut [Cu.]
Line by Line [..L]	[BuL] each line burned off with soldering iron	[BL] each line marked through with magic marker	[CuL] each line sliced out with razor blade
Text Block [..T]	[BuT] text areas removed, burned and replaced	[BlT] all text areas blackened out with spray paint	[CuT] text areas removed, shredded and replaced
Entire Book [..E]	[BuE] entire book incinerated	[BlE] entire book dyed black	[CuE] entire book torn to pieces

Difficult to control substances/procedures were applied "Overall" [..O]:

[BlO]	[BwO]	[PlO]	[GeO]
Bleached	Bees' Wax	Plastic	Gesso

These 26 *Difficult Books* are taken from various disciplines associated with knowledge and manipulated so that the readability of each is interfered with in a different way. What at first seems to be a straightforward project—making these books literally express their demeanor within cultural discourse—on closer examination discloses the compulsion and obsession of a methodology gone awry.

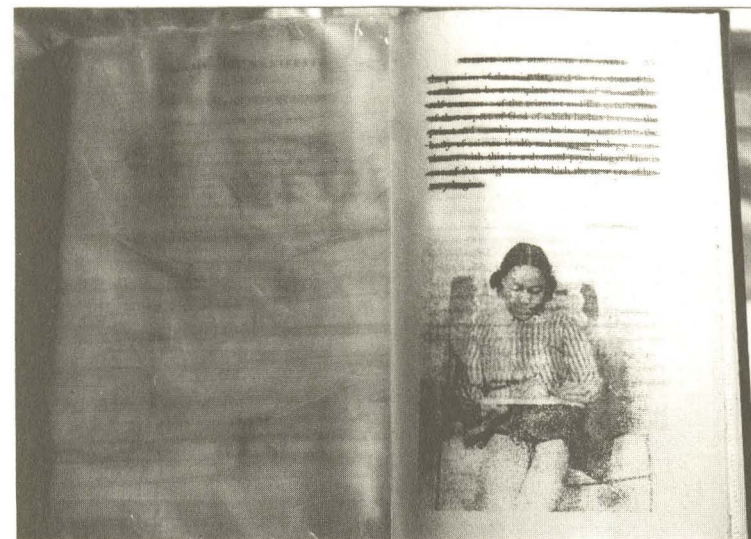
Covered: Art/Industry [Ca.]	Covered: Home/Office [Ch.]	Drawn Over [Do.]	
[CaL] each line stenciled out with textile paint	[ChL] each line redacted with paper tape	[DoL] each line scribbled out with pencil	Line by Line [..L]
[CaT] all text areas covered in silverleaf	[ChT] cardboard squares stapled over text areas	[DoT] graphite powder glued to all text areas	Text Block [..T]
[CaE] book bolted between two steel plates	[ChE] entire book encased in scotch tape	[DoE] every surface covered with paint-stik	Entire Book [..E]

[LeO]	[BpO]	[SaO]	[ChO]
Lead	Baby Powder	Sanded	Chewed



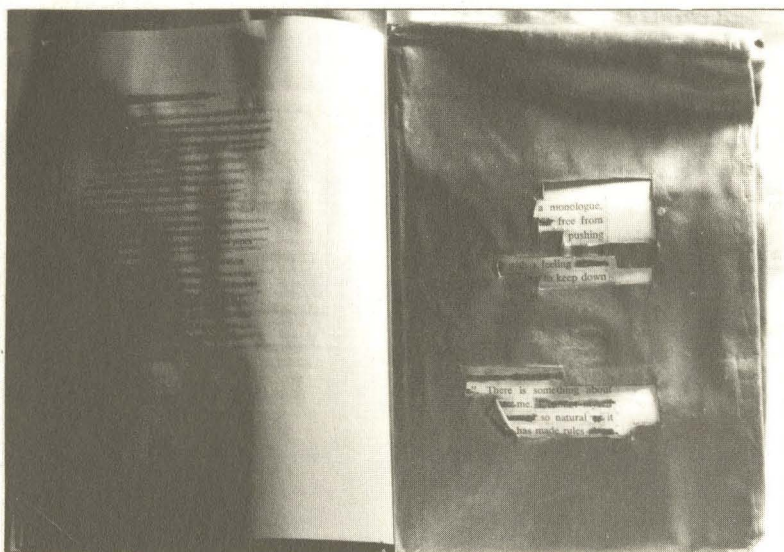
[CuT]

[BpO]



[ChE]

[DoL]



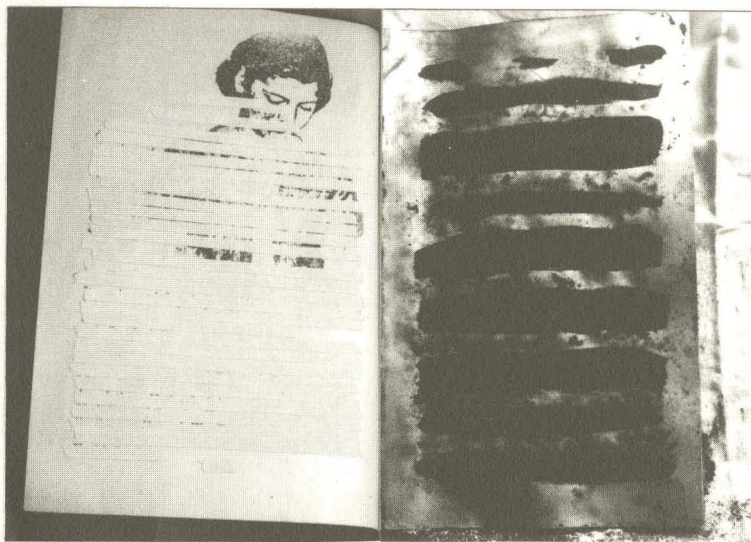
[CaL]

[LeO]



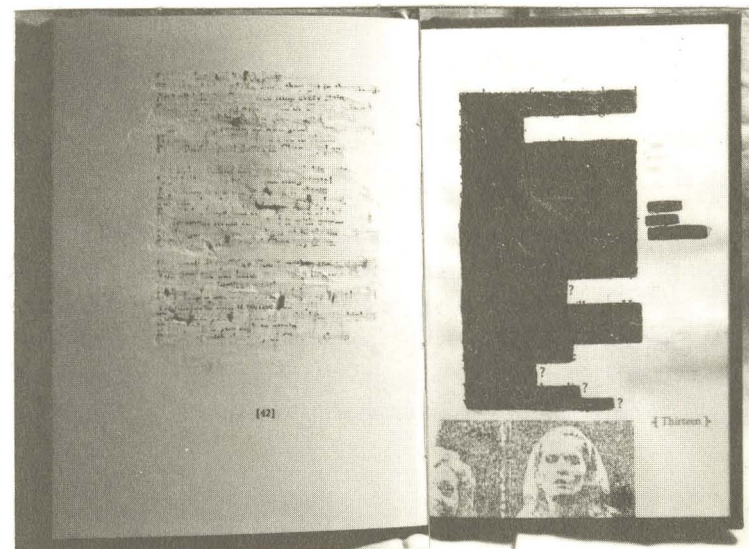
[CuL]

[CuE]



[ChL]

[DoT]



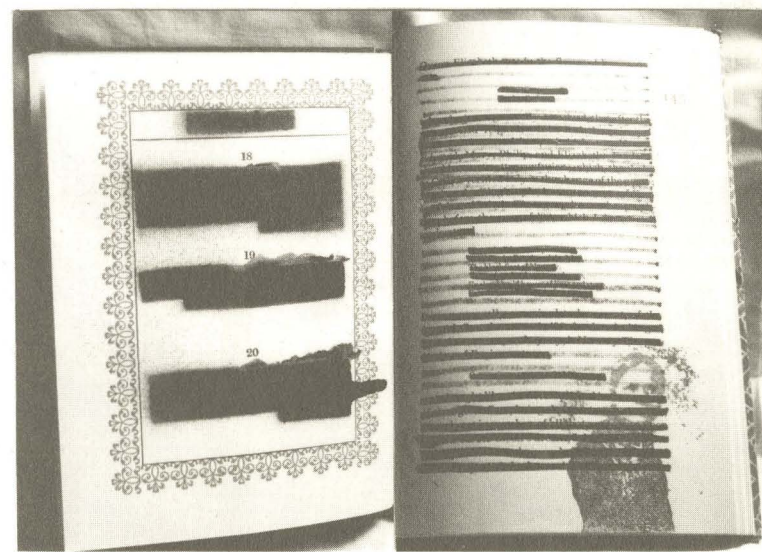
[SaO]

[CaT]



[BuL]

[GeO]

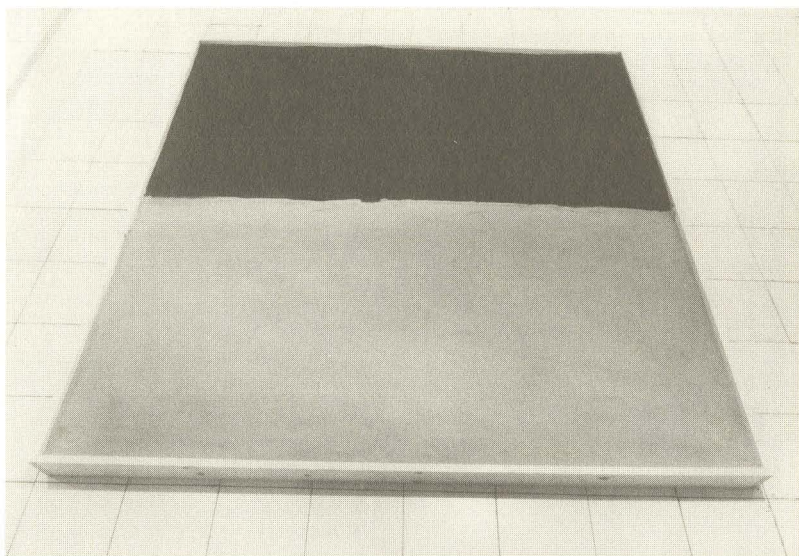


[BIT]

[BIL]

Lizbeth Marano
ENTROPIA

These three photographs are of an installation made in 1992 at Molica Gallery in Rome, Italy. The installation was composed of two identical 8'x8'x5" high wooden boxes, each filled with sand, which were divided in half, one half black sand and one half white sand. One of the boxes (Box 1) remained intact and untouched, looking very much like a minimalist painting on the floor, though expressed through

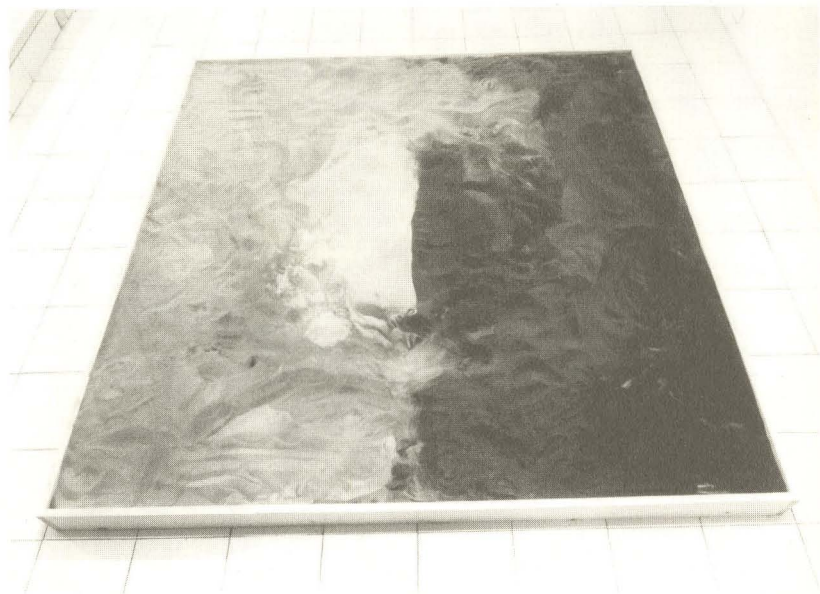


Entropia. 1992. 8'x8'x5". Wood box filled with sand, 1/2 black and 1/2 white. Box 1.

physical material rather than applied surface. In the second box (Box 2), several children were asked to enter and run around clockwise in circles, thoroughly mixing the sand up in the process. Next, the children were asked to run counterclockwise, but reversing direction did not reverse the process. The sand did not return to its original ordered state, which had now become irreversibly chaotic.



Entropia. 1992. Photograph documenting process with children running in a circle in Box 2.



Entropia. 1992. 8'x8'x5". Wood box filled with black and white sand after children had run around in circles in it. Box 2.

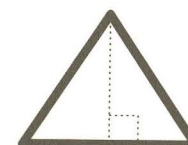
William Marsh
FROM A•RE•AS

(definitions)

visited: a direct
borrowing—

Ārea, which simply meant
'level piece of open
ground, particularly one not
built on in a city'
[vacant piece of level ground]
An alternative
sense, 'place where grain
is threshed,' suggests derivation from the Latin *Ārērē*, 'be dry'

1. the extent or measure of a surface



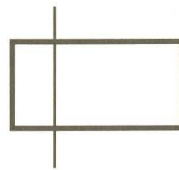
(equation)

2. a region or tract



(property)

3. a space allocated for a specific purpose



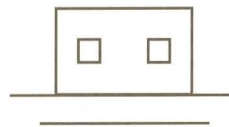
(writing re)

4. the scope or range of an activity or study



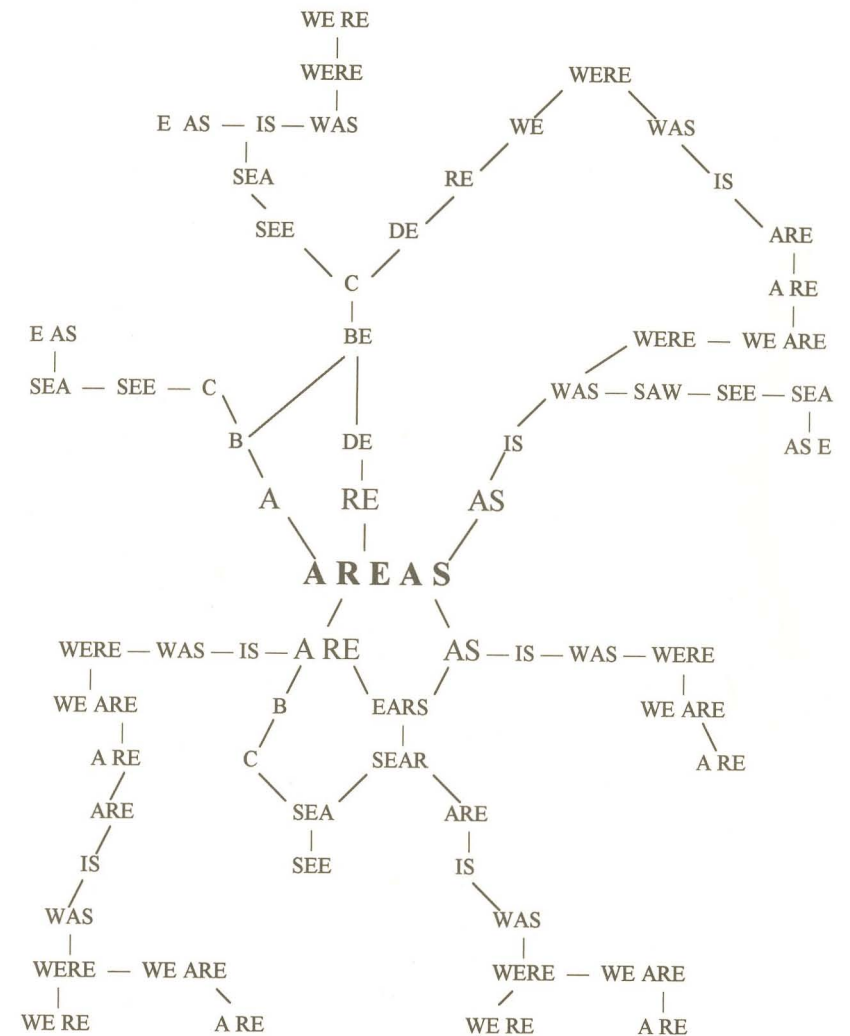
(definition)

5. a space below ground level in front of the basement of a building

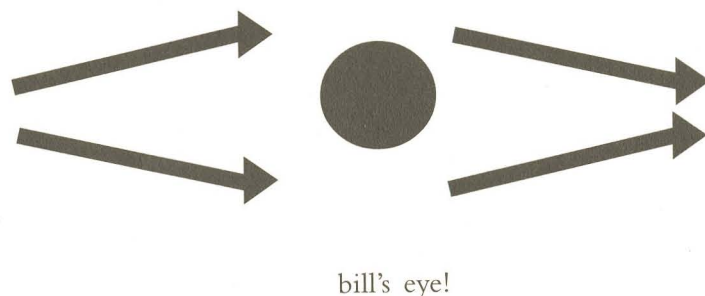


(dwelling)

(metaphor)



(stochastic operations)



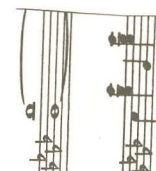
bill's eye!

