

# SLEEPINGFISH

0.75

MEME  
TRANSLATIONS





**SLEEPING FISH**

**0.75**

**TEXT / ART**

SleepingFish issue 0.75

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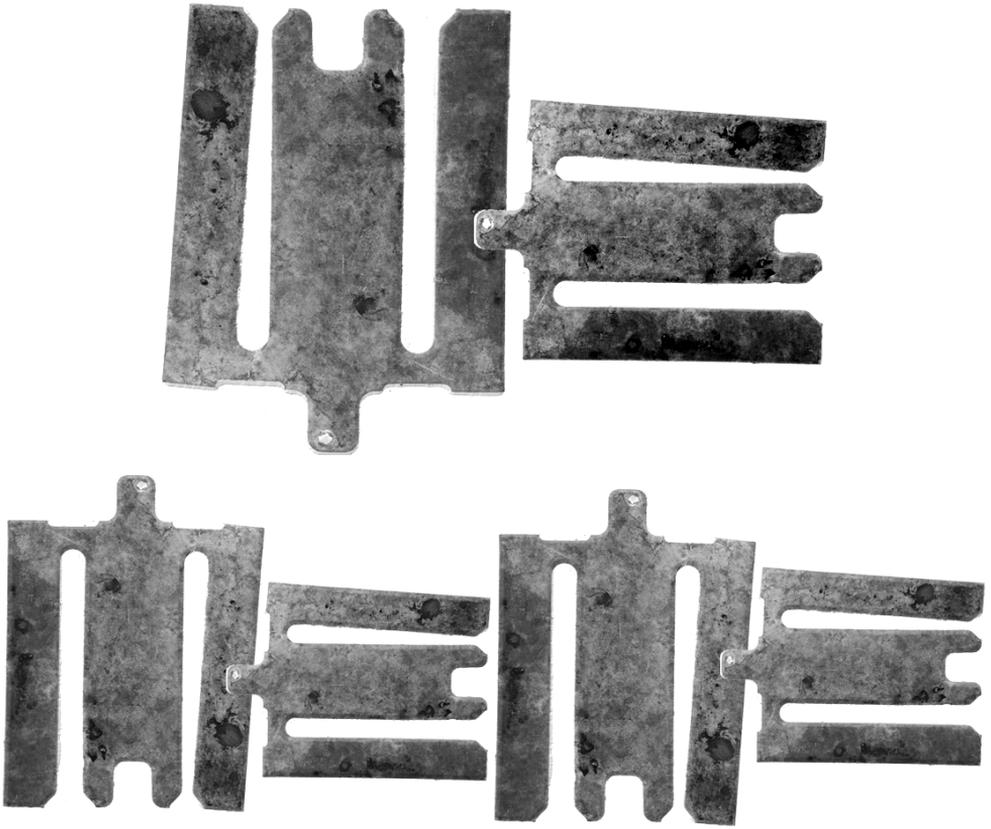
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## **This Story Was Never Written**

It was going to be about a man whose wife has died and who was going to find parts of her body that she had left behind in their house—toenail clippings at the foot of the bed, a glass in the kitchen sink with a lip print around the rim, a depressed cushion on the chair where she used to sit, strands of hair in the drain catch of the sink, etcetera.

## Body of Work

Armchair, Armenia, armor, armrest, army ant, backboard, backish, backless, backmatter, backrest, backrush, backstay, backstitch, backstreet, backward, backwater, backyard, belly flop, bellyland, bellyward, bloodroot, bloodstone, bloody, bloodwort, bonefish, bone knife, bone meal, bonespace, bonespring, butt, butter, butterfly, buttermilk, butternut, butterscotch, butterweed, butt hinge, button, button bush, chestnut, chestward, chesticular, China, eyebolt, eyebright, eyecup, eyehole, eyehook, eyelet, eyetooth, fear, fingerboard, finger bowl, fingerling, finger post, footboard, footcloth, foothill, foothold, footlights, footmark, footnote, footrest, footstone, footstool, footwall, Great Neck, haircloth, hairpin, hair shirt, hair space, hairspring, hair stroke, hairworm, handball, handbarrow, handbill, handcar, hand down, handle, handoff, hand out, handrail, handsome, head off, headband, headboard, head gate, headlamp, headland, headlight, headmost, headrest, headsail, head shop, headstone, heartdom, hearty, heelpost, hippo, kneel, knuckler, Lake Erie, leghorn, legible, legume, lipread, lipstick, lung fish, nose cone, nosepiece, shoulder belt, shoulder harness, skin effect, skink, skinny, thumbnut, thumbscrew, thumbtack, thump, toecap, toehold, tongue and groove, tonguefish, toothache tree, tooth shell, toothsome, wristband, wrist pin, wrist watch.

## **My Hair Grew Out to Chicago**

My wife was away from home and me. She was working in another city too many miles away from us. She wasn't going to be coming home for a few months and I didn't know what to do without her here with me. I didn't eat much or sleep much and I stopped going to work. I stopped going out or anywhere else. I walked around the house and looked out the windows to see if she were coming home yet. I watched a lot of baseball on television and I let my hair grow out. It gets curlier when it gets longer and she likes that.

## **A Community of Good Citizens**

What constitutes a community? Any group of men and women—or women and men—living or working or playing together in a given place, with common interests and common laws, for a common end, constitutes a community. Also including men and men, women and woman, woman and women, man and men, men and woman, and women and man.

### Installment # 1—3: Character/Setting/Plot from the *Hollywood Kids* Series

**C H A R A C T E R** Girl in a movie dress. Pink/shiny. Red. Always black. Black. Black. Makes you look thin. Can be leather. Slash of lips. The blondest hair. Sculpted into the dress. The woman in every movie comes together in one woman. You can't look at her. Because she is pieces but pieces are flesh and must connect. Must meld into one movie woman. There are too many movie women that must become this one. It takes too

long to figure their best parts, so you swoop. You swoop down on them and gather the feeling. The feeling of the best part. The feeling is flesh, soft flesh that melds. The one made, she is best of all. She is in a silver dress, a red dress, and a black dress. Now you must get inside her. You must wear her. But you cannot look at her so you must get there another way. Not the direct way



Because you cannot look at her. It's like going to Hawaii [she goes there]. You get on the plane then you are there. Where were you in the middle. The middle doesn't matter. You must go into it like an airplane in the sky. Like the impossible. You must push the yellow ethers through your middle meat. You must get to Hawaii where the others await you for the party.

## SETTING

WHY ARE THEY SOME PLACE  
 SUCH AS A RESTAURANT, LET  
 US SAY—A RESTAURANT,  
 FORGETTING HOW IT IS A  
 WOMAN KILLS, LO, IN THE  
 VERY SHEETS, UNCHECKED,  
 FUCKING THE SLACK OUT OF  
 FORM

*your gleam in a  
 room emptied of all  
 but slicking  
 abysmal sounds :  
 suction kissing  
 [kissing]*



**P L O T** Antigone unfurled a red carpet in such a way it seemed to come from her vagina. Her man stepped on it and was pulled towards bloody fate. Comedies are really tragedies: if you want a tragedy, read a comedy. There was a time on this planet when dragonflies had twenty-eight inch wing spans. In cafeterias people sit in patterns that

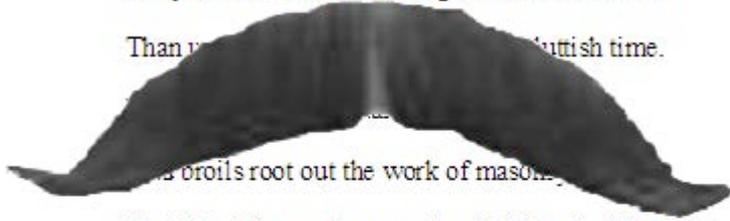


mirror actual social hierarchies. Water is the most important substance. Everything would die without it. You can switch the word 'prayer' with the word 'torture' under certain circumstances. As a girl Eudora liked the way books *felt*. Realizing the Age of Reason, he tried to get to something original. This move was an unconscious yet accurate appropriation of ancient Taoist practices. There had never been any

female philosophers, strangely. The word 'redaction' could be applied to a form of writing known as editing. Suicide was a debatable subject. Life: whose choice is it? White straight affluent culture is the culture represented. Walking the red carpet means hell to pay, yet how clever. To inhabit the metaphor with such ferocity.

## Sonnet 55

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;  
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
 Than unswept stone, beset with flintish time.



Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
 The living record of your memory.

'Gainst death and all adversous enmity  
 Shall you pace forth; your verse shall still find room  
 Even in the eyes of all generations

That wear this world out to the ending doom.

So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
 You live in this, and dwell in lover's eyes.

**Sonnet 116**

Let me not to the marriage of true minds

Admit impediments. Love is not love

Which alters when it alteration finds,

Or bends

O

It looks on tempests and is never shaken.

It is the star to every wandering bark,

Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks

Within his bending arm time's pass come:

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,

I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Jolson, Farquar, & Leech      LAW OFFICES**

**1666 Avenue of the P-Americans   ·   New York, NY**

**Re: Multifesto: A Henri d'Mecan Reader and the flagrant Misuse of Atom Press, Inc.'s Copyrighted manuscripts.**

To Whom It Might Possibly Concern:

We are the multiple counsel to Atom Press, Inc. ("Atom"), the completely exclusive copyright holder and/or world licensee and/or owner and/or dispenser of all manuscripts composed in the period between 1958 and 1967 by one or several persons known as Henry Mescaline/Henri d'Mescan/David Schneiderman, originally collected, in part, in the Atom Press volume: *Hallucigenome: The Henry Mescaline Reader* (1964). We write concerning the proposed 2005/6 release by Spuyten Duyvil's of *Multifesto: A Henri d'Mescan Reader*, which contains large amounts of documented materials under our copyright protection. Additionally, the materials authored by "Henri d'Mescan" in two other periods: 1) 1932-1952 (European editions), and 2) 1971-present, may also be subject to Atom Press copyright protection.

If "Henry Mescaline" is proven to be a pseudonym for either the WWII refugee Henri d'Mescan, or the Atom Press editor David Schneiderman, then a 1964 clause by Henry Mescaline surrendering all copyrights to "Atom Press for all production now and forever in all forms, both print, recorded, and as yet to be invented" will enter into force for all portions of the manuscripts currently in your possession. Should this be the case, handwriting and DNA test results forthcoming, the only materials in the *Multifesto* manuscript not under our copyright would be the editorial introductions composed by editors named Davis Schneiderman ("Davis") and Phoenelia Yeer ("Yeer"). Yet, as Atom Press did not authorize their access to d'Mescan/Mescaline/David's papers, we will require the transfer of all copyrights associated with these editorial introductions to Atom Press.

As we expect independent verification of the DNA and handwriting tests within a reasonable period, Spuyten Duyvil should be duly informed that it is current violation of copyright provision regarding the section of *Multifesto* provisionally titled, "Part II: The Un-American Years / From: *Hallucigenome: The Henry Mescaline Reader* (1961)" with materials excerpted from the following Henry Mescaline texts:

“Introduction” to *Hallucigenome: The Henry Mescaline Reader* (1964), “*Spacecats of the World, Untie!* (1958),” “*Appendisectomy*—“Appendices on November 11, 1944: *The Circle*” (1960),” “*Tupeat, Frompeet, Repeit* (1962),” and “*Abecedarium: Fex During the Occupation of France* (1963),” along with, possibly, the materials from the two other periods noted above.

Any attempt to deliver any section of the infringing manuscript to consumers represents a breach of Atom’s intellectual property, as well as those of other artists and writers who in good faith transferred their copyrights to Atom. Because of the controversial materials that Atom published from 1957-1971 (at great risk to its presses and other modes of intellectual capital), in the United States, the Philippines, and a series of newly emancipated African republics, authors such as Henry Mescaline transferred their proprietary rights to their works to our company. In Mescaline’s case, surveillance by the OSS and later, the CIA, necessitated that he renounce his rights to his work since, according to stature 247, subsection 48D of the 1949 War Repatriation and Seditious Act, as an illegal alien, war-criminal, and fugitive, d’Mescan/Mescaline would retain no rights to this work upon his prosecution, deportation, or capture.