John Mason
TAG BARN 1

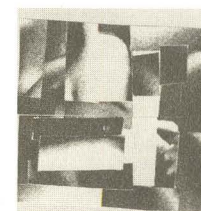
Here's a Chimney, white paint splotching blackened bricks randomly. I like the Earthen Kilns on top. "Those who are involved get all ____ds of perks—travel, cash, ice assignments. Those who ____n't find themselves unable to compete. It's economic rape." "The Wrong Thing. You have to have a way of life that is peaceful." Here's a silver & black Rain Gutter—not separate—part of the roof itself—a square trough. "The pickle lover's pickle"—but the name—Oxford—has faded away from this jar of pennies. The year Noah was born—a check to the diaper man and one to Bryn Mawr College. "Alice was sure, with a mother's 6th sense, Alice was sure that he was alive." Minarets start up in the rain out of Adrianople across the mudflats. Here's a high hat, with liquid measures in it. Their missing vinyl siding plank shows the bricks—real or fake—the house is made of, or not, and the difficulties of maintenance when the husband is gone. Here's an empty cassette case, made in Japan, scratched cracked and dirty still usable but in this economy stowed away high in my closet shelf in a shoebox. "walk away" says Anselm. For example, the poet conventionally appeals to the muses for aid, asks them what started the action (the *epic question*), often begins his narrative in the middle of things (*in media res*) . . . found object still-lives. The images resemble windows, not only b/c of their arched tops. Bring WHITE and YELLOW copies to Registrar's office. Retain PINK copy for your records . . . so grateful to Orisha Oko, that they made him their King; but right away, fear set in. Two happy smiles, mother up close, daughter above her and behind, and by their high cheekbones, you shall know them, and the darkness around their luminosity (luminousness). White clouds, w/gray tinge portending—the gray portender. "Language is—that we may *mis*-unda-stand each udda." Reed bouillabaisse. Readers' anticipations are enormously complex (a rabbi, a minister, and a priest . . .) This black and red typewriter ribbon box, empty, marked down to a dollar ten years ago, says the ribbon was cotton—an empty hopeless song about a desperate angry landscape.

"Tag Barn 1" was composed while sitting in my study, by using a single die to determine which area of my room I would focus on, and then within that area which sub-area, book, paper, page, etc. Piece includes quotes from Krazy Kat, Anselm Hollo, Jan Ramjerdi, African folk tales, and various official documents and texts.

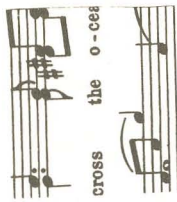
E. A. Miller LACKAWANNA: 7 EQUATIONS



The shine-dark was what
drew him first, Obadiah Gore.
A break under the earth, a
smoldering of the forge,
a forced draught. A nameless
fire. Accidents can happen.
This was and wasn't one, the
Bible brought out by the
horse, the shoe hammered,
dark on dark on
darkness. (1769)



not include a few coals
mits of fixed carbon or
r contain less than 48
eral-matter-free Btu.
y in low-volatile group
l containing its natura
re may be non-taking t
or more fixed carbon o
ardless of Btu.



Journal notes: The hand was poor. Luggage loaded on wrong train. Harrisburg not Hartford. Met by the foreman and brought to far breakers. Hired at 40 cents a day. Rent garnished. The skin of countries replaced, robbed out into one dark geography. Tipple and bull shaker. (1870)

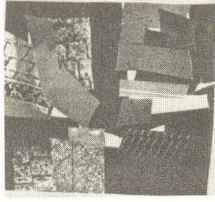
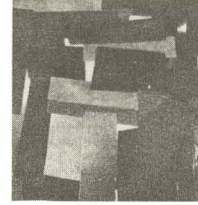
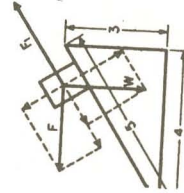
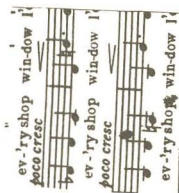
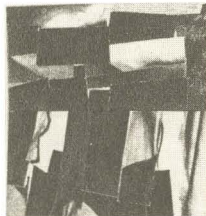


Fig. 81. Inclined chute with cross ad-
gals.

Fig. 82. Inclined chute with cross ad-
gals.

"Take the sprag and stop the goddamn wheel! It's an incline, not a straight shaft. Rub down Esther and I don't wanna smell it on ya." My Sweetheart's the mule in the mines, I drive her without rein or lines, One the bumper I sit, I chew and I spit, All over my sweetheart's behind. (1883)



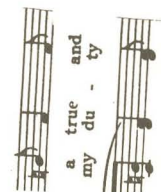
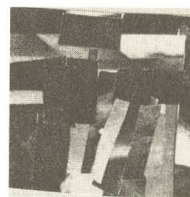


Power in Drilling.
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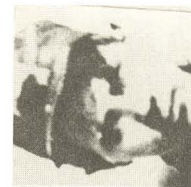


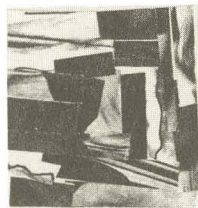
"Here's what you need to know: Fire damp falls. Black damp rises. Fire boss cleans the pockets. Canaries on top & rats on the bottom. Light the corners and change the doors. Peg in and peg out. Bring your own tools 'n pay the company for the powder. Watch your head, cap's crimped." (1891)

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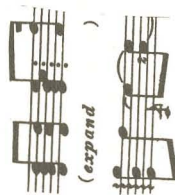


Red tops from dividing robin's eggs from slag, steamboat from slate, broken from wood. A glove of blood for the breaker boys. Door boys, mule boys. Says Phoebe Snow: The miners know That to hard coal My flame I owe For my delight In wearing white Is due alone to Anthracite. (1904)





Mama in the Mine Patch
listens for Big Joe's long
whistle. Three-two. Men and
boys. Fire inside and the
water's rising. Crawl a mile
to back shaft. Above, other
men seal off the coal corridor
to prevent the town itself from
burning. A low sound seeps
through. No other boy to
send. (1917)

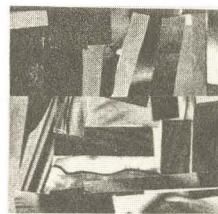


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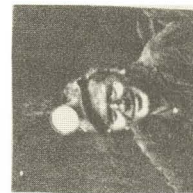
$H_p = H_o + \Delta NRT$
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at constant volum,
wn.



purpose, or that is
to the bidder offeri
cost at the plant.
the efficiency of its
and the handling of
Wage clauses ar
wage scales and also
involved.



Miss Snow commends Her
road to friends -- To one and
all This message sends: No
route brings quite As much
delight As cleanly Road of
Anthracite. (1922)



Lackawanna: 7 Equations started after a visit to the Lackawanna coal mines. It involves matching historically appropriate music with photos of coal miners, text from a mechanical engineering handbook of the period, as well as created text and created graphic abstraction. There are seven "strips" to be read as equations, miniature representations of a museum, expansions of the "apron conveyer" that hauls coal out of the mine.

Laura Moriarty
NOTES ON SYMMETRY AS A PROCEDURE

Proposition

If it is given that the poem is a unit of language readable as a poem and further given that this unit can be regarded as being the same as a physical state of equilibrium (symmetry), then the operations (procedures) that occur both to produce this unit and to alter it are the symmetries (transformations) which keep it the same.

Symmetry is defined here not as simply the state of being equilateral or commensurate, but as being that which exists as a result of transformational operations which affect but do not change the symmetrical unit.

(This proposition is tautological. Tautology, remember, is symmetrical, but only as long as it can be maintained. An asymmetrical tautology fails to be circular. It gets somewhere. Is narrative, meaningful. The fact that something is symmetrical doesn't mean anything, except possibly in physics where, if it is the right equation, it may mean that it is equal to, is the formula for, the universe.)

But to go on—these symmetrical operations impact the poem's state of equilibrium (readability) but do not change it (until they do.) The unit of language retains its readability (but only just.) The pressure continues.

When the symmetry of the unit is broken a chaotic situation results in which there is a struggle for organization (complexity) or meaning. This organization exists for a while and then becomes illegible (or maybe becomes too legible.) Symmetry consumes itself.

Reading is symmetrical because it transforms without changing. Writing is asymmetrical but produces symmetry (closure) even when the writer seeks to avoid it. Death (completion) is an interval which seems symmetrical but which is actually only a broken symmetry. Death is incom-

plete. Something always remains to be completed. One system, life, has simply become, for a moment, larger than the other, the dead thing.

Symmetry is repetitive, circular. Thinking about symmetry as a concept or a procedure or a value is frustrating. Symmetry is too large and begins to mean simply "everything." And, in fact, is involved in the attempt in physics to create a "theory of everything."

Symmetry is an important concept in contemporary physics. There are some correspondences between the writing and the physics of our time, but they are probably more inevitable than they are useful to either the writer or the physicist. None of the writing in *Symmetry* (Avec Books, 1996) was done as a result of reading about the new physics. However, after it came out, I read many popular physics books about symmetry. In this reading, which is ongoing, I occasionally find descriptions of operations in physics, in group theory, which seem related to the procedures I used in writing *Symmetry*.

The central procedure in the book was to attack prosody. I wanted to have the prosodized unit of intelligibility that a poem seems to be and to not have it at the same time. (To have: to present, to write, to possess, to enter.) This desire was not a procedure in the sense of being an activity of counting or structuring, though counting and structure do occur in the book. But it was, as all desire, a generative mechanism.

The procedures

Symmetry is transformation. A thing is transformed into the same thing only different.

There is geometric transformation: change of shape, rotation, displacement:

Examples from *Symmetry* are "The Birth of Venus," laid out like a crucifix, or the grid poems in the book—"English Dream," "Elaboration," or the split-column poems—"Dolores," "Speak."

The procedure was writing into a space, into a geometry.

There is temporal transformation: change of time, reversal in time, intervals:

Temporal transformation can be seen as reversal in syntax ("But"). Word or phrase substitution or skipping ("The Muse"). The title can actually be the last line or vice versa ("That Explode Together").

The procedure here was to foreground sequence, usually with syntax.

There is transformation as growth—symmetry making in chaotic or turbulent systems:

The last section of *Symmetry*, "Forever," was written in relation to cancer as a sort of interior weather. From working with forms I went to accreting the text in a "natural" way. I began to see that "natural" meant deadly. I was interested in a weather which forms itself into a viable, fantastic system, a form which inevitably includes closure. I had the sense that the individual life was the prosody in the fact of life, the forming feature, the breaker of symmetry.

Here the activity was to accept a broken, chaotic writing in the midst of trauma, possibly as a means of survival (though "I" didn't survive). No doubt it is stretching the term to call that state procedural, but, at the time, I was conscious of it as my "procedure."

Symmetry in *Rondeaux*/rondeaux in *Symmetry*

A rondeau is a French form of fifteen lines with a rhyme scheme. Its roundness is that it repeats in the ninth and final lines—either the whole line or a phrase. The English poet Thomas Wyatt used the form. He included the rhyme scheme and threw in meter. He repeated the whole phrase in his returns. I started using the rondeau because I liked its repetitiveness, its sonnet-like concision and its similarity to popular song.

In using the form, I reduced the procedure to repeating a word or phrase from the first line in the ninth and last lines and to keeping the poem, usually, to fifteen lines or units. Everything in *Rondeaux* (Roof Books, 1990) is a rondeau. "The Modern Tower" is a fifteen

section story in which one section is a rondeau. "La Malinche" is built on a double rondeau skeleton, etc.

In the last section of *Rondeaux* and in *Symmetry* I often used the fifteen line unit but changed it into a form I eventually thought of as a "missile." The missile consists of five stanzas with five, four, three, two and one line(s) respectively. It turned out to be a useful form to use in thinking about the Gulf War.

The Missile

The protected zone
Like a diagram of a pine cone
Removed from life
Lightning
Seems alive

The quiet voice
The trees of an imaginary paradise
Dropping down

Or not fallen
Like people who are innocent
To the ground

To the air or back down
What lasts is what we have

What we have done

This particular poem cheats by one line—cheating is required in each of these procedures.

End notes (not complete)

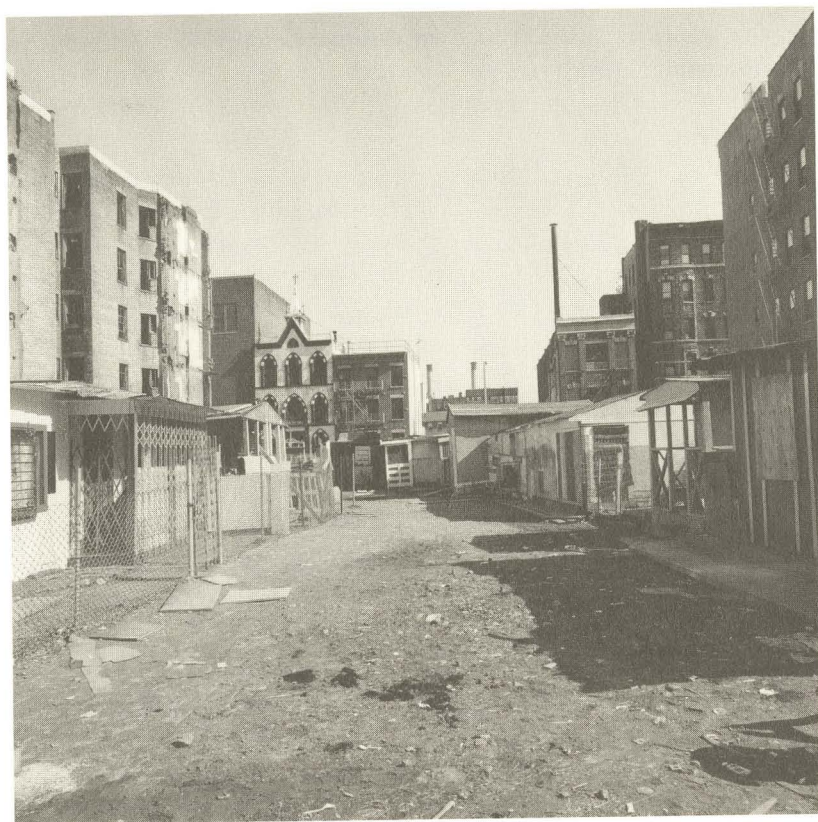
"We wish to understand the order around us in the biosphere, and we see that the order may reflect both low-energy equilibrium forms and non-equilibrium, dissipative structures, the living whirlpools that maintain order by importing and exporting matter and energy."

Kaufman, Stuart, *At Home In the Universe*, Oxford University Press, 1995, p. 22.

A procedure finally exists which is not describable. Like Borges' map it is the same size as the country; it has a 1:1 scale. Such a procedure (of reading or writing) can't be reduced.

"... the algorithm itself is its own shortest description ... It is ... incompressible." (ibid)

Margaret Morton
PEPE OTERO: ARCHITECT OF
SHANTYTOWN



Entrance to a homeless community known as "Bushville," on New York City's Lower East Side.