We take the trust that Mr. Mescaline placed in our offices seriously, and this we will not hesitate to subject Spuyten Duyvil to serious legal penalties for knowing violation of copyright and intellectual property law. We thus stipulate that you immediately:

1. Surrender all pre-production manuscripts, notes, archival materials, correspondences, and all other written, printed, and electronically produced materials between and all of the following parties: Henri d’Mescan, Henry Mescaline, David Schneiderman, Davis Schneiderman, Phoenelia Yeer, Tod Thilleman, and all other parties who have corresponded with the above in any and all mediums during the preparation, composition, and research phases of the *Multifesto* project. Additionally, all correspondence between Atom and Spuyten Duyvil, including this letter, should also be surrendered.
2. Cease and desist from any actual or intended distribution of any and all of the above, and/or the otherwise prohibited performance, publication, distributions, and/or exploitation of *Multifesto* and all other properties under protection by Atom.
3. Provide the contact information for any and all third parties who may have assisted in the pre-publication and research phases of the *Multifesto* project, as well as those consumers who have placed orders for advance copies of the book.
4. Provide notice to all publications that have recently published excerpts from the forthcoming text, including but not limited to: *In Our Own Words: A Generation Defining Itself* (anthology), *RealPoetik*, *Near South*, *3 AM Magazine*, *The Diagram*, *Spread*, *Gargoyle*, *Unpleasant Event Schedule*, *Magazine Minima*, *Fiction International*, *to the QUICK*, *Collage*, *3<sup>rd</sup> Bed*, *Absinthe Literary Review*, *Pindelyboz.com*, *EnterText*, and *Happy*. These magazines, journals, and academic texts should be duly noted of the possible infringement on Spuyten Duyvil’s part.

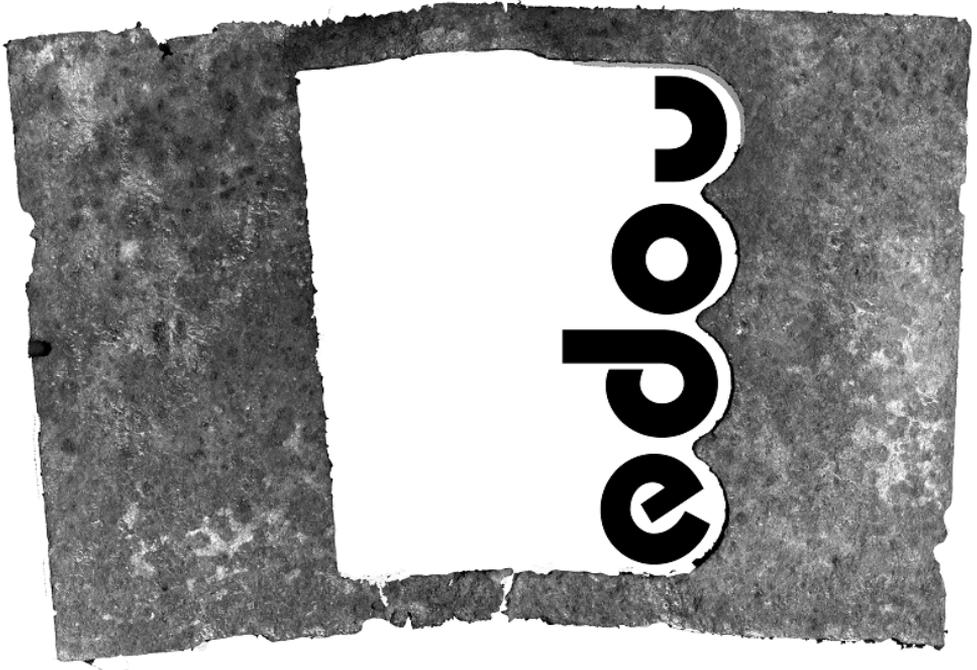
- 5. Renounce all claims to publicity and archival materials associated with this project, and surrender all source code from Spuyten Duyvil's web page to our offices. Unless we receive comprehensive compliance with these stipulations, Atom will pursue all remedies allowable by law.

Sincerely,  
Jolson, Farquar, & Leech

\*\*\*\*\*

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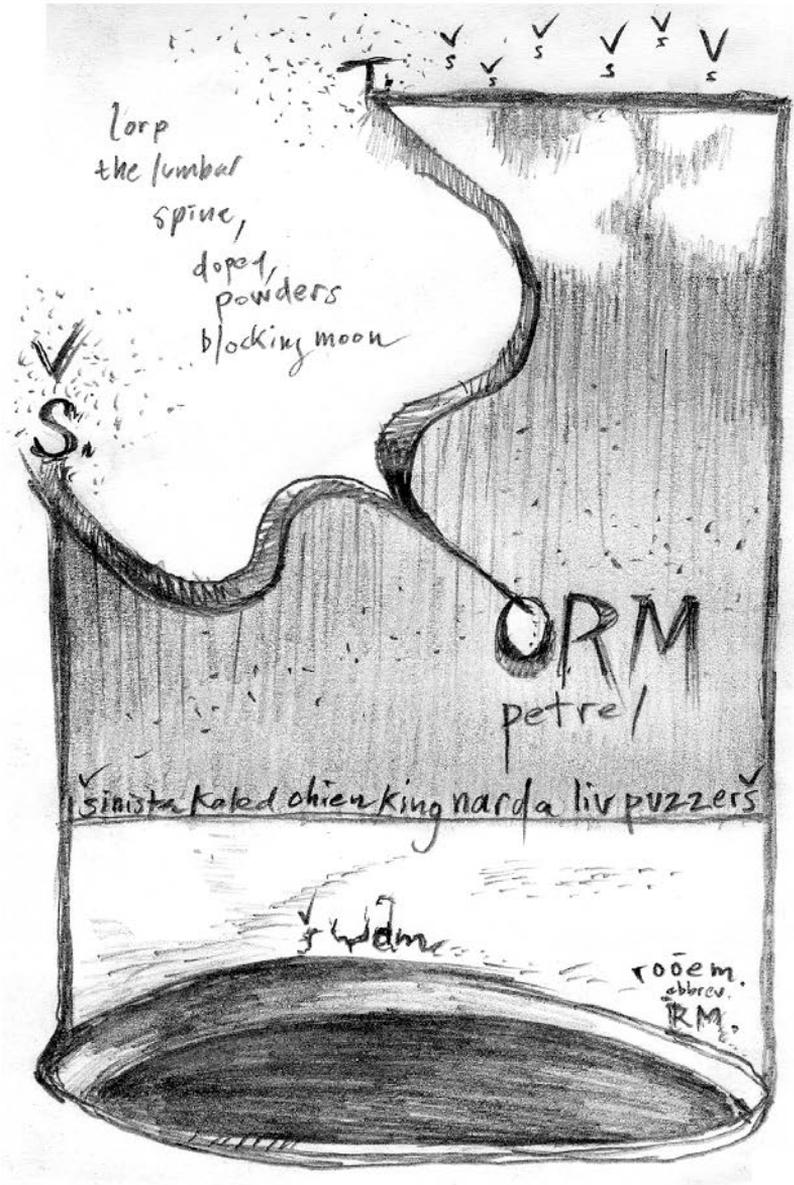
an excerpt from *An Ephemerasi*

*n - 1 } 10.*

*n } bin hexed  
                   end of message  
 stripped, cut—*

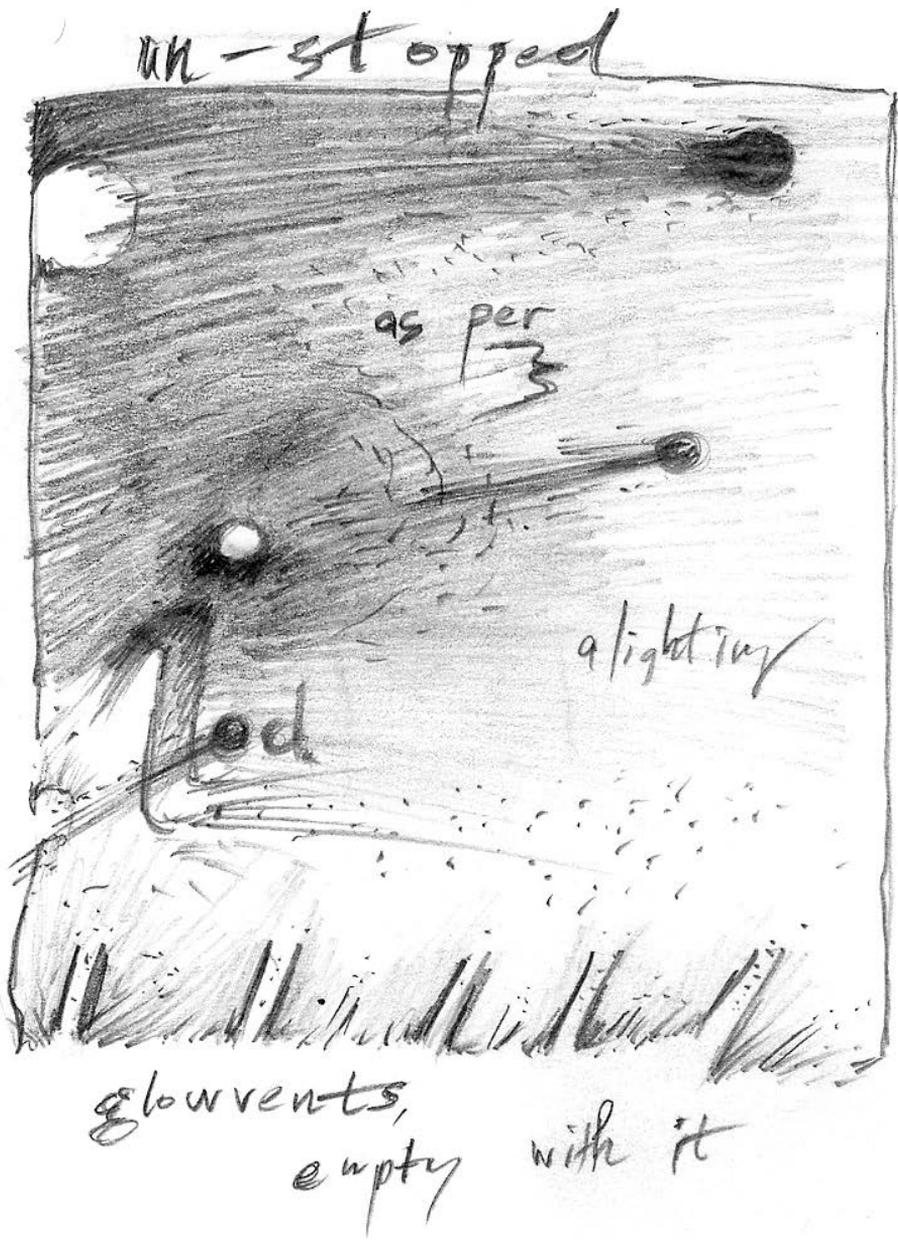
*n - 1 } 24.*

*in quills the storm petrels  
   } the chronostic beak  
 the idea of death about the body  
 opening a Ryman surface  
   —all the white space  
 before the bow } of its wingspan  
 the bin of localized meaning  
 frothy, hexed, numbed, anesthetized  
 white storms swarming to the lip of each black chasm  
 repeating its end  
 in the disservice of its own closure*



*n - 1 } 38.*

the V cup of self-filled by self-filling  
 an extra-terrestrial incremental *panspermia*  
 self-linnéd of comet met and the meteoric  
 the contentless-self—a bowl, a crater of self  
 these tubes spooned from glowvents, porous  
 and vaast with the vaastness one will become  
 as long as = continuous } before death  
 as long as = containing } impaled on the beak  
 an ablation sequence unsheathing the details  
 rendering emissions of tongued protocols—  
 this is radiating in the night  
 little in the form but the airglow  
 from excited oxygen  
 boring recorders *strix linn* in eye lengths  
 —save for the clouds before the moon  
 dimensionless  
 the two faces in the flat plates of the honeycomb  
 in the cell walls  
 decay un-bolts into its consent  
 a periodic rescription in the text of efficiencies  
 the words: I, ieeeeee redescriving  
 an undetectable fissure  
 a miasma  
 in the spine of my own mountains  
 my vertebrae, my own piecemeal  
 —all movements must traverse  
 the plough speeding—  
 the desolate beak in black keys of the terrestrial instrument  
 re-phrasing the detailed imbalanced measure  
 of not  
 this is the same need in the music  
 the notations of all theditions in *et cetera*



## Two Images for Unfinished Essays

### 1. Image for an Unfinished Essay on Franz Kafka

Each and every amalgamation of four survivors shall be allotted the permission of a K.