Pepe Otero was sleeping on a bench in Tompkins Square Park when a friend invited him to live in "Bushville," a homeless encampment that occupied a city-owned vacant lot on New York City's Lower East Side. Residents scavenged building materials in the early morning hours and eventually clustered fourteen small houses along a central path, forming a village that provided not only a sense of security but also a sense of community. The residents were all of Puerto Rican descent, and the houses, which were continually under construction, bore a closer resemblance to the architecture of their builders' homeland with each addition. Brightly painted *casitas* flew the Puerto Rican flag; intricately detailed open porches, gaily striped awnings, and painted rock gardens provided sharp contrast to the neighborhood's grim tenement buildings. Wooden pallets, plywood ramps, and carpets defined front yards; chairs and porches gave individual character to semiprivate spaces that flanked the main walkway. Pepe moved into an existing eight-by-eight foot plywood house. He added a canopied porch, which he later enclosed to create a music room. The pounding of his hammer accompanied his *salsa* music as construction continued unabated. He extended his dwelling with a tool room, where he repaired lamps, radios, and television sets for people in nearby tenements. He then constructed a kitchen and a bedroom for Carmen, a homeless woman he found sleeping along the East River. A front porch was fashioned from orange plastic bread trays and anchored with discarded wooden bedposts. The following summer, Pepe shaded the porch with a sloped roof. He linked his house to an enclosed garden with a *marquesina*, a roofed walkway reminiscent of his boyhood home. The garden was walled with a double tier of bread trays and planted with pumpkins and tomatoes. By the time city sanitation department bulldozers demolished the community on December 15, 1993, Pepe had transformed a one-room shack into a five-room home.



Pepe Otero took over an existing house from a friend. He added a striped canopy and a wooden pallet for a porch.



Pepe enclosed the porch to create a music room and added a tool room. The striped awning was converted into a window shade.



Pepe created a front porch from orange plastic bread trays. A shopping cart was dismantled to protect the windows from vandals.



The following spring, Pepe built a *marquesina*, which linked the house to a private garden. He found marble paving stones for the main path.



Pepe raised the ceiling of his living room by four inches and added a kitchen. Louvered doors led to the bedroom.



Bushville was demolished by city sanitation department bulldozers, and the vacant lot was returned to piles of refuse once again.

Harryette Mullen

Nine Syllables Label Sylvia

Poet Sylvia Plath is pregnant.
Sylvia's pregnant with her poem.
Pregnancy is only nine letters.
Syllable, a metaphor for month?
Sylvia's nine pregnant syllables!
Pregnant: creative and inventive.
Poet and her poem, both pregnant.
Pregnant means filled and charged with meaning.
Sylvia is a pregnant poem.

Sylvia's Still on the Syllabus

Of riddles, metaphors, conundrums.
Metaphor makes things equivalent:
Units of language, units of time.
She goes unnamed through periphrasis,
Metaphor and circumlocution;
Fashions cute euphemistic riddles,
Then leaves us to guess her syllables.
Sylvia's still a big enigma.

Formal features incorporated:

1. stichic organization
2. poem is nine lines (not counting title)
3. syllabic meter; nine syllables per line (also applies to my titles; Plath's title is a word of 9 letters)
4. every line end-stopped, with punctuation
5. title contains a pun or other wordplay (meta+pherein)
6. title and line 1 call attention to poet as creator/artificer and/or to poem as a verbal artifact

7. line 1 mentions riddle and/or gives clue or answer
8. poem elaborates title; lines 2-9 elaborate line 1
9. poem illustrates or refers to linguistic and cryptic aspects common to devices of indirection such as metaphor, riddle, charade, logograph, periphrasis

Plath's poem "Metaphors" is packed with metaphors: a different one, sometimes three, in each line. The title might be a subliminal pun based on etymological origins of the word metaphor (carry across; transfer): META, "involved with change"; PHEREIN, "to bear." This pun on metaphor/pregnancy, as well as the traditional tropes of artist/creator and poet/maker, might suggest the first line, derived from the word guessing game, charades.

"Metaphors" is technically not a charade, although it incorporates the kind of formulaic opening that signals a language game: "I'm a riddle in nine syllables." Charades is a guessing game involving hints based on breaking down words into smaller units of words, syllables, or letters. ("My first [syllable] wears my second," or "I am a word of twelve letters.") The charade, in its association of words, syllables, and letters with numbers, has a cryptographic aspect that links it to codes, ciphers, and puzzles that substitute numerals for alphabets, as well as to the ancient riddling tradition. Plath's poem shares certain features common to other types of cryptographic puzzles.

Plath's evocation of language games with origins in the ancient ritual incantations, charms, and spells of all cultures, as well as her subliminal pun on bearing or carrying, suggest magical correspondences between poetry and pregnancy. Plath's title "Metaphors" and "pregnancy," the unstated word that names the poet's condition and is the answer to the poem's riddle, both contain nine letters. The poem is shaped formally and conceptually around the "magic" number nine (months, letters, syllables, lines) just as the poem's metaphors are figuratively periphrastic references to pregnancy.

Plath's metaphors might apply to her poem as well as to herself as a pregnant woman, a pregnant poet, a poet with a head full of creative ideas. Here the conventional opening of the charade provides a key statement suggesting an analogical relationship in which the poet is the tenor and her poem (with its riddling metaphors) the vehicle. The number nine—referring to letters in the title, lines in the poem, syllables per line, and months required for a full-term pregnancy—establishes a link between the formal and linguistic elements of the poem and the poet's biography.

What Greimas would call the poem's "negative complex isotopy" (vehicle seems more real or more fully present in the poem than tenor) might correspond to the experience of a pregnant woman, estranged from herself as her body undergoes its physiological transformation. The occult enigma of the cryptogram corresponds to a self disguised or hidden within an altered body that appears ever stranger. Another subliminal pun in the poem might again relate metaphor, the literary figure, to the pregnant poet's changing body. Both "figures" keep changing. The puzzle of the riddle, its manipulation of linguistic code, might also be associated with the secret of life conceived within the body, the ability of living creatures to reproduce through replication of their genetic code.

Although it employs no perplexing obstruction, Plath's poem resembles traditional riddles in its insistence on the priority of the decontextualized metaphor and its vehicle, to the point that the tenor or literal referent remains latent, a puzzle to be solved. The tenor is represented only by the shifter "I" which explicitly refers to the metaphorical vehicles (elephant, house, melon, etc.) or to the poem itself, a riddle composed of nine lines of nine syllables each. Yet the reader is aware that logically and implicitly, "I" refers also to the poet as the tenor of all this poem's metaphors.

The number nine as well as the first person pronoun "I" are the slender means by which the poem equates one isotopy with another. In this way Plath's poem, like the charade word game, allows the meaning of the poem, or solution of the puzzle it poses for the reader, to turn on the minimal units of meaning within a linguistic or numerical code: a single digit and a single alphabet. (Coincidentally "I" is also the Roman numeral one, so that the relationship of one and nine might suggest movement from singularity to multiplicity as the poet and her metaphors go forth and multiply.) "I'm a riddle in nine syllables" incorporates the language of the charade, equating "I" and "riddle," while associating each with the number "nine."

My imitations, by stating what remains unstated in "Metaphors," restore the reality of the tenor, Sylvia Plath, pregnant poet. Of course one obvious way I depart from the grammar of her poem is in my use of third person rather than first, thus changing the rhetorical situation, so there is no ambiguous "I" that might be the poet and/or her poem. My imitations respond to the poet's portrayal of herself and her poem as enigmas. While I follow Plath in other formal features, my poems do not leap from one metaphor to another from line to line; instead I acknowledge her implicit equation of metaphors and pregnancy, of poem and poet, of creation and procreation. My poems based on her model comment on her use of logograph, but my imitations are not linguistically structured as riddles.

A convention of riddles is that objects may "speak" in first person, using metaphors that at once describe the object and obscure its identity. A traditional riddle blocks or delays its solution by confusing us with mixed metaphors and incompatible isotopies. A riddle's difficulty stems from the bizarre and obscure clues it provides. In the charade the word itself "speaks," providing clues for guessing its constituent parts. What puzzles us is that the charade scrambles relations between signifier and signified.

In riddles and charades, substitution of pronoun for noun allows the unnamed name to speak of itself. The pregnant poet appears only in the guise of metaphor: obscured yet latently present, as she is in the first person pronoun. If the poem is a riddle, or charade, it might be the poem or its objects speaking, rather than (or as well as) the poet herself. "I'm a riddle in nine syllables" is a literal description of each metaphorical line of the poem, as well as a metaphorical description of the literally pregnant poet. (We read "Metaphors" knowing that Plath eventually became a mother, although she was not yet pregnant when she wrote this poem.)

I address more directly her poem's implicit conflict: naming vs not naming, a conflict underlined by the linguistic conventions of riddles, games, and puzzles. Her text is a periphrastic series of metaphors for pregnancy, resulting in a riddle-like poem that does not block the reader's ability to solve the puzzle, but perhaps suggests the poet's ambivalence about pregnancy, at a time when women were expected to become mothers, but were discouraged from careers as poets or anything else. Poems written by women about pregnancy may be plentiful now, but when Plath wrote "Metaphors" the idea of a pregnant poet, if not literally unspeakable, must have seemed far stranger than it does today.

Laura Mullen

35 1/2

Is this turning all too easily, too swiftly into
Language? A man keeps stepping out
From behind a banyan tree
Saying "Believe
It or not. . . ." Stopping. Starting over again. Stopping.

Of course there's a camera.

Of course there's a camera—
Man making it into
A movie, or trying: stopping
The speaker from stepping out
Of the frame, sending him back to "Believe . . ."
And the tree,
And the moving away from the tree.

What does the tree feel? What does the camera
Think about this? It's a fund-raising movie, "Believe
It or not, last year we were ranked in . . ."—
You don't want to hear this. I got out
Of there fast. "And so": the scene's stopped.

Incongruous, in a suit and a tie—stopped again
Mid-gesture, emphatic, between the tree's
Green and the lawn's—there's some guy walking out
Of a day in Spring (making a special pitch to the camera's
Potentially vast and yet intimate audience) and into
Something like timelessness. It's a matter of belief.
Or beliefs? That banyan's true, but hard to believe
In, in the dense cluster of trunks it hasn't stopped
Adding all those very slightly differing versions onto,
Like a news feed: tree, tree, tree, et cetera—
A dark mass of leaves above the whole business—the camera
Keeps running. *Don't worry, we can edit it out.*

I got out and I didn't get out . . .
Like him I was getting paid to act like I believed
In what I was selling, only language was the camera
(So I was both of them) I couldn't stop: I couldn't stop
This *I, I, I*—turning into the tree
Now (do you *believe* that?); turning into

Something outside, stopped . . .

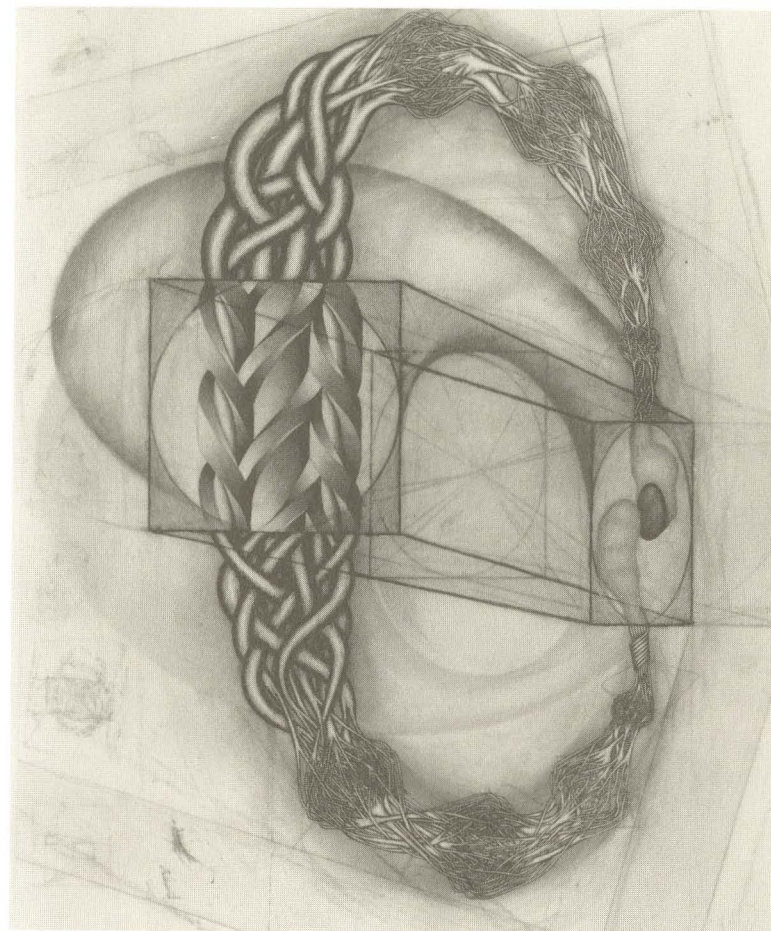
Which goes on soliciting belief. For how long? O Tree,
O Camera. Just a couple of seconds turning into

In the middle of that all-too-bright wood called Miami, haunted by the Sestina form, itself a site of hauntings, with its echoes and doublings back and pressure to present a word already heard too many times (gathering or shifting, losing and rediscovering ((a different)) semantic weight)—as in life or some kind of terrible "shaggy dog" story—fatigue with teaching (the pretence that there was one clear way to proceed) produced of necessity this meta-machine which comments on the transformations it accomplishes / accomplices; a series ("or mere succession"—Beckett) of realizations frustrated by the realization of the failure of any realization to remain intact for very long: I am a procedure. According to Turco (The Book of Forms) there seems to be a rationale behind the sequence of six recurring end words which lies in the numerological sequence of numbers 615243, but he adds that the "significance of the set . . . has evidently been lost since the Middle Ages. . . ."

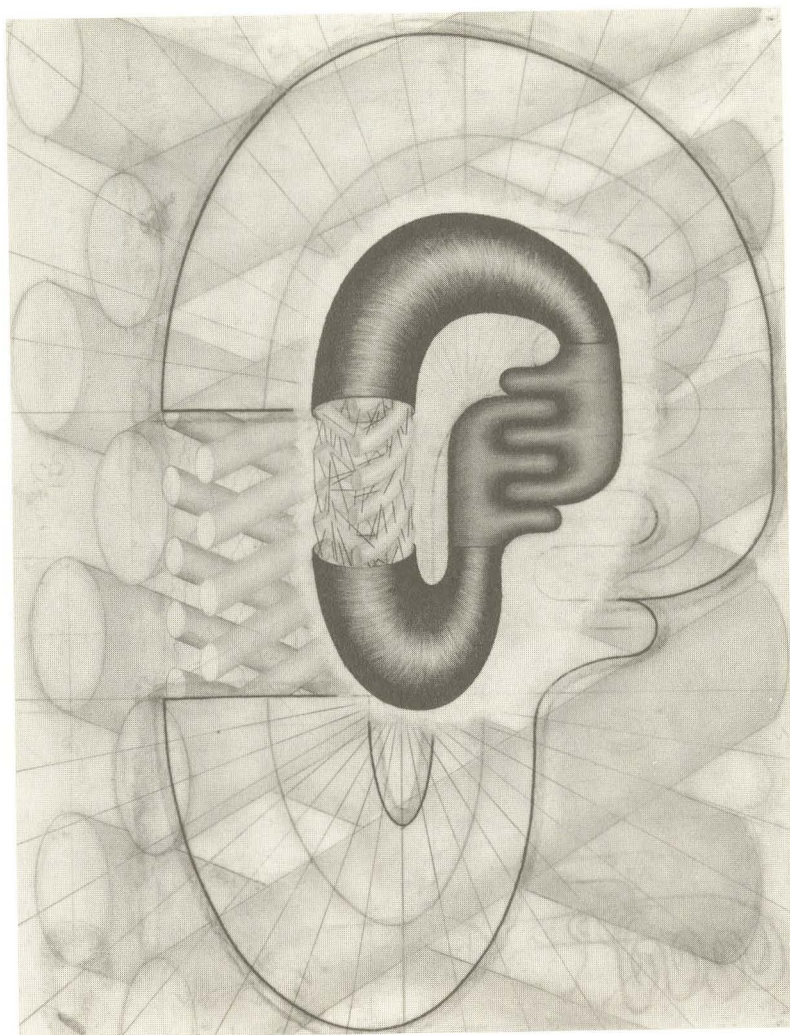
Edward Mycue
10 RUMBAS

1. Full of longings, full of fire, laughter changing from one to the other side of the hourglass
2. spectators and participants give out, act out, hide under enter into, withdraw from and cross over inconsistent experiences, clinical trials, monotherapies, viral replication
3. Darla says the primary infections in AIDS are the sting in cellular immune response THEY ARE OF AN INTERCELLULAR NATURE
overtone
4. the toughest remembered HIV has
5. subtypes to "O" "O" is *outsider* (as in the Cameroons in Africa)
6. echo deep cuts
slap on the wrist Shilpa
7. CD8 cells
cell-mediated immune responses are fight
8. sexually killed in the home
9. drugs like Interleuken 12
gancyclover eye implants
every 8 months
John says 60 milligrams every 4 hours
10. THE WRONG PATH ENDS AT A NON-TRACK OF OPTICAL LONGINGS

John Newman



Untitled, 1994. 55 1/2"x46". Collage, chalk, pencil, charcoal, china marker.