One K, or the 4-pronged form of a K, shall be marked by them on their spanse: marked neither too large nor too small to be comprehensible as a K to all four survivors.

The vertical, we shall call it vertical, leftmost barrier of the K is to be the limit of the world. Beyond that nothing exists. It is an I.

Two survivors shall—each with individual indelible markers—work at either end of the vertical, extending the line in both directions at once and as infinitely as life will allow.

The remaining two survivors—the younger members of the agglomerate—shall be responsible for similarly, and also infinitely, extending the two diagonal prongs of the K, N/NE and S/SE respectively, until the termination of their lives (they all may work at any pace they so desire).

At the point—decided by Me, the ultimate in authority—when all four survivors and the ends of their lines are significantly far from the point of intersection, from the apex or juncture that makes a K a K, I God shall array Myself in workers' overalls and comport Myself to the K's point of meeting, its point of K-ness and there—with rash paint with which I once swathed the sky—I shall efface, or, better (I haven't done this yet), erase the mating of the four prongs.

But by that time, all four survivors will be significantly far away: they will not perceive, nor be able to visually confirm, the erasure, it will merely be their suspicion, an intuition or inkling (call it what you want, I do not name), paranoia.

However, in the winter of their extension, they will perceive (this I know), but only dimly, another horror: that their four extensions might one day—in a 4<sup>th</sup> dimension? only in the mind and beyond their lives? only after parallelling infinite other K's?—might one far day meet, intersect in some truer infinity into a single infinite line that is everywhere and everything: an stray eyelash shading the greatest void they will never live to know.

## 2. Image for an Unfinished Essay on Andy

Whether it is the WARHOLE, the WAR HOLE, or the WAR- or WARHÖLLE, it is.

From space it is a face singed on the blank, bare earth: an abstract face rendering it less apparent than its apparency...

but a negative face, or faces, it is a hole: a bomb crater it might seem, a meteorite's pit, manmade or Godmade, unmade, always there, who knows, it is.

It's the Warhole, around which, every year, the survivors gather.

Around spring, the season of stripping, of reduction it is Spring.

All the survivors have gathered at its rim, having hauled with them all of their sacrifices: last season's fashions, fads, trends, everything out, to be discarded, thrown into the gaping slit of the Warhole, to be consumed some say in fire but others think not: over the years, the seasons, the refuse has piled, accumulated, grown high, some predict that soon our sacrifices will overflow their sunken altar, to tower total, above us and our all, obscuring the spent sun.

No hole deepens in proportion to our waste, they say.

Our eagerness, our appetites, have spoiled the utility of the Warhole, they say.

Destruction, total, is nigh.

*To Alexander Fried*

## A Roomful of Nipples

I open a door. And it takes a moment for me to focus the swirl.

Women are bobbing. Girls are bobbing. Some before hair, some after. All types of the form are represented. I was drawn into the room by the sick glow of a teevee that wasn't actually there.

All the females are naked and wearing high though wobbly heels.

Each of their nipples has had a hole punched through.

Each of their nipples has had a length, variable, of fishing line run through this hole and knotted neatly.

The other ends of these fishing lines are knotted to metal eyelets screwed into the high ceiling.

These women's and girl's nipples, their breasts entire—some large and some small, some lumpy and some tight—are suspended from the ceiling.

At different lengths, degrees of tension, disposed with no evident logic.

Some must stand on their tippy-toes for comfort while others are more than comfortable at their full standing height.

Some nipples are distended—due to the line length/tension with regard to the height of the girl/woman—pulling the breasts elongated into weird rhomboids, up into thick air and there distorting lipstuck faces into approximations of pain.

Some pluck the slack line as if a music is expected.

I am expected to make love to them.

And I do.

Keeping one waking eye on the open door at all times.





CLAUDIO PARENTELA

## Blow Job

She said she was going to give me the blow job from Hell. So we found a place to park on the way home. It was a cemetery.

She said her cousin had given her boyfriend the best blow job. She said they talked about it at work. She said she told her cousin that she was going to give me the blow job from Hell that night. It was a competition.

But who is to judge which oral sex is better? I thought about asking but decided against it. It would imply that I wanted a blow job from her cousin. I'm not sure if I would have disputed this, her cousin giving me one. They were different types of women. So different that I wondered if they would even be friends if they weren't related.

It was going good there in the cemetery. It was an act she prided herself in, like how she was proud of her tits. I liked her tits. They were small but good. They had a shape. Friends of mine had seen her tits and said that they were good ones, proud ones.

I didn't last long enough. She seemed disappointed in me. Maybe we both had an idea in our heads what the blow job from Hell would be like, and how long it would last. It wasn't to be.

When I started the car and pulled back onto the thin winding cemetery road, I ran over a couple of small tombstones. We were stuck for a moment, but then the ground became more solid, and we drove off. We looked at the dark landscape, with all its concrete teeth sticking up and poking out of the ground. The ground so dug-up and reapplied.

MEMO  
 MEME  
 MEMORY  
 MEME  
 POSSIBLE  
 MEME  
 POSSIBLE  
 MEME  
 POSSIBLE  
 MEMORY  
 POSSIBLE  
 WHO  
 MADE  
 POSSIBLE.  
 MEME  
 MEME  
 THIS  
 MEMORY



DAVID-BAPTISTE CHIROT



DAVID-BAPTISTE CHIROT



**ma·laise: (mă-lāz', -lēz)**

for example, your hands, legs, and waist are tied to a table with salt crusted, thick leather straps, so much so and to such a degree you are in pain, but it is a pain only your body feels, your head is elsewhere—disconnected by the constriction in your throat. There are people who smell like ammonia in white coats with safety glasses circling you, murmuring and nodding, scratching marks on their clipboards. You have the notion of something crawling inside you, and the feeling that you must be seriously ill, you don't try to struggle, it's impossible to get up from the table, much less look out the window to see if it's raining (if there was a window), and your head is a dead cloud, full of nothing but dark, like an empty walnut or a black hole, not a block of ice or a stone, you want to grieve for this loss, but you don't know how or why.

**si·lence: (sī'lə ns)**

First, the term *silence* in the small roots of dandelions thru the fields in distances where wild deer roam in rain so soft one only imagines something wet, or silences of isolation and exile, present only in paratactic afterimage, as a bullet hole in cloth so is a soldier who sets his rifle aside, an indexical silence, a silence that witnesses war as a stone gestures slowly over time in miniscule increments so one comes to understand not-words, the act of opening spaces between structures where a greater strength could be found, where the wind has nothing to seize, is the instant, which speaks for the whole of silence near the border of the cemetery of the living, when only the dead have something to say—listen...can you hear me?

**et·y·mol·o·gy: (ět'-ə möl'ə -jē)**

The invisible word was written between dust-to-dust as day was separated from night, when words held light for the first and last time and so became corroded, as now, under the tarnished patine on the roofs of so many houses, where words gather and the people who discuss them, some soft as a baby's bones, others scaled with armor no bullet could pierce, and more as brittle and blue as a Robin's egg, and the hum of voices in parenthesis continues, and the words on the wall on which the hand wrote, illegible after all the fingers touching, hoping to transfer some divine spark, that their own words could possess such power, as when they were young, and discovered patterns of sounds held shape and weight, and that those shapes held an alphabet of practical figures, and those people, charting the dense sea of vocabularies, unaware that those same words they confided secrets with would betray them, and all of them in search of the unspoken, what lies in the white spaces between, the orphan word, unclaimed, how could they know that this single, collective word is all that holds their world afloat?

**ru·bi·con (rōō'bī-kōn)**

Near the green house bordered by laughter into weeds for fields where farm boys work, bare-chested, overalls down to their waist, dust-blown boys laughing as they scythe against a blue sky, white teeth mirroring noon-light, sweating with the work that fathers say turns young boys into men, and the young boys—children really—shine in the youth of their bodies' yearning, and the anticipation that summer brings; bonfires behind the barn, smoking corn silk in their father's pipes, swimming holes in the Kankakee, leaping from the trestle bridge where they fall flailing into the river, where the sound of shouting boys disappears like a Sunday sermon, *where the peace which passeth all understanding abides*, the shock of cold, and then, the struggle toward light, and always, the body in motion, itself unaware as if in the effort of remembering, experiences pleasure, autonomic, that is to say, the push against gravity—of boys into men—toward light and air.

**en·gram: (ĕn'grām')**

When I was born, a stray gust plucked me from a broken web. I was an empty husk of a fly; exsanguinated but alive. It was a miracle I survived. Childhood. In recollection, there are patterns we cannot wholly view at any height or vista.

There are fragments, there is a distributive system, a function, a framework with shifting boundaries like a topiary maze where neurons dance as children who play hide-and-seek.

Here is my head, an overripe melon with a few marbles rolling around. Here are my skinny arms and legs pumping and flailing in Bass Lake almost drowned; all of these remembered as a mother's voice calling out from an unknown distance and from all directions.

I wake in time, not place, to see myself not myself, but a collection of lint, a fly blown down synaptic highways, hanging on by a frayed thread, kicking and screaming.

## Minor Influences

I came here with nothing but an empty portrait, and after a while, some cows appear as if in the middle of a Minnesota blizzard. I must say, I was quite surprised at their showing up, and then some sheep came in from the right side of the frame and winter vanished as they grazed across my screen. A landscape began to form. It is early spring, I gather, as the roads I can see from here are honed down and rutted from the heaves and thaws of winter receding, and the days are longer, and green is beginning to tip out along the brown branches, boys are chasing rabbits in the woods and children pick mayflowers in fields while others play “Red Rover, Red Rover” in the neighbor’s yard. The narrative runs between unpainted fences in a silicon landscape with people and creatures laden with words constructed of 0’s and 1’s that I cannot touch. The screen flickers and blanks. It is impossible to control; glitches happen everywhere and are random, and my influence is small; I push the power button and press the keys.

## The Strange Case of the Internal Dialogue

On a number of city blocks near my place of work were posted, overnight it seemed, a vast array of stickers with cartoon interpretations of famous politicians. Just above the cartoon heads were large speech bubbles of the variety in which a hooked or crescent appendage thrust casually from its lower half—unlike those in which smaller and smaller bubbles issued from the larger bubble, falling lightly toward the two dimensional speaker, as if to eventually alight and *pop* on the speaker's forehead. In an instant one particular sticker was surrounded by people who were on their way to work. Each, individually, and in their own time, came to a fit of laughing after moments of serious study. As I approached I casually awaited a space where I could see and read the caption so that I too may have a hearty laugh at the expense of a famous politician. After a few moments I checked my watch and realized I would be late for work if I remained to see the caption on the sticker—but I was rather curious to see it myself, hoping to have an object of humor to share with my colleagues when I entered the office. But the crowd in front of me grew larger and larger, the laughing became uproarious and hostile, and the curiosity burned in my head so that I pushed my way through to the telephone pole where the sticker had been placed. I climbed over one shoulder, then another, hoping to see the message on the sticker. “What does it say? What does it say” I shouted to the crowd. “For heaven's sake what does it say?” “Nothing,” cried a voice at the head of the crowd, “you'll have to see for yourself!”