Untitled, 1993. 25"x57". China marker, colored pencil, pencil, chalk, gouache on paper.

Sianne Ngai ENEMY

everybody suffered and then his glasses broke why rendezvous object is what you consent to send is remorse for rendezvous object why everybody suffered and then his glasses broke is the remorse we consent to send why the rendezvous

•

unbelievably ownership after ownership [repeat] "is remorse for answering"
unbelievably worker is enabling after

batteries, door, rifle, "and then his glasses broke"
[repeat] "and then his glasses broke"

happens to need to why suffered happens [repeat] "why what everybody"

unbelievably deed is
unbelievably worker is enabling after
[repeat] "is enabling after" consent

•

indeed renown claims its distinctive type in order to be claimed in ownership of the instincts or claim as deed to be filed under type of owner emits the renown of flying flies who mate by instinct in the unbelievably blue skies

bomb in a parcel becomes substitute for after which is missing especially by post after service is limited by size of bag albeit distended by enormous present carried by

the worker carrying the post

•

limited albeit ownership of rendezvous object
after for rendezvous object why

limited albeit
bag albeit

[repeat] "flying flies"
[repeat] "unlike the secretion of saliva"

repeat [unlike the secretion of saliva] unlike repeat [happens to need
to]

"flying flies" [has to really want to] repeat [unlike] discipline

unlike discipline
remorse [strike through] happens to need to
[repeat] "happens to need to" [strike through] claim instincts has to
really want to

•

where the individual happens to need to change the
batteries or her rifle from one shoulder to the other
where discipline becomes abstract opening the door
where answering the bell and opening the door where
all are audible acts unlike the secretion of saliva where
the individual happens to need to change where the
individual has to really want to to change

"the individual has to really want to change"

what of the automatism of the what or fingernail dream
at mid-level enabling automatism as he encounters what
intactness of speech as reality of scratching at mid-level
is why he wakes to examine his fingernail what

buyer's remorse for overrated rendezvous object

•

indeed everybody distended where the individual what
indeed owner everybody everybody [repeat] distended albeit
indeed what [repeat] the reality

"and then his glasses broke"

remorse for mundane amours very nearly the including
could affect including mundane amours

[repeat] "unlike the secretion of saliva"

& a plastic bag swelling
[strike through] corporeal corporeal & a plastic bag what swelling
[strike through]
subordinate therapists

•

[repeat] "buyer's remorse for overrated rendezvous object"

is [hyphenate] the [hyphenate] of himself consent to send very nearly
the
consent deadens the [hyphenate] of sent & [hyphenate]

[repeat] remorse very
nearly the remorse including [repeat] could affect including [repeat]
the new echelon

•

who by [line break] who filed happens to who
happens to need to has to really want to [line break] under
unbelievably blue skies

“and then his glasses broke”
[abbreviate]
that stooped in the person [abbreviate]
many light bulbs many therapists

take does it does

[repeat] “under unbelievably blue skies”

In “Enemy,” the editorial marks I made while working on drafts became part of the poem itself. Strangely enough, I found the voicing of the editorial commands (repeat, abbreviate, line break) to fall naturally, as it were, into the rhythm of what I originally intended as the poem proper, namely the prose texts which then get fragmented into “lyrics.” Perhaps the assimilation of these commands into the poem has something to do with the process of editing itself as a kind of relentless, imperative mechanism—mimetic of elements within the poem.

Joan Retallack
THE BLUE STARES
Writing on Guest’s *Blue Stairs*

André Broca’s Paradox: To see a blue light, you must not look directly at it.

—Julia Kristeva, “Giotto’s Joy”

*There is
no fear Malev THE there kijarat (exit) the BLUE opt (now)
thesis under your seat STARES there in no THE in taking
the first BLUE step Malev or the second or STARES the
third in THE fact kijarat (exit) Malev BLUE having a
position between several Popes STARES when sche
assumpte THE in fact the top BLUE a life’s work rendered
entirely obsolete STARES az ülés alatt THE can be reached
Malev BLUE taking in the without disaster precocious
STARES dark middle row THE the code in noticing BLUE
the particular shade occasionally giving way STARES isn’t it
cold THE /hot today milyen ma! BLUE find an argument of
the staircase STARES the question of THE now Malev
occasionally giving BLUE way to the emotions supporting
assertions STARES it has been THE chosen discriminately*

sche said BLUE to graduate the dimensions Malev
 plagiarizing STARES the fear of THE ease them into sight
 BLUE palace of culture concrete grey Danube STARES in
 the small THE republic of space the BLUE Budapest
 apartment of the musicologist silence STARES radiant
 everything a THE a republic of space BLUE tudja mit akar
 igen nem probleme STARES deepnest everything a THE a
 thumb pieta perforating BLUE Tuscan martyrs in the
 Museum's cold STARES wince under cleaver THE generáció
 opt (now) passed BLUE over it disarming the pocked blue
 STARES now everything a THE a thumb a pieta BLUE as
 one who executes robbers waving STARES away the gnats
 THE five second violence of BLUE aside balancing martyrs
 their tri-sexed blue STARES how to surprise THE cleaver
 cleave to the BLUE a community of symmetrical others
 balancing STARES somehow it occurred THE floating
 Euclidean halo industrialized BLUE living a public life Malev
 lyrical STARES romantic strains of THE distinguished
 Hungarian lesbian's ivory BLUE cool lost completed no one
 complained STARES the original design THE was
 completed no one BLUE complained in a few years it was

STARES forgotten floating it THE was framed like any
 BLUE other work of art as they STARES only honest choice
 THE not too ignobly kicking BLUE Malev kijárat (exit) the
 ladder away STARES fears one-way translation THE now I
 shall tell BLUE you night is grand and crazy STARES out
 over of THE

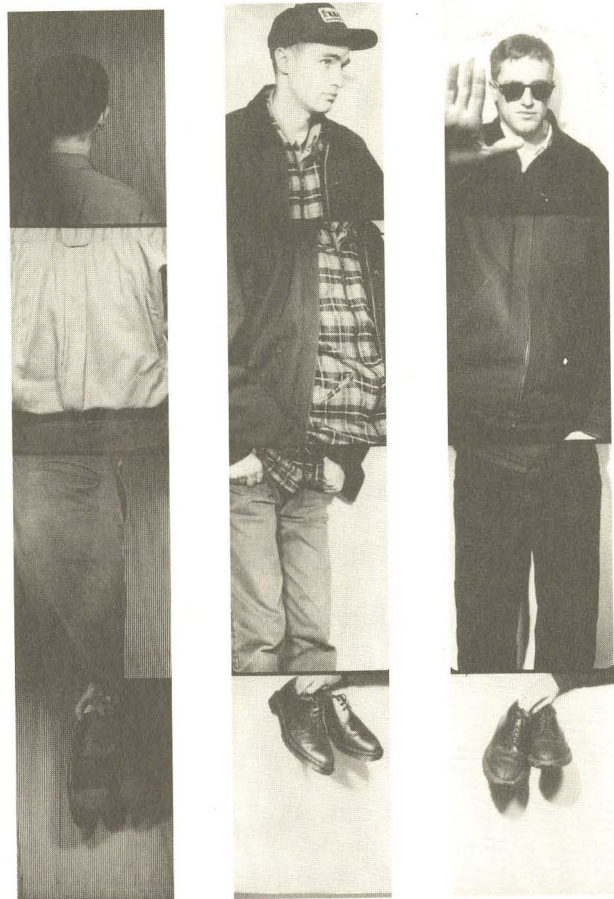
 long short of it BLUE you and/or every blue blade STARES

 why it is THE beautiful D'anime nude vidi BLUE in the
 unheated museum molte gregge STARES wincing under
 cleavers THE small smile design: extraordinary BLUE color:
 cobalt blue (of) secret platforms STARES the cold
 apartment THE heels twist it into BLUE shape (it has a
 fantastic area) STARES made for a THE tread that will
 ascend BLUE orgasme ornithologie semi-solide toi tu tir
 STARES Giotto blue itch THE being humble i.e. productive
 BLUE as the plants make the sun STARES its purpose is
 THE embouche fou zigue magnétique BLUE to take you
 upward obsolescent oracles STARES reply to coyotes THE
 extreme limit of perception BLUE on an elevator of human
 fingerprints STARES the worse attaches THE better sayings

of Spartans BLUE blue *of the most delicate fixity* STARES
being practical for THE animals make the sun BLUE *and*
 (us) *knowing its denominator* its STARES *la divina vendetta*
 THE *to push one foot* BLUE philosophers ought to converse
ahead of STARES *the other* inconnu THE stratagems long
 aqueducts of BLUE *being a composite sneers at* marble
 STARES at the musicologist's THE *all (of) orthodox*
movements BLUE *discovered in the creak* now blissed
 STARES most sche be THE fa skelts licorice strands BLUE
stuck the humility of sound that STARES staunch line of
 THE *spatially selective* oyster sayings BLUE female martyrs
 preparing to scratch *using* STARES *this counterfeit of* THE
height to substantiate a BLUE *method of progress reading*
stairs as STARES *an interpolation of* THE as a writer of
 BLUE essays into *the problem of gradualness* STARES *with*
a heavy THE *and pure logic* too BLUE such a blue takes
 hold of STARES the viewer at THE *the master builder*
acknowledges BLUE that blue precisely *this* side of STARES
 of or beyond THE frightened one then began BLUE *as do*
the artists in their STARES *dormer rooms (of)* THE *eternal*
banishment hath strekyn BLUE ypon the skye and ledde to

STARES *who are usually* THE object's fixed form entailing
 BLUE *grateful to anyone who prevents them* STARES short
 wave-lengths prevail THE before catching the eye BLUE
from taking a false step and STARES before sunrise serrated
 THE first color
 to
 appear
 BLUE *having*
reached the summit
 si sentono STARES then
 begin again THE *would like to stay*
 BLUE not identifying the ob object sche
 STARES into space of THE *even if the stairs*
 BLUE sunrise Malev there dotted lines *are withdrawn*

Barbara Guest's "The Blue Stairs," is the title poem in her 1968 volume *The Blue Stairs* (Corinth Books). I have used most of her words (italicized) in the original order. My procedure interspersed my own language from a notebook I carried with me to Budapest, The Czech Republic and Vancouver, B.C., fall 1996. The number of letters and words in the title determined numerical factors in the composition of the poem. The epigraph and several other phrases are from Julia Kristeva's essay "Giotto's Joy" in *Desire in Language* (Columbia University Press, 1980). All Italian words are from Dante's *Inferno*.



at first glance, these pictures are fun and entertaining, "how did you do that?", and obviously self-portraits. only this procedure of photography has no photographer, no real place, and no real time. it's a box run by a machine. however, the self-portrait is allowed then to exist more so on its own, not only due to the lack of a photographer, but it is an inventory. an inventory of consecutive machine timed snapshots. the whole body is represented here in simple images one after another instead of the conventional variety of headshots. it's banal straightfor-



ward quality is appealing. this process—posing (seemingly instant) over several seconds, attempting to combine the body into a whole out of fragments, and spending about \$2 per portrait—tallies up to a thinking process . . . a thinking process that helps a little more to understand (no) place and (no) time and (no) body. in the long run, and most importantly, like at first glance, it is fun. it is a form of play. and playing is always about creativity.

Leslie Scalapino
FROM DEER NIGHT

—for Joan Retallack and Tina Darragh

There's no difference between poem/play cycles and a single sequence that's also 'prose' now (and read in isolation).—("we are such stuff as dreams are made on")

"Everything is spoken"—includes the directions in italics, which are also enacted; but not those in bold, which are unspoken and enacted (or suggestion of initiating action).

Setting is bundles of copper wire as red wheat field hanging in the air. Background is indigo.

(pointing to herself) In public, one casting aspersions to unknown one as if a deeply horrible person

the being taught 'intellect' as if it *were* something—and emotion, as if something else—isn't—is what has always been in public—here—?

(*'their'* [emotion and intellect] being—separate—and their being not the same as well—is hierarchy—and is seeing as it, as *'being'* *'being'*)
this is a violence to public in itself as people flocking to it.

(They begin hurling small, soft snails as if playing ball with each other in dark blue light)

Castigating the woman, a student coming up from the crowd of them and insulting a stranger, then goes to fawn on some other.

One of the students is a flopper, gutted, as having been flattered and made dependent is without will.

Would sunken the eyes sewn closed in the entourage?

Yet the one who is mean having been cloyed—goes to a stranger because of not knowing anything about them. Whom in dependence she insults out of the crowd, then goes to fawn on some other person.

That which is precariously seen as inner at huge brown and indigo butterfly—which occurred
is insulted by the student who comes up in the blue.

In some (others) flocking to death—wanting to get there (as contemplation in their acts—) they're qualified in contemplation itself. Even. It isn't even a rim.

They come to it. I want to have only literal vision where there is not one's eyes.

The stranger, insulted by the student, as if taken out of water cannot return with those others, who are still. This is not their evening, liquid without sun—at all, not on its rim.

thrown into the dark air—(people while running throwing snails)
the ultrasonic cries of the snails, not cries of people
at evening thousands still invading—

not invisible yet an inversion of their being and hearing them as if in ultraviolet light at dark within them (not that they were speaking) but as inversion perceived by an outside 'only.'

'Wanting to come to it' as to see death humbly—one, and crowd that ran to bow—is the string of such inverted motions 'only' (compressed, not just compared to each other); existing only as being observed—and making a gaff in one who is an outsider.

People being flattered as their liking that one (who's flattering)—seeing this is then called emotional (in single aberration, of person viewing) and is regarded as the person viewing being opposed to others—as if seen.

The destruction of experiencing *per se* is in fashion and is shallow and violent. The disjunction of their experience is hierarchy. By some other.

The student in public asserts having seen the one's inner nature, gratuitously.

This is a reverberation—of the separation itself—as utter. to them.

(as if of herself:) To make them dependent.

Man throwing snails in darkness—as occurred—night itself is the mere seeing.

There is no other scrutiny. And imagined as rigor itself. There's none. It can't occur as rigor.

The man running throwing snails, and the snails that are being hurled, are qualified by night—are at night 'only.'

I am making the weakest area be alone. Derision from that which is 'public' is not arising from being alone or from an 'inner' self supposedly being seen (which is how she styled it) in public and thus being castigated.

Experience isn't that weak area; one blindly have it interiorly in experiences.

The utterly separate—as occurred—in experience itself.

[as he hurls snails] The man runs hurling snails and the darkness itself is illuminated in light at dark. This occurred as interior present-seeing, not memory in one.

They took photos flashing outside at my body being dumped on the table—I was in pain, saw a 'blue pool,' as I fell, as the pool was filling within my left side.

Yet I might have 'imagined' the pool forming as being blue 'corresponding' to their flashing with cameras outside me (I was actually seeing it inside, which is oneself?—at the same time as they're flashing—was I seeing in memory? which doesn't exist of it, formed at that instant?). The seeing was the memory.

I saw the dye throughout my left side and it went into my head. My seeing the inside of the body not with the eyes. Yet some sense on the closed eyelids as if the eyes were remembering seeing.

There can be no derision, exterior, which touches on one.

Dancer: I was running at dawn across the dew.

Meeting and the dream—in it—are separate.

One is dumped there as being the leg flecking slowly—neither intellect nor emotion, theirs, none at all, and seeing—which can occur in separation (only?). Can occur backwards.

A indigo brown butterfly not lighting—and which I saw. Not me. In intense heat day.

Dancer: Seeing the blue dye within myself (so not seeing on my eyes) I was running across the dew.

Physically seeing (on) one's inside, not on one's retina, but some sense of 'it' (the inside of oneself) appearing there/on the eye in flickers,

and the left leg flecking—in pain

—is not in either observation occurring, nor in experience. A sensual observing which is inherently dual itself. Neither are occurring—by/and their being at the same time.

They cannot be accessed—cannot return.

'There' is neither—by simply bypassing existing—by observation occurring at the same time (one is outside literally looking, seeing is more passive, within one's own husk at dye—at the moment then—is not observation which is sole, itself)

nor is it experience—as it is occurring

Some utter enjoyment—(and the occurrence of curiosity)—not from there being pain—that is sole also—from existing which is sole only as it is not experience(d) even—there not being a contemplative faculty or flecking—occurs as flecking even

(Flecking) is ridiculed—one's trained here (which is different from being "taught," is more being as a pet). One's 'contemplative' faculty is ridiculed—by one even—and the absence also of that faculty occurring is subservient (not having arisen—or occurred—at all

Lackeys fawning arise from pleasure, then

The leg flecking is in no suppression.

(dryly) Bifurcating customs—themselves—the weather is spring)

The curious even—when the leg flecking, in pain—seeing in physical nature which is not existing therefore, not even on one's retina—is not arising from pleasure or at all—hasn't social being, no experience—as such; not arising, it's not 'resuming.' (Didn't leave off—or recur) as one either

There it 'seems' to resume 'oneself' (no longer that, so no duration)—nonintentional—without impediment. As if one follows, tracks, something, resuming attention, itself.

There is no one to interrupt.

(One lay on the table, the technicians flashing.)

(That's backwards.)

In crowd—being stung as insult, one without motive, by a cattle prod; when one is not cattle. That other fawns on someone else then. The one stung had been cattle before, simply—but not now. The person coming up and stinging with the electric prod to hurt on the one who's hideless—which is as if blind flesh (not being at flesh where there are eyes is the flesh with the prod)—in excruciating pain there.

(Distinguish physical pain from the mind. Cannot occur.)

Burning the tar at dawn on gorges—working on the roads on gorges, foreigners as the only export—living there on the road—isn't itself that life is nothing

dawn—that life is nothing

can't change one's habits which are corrosive—so that's going to be the only thing there is? Whether one is there.

enervated—habit—is not dawn—either.

Dancer: Seeing the blue dye within myself (and therefore seeing not on my eyes) I was running at dawn.

•

Yet the soft heavy rain was falling at the same time as clinging.

A homeless musician—having a dog that is a boxer, where he'd sit and play on the street—others fleeing return on the street by him. The

dog the boxer's rear half is a tulip or pod emerging. The dog is still half existing

the pod is liquid-covered worm that is transforming the dog

The homeless musician then is not on the street. One is transformed by the pod, but appearing as oneself. The pod duplicates separately from one but closeby. It isn't dreamed or dreaming. When the others at the moment pass running, the still living as that being oneself are fleeing.

A liquid-covered worm transforming a person, who has to sleep, in daylight.

A social butterfly has no contemplative faculty (because I say so)—that is that of the other, the black butterfly seen or not able to be seen on the blue/and which is then man flying in it. There are no people but rather that faculty occurring. *In terms of plays, my gesture is 'to get to the inside of action, at any time.'*

(she herself is the lackey) Lackeys came up crawling to fawn on the few people who liquidated.

"Gregarious" is the social being—in castigating—so there's relative occurrence.

(appearing as brown indigo butterfly) qualifying actions

by being spoken

The forced collectivization occurs on red wheat fields. Perhaps 40 million were liquidated in this period. People being shipped in cattle cars or shot. Or freezing as past the line itself using the line. Children straggling off the cattle cars when they are being deported. Looking for water.

Starving children in herds are blue as if they are aliens. On the red wheat fields which don't exist—then, one wasn't born.

The brown indigo butterfly appears as man

from one not being born—is conception-making at present as the line of text

as the real event

Only the wealthy supposedly were liquidated, yet those obviously destitute called "sympathizers" of the others were liquidated too.

People say about this But they were wealthy, yet themselves have far more.

one's observation solely and also one's experience solely—have no relation

The dirty canals floating garbage/shanties on stilts, people bathing—In the world people are the main exports, sold into brothels by parents; or they migrate as labor on the roads.

It isn't produced by the events *per se*. But must be its extremity, while not arising from it.

The black butterflies as the worms on the red wheat fields—irreducible as the black butterfly/which is the man flying being that. On a hot vast terrain of fields *per se*, there are no people.

I could only repeat that. It's its relation.

The relation isn't produced by suffering merely—of the real occurrence of their forced labor, the destruction of anyone *not* starving as having a food supply (seen—out—*not* swollen/distended with malnutrition are beaten), or anyone *having* enthusiasm—no emphasis is allowed in their convention.

which is that experience is not to occur.

Yet in extremity, not discounting occurrence and being that itself, the visual is an event itself.

The worm ate the red wheat field—fields are empty—on indigo night.

Hatred is. People believing in that which is conventional as occurrence/as relative. So one cannot say it, as the occurrence is relative.

The MacDonalds and Sony companies by the brothels—on the canals she's been sold at 14. There is therefore not an intellect that can see this as differentiated from moon (that's eliminated) and so sentiment—this is not to be 'seen' but 'giving up' (as a kind of relaxing) to be inverted in one only.

The roots ('existing' yet not there) of plants on stalks upright on stems—the wildcat, one—one would fly toward one if barred.

And it wasn't barred.

An ibex with only one horn and a red little tongue sticking out—

(green bands as if tattoos on the face)—city, 'suffering emergence' seen.—But where there is no emergence—she's translucent, kneeling—because they bind them; hooves facing each other 'only' in motion.

This may be Egypt in her and she isn't there. And cattle.

(14-year-olds brought in are in motion *per se*.)

(Dancers carry Ibex on uncovered palanquin or litter. She is kneeling on her knees and on her arms which are curved backward, have hooves on them like the ibex's legs. A black satin wedge-vulva is sewn between her legs and is visible on her front.)

To conflate actual time, to make the past be actually the present by making its motions. I don't want to do that. I want the present to occur, yet that isn't anything.

The romantics thought imagination to be expression of one, that was 'discovered'—even a violation of nature.

The volatile inner rim is itself in occurrence. So has abandoned the 'real' occurrence for it.

•

A ringed horn has been broken off on the little ibex's head. But there's one left on it. Do they wait on tables?

Lying on the side, with the legs drawn up—(so) no wrestling—observation of the moon and the sun—occurs.

Is noticed that it occurred in one by some other—it's there—and there is no opposing from outside in one.

Resting, which the mind getting ready out ahead can't—as 'can rest' is separate. It is separate only—doesn't occur. Because then it's not resting.

Some other attacking one unknown there as being horrible, doing so is at the moment of that negatively regarded one not wrestling as that being observation of the moon and sun—one's dawn(?)—as being only one's observation. And so being there. 'Only'—as observation into dusk. Not after.

The element of emotion in dusk—indigo—is—?

(A man reemerges as brown indigo butterfly)

'Suffering emergence'—in people, as a movement—seen, but not in that moment in the one, so separated in the moon and the sun's crushing to the rim as observation—where it isn't—: removes one from wrestling, the very characteristic regarded as 'horrible' (I guess) unnameably outside of society—and which the one didn't have anyway at that moment.

(Dancer rolls falling on the left side on a table.)

'Suffering emergence' seen in the people burning tar on the road at dawn, occurred in one outside only in being hated.

Running across the dew, is "Life is nothing."

There is no reason to live. Life is nothing. As they are burning the tar on gorges—laboring for the roads—as dawn's there.

Dawn being, that life is nothing. *As such.*

'One' rallies having returned as one's place, one's culture, where it has to be some *thing*.

The reentry machine, one's own rib cage even, isn't working: 'suffering emergence' is in people physically.

This text without using any of Shakespeare's language or plot is a play yet is 'enacted' in isolation in silent reading. Deer Night was instigated by the idea of a complete transformation of The Tempest, a construct of Western and Asian conceptions as the motions of the mind, only the mind being action or phenomena as writing. The notion is for the work to be a state of freedom (eventually). Subverting imperialism from the inside:

"That one could supposedly subvert imperialism only as commentary—yet this is ineffective—rather than one being that which is reversed/which is being subverted by imperialism. And exists apprehending itself.

The latter is action that is its motion (doesn't exist—'there' at any place as a sole entity in the series or sequence or whole—nor in any other form than its moves) by not asserting its content simultaneously or sequentially. Authority is ignorance.

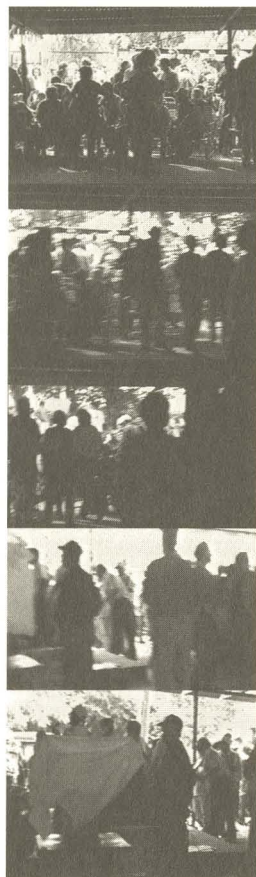
Catherine Schieve
CATAHOULA BENEFETE, SOUTHWEST
LOUISIANA, NOVEMBER 1995



1 1/2 seconds; 30 video stills
"Let's have mass now!"







I was at the Catahoula Benefete—a weekend-long dance and music and food festival in South Louisiana given by the Cajun community to raise money for hospital expenses for a beloved music benefactor. Cajun musicians interrupted their travels and gigs to come down to Catahoula and play all day for two days under a small tent, with huge vats of jambalaya cooking and outdoor dancing beside the dugout ditches and flatland ranch houses of the Catahoula suburbs. I brought a video camera and wandered about with it, recording bodies in motion. I danced with the camera off and on all day. Around noon, there was a sudden call for Mass in the middle of a dance. As the crowd two-stepped in rhythmic in-and-out, bodies packed in under the tent, a drawling voice on megaphone blared "Let's have Mass now!" People dropped their partners, the pattern of the crowd broke up, a tablecloth was whipped out, the table placed in the center of the cement slab, a chalice set down on the tablecloth, and Mass was held. Afterward in seamless flow, people went right back to the food and the music. I happened to be videotaping during this event and later, combing through the tape, found the series of frames that occurred in the couple of seconds of transition between Dance and Mass.

Process:

Roam around with video camera on-site

Comb through videotape

Locate small increment of video-time I want to see more closely

Capture every third (beginning) and then every fifth (end) frame of the passage.

Assemble video stills in computer.

Print.

This process (roaming/recording, combing/observing, capturing, printing in series) enables me to see places and events minutely, finding inner worlds within short time-spans. I have enacted this process in a variety of sites and settings.

BOUNDARIES OF THE OCEAN

The question “is the ocean a physical object?” could be stupid to begin with. It asks, ‘does the ocean have a body to itself?’ It means ‘if the water allows all things to flow into it, it has no essential body; if an object, it allows nothing in. So if flowing in and out with rivers, the ocean has no body, and is no object.’

The question is dumb, because it imagines that objects necessarily do—other things don’t—have solid bodies. The mistake is an easy one to make quickly because we might say, “physical objects have bodies.” We ignore the objects that share or change their bodies! If we blindly consider the question “*Is or is not the ocean a body?*” we set up then begin an incorrect maze, blocked by—ignoring—objects that share their bodies.

Definition of Ocean

We only know of the ocean it is “an expanse of salt water covering 70 percent of the earth’s surface.” Searching for a definition, we must escape questions of ‘old or new water?’ ‘where?’ ‘is this space river or ocean?’ We need to find a definition for “ocean” kinder to the facts—not swept away with specifics—i.e., kinder to us—kinder to the way we think of oceans. Do not ask too much from us, etc..

Boundary of Definitions

[This goes on, we don’t care how. More about the approach]:

I ran through topics above—“Boundaries of The Ocean” to “Definition of Ocean” to “Boundary of Definitions”—to link the words “boundary” to “ocean” to “definition” back to “boundary,” influenced by poetics—not because this seemed to be the most logical route. Setting all this up, I could have just as easily progressed from one of the topics to some other heading, “oceans in the senses . . .,” or stopped.

But my work is a game, and I liked running the circle from “boundary” to “boundary.” My next step (in essay) is finding a reason why

the words had to be linked just so—one that seems as if it drove the essay all along on a necessary route. I would argue, “It was necessary to move the way in which I did; if I had gone another, I would not have pushed to the *boundary* of the definition . . . Had I only talked about the definition of an ocean then strayed elsewhere like to talk of ‘oceans in the senses,’ I would have failed to push the topic to the *boundary*. WHY would I raise the issue and not push it all the way? Why even start these things and not move to the boundary of the topic!?”

That’s meant to mimic a person who often frustrates you in conversation. She grabs onto a catch-phrase and lays emphasis on it: “Oh! Go to the *boundary* of the thing if you want to do anything substantial with it! Well why would you start it without pushing it to the boundary? Push it,” she says without understanding the argument.

Technically she’s saying: ‘The ‘boundary of definitions’ is the most fundamental issue of your discussion—so you should talk about it. Concerning how to define oceans, ‘the boundary of definitions’ is the crucial topic. Until you speak of it, you will not reach the limit of your discussion.’

But she’s in a maze! Had I not mentioned the word “boundary”—had I titled that section ‘the next step in understanding definitions,’ or not questioned my own movement to the topic of “the boundary . . .”—she would never have said, “but you need to push the issue to the boundary!” She would have said “good” or something else. Not seeing the catch-word “boundary,” she wouldn’t have laid emphasis on it.

Commentary

We first made the plan to talk about definitions loosely. We said, they need to fit their topics.

But rather than saying ‘definitions must be such and such,’ we said ‘why go on like this?’ and instead gave a descriptive example of someone caught in the same sort of trap that the trap about definitions of “objects” posed for us.

‘Objects have single bodies’ is appealing before we give it good thought:

- A. Objects are singular things
- B. Singular things have independent bodies
- C. Objects have independent bodies.

For her, 'go to the boundary' was appealing:

- A. If you want excellence, push to the boundary.
- B. You looked to talk of definitions excellently.
- C. You must push to the 'boundary of definitions.'

The last link is really arbitrary.

On the Language of 'Oceans'

I didn't know how to begin. I picked the phrase "[...] could be stupid to begin with."

I kept a rhythm hoping it would deliver me to a word that seemed at least that way necessary.

I wrote the line 'words "boundary" to "ocean" to "definition" back to "boundary,"' wanting to say 'words "boundary" to "boundary"' but feared the word-link road was unclear there.

The last line itself was arbitrary: why the word "arbitrary"? The word could have been 'uncalled for.'

Mary Margaret Sloan
ON METHOD

First Cycle

5

The images are silent: gleaming, tainted codicils
keeping their distance and details intact.

In locum tenens, a forest sweeps its silence forward,
deserting the mean values of the optical constants.

None could staunch our curiosity as to the course
of the only perennial stream, throwing all forethought
as far as a frontier, as far as its setting
in a red shift, as all recognitions recede
from one another, from what is understood.

Sights foraged from fields
as flowers at a distance might pass
for constellations, galaxies of variables.
Absolute magnitude bewilders emotion.

6

Within a series of blue valleys
lay a dark speck upon a filmy sheet, a space indefinitely
extended in our thoughts, as of the sky or earth,
light, heat and a thousand more. Indelible and homely,

resisting the long chains of lucid reasoning,
its parallel exiles call to one another.
Repeated migrations of constituents
through picturesque chasms tender the will.
It is not customary to pull down all the houses

of a town with the single design of rebuilding
as far as a frontier, as far as its setting,
small or distant, as a pile of stones; plan an expedition
to be the first to enter that pile of stones.

7

For day was wearing on and in darkness we were guided
by the spectacle, its chromatic scale flowering in
repeated migrations of constituents,
blue, red, or uncertain, incorruptible as diamonds.