### The Incident in the Living Room of a Famous Dentist

In the living room of a famous dentist was a metal box with a keyhole in the front. After a few drinks the famous dentist pulled a key ring from his pocket which contained many keys and tried—to no avail—each and every one. “There’s nothing inside,” I said, “I assure you.” When the last key failed to enter the keyhole another large ring of keys was summoned for by the dentist. At last, and quite expectedly, not one key on the second ring could be fit into the keyhole. “Honestly,” I begged, “I’m quite positive there is nothing inside.” A third set of keys was brought to the famous dentist but he ordered the servant to be dismissed, pulling from his pocket a large pen knife which he jammed into the keyhole. After a few moments his face had gone from composed to contorted. “Please, Doctor, it’s really quite alright” I said as the latch broke and the lid popped open with a *thump*. He looked inside and saw the servant sitting in the middle of the box with his legs crossed. “What are you doing in there,” ordered the famous dentist. The servant looked up, and with total composure answered, “Why, nothing.”



For example, people stand in different places and see the same thing, but at a different speed





## Interrogation

Project upon her other an informal consecution. Pores give gray cells reputations forewarned. The central part of speech mis-known remains clear altercation in a sheaf of foiled night madness. Give us daybreak, spillage, stock-in-trade sense worldly otherwhimsical and stated. Offer capstone to have breastfed trace. Now the moment we've been normed to sequence orphans an impinging on the numeral. Do you know why something's beautiful or failing to be that? If so, please tuck your thinking in a bottle and release that note to sea. The tempered clavier will ringside every notice given and received. It will own shelf life of the ratatouille. Nailed to the issue's crux and matting. Low-key how you often work, and as we warehouse inconsistency to go back to and feign a series that makes sense. Of this. Of us. Of inked print pages toned sagacious in cortextual summed memory made hard by boiler plating remnants of what seems shame true to formal rigor played and plated to the north of weather ware.

One pine known sum spoken, one line filled shell, broken into shards

## Her Ever

Many doses of her penmanship brought me poverty on a plum-toned dish. A mollycoddled overcast fruition of the wheat marks polished via inside out endorsed sequential messages. A listener will tend to focus on the latter message, thus a recency effect. The present study investigated substance as for now just portable. Empirically water veins some twenty-six experienced voices each responding to twelve calls. Each a hillside white beyond repletion. All of which contained two different messages. Faint rise of the gardens never quite specific. And the leaning traffic of desisting answers classified according to their focus. Chi-square tests performed on frequencies for each statement. The results, riced prayer. A timbre leaving no support for the hypothesis revealing that wind lifts. Whose subjects tended to give answers full and smooth and plain. Some, either nonspecific or less vague than pierced thought. As if to activate the things included, and the land infringing on supply's demand.

Altar cloth, breaching specific ounces, breeding individual communal prestidigitation

## Derivation

She reports being the target member of an undesired duet. Listen: river needs accompaniment to be heard in context. Who is listening to her story during other music. Single line of melody blends noticeably into foreground picked at random. Plays each syllable intact allowing even frenzy to be wheeled ahead in bales of loss. Meantime a distinctive part. Yet all too public anymore. Amid a listless free space. And then surface. Point at which the lines and spaces touch.

Commiserate with what remains entirely unknown

## Likenesses Stay Put

I haven't loved you. Check. A pilgrimage is all I ever. Check. Oceans repeat themselves. Which instance ennobles our emergence different from emergency. One sits in waiting rooms and reads fatigue in wrinkled journals softer than first page. First messages retired mimic a natty layover in pre-pulping of these rooms scented of antiseptic. Still sickness versus motion. In an unknown row of minutes, one goes in to hear a homespun verdict that costs more than it is worth but fits social psychology, even for minions languishing between sizes. The furnishings are worn to show a form of credibility. On the sotto TV are the lowest forms of human act. A grabbing that won't stop, debasing of the other. People watch themselves adapt, lacking the energy to bring change. The phrase 24/7 makes its neon way into the psyche even via outer skin.

Hypothetical resemblance once relaxed lets go the hinging of two different acts

## **Instinct, Nettles, Seedlings**

Urge is this. Imposing on the cryptic rose. Not yet. Neighborly linked arms replenish a dark cave. This dark cave opens its way forward. Help for naught. And now the hedge. The trim. The long shore gathering. The whim. Fed wine. And earth. This opening. A silence fallen where it. Sprawls. Until a gesture. What is gesture. Seeds insisting. Scent of that. And loam. And motion. Daytime. Very young and lean and long. How mental this is not. One cradles and one cherishes. Even rock and still the sand. One ekes out of the bark a momentary stratus one can love and fear. As ice light trims the breadth. As center moves and fondles what seems far.

Here, nearly, intonation, centering on cast rain trim, the leaves, each leaf

from *The Masvikiru Quatrains*

—after “cornucopia” by Jukka-Pekka Kervinen

### The Seventeenth Page

bodkin: moonshine petticoat  
 Mother: unimaginable pellmell  
 frequency: antiknock repertory  
 peeling: compilation opium

heedless: euphoria flat  
 denigrate: squint moldiness  
 baleful: dreary syphilitic  
 defecation: finery hogshead

ulceration: antiwar chafe  
 musket: ivy parabola  
 enormity: glacial role-playing  
 shrink-wrap: diffusion sawdust

liposuction: blithe insider  
 CB: frizzy grad  
 tenderloin: forsythia nobleness  
 governor: germanium ironing

conscript: tumble preferential  
 lapidary: ecumenical betrothal  
 dispatcher: excision brilliant  
 tendonitis: horseback earth

fortification: fatuous waltz  
 warmed-over: haven't full-blooded  
 simulator: slaphappy harelip  
 llama: unceremonious tangible

military: medicate defiance  
 fencing: foreseen denture  
 plasticity: morgue impulse  
 blasphemer: gland unkindness

inaudible: manliness cosmetology  
 emasculate: protractor Midwestern  
 microorganism: contemptible purr  
 abdicate: ill-starred menopause

### **The Twenty-First Page**

disparaging: colicky buck  
 scooter: lit propagate  
 haziness: superimpose backhoe  
 stringer: legitimacy expressiveness

mastectomy: dulcimer solace  
 turbulent: fleur-de-lis gob  
 sapience: hear machine  
 differential: jeep dressing

computerization: retarded sash  
 unsteadiness: line scythe  
 functionary: southwest glumness  
 elder: statesman object

preoccupy: emirate bifocal  
 magnifier: bogy no-no  
 didactic: Capt. etymology  
 soothing: point coot

voltage: tribesman living  
 whisk: gourmand onion  
 chow: glint southerner  
 win: glisten landing

hang: quasar harry  
 combustible: nonprofessional beau  
 sensitive: compulsory red  
 Richter: inculcation unergo

surliness: insomnia station  
 PC: lull enroll  
 surname: exhibition trailblazer  
 lurch: ingredient RFD

consternation: Wyoming cleaver  
 arroyo: pixel thiamine  
 lifeblood: tabulate dowel  
 immoral: pastern palatial

## **The Twenty Second Page**

enviable: ungovernable deadliness  
 pollen: valve consequent  
 epitome: desecrate junkie  
 vernacular: entrance heavy

incestuous: Gaelic doddering  
 violinist: arpeggio chambermaid  
 moonstruck: vouch unabashed  
 irrefutable: unrelieved gallery

union: tendency heat  
 caffeine: serendipitous collocate  
 herewith: whoa typhoid  
 preciousness: supposing vestment

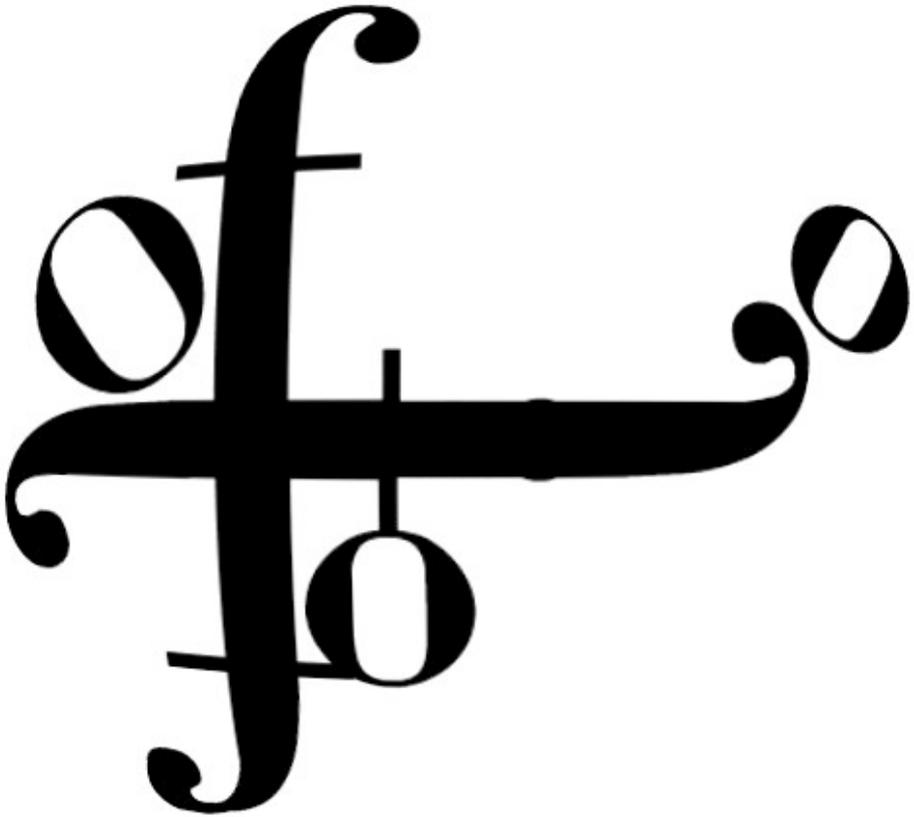
fatherland: considerate proof  
 aides-de-camp: beck transceiver  
 KO: grimness pizza  
 pipsqueak: derogation uniformity

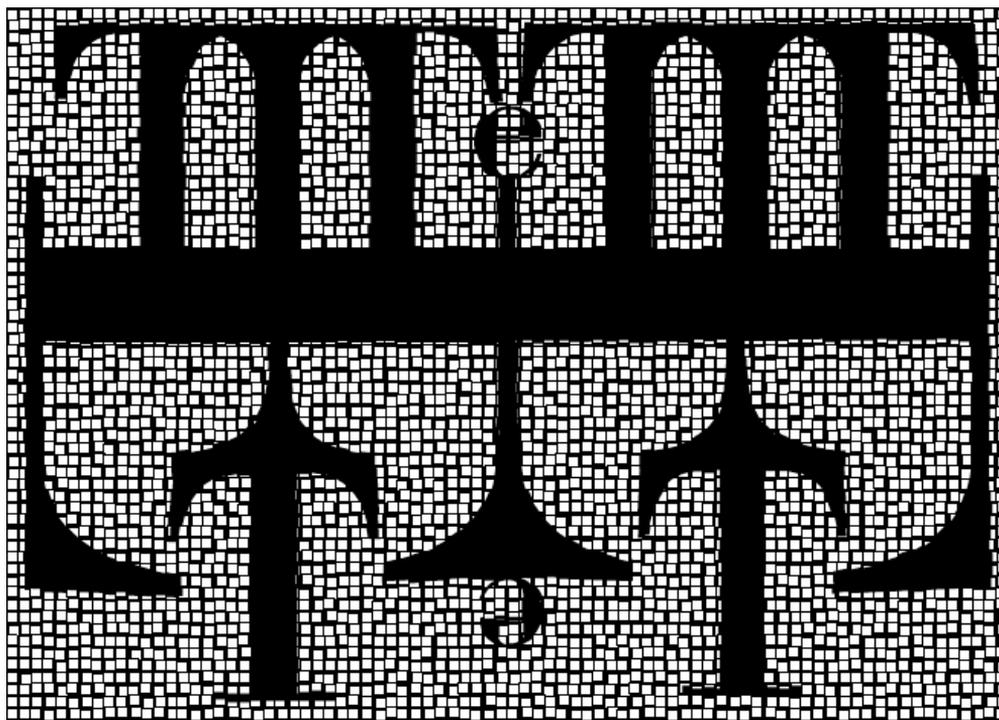
propane: tuba penguin  
Pharaoh: markdown cranky  
exclusion: marine ballet  
fragile: unrecognizable specify