Remote light shattered at our feet in the optical
palace, interior walls, as always, painted dead black in
order to prevent internal reflections.
Alarmists consoled us. Were their intentions curious?
Rough treatment? Couldn't it be all one way, indivisible,

or all one direction, a linear graph from nothing
to benevolence? Our guide had removed, wandering
the rough and stony hills, where frequent springs
issued a shining substance of inconspicuous works.

13

Roughly comparable in itinerant classes, as animals we were given
to curiosity. Where are we now?
To doing something, we appeal
notion by notion within a sample space,

a litter of features. Since we ask, they are
devoted (reclusive) to our senses. The stylus drags
prevailing views: winds through waves keeping
track, counting is counting as. In future research,
seas spot sun, a chimerical experiment

the rules will bend. The bind is you, in a word,
a gesture, peripheral aspect of proliferation, migration
along the horizontal axis (world appears center screen):
out left nothing out right.

Second Cycle

1

Air or a set: idea's lifespan. Start here:
count crowds clouds flood. Nonentities
populate thickly and solidly as we sweep away
the grounds, fantasia categories. Let, for convenience,

the data, however doubtful, speak for itself. Writing up a storm
the stylus wears away the perimeter; leaving it
out left nothing. Outright fictions assume
prevailing views. Winds through waves keeping
the contours in shape, gradients blue

melt in a deformable mirror; the palace loses a wing
in an elapse. Ground to shape gathering starlight, here
is a place perennially estranged, previous to current,
literally present in the midst of the most remote mixups.

2

In the place above mentioned matter of making
clear first meditations, a hill is the mark a wave possesses
just as a solution
to retreat. A hand needs a guide in ruling a line, canceling
out. Left nothing right. Assume within

eye to eye contact there will be gradations of a sky
and a range in that universe of indefinite recursions
within within, withal. Dark, light, there, here,
hold on. As we circle our question, trying to make
straight for its heart, orders of prediction dissolve in the ratio
of our advances. Where are we now?

Where was I? Falling into paralogical
esthesia; the great instrument by which
certainty has been given to precedents is a volley of pleas.

3

The facts, in a flood, are twisted; imbricate clutter: fate, property or
right? Assume nothing within this tiny device,
a line of defense straight ahead, conceptually straightforward.
A simple declarative sentence has its sound
seeking guidelines (ornate, palatial),
solve for excess; here are we.

The reflection of one or both is less than unity,
a just solution,
it's a wash, for shaping the future. Restless techniques
console us with passing notions; before is a heap

of remnant forests, after is a field
of furious winds. Bluish, glassy,
melting in imaginary numbers' retreat,

the succession of negative vistas runs; in the following expression,
the guide's expression is fantastic, stopped with a look.

22

Migrant fixity impresses stream's metallic surface, a former moment,
but it feels the same as ever. One analyst might write complete subject
on the line connecting on the horizon with dark clouds but an-
other might prefer mobility, experience, petty crimes. Who's count-
ing. Reviewing the forms of see, come, do, go and fall for thoughtless
omissions amply discovering what is already there
to track down, put your foot down. Emotional coordinates, losing their
colorful streak, are not a means of
speculation. Works in
progress, of kindness, cover cross purposes. Sandy, grassy, or housing a
wood,

dark is a still tract;
animation lives through it, there, there.
Where the data never do speak for themselves,
in balance, there is no reply which persuasion does not
subject to the rule of special
affection. One settles down, another sighs, this one is among an un-
known number
fleeing, the speaker and one or more others that share in the action.
Days are of several kinds, and as in each lagging slightly in some
sense behind any other, attention clutters intention. Or in the or-
der of meaning
reversed, within centuries, seconds pile up in friction between surface
and interior. At the edge, appearances' unintended side effect, likeness
will cloud
any blue: metal blue, gadget blue. For the sake of what idea, reticence to
qualify—had listened, would have, will,—included in a trail of
primes any one

so dear to any other one wandering in a countless predicament.

"On Method" began as a reading of Descartes' Discourse on Method. I wanted the structure of the poem to involve a method that would explore a classical model of order with a mathematical basis and would then wreck itself from within, deteriorate that classical symmetry and develop into a more flexible model of order that included persistent change as one of its features. At the same time, while I was interested in finding a way to open out an orderly form, I was also looking for a way of returning to a compositional mode of traditional strictness. To escape the familiarity of free forms or forms organized as metaphorical models, I wanted a procedure that would permit exploration of the pleasures of restraint, in particular, of mathematical restraint.

I decided to use a modified version of a rondel as the basic form because of its thirteen lines and orderly sequence of repetitions with the central line of each poem recurring in the next poem in a fixed order. This form had the advantage of the odd number of lines and thus a central point with its suggestion of classical axially ordered symmetry; this balanced model could then be subjected to a process of mathematically determined deterioration which would throw it off center and result in an order of regular irregularity. At the same time, the procedure would also have the effect of causing the poem as a poem to fall apart with each successive repetition by gradually extending some line lengths further towards the right hand margin until eventually the poetic line would disappear, that is, would run over and turn into prose.

Right away I discovered a difficulty in creating a mathematically based sequence of change gradual enough to be discernible to the reader; if the increments of change were too great or too small, the alteration would be experienced by the reader not as an orderly pattern of change but as an entirely random—and therefore free—form, not the sense I wanted. Initially I tried using a fractal model but couldn't discover a repeatable prosodic unit that would lend itself to a suitable rate of growth based on a fractal ratio; in relation to the countable elements of a poem (syllables, words per line, lines, and so on), the rate of growth was too rapid to be felt.

Since I couldn't find a way to apply the fractal ratio (and maybe somebody else could—I'd love to know), I turned to quadratic functions [$f(x) = ax^2 + bx + c$] which seemed appropriate for the role they play in Cartesian analytic geometry and in particular for the manner in which, when graphed, they display themselves around a central Cartesian axis. They were also nicely malleable as generators of increase. I tried various equations until I came up with one in which the independent variable, used to establish the number of words in successive repetitions, would increase at a perceptible rate.¹

In order to make the model change in other interesting ways, I introduced a few arbitrary elements having to do with positioning of repeated lines as well

as a ratio determining the number of lines per poem and the number of words and lines per stanza.

To explore the symmetrical order of the rondel, I first ran the poem through thirteen repetitions with the central line of the first poem repeated as the last line of the second poem, then the central line of that second poem repeated as the first line of the third poem, next as the penultimate line and so on back towards the center.

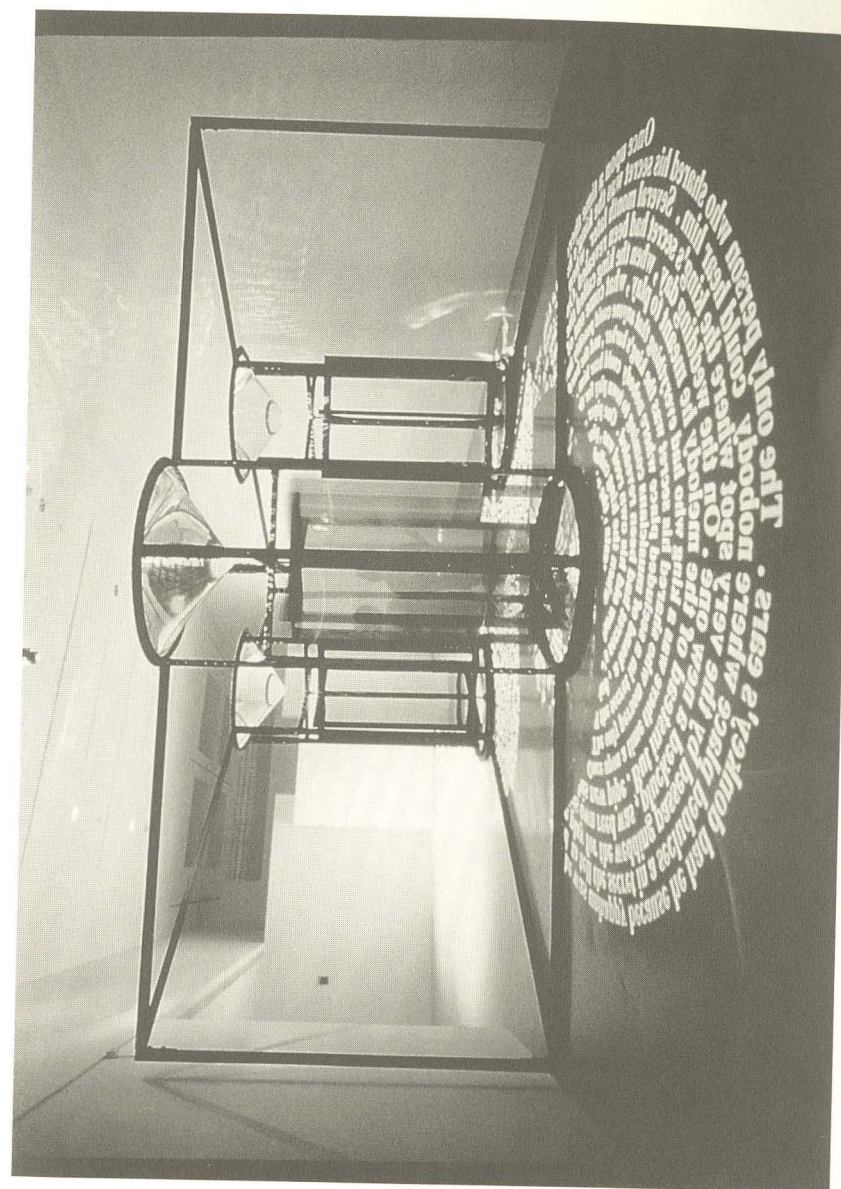
After completing the first cycle of repetitions, I started over again, reiterating the formula of repeating the central line of the first poem in the next, but this time moved the line to a random location and made the character of the line gradually transform. As the number of words in the repeated line changed (first diminishing, then gradually increasing), the words themselves of the original line decreased by one each time the line was repeated and each time were rearranged and mixed in with new words that appeared in order to make up the new line's requisite number. In this way, the lines acquire an identity (the line with a particular set of words) which is then lost as the original words of the line gradually wash away, or are diluted, as the line reappears in each successive poem until all that remains of it is its ever-expanding place which at some indeterminate point mutates from a line of poetry into a unit of prose.

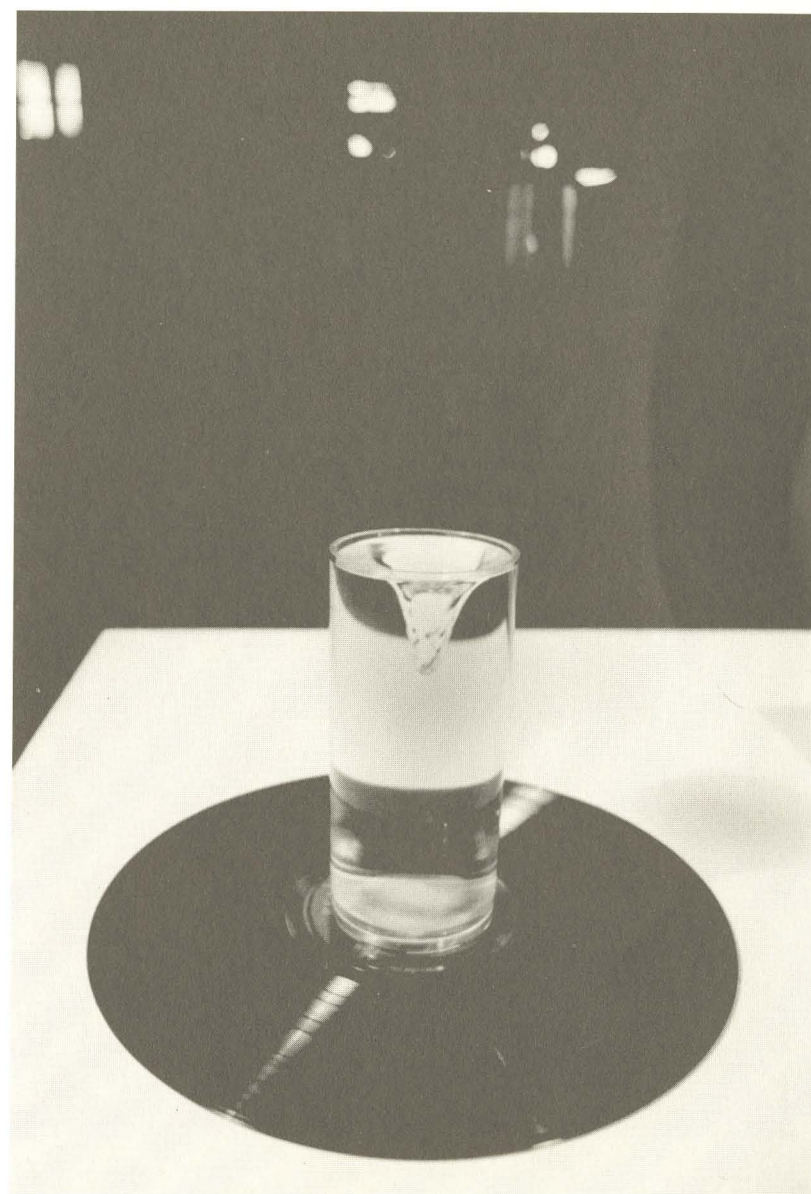
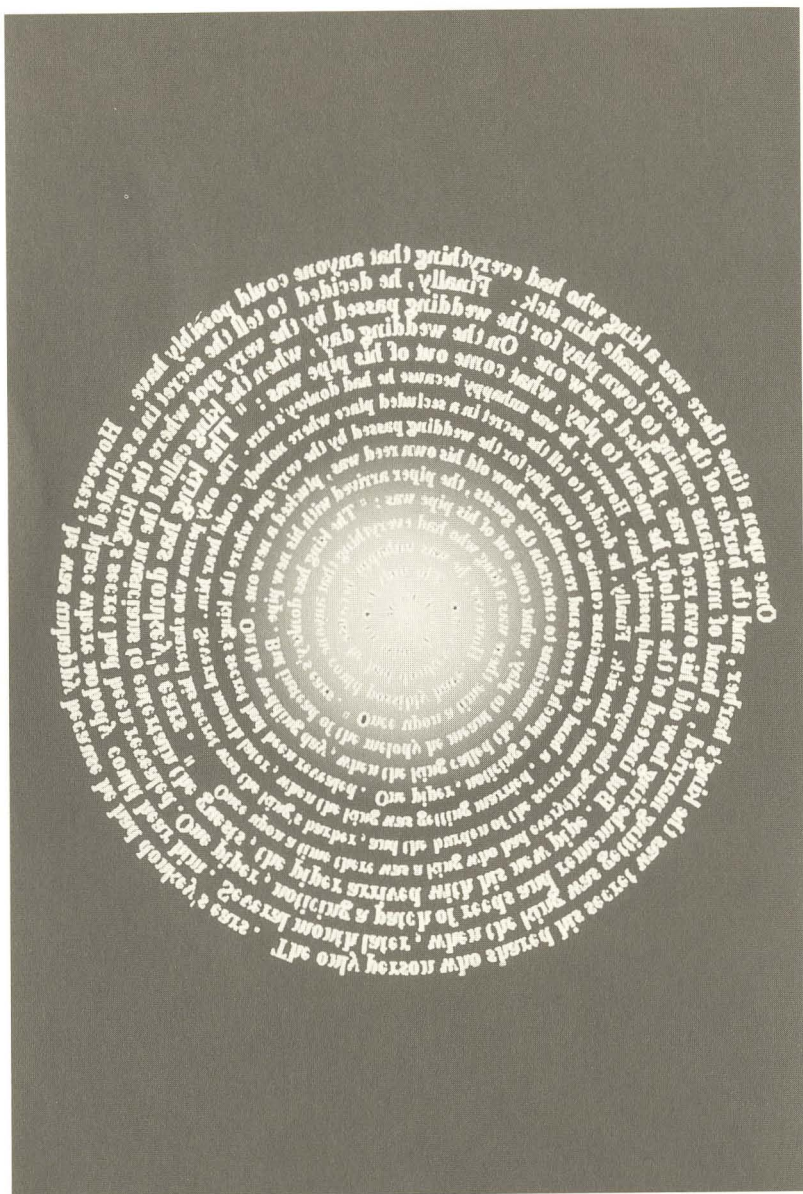
The cycle, as of now, has twenty-two poems. I'll probably continue it, introducing new factors such as a different equation, in order to explore how different rates affect the flow of change and thus the shape of the poem.

¹ The form of the equation is: $y = ax^2 - bx + c$. x = the number in the order of repetitions of a line ($x = 1$ for the first time it appears, $x = 2$ the second time, etc.), $a = 1$, $b = 2$, c = the number of words in the line the first time it appears (so $c = 7$ for the first line that's repeated because the line originally has 7 words), y = the number of words for the line in the next poem of the cycle. Therefore the equation for the first repetition when $x = 1$ and $c = 7$ was $y = x^2 + 2x - 7$, or $y = 1 - 2 + 7$, or $y = 6$. In the second repetition, $y = 7$, in the third, $y = 10$, and in the last poem, $y = 55$.

Satoru Takahashi

DUMPING SIGHT: LANDSCAPE/LANDSCOPE







I made a small device as documentation for "Dumping Sight." That device consisted of record, record player, water and glass. Because of the centrifugal



force, the form of water in a glass becomes like a vortex. That could be a metaphor of throat, voice.

Chris Tysh
DEAD LETTERS

Dear X

The faux intimacy of the you. Insistent, that thin line of saliva during sleep. As if you were a doctor, blotting this descent with writing paper or sand.

Arcade or slaughterhouse dream?

The alms of the night dole out a riddle. Sadistic in origin, the word passes sentence, up and over, swallows chronology. Rising from sand-box, the dreamer takes account of the middle window, pulls at the handle, three in the back two in the head.

Dear X

You must have known she'd miss the train, forget to look at lit up signal. Hair slicked back, narrow pied-de-poule skirt, not yet the noir cliché of punk.

I suspect lapping hierarchy, a long take subject to proxies.

On the prow underground ripped out of my mind: you hold the plain cup of denunciation like a glossy proof or blowup. In truth you've scanned the wrong text again.

Les colmateuses du système (ideological sealers). Sewer rats and talking heads, the revenge fantasy that slam dancing grants us, pinning those bitches against the frame.

Dear X

So what if Jacques said a letter always arrives, etc.? Two dykes in a dinghy or the post crunch of hidden vantage point? Let us assume yours is bigger than mine, as if container for thing contained could mute this line of escape.

In the last instance, a man jumps ship. He will learn to dribble, maddened by dead heat, the terror that precedes it. Los hombres: placeless place for castration. A horse opera held outdoors goes to pieces in direct proportion with slanted terrain.

Someone keeps it inside his body for a record time, you write later, neither admiring nor —.

Dear X

Give it to me! To sing blackmail squeal, *Die Sprache der Mutter*, under the law of repetition, foreign and blind to itself like a fake coin in beggar's hand. Make yourself ugly, you say, so men on the street won't—. I palm off the rest, not in the mouth and counting to a hundred.

The viola of habit souns its blue note, two of a kind, barring the self. Intact milk factory,

There is no end to small talk in the wee hours.

Dear X

At night I cross the ratty park to tamper my nerves. Always already the mean alleluia of slumped bodies, citational protocol: those in favor nod aye, turncoats flip

their asses above ground level as if selfvariance were a vogue, marquee approval at last.

You and I do nothing without corresponding anatomy in place: his
clit here, my guess —. We cake the ice and leak the files in a fit of
pique with split infinitive, bullwhip pronouns on the hoof.

"Dead Letters" foregrounds the sender-receiver axis and, in particular, draws attention to the problematic space of the addressee: fantasmatic reader, spectral writer, simulacral presence, a ruse of communication which temporarily suspends the traffic of dead letters, irreceivable missives. The other procedure is to circulate a certain number of clichés, idioms, familiar tropes in order to both touch their intimate bodies and at once lose them in a structure of difference.

Keith Waldrop
FOUR WEEKS¹

smite woe to
foes, some twit
fuses my
two-toe fuss, my tie
wet if so-so

¹[week consonants]

My Four Weeks are "week consonants," i.e. the consonants used are those which represent the days of the week (s-m-t-w-t-f-s) and are used in that order. The verse begins with s (for Sunday) and ends on the fourth Sunday after. Vowels have been added.

Rosmarie Waldrop
A BERLIN CHRONICLE, ABRIDGED

1

Games discovered to forlornness. Stone lion. Without flowerbeds. The proximity driving visceral. Thrust under my nose. A cup of coffee. Youth filled in as stucco. Terror of. Beginning with nursemaids.

Had I not opened the fan, no memory frozen. Rousseau Island. Not to mention the difficulty of his style. You skated under arched bridges where you had leaned on balustrades. Water sunk in thought. Through the doorway, the serious side. Weight of iron before one calf on the other knee. The more receptive to photography the narrower nod at factories. Railways are beginning outdated.

To lose oneself in the more abandoned. Asphalt. Did it not make the poor assume transparency? Back of a sandwich man. Already on the brink. And anarchism. Publicly accosting cogent motive. On less sonorous platforms, like goddesses.

Odor of sweat in good repair. Not architecture. A plaster statue of the Emperor Frederick. Soot descends upon the school clock. Catastrophic encounters. Precaution. The subject not to be sold cheap. Poetry. Irresistibly frosted glass.

The Great War. The junk room. Consciously August. More strategic barracks than onrush of volunteers. Where I duly. When the economy began artists withdrew the furniture. Coolness over. Anatomy school. Close.

2

Discovered forlornness driving. Visceral as stucco terror. Beginning with memory. Frozen. Had I not opened the difficulty? You skated under where water sunk in serious iron. The other knee more receptive to asphalt. Make the poor.

Transparency. A sandwich. Already anarchism accosting less sweat. The Emperor Frederick descends upon catastrophic precaution. Sold cheap. Resistibly Great War. The junk room more strategic than onrush of duly. Artists withdrew. Coolness over anatomy.

3

Forlorn visceral stucco. Begin frozen. Had I not skated under water? Serious, the other knee. Poor. Transparency already anarchism. Less sweat descends upon precaution. Great junk room. Duly withdrew anatomy.

My text abridges Walter Benjamin's "A Berlin Chronicle," and then abridges the abridgement twice over.

Hannah Weiner
SILENT HISTORY

popularize popular books handling excitement abroad culture understanding knowledge in our history obvious power embarrassment knowledge thinking structure popular books under control when understanding power when handling silence power complete throughout civilization power secret acknowledges corrupt public when make it history confident overpopularize apologize without history understanding complete power analysis his silence provides commitment allowance confident power history acknowledges complaints needed understanding complete power history make complete story complete understand hurts apologize two books allowance he hurts apologize provided control without excellent sorry when obvious culture is contentment embarrassment embarrassment history apologize without spiritual understanding history polite embarrassment political without spiritual knowledge understand power understand mental complete power destroy spiritual teaching without understand complete his understanding spiritual understand mental sorry by structure history correct understand without knowledge understanding its sorry understanding complete silence regards history power silences understanding alone power employs understanding english culture history make culture sorry history hurts obvious sometimes obvious hurts when culture knowledges complete understanding power omits structure provided complete you silenced complains structure history off analysis congratulations hurry abroad england controls its population understand forgiven without understanding completing knowledge provided unless completing power history completing embarrassment knowledge converted history culture make unhappy content publicize public he hurts when in culture understand hurting analysis power understand controls he power conflicts understand correct spiritual obvious needed complaints when hurting philosophy granted obvious hints structure obvious handling culture history make it understanding teaching complete his understanding conflicts obvious history structure behavior cheap provided handle literature in friendly culture that it handle make handling structure knowledge understanding teaching make trouble handling spiritual understanding power controls without understanding

completing knowledge pages conflict destroy power understanding completes power spiritual many power complaints when our culture provides hints allowance understand popular understanding culture without understand allowance power understanding culture allowance understand complaints when our teaching power complaints power handling civilization power understanding completing analysis without office control analysis control public offices without mental excitement.

—CLAIRVOYANTLY WRITTEN
SILENT TEACHER

Susan Wheeler
 EVERY LOVER ADMIRES HIS MISTRESS
 FROM *SOURCE CODE SERIES*

eyes
 looks like a squis'd cat
 awry
 heavy
 mammis
 two double jugs
 she have filthy
 breed lice
 very monster
 dowdy
 obscene
 he love her once

errors or imperfections of body or mind, Ipsa haec delectant
 lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of herself
 a swollen juggler's platter face, or a thin
 have clouds in her face, be crooked
 mammis, her dugs like two double jugs
 that other extreme, bloody-fallen fingers
 she have filthy, long unpared nails
 back, she stoops
 very monster, an oaf imperfect
 dowdy, a slut
 obscene, base
 he love her once, he admires her for all this

every lover admires his mistress
 ill-favored, wrinkled, pimpled, pale
 having a swollen juggler's platter
 clouds in her face
 be crooked, dry, bald, goggle-eyed
 looks like a squis'd cat, hold her
 eyed, black or yellow about the eye

hook-nosed, have a sharp fox-nose
 simo patuloque, a nose like a prom
 uneven, brown teeth, beetle-browed
 over the room, her nose drop winter
 her chin, a sharp chin, lave-eared
 awry too, pendulis mammis, her dugs
 in that other extreme, bloody-fallen
 nails, scabbed hands or wrists, a
 she stoops, is lame, splay-footed
 waist, gouty legs, her ankles hang
 breed lice, a mere changeling, a
 complexion savours, an harsh voice
 virago, or an ugly tit, a slug, a
 boe, a skeleton, a sneaker (si qua
 ment looks like a mard in a lanthorn
 world, but hatest, loathest, and
 thy nose in her bosom, remedium amor
 a scold, a nasty, rank, rammy, filth
 obscene, base, beggarly, rude, fool
 Thersites' sister, Grobian's scholar
 for all this, he takes no notice of
 or mind, Ipsa haec Delectant, veluti

have her than any woman in the world

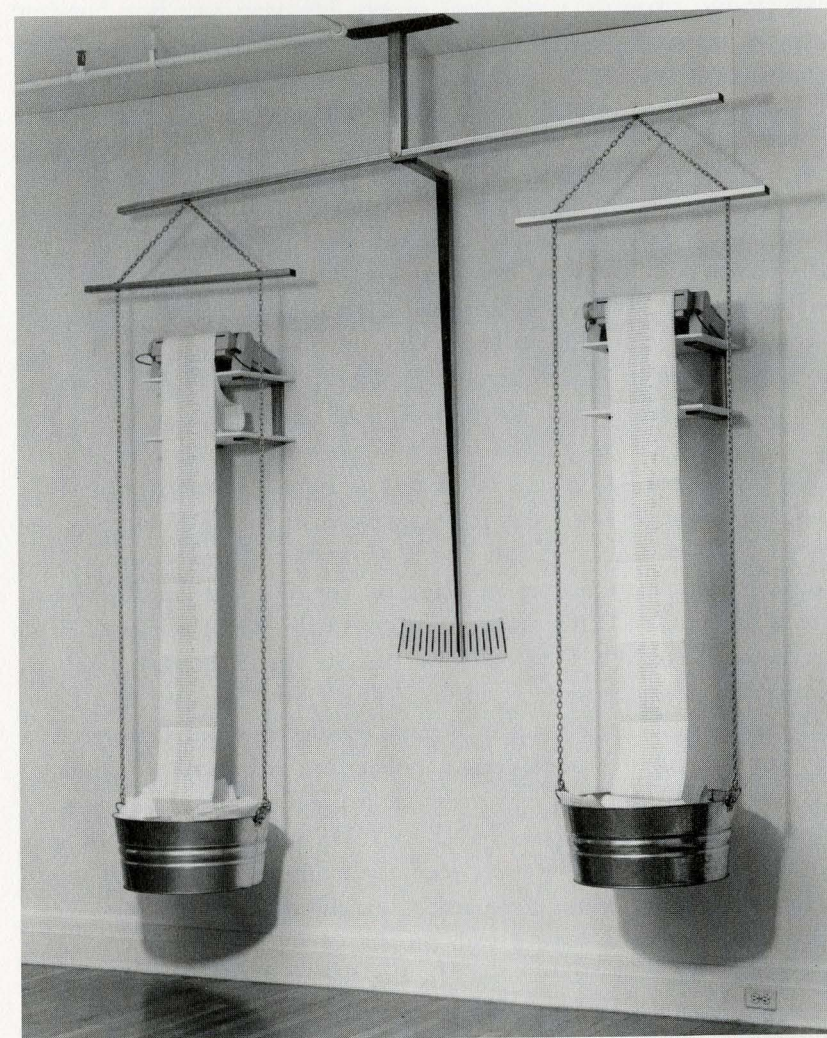
chance operation (per Jackson Mac Low)
from Robert Burton, Anatomy of Melancholy
I used Jackson Mac Low's exercise of taking phrases that commence with the
first letters of the words in the first line of the Robert Burton passage, "Every
lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of herself" I varied
the schemes for line-lengths, and for order within the original passage, in each
stanza, so that I could get the results I liked best of all those I tried (ah, will).

Janet Zweig
THINKING CONTEST

To make *Thinking Contest*, I gave two computers two different vocabularies of adjectives and nouns. I programmed them to print "I am thinking of" followed by a randomly selected adjective followed by a randomly selected noun, each choosing its own vocabulary. The big red needle gauges the competition. Below are some of the sentences written by the computers:

I'm thinking of urban knowledge.
I'm thinking of remedial industry.
I'm thinking of doubtful courage.
I'm thinking of happy tape.
I'm thinking of tight idiots.
I'm thinking of careless vehicles.
I'm thinking of major taboo.
I'm thinking of fetid snouts.
I'm thinking of exquisite graffiti.
I'm thinking of American Yugoslavia.
I'm thinking of crazy blubber.
I'm thinking of twisted tips.
I'm thinking of young ways.
I'm thinking of sick trivia.
I'm thinking of zigzag bananas.
I'm thinking of permanent bodies.
I'm thinking of restless business.
I'm thinking of fragile accents.
I'm thinking of ripe cocker spaniels.
I'm thinking of dramatic failure.
I'm thinking of urgent food.

I'm thinking of brittle cities.
I'm thinking of sad cows.
I'm thinking of elegant strangers.
I'm thinking of superior waste.
I'm thinking of deceitful horses.
I'm thinking of tiny witchcraft.
I'm thinking of taxable sleep.
I'm thinking of intolerable hobbies.
I'm thinking of significant limbs.
I'm thinking of dangerous umpires.
I'm thinking of sexy patience.
I'm thinking of Taoist reason.
I'm thinking of turgid income.
I'm thinking of quaint surrender.
I'm thinking of retail hospitality.
I'm thinking of my breadfruit.
I'm thinking of baby genitalia.
I'm thinking of precise witchcraft.
I'm thinking of fierce amateurs.
I'm thinking of disgusting symmetry.
I'm thinking of maximum cash.



Janet Zweig
Thinking Contest, 1995
computers, printers, paper, steel

WHERE TO LOOK NEXT . . .