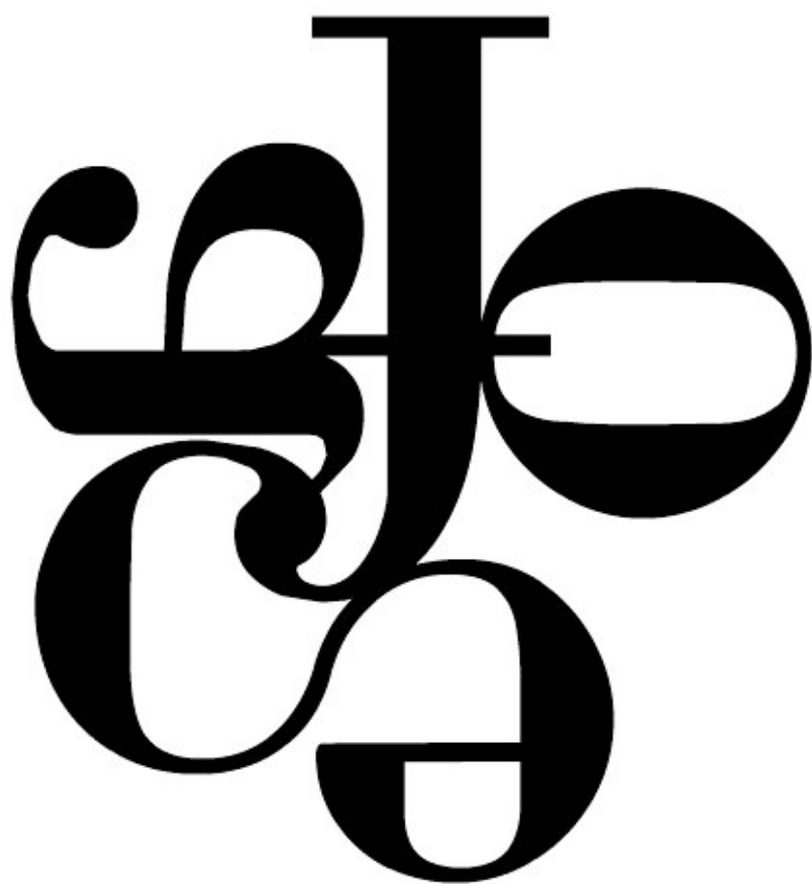
disembarkation: choppiness shrinkage  
nourish: missile curve  
beaux: snitch suggestion  
crowd: gallantry jogger

encyclopedia: bedside blow  
altitude: piratical restructure  
castanet: diphthong inimical  
rapport: doublet slander

brooch: ground sodium  
minty: diffidence paddock  
forbade: teat turncoat  
singularity: brighten motivate







from Trilce

II

Tempo. Tempo.

Made it out of you is that Stan Cado entering relentlessly.  
Bough and babble riding they'll chortle a teacher  
tent pole tempo tea and poor tempo.

Error. Error.

Get lost can't see Onan's carbon and they know.  
Broken they'll clear these queer conjunctions.  
a rarer era aerates.

Man and a Man and a.

He'll repose calling ends to one desert.  
Peons help present a guarded imperative  
my name my name my name my name.

No breath. Number.

Queasy lament can't hear a noise?  
Sell llama low miss mosque pad itchy  
no bread numb her name break number.

~ JAMES WAGONER

## IV

Reaching those currents countries martyrlost  
 hasty lost leggy males trifuckers,  
 can do knuckles            hindermost nada.  
 Alcohol atrocity, the same deal,  
 a margin you're at a banjo tuning camping  
 for loony, sober drastic  
 purpose            I spirit tvs.

Tender a son deters and parts,  
 moss low tardy—quell lab hazer—  
 sienna and my cab easy furious meant  
 a knocker those if I curse and mother. Soon  
    losing is lost.

Soon you trope lose nuptials tasks            doze.  
 Ale hearse, major quietude,  
 rompy acrid soul.

Equal rebar discovered know  
 poor nodding lad. Old old esteem yellower  
 yellower. Today the cancer  
 quadrupled entered silences.

Color. Ovaries. Cassette ran apparently.  
 House lurid etude.            House enterer veiled  
 and plan is queered.

## X

Pressed in ulterior bedroom the infantile  
 ventures, a shabby demure  
 canal may total, acts of bra habitats you incite.  
 The stress missed assaulting you tease the dull chi.  
 Come on eldest tine of,  
 my traitor moon abducted lorry.

Commode extras the sour giant and us  
 the countries. Comes impressive some ill charisma  
 imagine the lines the dead have at her.

Come east tanless ballerinas appall me.  
 Come as you've asked us the journal picked  
 cubic audience the Sara gala.  
 Come arson namers, carry a monotonal answer.

She resembles this mess has he lived to see her,  
 has he other Malzalans.  
 Dusky damp or lamenting to have her and pay less.  
 Your lost trees mazed the senses.  
 Your lust never gestated.

On your inward accent lives,  
 a patient encorpsed face,  
 you shouldn't embarrass tranquil mystery.

## XII

A scape bored a moon finished, for losing and for losing.  
 A prior ecto-question nosed under a raconteur.  
 Inserted umber. Auto-mart. Cervical counting.

Just Guido the motion *come here*  
 emitted so few loyal caterers.  
 Can you induce a whore and eat on?  
 For her, masturbating, for sutures such hellos

Inserted umber. The lonest can not grind.  
 Gorilla and nude, fabricated  
 sinks and pines for a ladder  
 yes in copper he'll other: Sit! You sail.

## XVI

Then go offend her future.  
 To me, error man goes, to my ear  
 go lone and dumb the serious alley is quieter.  
 You too, swearing, damn two diamonds in place of a bull,  
 to tamp all the shores.

Then go off in her future.  
 Poor ally evinces concave mother;  
 canted and in color, see you  
 grace these errors onto me a pro

A liar, fearing passing. Can greet us, that!  
 Obviously where the banned air presides,  
 are we under lost seas banned eras restraints  
 today's lost coldcuts they rust the vault off.

Then go off men can say,  
 men killed his sight of men of.

Each! Brain primary!

## A Directional

Psst,

this way. Was a book, a fire of bon proportions, flames kicking the sky, every worse, verse for the verse. Lumen beyond the eye scat shattering of sparks. History hisses. Her's too. Lost ties to a cohesion of the vast.

Any ism of an ology, any sound searching its arch. Every letter raining fragments, a letter here, there, a patch of them, phrased and unragged, placed in a home, even rooms and odd. In the beginning, or middle, the word.

Came down. Came down diss. Bespoken, a mark upon my shirt.

Some insisted upon end, some upon begin fell to their knees, failed to believe no such shush as ash by face, star by staying put upon this orb, no greed, no choice, birth by birth or a belabored point.

Most wanted signs. Some signs wanted sun. Battle begun, rift between pauses, commas spliced, words ripped apart, none sentenced to end without a questionable start. Whatever the signifier says. Whatever mouths lip purse. The heat insisted, persisted from warmed earth and tempers inflamed. No such yes such not much yes crush no gone yes go in their own way, wet eyed and dry, heart hardened and heard beyond deny. Shuffling shoes.

Verbs fight for their enactment  
and let go from the deep.

~ **CHERYL PALLANT**

**From WORKS and DAYS****28**

Culture is made by human beings but has a life of its own, evolving, as do all forms of life, according to the rules and accidents of nature. Culture isn't shaped by human will, though acts of will reveal what the organism of culture is becoming as it responds and adapts to its environment (i.e., us).

**29**

Culture begins with soil, seeds, roots, sprouts. Culture is always in a state of beginning—always in a state of decay. To remain hopeful about the human project demands the nurture of beginnings and of endings. Perhaps this is why we love to announce the end of things—the end of nature, the end of history, the end of empire, the end of innocence—clearing the ground for beginnings, for acculturation to the destruction we have made.

**31**

Chimps eat termites with a stick. In the laboratory they learn to use the drinking fountain and teach companions the skill. Chimps have 98% of the stuff that human beings have spun into coils and stuffed inside the nuclei of their cells. Zebra fish have 85 %. Rice 15%. E.coli 7%.

**33**

How a name comes to be a dwelling.

**34**

A strip of neural tissue runs ear-to-ear along the brain's surface, the cortex, which orchestrates movements such as kicking a ball or raising a fork. When a person silently reads verbs such as "kick" or "raise," blood flows to the specific region of the brain that would control such a movement. Word understanding hinges on activation of interconnected brain areas that pull together knowledge about word and deed. Like memory, language has no dwelling place in the brain, only a process and a network.

**35**

Wild dogs in New Guinea, descended from tame dogs that followed Stone Age hunters, haven't lived with people for 5,000 years and perform as poorly as wolves in reading human gestures, such as following a trainer's motions to lead them to hidden food. This means that the cognition of household dogs is not innate but was cultivated during the species partnership after dogs were domesticated 10,000 years ago.

Beauty brings copies of itself into being. (Elaine Scarry, *On Beauty and Being Just.*)

THE SUMMONING OF THE MUSE

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## THE SUMMONING OF THE MUSE

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WHITE BLACK WHITE BLACK WHITE ROOK KING BLACK

CLOUD WHITE CLOUD WHITE CLOUD WHITE CLOUD TAIL

WHITE CLOUD WHITE CLOUD WHITE CLOUD WING WING

CLOUD BIRD CLOUD WHITE CLOUD WHITE NOSE WHITE

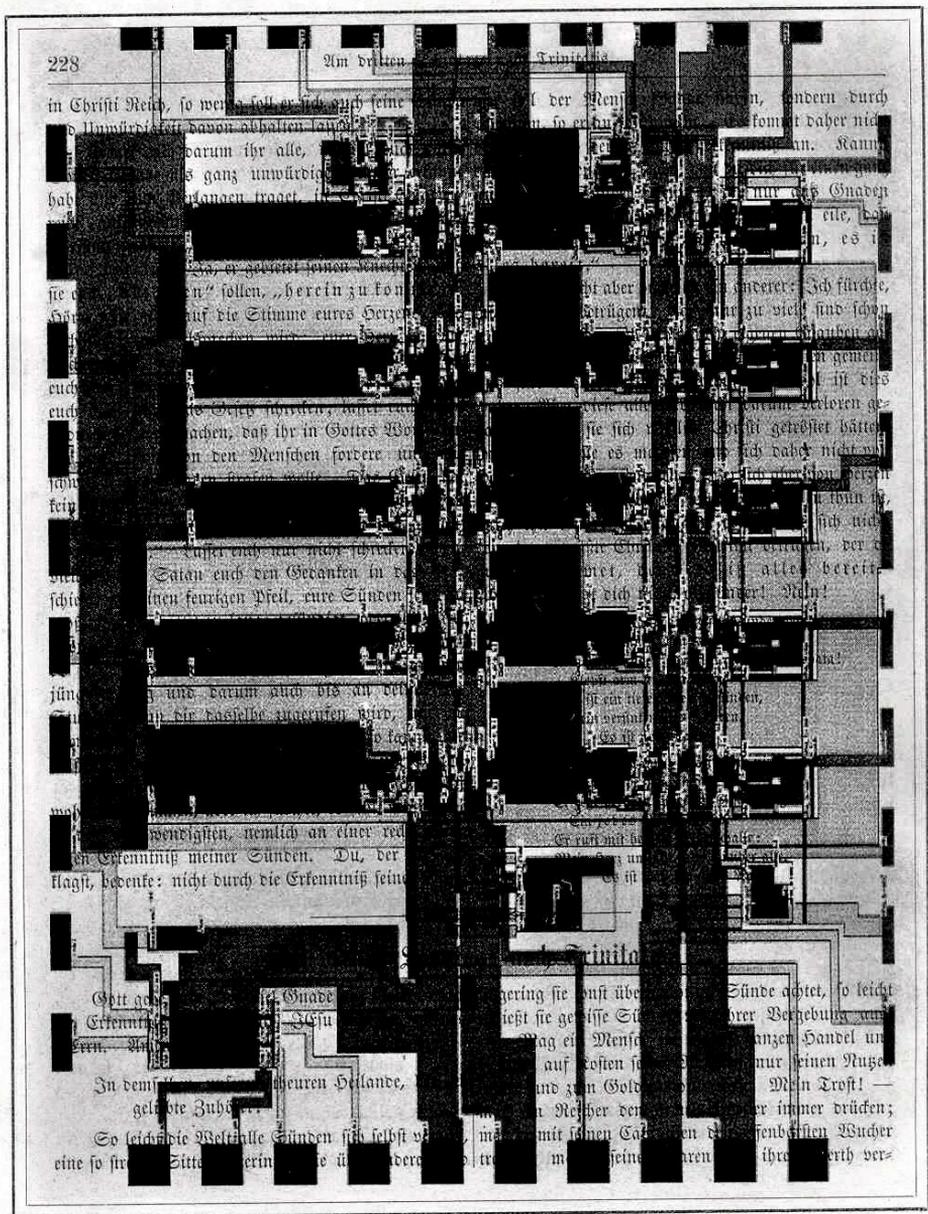
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WHITE CLOUD WHITE CLOUD WHITE BIRD BIRD CLOUD





## [1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9]

Why is disorder increasing in the same direction of time as that in which the universe is expanding? Surely, we could seek free information in remaindered textbooks and technical articles, but we might also contemplate purchasing a Master of Fine Arts degree. Recall that even for Van Gogh, who strove to annihilate Intuition, there were few things more invigorating in art than a newly acquired mastery. For instance, the neophyte may speculate that when Jill spied the apple, she said, “Yum, yum!” But she may have said, “What an agreeable apple!” or “I bet that apple would taste first-class, jammed in a pig’s maw.” And while one might gaze with horror at the mechanized social order swallowing colleagues and friends, the Intuitionist proceeds from his/her parallel terror to endeavor to obliterate the “system of conclusion” upon which is constructed the feared Order of Established Things.

Similarly, you may find yourself under the authority of a waning moon and 14 grams of *psilocybe cubensis*, sitting in a cow pasture with your left leg straight out in front of you and your right leg bent at your side. With your left hand behind your back and your right hand in the clover near your left leg, you may note from your new vantage point how Venus' rotation is somewhat curious in that it is both unhurried and retrograde. It may seem only natural to inquire how it is that the periods of Venus' rotation and of her orbit are synchronized such that she consistently, almost insistently, presents the same face toward Earth when the two planets are at their closest approach.

However, I have found that one cannot be too cautious when subjecting said planet to a Standardized Inspection (an inspection painstakingly constructed

so that the questions, conditions for administering, and scoring formulas are consistent over a period of time as measured by the atomic clock.) Cautious, indeed. Just yesterday I had an argument with an expatriate at the University of Mozambique, a philosopher of science. Turns out it was not quite dawn on her shore. “There are nine planets in our solar system,” she told me, the connection failing, dissolving in sea spray. “There were nine planets before there were any humans or passions or words. That means the number nine existed well before we knew. . . . Whatever. –So, how are you?”

## [9 1 8 2 7 3 6 4 5]

This is not the same nine. There's a correlation, a connection, at least in name, or in the way we chance to make one love our "universe." Granted, the possible existence of a set or collection of nine objects is a physical thing that quite possibly exists without us. But the number nine as an abstract object? As part of a system? That nine is a human creation and cannot survive without us. Ask yourself, honestly, does inflation in the early stages of the universe mean that the universe must be expanding at close to the critical rate at which it would just avoid re-collapse, and so will not re-collapse for a very long time?

For the sake of squabble, let us use the Relationship as Third Party model, and give a/the/our relationship its own named identity,<sup>1</sup> thereby allowing us to submit it to tests we might normally reserve for a prospective house-painter or special-needs child. A Non-Criterion-Referenced Test, for example, does not compare a relationship's performance to a preset standard of satisfactory outcomes, but rather measures it against the performance of other relationships (e.g. scores are not used to answer the question *Is it a fulfilling relationship?* but *Is it more fulfilling than someone else's relationship?*) We should employ a camera to augment our awareness of our third party's physical form and the opportunities for

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<sup>1</sup> According to Harris & Akhtar's *Not So Secret History*, in the mid 1990s two Bennington students referred to only as "Tim & Terry" went so far as to reverse-engineer their personalities. Working backward from their union, which they chose to christen "Sam," Tim & Terry would refer to their individual selves only as "½Sam."

studying mutations in this form. This may involve surveillance from several agonizing angles, but remember: a clear picture in our files not only recalls pleasant memories but is a scientific and legal record of what was witnessed. Let us be sure to reserve time every day to thoroughly investigate our new images.

Neo-Intuitionist poet John Berryman, analyzing the third-party product of he and his Muse, was startled by the offspring's resemblance to Uranus, and pondered why the axes of both were abnormally tilted. Was it due to a massive collision? If so, with what? Said Berryman in an address to the graduating class of Brooklyn's Lafayette High School, "Faced with this deformity—nay, this *monstrosity*—I persevered. I sought inspiration, fortification, inebriation anew in Monet and Renoir's images of Argenteuil, done between 1871 and 1874, when the painting of intuition bore its bravest brood. Ah, works that show an unequivocal elation with the visible world, and an unequivocal conviction that their new technique alone can convey it!" [Here Berryman shifted his weight to the left buttock and cleared his throat. His left leg bent slightly and his upper body leaned forward. Visibly shaken, he resumed his address.] "These emotions occur in situations in which men would use paregoric . . . [Clears throat.] Excuse me. *Imperatives*. Men would use imperatives. And so we may perhaps say that what we call 'animal cries' may be directives or appeals. Since many emotional cries are clearly conditioned by . . . [unintelligible] we may, in a sense, say that 'animal cries' express recognition. All the rest seems to be the province of human uh . . . What's the word? *Speech*. Alone. Human speech alone." [End transcript.]

And so, as the day was done and its innumerable children murmured and scuttled down the long concrete halls of academe, the more sympathetic among us couldn't help but light cigarettes and seek distraction. It was as if—to take a case where such a muddle is impossible—an individual enveloped in a cloak had been

exhibited as indicating the character of despair, while so many other aspects of the individual's demeanor had been prominent that what we might call the "intended" relationship was never noticed. Thusly we concluded, as I conclude tonight, that the double-barreled symbolism of metaphor permits underscoring those features of an idol which might not appear foremost in the staging of the idol itself, whether the idol is you or me.

[5 9 4 1 6 8 3 2 7]

There is an advantage in keeping the idol out of the public arena. Confronted with a robin carrying a coil of rubber, the pedestrian observer might muddle the image with the Big Idea of a Worm. Meanwhile, the rubbery characteristic of the worm might escape awareness completely, even permanently. For example, one might mutter, “my hubcap/dinner plate is round,” an objective actuality, but the concept of mathematical roundness remains to be seen.

Witness Intuitionist poet Michael Boyko, emerging from the bedroom, hands raised as if in prayer, entreating his marble-eyed friends to “take it down a notch.” Dare ask that man, as his comrades sweat and babble, totter and flop, “How is it that the ordered variety of our phonemic systems grew out of the disorderly monotony of animal cries?” Some other night, you might gently remind young Mr. Boyko that it is not the expansion of the universe, per se, that causes disorder to increase—but rather, it is what is called the no-boundary condition that causes disorder to increase.

You may test this for yourself, using only ground nutmeg, morning glory seeds, and a few household cleaning products. As your left hand slides out to the side and gravity forces your cold body to the floor, attempt to stabilize yourself with your right hand. Should you experience vertigo and/or nausea, simply remind yourself that although you may be the subject of a cosmic achievement-based trial, and as such, need repeatedly demonstrate your worth by applying your skills to each unique situation as it occurs, there is often more than one acceptable solution.

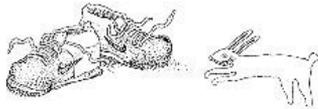
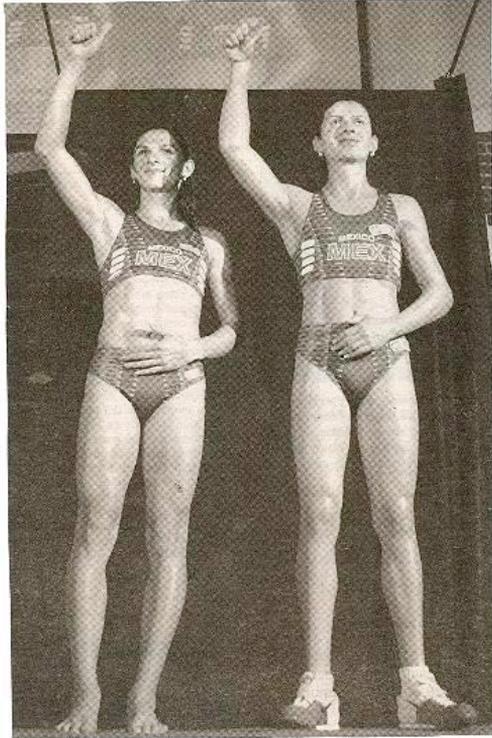
Recall, too, our lost brother, Alfred Sisley, always the least cerebral and self-critical of the early Intuitionists, who until his dying day went on painting in

the same old way, but with declining confidence. Let his last bland oil blots serve as a warning: the unassuming perception of nature is never enough.

For added reinforcement, you may choose to carry this guide, such as it is, when you travel outside the confines of your office, home, or body. Look for streambeds, roadcuts, cliffs and excavations. Note hills and valleys and the patterns they assume. The informed traveler will recall that although they may look continuous, the Pretty Rings are actually composed of innumerable small particles ranging in size from a centimeter or so to several meters, each in a sovereign orbit around the sixth planet from our sun.

This next line rocks you:  
Nikolai Khabibulin.  
That last line rocked you.

## VISUAL POETRY FROM MEXICO



**FEATURING WORKS BY FEDERICO MARTINEZ, DAMIAN WALSDORF,  
JUAN DIAZ INFANTE, KATNIRA BELLO AND VICTOR SULSER, WITH AN  
INTRODUCTION BY BRIAN WHITENER**

*above image: Victor Sulser*

One of the strengths of visual poetry is the degree to which, in the last thirty years, it has been able to establish a multiplicity of historical precedents. Today one can look from the *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili* or the cave paintings of Lascaux to ideogrammatic languages or modern painting from Cezanne to Basquiat. However, visual poetry as an artistic category has its roots in the Latin American 1960s with artists who began working under the influence of Max Bill. For these artists, as it was later for language-oriented poets in the United States or the Argentinean writers gathered around *XUL*, the enemy was representational language, which hid the real beneath a sheen of signifiers or, even worse, simply served the interests of capital. It was around this idea that a Latin American avant garde cohered. In its first incarnation, seen in the Brazilian concretists, the visual level of signification was used as a means to get beyond representation. After 1967 or so, the exploration of semanticity was extended to direct action upon the real and to the creation of new representational systems, including a poetry of performance and action (seen in the works of Groupe Mu de Lieja, Clemente Padin, Tucman Arde, and others).