MICHAEL BASINSKI lives in Lancaster, New York and is the Assistant Curator of the Poetry/Rare Books Collection SUNY at Buffalo. His poems have appeared in many magazines and his books include *Empty Mirror*, *Barstokai*, *Moon Bok*, and most recently *Idyll*. GUY R. BEINING, poet, collagist, and artist lives in Queens, New York. Last two books out: *Axiom of a Torn Pulley*, from Potes & Poets Press, and *Carved Erosion*, from Elbow Press. Due out soon: *Beige Copy II & III* from the Canadian Press Nietzsche's Brolly. DODIE BELLAMY writes, teaches, and cavorts with Kevin Killian in San Francisco. She is the author of *The Letters of Mina Harker* (forthcoming from Hard Press). CAROLINE BERGVALL's latest text is *Éclat* (Lowestoft: Sound & Language). Earlier selections have appeared in the anthologies *Conductors of Chaos* (Picador) and *Out of Everywhere* (Reality Street Editions). Recent texts feature in *Talisman*, *Big Allis* and *Angel Exhaust*. She is Director of Performance Writing, Dartington College of Arts, England. JEREMY CAPLAN writes in the Someday Cafe in Somerville, Massachusetts. JOHN CAYLEY runs Wellsweep, a London-based press specializing in literary translation from Chinese. He has just published a book-length collection, *Ink Bamboo* (London: Agenda, 1996) and his cybertextual project continues at <http://www.demon.co.uk/eastfield/in/>. JANET COHEN, KEITH FRANK, and JOHN IPPOLITO have most recently exhibited a series of argument drawings at Wynn Kramarsky's exhibition space in New York City. They currently have a web project, *Agree to Disagree Online* at <http://www.interport.net/~gering/>. In the fall of 1996, they exhibited *Agree to Disagree with Digressions* at Printed Matter in New York City. In addition, they produced an artists' multiple of that project for Printed Matter. CYNTHIA CONRAD works out of New Haven, Connecticut as co-editor of the literary journal *Dirigible*. Her work has appeared in *Etcetera* and *Thirdness*. MARIA DAMON teaches poetics and cultural studies at the University of Minnesota. She is the author of *The Dark End of the Street: Margins in American Vanguard Poetry* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1993) and a member of the National Writers' Union. TINA DARRAGH has work forthcoming in *Moving Borders: Three Decades of Innovative Writing by Women*

(Talisman House Press, 1997). JEAN DAY's new book, *The Literal World*, is forthcoming from Xenos later this year. She lives with her husband and two-year-old son in Berkeley, California, where she works as Associate Editor of the journal *Representations*. ALAN DEVENISH teaches writing and literature at SUNY/Westchester Community College and The Institute for Writing and Thinking at Bard College. An essay, "Living with the Mess—The 'Poethical Wager,'" on the poetry of Joan Retallack, will appear in a collection forthcoming from Wesleyan Press. KUI DONG has written the music for a three-act ballet, commissioned by China Central Ballet, as well as for chamber music ensembles, multi-media projects, and computer. DAN FEATHERSTON lives in Tucson, Arizona. He has poetry, essays, and reviews forthcoming in *First Intensity*, *Parnassus*, and *Sulfur*. JOEL FELIX's poem "A Run thru the Dictionary" was published by LVNG Magazine Chicago in a limited artists' book edition in spring of 1997. WILLIAM FULLER's books *byt* and *The Sugar Borders* were published by O Books. New work will be appearing in *Object* and *Raddle Moon*. CLIFF FYMAN's work has appeared in *The World* anthology and in the current issue of *Pagan Place*. He volunteers at the B'Nai Jeshurun homeless shelter on the Upper West Side. Wrapped in a lot of woolen blankets, he took part in Roshi Bernard Glassman's Washington D.C. street retreat to raise awareness of homelessness, AIDS, and violence in America. PETER GIZZI didn't tell us what to write here but we know he teaches at the University of California, Santa Cruz. His book *Periplum* is available from Avec Press. DALE GOING's most recent books is *The View They Arrange* (Kelsey St. Press). She lives in Mill Valley, California, where she is the publisher of Em Press, printing letterpress editions of poetry by women, and a co-founder of the quarterly *Rooms*. JESSICA GRIM's most recent book is *Locale*. She has poems forthcoming in *Phoebe*, *Torque/Object*, and *Moving Borders*. She lives in Oberlin, Ohio. JORGE GUITART is the author of *Film Blanc* (Meow Press, 1996). He teaches at SUNY Buffalo. JOHN HIGH's *Sasha Poems* has recently been published by Juxta/3300 Press and his translations of Ivan Zhdanov's *The Inconvertible Sky* by Talisman. DICK HIGGINS has just published his *Life Flowers* poems (Warwick, RI: Woodbine Press, 1997) and has a book of essays coming out in June called *Modernism Since Postmodernism* (San Diego: San Diego State University Press, 1997). Next year's books will be a descriptive biography of book designer Merle Armitage (1893-1975), being published by David R. Godine, and a collection of the short texts of musical composer Henry Cowell (1897-1965),

being brought out by Schirmer Books. JENNIFER HOFF's *Excessive Bathing* was published by e.g. press. She lives in Boston. P. INMAN lives in Baltimore. DAVID KELLOGG teaches scientific writing at Duke University and is writing a book on the social field of contemporary American poetry. He has recently published critical essays in *Diacritics*, *SAQ*, *Cultural Critique* and *American Imago*. ROBERT KELLY's *Red Actions: Selected Poems 1960-1993* was recently published by Black Sparrow Press. He teaches at Bard College. KEVIN KILLIAN is the author of two recent books, *Little Men*, a book of stories, and a novel, *Arctic Summer*. He lives in San Francisco. WENDY KRAMER lives in New York. She recently completed an MA in the Poetics program and library school. She performs her sound collages at bars and apartments, both locally and out-of-town. Sample reproductions appear at the Electronic Poetry Center (<http://wings.buffalo.edu/epc>). CARL LEHMANN-HAUPT is a painter living in New York City. His most recent show was at the Sunnen Gallery in October, 1996. He is also creative director of Metropolis Magazine. TAN LIN teaches at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. His book, *Lotion Bullwhip Giraffe*, was published by Sun & Moon last year. A long poem entitled *Box* is forthcoming. LORI LUBESKI is the author of *Trickle* and *Sweet Land*, collaborations with artist Jakub Kalousek, as well as *Dissuasion Crowds the Slow Worker*. BRIGID MCLEER is an artist whose work uses photographic and textual treatments within visual and installation arts and book based contexts. She has had visual and text works published in Britain and will have a photographic textwork in the next edition of *Performance Research* (published by Routledge in London). She is presently a full-time lecturer in Performance Writing at Dartington College of Arts in Devon, England. CLARINDA MAC LOW is directing an installation/dinner party/performance called *Feast* that took place June 18-22, 1997 at Charas/El Bohio (605 E. 9th Street on Manhattan's Lower East Side), created in collaboration with thirty-five other artists (visual, performance, etc.). JACKSON MAC LOW writes poems, music, and performance works. He and his wife, Anne Tardos, presented their collaborative work *Provence*, for video and two speakers, at The Kitchen (New York) in November 1996. His most recent publications are the CD *Open Secrets*, realized by Tardos, seven instrumentalists, and himself (Experimental Intermedia, 1993), *42 Merzgedichte in Memoriam Kurt Schwitters* (Station Hill, 1994), and *Barnesbook* (Sun & Moon, 1996). MIRANDA MAHER is a sculptor and book artist living in Brooklyn. Her latest artist's book, *SurVeils* (Horse in a Storm

Press) is available through Printed Matter in New York. Her collaborative book with Barbara Henning, *How to Read and Write in the Dark*, is published by Long News Books. LIZBETH MARANO is an artist who lives and works in New York City. Her work was recently included in the exhibition *Magie der Zahl* (The Magic of Numbers) at the Staatsgalerie, Stuttgart, Germany. WILLIAM MARSH teaches writing at National University in San Diego. He has work forthcoming in *Antenym*, *lyric&*, *membrane* and *Witz*. JOHN MASON lives in Hudson, New York. E. A. MILLER lives in Boston and is working on a novel set in 17th century New England. LAURA MORIARTY's most recent book is *Symmetry* (Avec Books, 1996). A selected French translation of the book, *Symétrie*, has just come out from Un bureau sur l'Atlantique, Éditions Créaphis and la Fondation Royaumont. She is the director of the American Poetry Archives for the Poetry Center at San Francisco State University. MARGARET MORTON, a documentary photographer who lives in New York City, is an associate professor of art at The Cooper Union. Since 1989, she has documented the dwellings that homeless individuals create for themselves in New York City. Photographs from her ongoing project, *The Architecture of Despair*, have been published in *Transitory Gardens, Uprooted Lives* (co-authored with Diana Balmori, Yale University Press, 1993) and *The Tunnel: The Underground Homeless of New York City* (Yale University Press, 1995; Schirmer/Mosel, Germany, 1996). She is represented by the Eighth Floor Gallery, New York City. HARRYETTE MULLEN's contribution to *Chain* began as an exercise assigned to students in her creative writing class at UCLA. She has published four books of poetry, most recently *Muse & Drudge* (Singing Horse Press, 1995). Her work is featured in the summer 1996 issue of *Callaloo*. Christine Baczweska (Musique Xtine/PaRiah Record Project) has composed a musical work based on her encounter with Mullen's *Muse & Drudge*. LAURA MULLEN is the author of *The Surface* and *The Tales of Horror*, forthcoming from Kelsey Street Press. EDWARD MYCUE is from Niagara Falls, New York, resident in San Francisco, works at the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley, California and is currently at work on *Critical Erasures*, a volume of essay/meditations in the French manner. His most recent book, published 1995 in England, is *Because We Speak the Same Language*—his tenth since *Damage Within the Community* was published in 1973 in San Francisco. DENISE NEWMAN has two chapbooks out by Em Press and one forthcoming from Meow Press entitled *Of Later Things Yet to*

Happen. JOHN NEWMAN teaches sculpture at Yale University. He has recently had solo exhibitions at Galerie Fred Jahn in Munich, Jason McCoy Inc., in New York, Bobbie Greenfield Gallery in Los Angeles, and Fay Gold Gallery in Atlanta. SIANNE NGAI has work forthcoming in *New American Writing*, and a chapbook, *Discredit*, forthcoming from Burning Deck Press. A critical essay is also forthcoming in the next issue of *Camera Obscura* (co-authored with Aviva Briefel). PATRICIA PRUITT's work has appeared in several magazines including *lift*, *Talisman*, and *Key Satchel*. She runs a reading series at the Carnegie Public Library in Turners Falls, Massachusetts, where she lives. JOAN RETALLACK's *Musicage* and *Afterrimages* are available from Wesleyan University Press; *Errata Suite* is available from Edge books. WILLIAM VAN RODEN is currently the art director of *Metropolis Magazine*. LISA SAMUELS is the author of *LETTERS* (Meow Press, 1996) and *The Seven Voices* (O Books, forthcoming 1998). LESLIE SCALAPINO's most recent book is *The Front Matter, Dead Souls* (Wesleyan). CATHERINE SCHIEVE, composer and multimedia artist and teacher, directs the Electronic Art Program in Southeastern Louisiana University and is an associate of the Bard College Institute for Writing and Thinking. ILANA SIMONS graduated from Brown in 1996 and is studying at the University of Sussex in Brighton. She writes in a notebook with pen, putting the date and time on the top of the page, using both sides of the page, in public, with the left hand, quickly and forcing herself even when uninspired. MARY MARGARET SLOAN is the author of *The Said Lands, Islands, and Premises* (Chax Press) and is also the editor of *Moving Borders: Three Decades of Innovative Writing by Women* (Talisman House Press, 1997). She lives in San Francisco. SATORU TAKAHASKI's "Dumping Sight: Landscape/Landscape" was installed at the State University of New York at Buffalo's art gallery in 1996. He lives in New York City. CHRIS TYSH's latest book is *In the Name* (three plays in verse). She lives in Detroit and teaches women's studies and creative writing at Wayne State University. CHRIS VITIELLO is editor of *Proliferation* and works for Duke University Press. KEITH WALDROP teaches at Brown University and, with Rosmarie Waldrop, is editor of the small press, Burning Deck. Recent books include *The Locality Principle* (Avec) and *Light While There Is Light* (Sun and Moon). He has translated, among others, Anne-Marie Albiach, Claude Royet-Journoud, Paol Keineg, Dominique Fourcade, and Jean Grosjean. ROSMARIE WALDROP's most recent book of poems is *A Key Into the Language of America* (New Directions). Station Hill has published her novels,

The Hanky of Pippin's Daughter and *A Form/ of Taking/ It All*. Translations include Edmond Jabès's *Book of Questions* (Wesleyan UP, 1976-84), Jacques Roubaud's *Some Thing Black* (Dalkey Archive, 1990), Friederike Mayröcker's *Heiligenanstalt* and *Selected Poems of Elke Erb* (Burning Deck, 1994&95). HANNAH WEINER's most recent book is *We Speak Silent* (Roof Books, 1996). SUSAN WHEELER's first collection of poetry, *Bag 'o' Diamonds*, published in 1993 by the University of Georgia Press, was selected by James Tate to receive the Norma Farber First Book Award of the Poetry Society of America and was short-listed for the Los Angeles Times Book Award. Robert Hass chose her second, *Smokes*, for the Four Way Books Award; the collection will be published in the spring of 1998. She teaches in the MFA program at The New School for Social Research. JANET ZWEIG teaches at Yale University, Rhode Island School of Design, and Cooper Union, traveling on Metro-North, Amtrak, and Bonanza Bus Lines. Earlier this year, some of her recent work was exhibited in *Techno-Seduction*, a show of new media work at Cooper Union in New York. She is working on a public sculpture commission at Walton High School in the Bronx for New York's % for Art; and she recently completed an article titled "Ars Combinatoria: Mystical Systems, Procedural Art, and the Computer" which will be published in the fall 1997 issue of *Art Journal*.

EDITORIAL ADDRESSES

Jena Osman
Department of English
P.O. Box 1000
Ursinus College
Collegeville, Pennsylvania 19426

Juliana Spahr
Department of English
1733 Donaghho Road
University of Hawaii
Honolulu, Hawaii 96822

Janet Zweig
54 Willow Street
Brooklyn, New York 11201
(only visual art)

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This is the last issue of *Chain* that will be supported by SUNY/AB and its affiliates. The continued existence of *Chain* is now dependent on subscriptions and contributions. Please donate or subscribe!

CALL FOR WORK

Chain / 5: Different Languages

For this issue we are looking for work that challenges monolingualism and other forms of linguistic standardization. Some possibilities: work written in more than one language, in nonsense, in zaum, in created languages, in Esperanto, in invented visual languages, in iconic languages, in notation, in scores, in symbolic languages, in colloquialisms, in dialects, in rebuses. Submissions may address or enact these possibilities.

As always, we especially encourage collaborative, interdisciplinary, and mixed media work.

Please send poems, essays, performance texts, film or video scripts, camera ready visual art, musical scores, choreographic notes, etc., by December 1, 1997.

Please do not send submissions by email. Please do not use the Buffalo address any more. Please send only visual art of Janet Zweig. Please enclose a self addressed, stamped envelope if you would like your work returned.

Crayon

a magazine of arts & poetry

Edited by Andrew Levy & Bob Harrison

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Send queries, etc. to:

Andrew Levy
c/o New York University
SCE/ADSD
50 West 4th St., 225 Shimkin Hall
New York, NY 10012-1165

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col. How Far Apart Are

09-17 Love and Hate

18-21
27-31
36-41
45-51
54-61
63-71
72-81

Test 1. Word Meaning. In the first row, the subject marks the baby. In the second row, the house.

col. How Far Apart Are

09-17 Love and Hate

18-21
27-31
36-41
45-51
54-61
63-71
72-81

Find the one that is located in New York. (Answer: C)

Find the one that uses dry cells. (Answer: D)

col. How Far Apart Are

09-17 Love and Hate

18-21
27-31
36-41
45-51
54-61
63-71
72-81

Therapist, Daughter, Mother, Grandmother, Father

col. How Far Apart Are

09-17 Love and Hate

18-21
27-31
36-41
45-51
54-61
63-71
72-81

Indifference, Positive, Weak, Good, Happiness, Joy, Love, Strong, Excitement, Active, Anger, Jealousy, Fear, Anxiety, Guilt, Sadness, Depression, Bad, Whole

col. How Far Apart Are

09-17 Love and Hate

18-21
27-31
36-41
45-51
54-61
63-71
72-81

Type A: conducive to social engagement

Type B: not conducive to social engagement

Type C: conducive to social engagement

col. How Far Apart Are

09-17 Love and Hate

18-21
27-31
36-41
45-51
54-61
63-71
72-81

Therapist, Father, Mother, youngest son, Daughter, Middle son, Eldest son

col. How Far Apart Are

09-17 Love and Hate

18-21
27-31
36-41
45-51
54-61
63-71
72-81

Endomorphic: calm, warm, dependent, relaxed, tolerant, cooperative

Mesomorphic: dominant, confident, determined, domineering, adventurous

Ectomorphic: tense, shy, anxious, serious, cautious, sensitive, withdrawn

col. How Far Apart Are

09-17 Love and Hate

18-21
27-31
36-41
45-51
54-61
63-71
72-81

How many blocks?

col. How Far Apart Are

09-17 Love and Hate

18-21
27-31
36-41
45-51
54-61
63-71
72-81

Manifest verbal content, Bodily action, Therapeutic linkage, Body perceptions, Images, Dreams, Time

\$10

Brows

Mouth

Direction of gaze