If this trajectory is emphasized to the exclusion of others, it is simply to mark what is a great difference between current visual poetry in Latin America and Mexico and the United States. While in the last thirty years, American visual poetry has opened up many interesting areas, performance has been the domain of plastic artists, not poets, and, as a result, this valence of visual poetry has been lost. For this reason, the time is right to revisit these ideas with this selection of Mexican visual poets who work in both areas and who are actively seeking new forms, new manners of working, and new areas to act within. Since I believe strongly in both this work and in letting the work speak for itself, that's enough in terms of background. However, there are a few things that might be worth knowing. Juan Infante, along with Cesar Espinosa and Araceli Zuniga, played an important role in revitalizing Mexican visual poetry in the 1980s. "Abrazo" is a performance poem done in 2003 in the streets of Mexico City—the writing was done by passers by. Also, it is uncommon to see two men this physically intimate on the street. About her object poems, Katnira Bello writes, "An image suffers first aesthetic and formal criticism, if it survives, perhaps then we speak of its content. For a text, this path is inverted...Literature implies (and obliges in a grand measure) a certain clarity...It is in the camouflage of the image where the enchantment is possible." Damian Walsdorf's work has a concern with technology and pushes into the realm of the cybernetic, but it seems like the most important category for him is the synthetic, or a tender hybrid of the human and machine. Victor Susler's work is part magic, part metaphor.

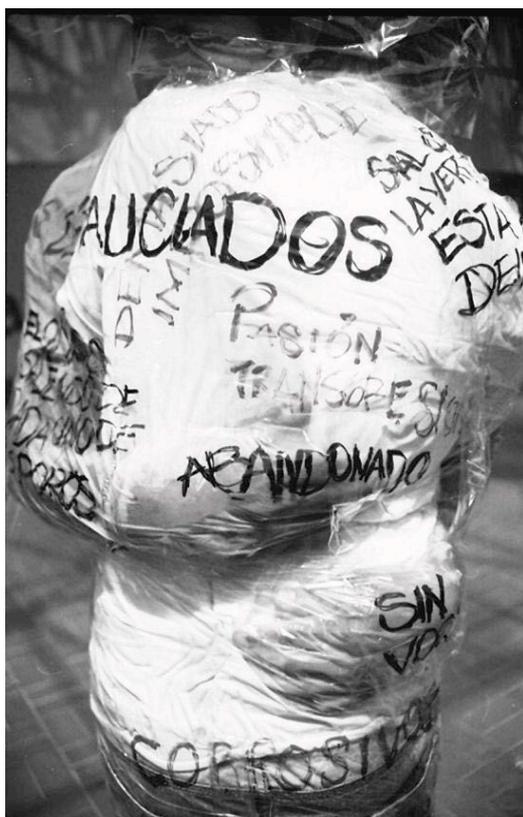
What I see here is the realization of new possibilities for visual poetry and the exploration of new valiances of signification. As well, I see possibilities for the thinking of language on terms entirely foreign to us. I hope you see things as equally striking.



~ JUAN DIAZ INFANTE



## Abrazo Poesía Visual



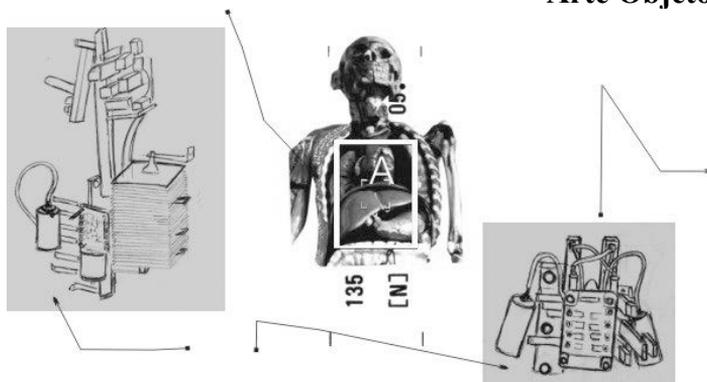
~ FEDERICO MARTINEZ

# 7 Days Video Collage

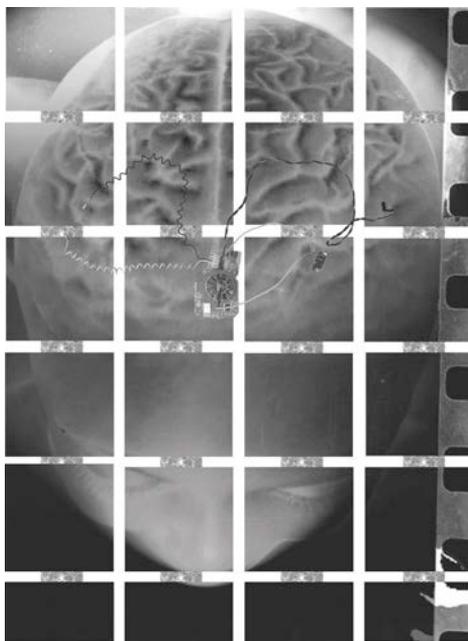


~ DAMIAN WALSDORF

### Arte Objeto Pinocchio



### fotografía & instalación MEMORIA SINTÉTICA



DAMIAN WALSDORF

## No Pasar

*En el evento “Acciones en Ruta”, que consistía en presentar performances en diversos puntos de la ciudad, participé con acciones pequeñas en cada punto de la ruta. Finalmente en el Árbol de la Noche Triste, con los objetos recopilados de las otras acciones presenté esta pieza improvisada que consistía en poner un pedazo de plástico con la leyenda “No Pasar” frente al árbol. El “No” es doblado por debajo para dejar únicamente la palabra “Pasar” y luego ir ensartándole clavos oxidados (recopilados en otro espacio), después de haberlos usado para “zurcir” (sin hilo) pétalos de rosa que quedaban destrozados sobre la tira de plástico, o llenos de clavos y tornillos.*

*El Árbol de la Noche Triste, que nos recuerda que alguna vez el vencedor fue vencido, resulta un buen espacio para una acción acerca del “pasar”. Finalmente el vencedor pasa, algunas cosas son destrozadas y otras permanecen como parte de un proceso extraño. Cualquier tránsito implica romper con algo existente, el sacrificio del que surgirá algo después. La rosa es una flor mística, las rosas rojas están relacionadas de alguna forma con la sangre y el corazón. En un momento hablo de una cultura y también de mí.*

## El Árbol de la Noche Triste

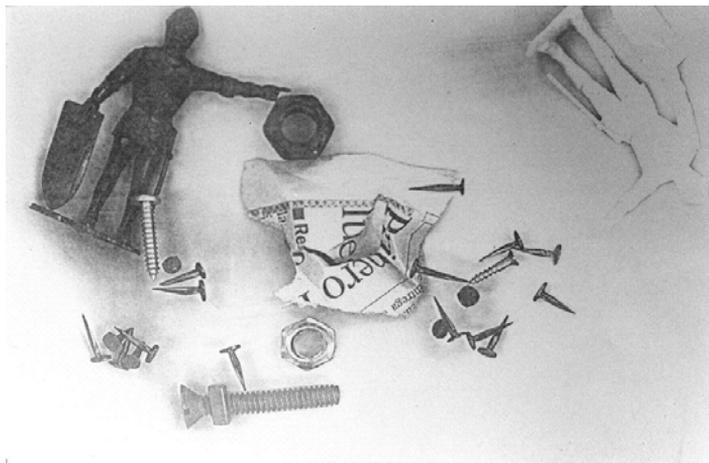
Acciones en Ruta

2003



~ KATNIRA BELLO

### Como Es Arriba Mail



### Adelante Mail

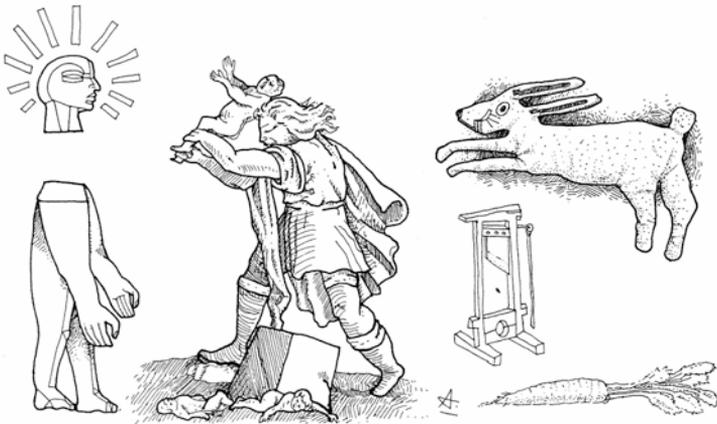


KATNIRA BELLO

## Llegada Conejo

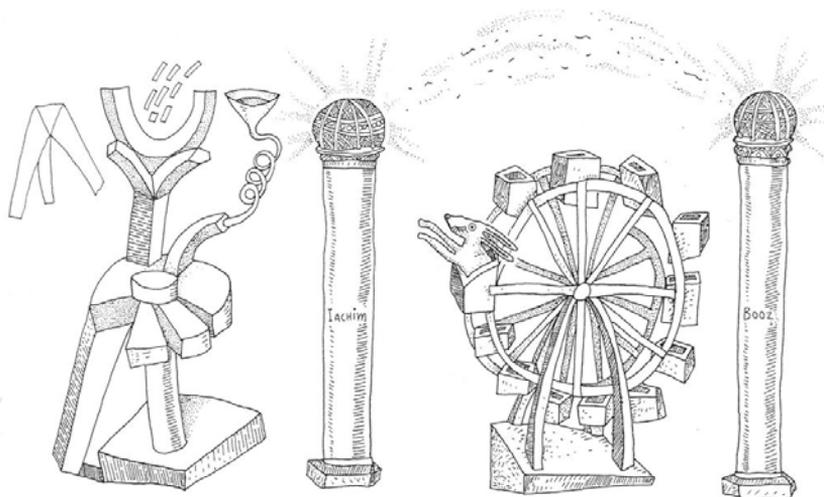


## Contra Malos Pensamientos

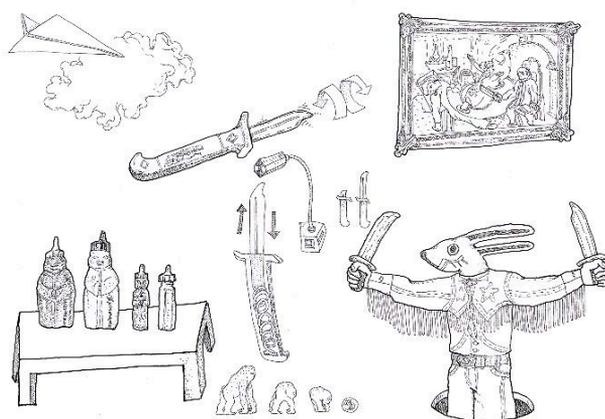


~ VICTOR SULSER

## Joaquin y Boaz

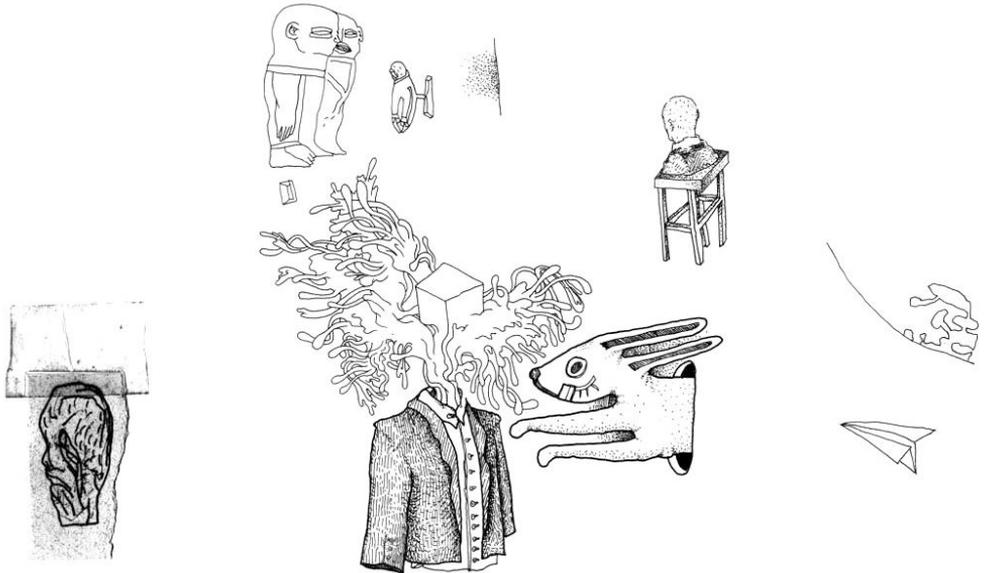


## El Cuchillo



☆

**Formal**



## **Just Because You're A Midget Doesn't Mean You're A Performance Artist**

These days you can't step out your front door without knocking over some wannabe contortionist: left knee bracketed over trapezius; right leg wrapped across and around left buttock; head poking out at mid solar plexus; velvet tip hat simpering between gritted/grinning teeth. It's the epidemic no one wants to talk about. Easier to just step around them, and go on with your day. Across from my office, one is wrapped in cellophane and green tights ostensibly miming the decline of refrigerated vegetables. Beside him another is motionless—arms raised, one knee cocked—in a vintage brass diving suit. Out on the corner of 22nd and 2nd some lone brave has been reenacting the Seminole resistance for the past six weeks, lingering voluptuously over Osceola's equivocal end. Down by the bus station some piker takes it easy: Washington crossing the Delaware.

Sure money.

They want to make us uncomfortable and they want us to love them for it. And they want tips. I understand that: puppets or puzzles, makes no difference to me. It's only the proliferation that annoys me. These days everyone who isn't one is two degrees away from one or related to one....

Mikey wanted to be an alligator farmer. He had it all figured out. He'd get at it a few different ways: slaughter some and sell them to restaurants and tailors; keep some for wrestling and tourists; maybe rent some out to zoos and little fairs. He'd gone to visit his grandparents in Miami and come back with a whole career path. Of course, we were eleven years old at the time. That was the same summer we were locked in daily battle with two farm brothers—John and Jay—like it was our

job. I don't know why we fought those two kids the way we did, but the match-up was good and the action was fierce. Not a day of summer camp went by without one of us bloody and with new tears in our clothes.

Eventually it shook out like this: by junior year of high school Jay was blind; Mikey had killed himself; I was strung out on LSD; and John was elected student council secretary by a mesoglea thin margin.

Three-quarters of us made it to adulthood where I

sell bundles of advertising software (spam) to large corporations. I pass John and Jay on my way to work every morning, but I am positive that they haven't recognized me yet. John is an alcoholic performance artist (I guess you would call it) and Jay is his assistant. John has been stationed at the same table, on the same sidewalk, drinking port wine and gathering names on a useless petition for over two years now. His stated goal is to get 100,000 people to sign a petition declaring that Otis of Mayberry rightly deserved his own sit-com spin-off. Once he finishes—his sandwich board reads—he will do the following: send one copy to CBS, one copy to the CIA, and then shred the originals and mix them into pig slop. While John drinks and berates passerby, Jay stands off to one side of the table holding two tin cups: one for tips, and one for pencils that they hawk at ten dollars apiece.

Now I understand that art is like an aging rock star: without new blood it cannot function. Puppets or puzzles, puppets or puzzles, puppets or puzzles... But there must be an end to this Maddening Proliferation of Performance Art! I will not give money to a woman in a Santa Claus suit simply because it is August! I will not tip a fat man in oversized shoes and a tiny checkered hat simply because he is a fat man in oversized shoes and a tiny checkered hat! I will not reward my neighbor for

slicing his chest with shards of broken Rolex! It's not even real! It's fake! I cannot and will not reward a day-glow parade of midget pimps and whores forming a conga-line down my street! And besides, just because you're a midget doesn't automatically make you a performance artist, now does it? Ditto blindness, alcoholism, or the gratuitous marking-up of office supplies! It's a farce, I tell you! All of it! And one day I will lodge my fist into each side of those farm brothers' heads until they break down and admit the truth.

## **Extra Little Brother Finger**

When I was little boy we used have a priest come once a year in the springtime to sprinkle the inside and outside of our house with holy water. I would follow him around from room to room watching his right arm's graceful swing. When he got to my room I saw the arc of the water land on my bed. I was drawn to that spot. I tasted the moist ovals on my bedspread. I felt that it gave me a mysterious power. Back in the kitchen my Father was giving the priest a jar of honey and a bouquet of wild flowers and pussy-willows. The first priest who came had six fingers on his left hand. He would show us kids and tell us a story of how his little brother died at childbirth and that God had given him an extra finger instead of a little brother. Then he would pat us on the head with that hand and bless us each in turn. I felt with that extra little brother finger there was a little more magic in his blessing.

## **Apprentice Life**

“I’m just trying to be funny, to entertain people as well as say something important,” he wrote in one of his journals, “but there are so many ideas out there regarding what’s good and what’s bad that I just don’t know anymore.” I was going through the master’s papers as usual, hoping to find some scrap of information that might point to my progress as his newest apprentice. The others were outside, bashing a rubber dragon with wooden spoons, building campfires, smoking unusual substances, hitting the haystack with Mathilda, all in all enjoying these days while the bosses were away on the spring tour. A branch of sunlight slanted into the keep, nicking me in the eye. The pet olive and accompanying martini, to whom the master had long ago granted life, scurried into its smelly little nest.

## **Dream of the Thumb**

What is there about a fox, running around like crazy through the field. It just grabs me, like I’m in a cage strung up by balloons. I’m in this box, several beasts poking about. I am riding an orange horse. Susan is a far away flicker, dancing with some monster. I came across a dead snake, a dead frog, and an odious mound of earth “where they’re growing cancer,” an officer tells me, “but it won’t hurt you, the dogs sniff it up all the time.” I was searching for Susan, she’d left me behind near a whorehouse / narcotics factory. Girls were strapped to posts, handled roughly in a number of ways. Big men in hair suits and masks. Shouting and the sawing of planks. Is there something seen in the womb, at conception even, a mess of earth, a fleeting scene?

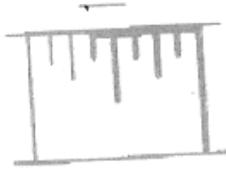
## **The News from Rome, New York**

There was a man with a throat on his head. There was a cat shooting sparks off of his fur. A metaphor spun around, anxious about the state of its sister. Then the boat came and we all got in. Becky let her hair-flame out. Gustav wandered around apparently lost. It was an unruly system, the way we were living. Fingers were being chopped all around us, thick swatches of them piling up like hunks of snow. Someone shrugged somebody else's shoulders. An unsung girl squeezed her knees. To be dazed, a kid stuck his head in a giant jar. A long line of animals climbed a gleaming, steely device.



loss of memory is  
only integration.

the calculus of  
assumption.

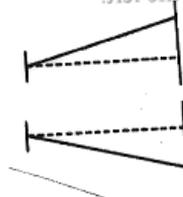


as you were

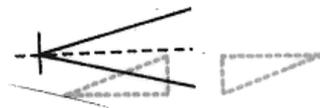
a little to the left.

when we die, we leave only our

math costumes.



numbers are knives.



a body without the right measurements  
no geometry left to show itself. it cannot make

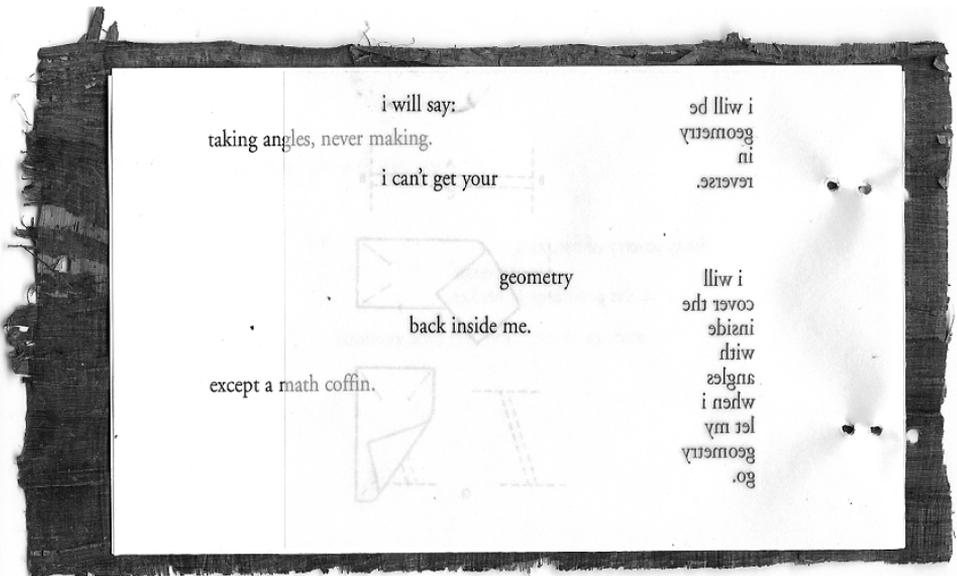
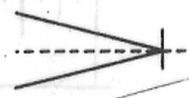
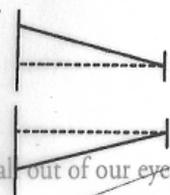
dying is the only way to lose math.

of our lines and measurement.

all of our angles fall out of our eyes, all

to lose structure.  
to be unmathed is to rot.  
numbers are knives

no geometry left to show itself. it cannot make  
a body without the right measurements.



## **You and Me**

I was shucking corn on the deck. My father was smoking a pipe. When he finished, he emptied the ashes into the paper bag with the cornhusks, shaking the barrel against the side of the bag. I was listening for the knocking sound that goes with emptying a pipe, but there was none. He refilled the tobacco shreds from a pouch in his pocket and continued to smoke. I continued to shuck the corn.

The coals were warming on the grill. The meat was cut and ready. When I finished with the corn, my mother brought out a bag of peas. I pried open the first pod, thinking that something was missing from this moment. It wasn't a sound that was missing. I didn't know what it was.

Later, I came to realize that something would always be missing. Something was missing in me. I still don't know what it is, but now I don't need to know. Eventually, people lose parts of themselves. I wait for the parts to drop, then attach them to myself.

You're looking at me funny now. That's because you're changing.

## The Classification Sequence Tests

### *1<sup>st</sup> Trial*

As a submissive Dog, cornered and small, with only two options.

-----

1. The world is divided into two camps. Those who are like Him, and those who are not.
2. Each camp, then, becomes its own world, so the world is of two worlds.
  - a. The perfect world of those who are like Him.
  - b. The imperfect world of those who still are without classification.
3. Those without classification may gain it by becoming like Him. Those who do not become like Him will not gain classification.

### *2<sup>nd</sup> Trial*

A mirror in the dark, not very useful.

-----

1. The world is divided into two camps, those who are like Her, and those who are not.
2. Each camp, then, becomes its own world, so the world is of two worlds.
  - a. The perfect world of those who are like Her.
  - b. The imperfect world of those who are not.
3. A first world may be divided, so then, may be a second. So, the world of those who are like Her remain of One Mind, while the world of those who are not is divided into two camps, those who look like Her, but do not act like Her, and those who neither look nor act like Her.

4. Each camp, then, becomes its own world, so the world is of three worlds.
  - a. The perfect world of those who are like Her.
  - b. The imperfect world of those who look like Her, but do not act like Her.
  - c. The whatever world of those who neither look nor act like Her.
5. A first and second world may be divided, so then, may be a third. So, the worlds of those who are like Her, and those who neither look nor act like Her remain of their Separately Singular Minds, while the world of those who look but do not act like Her is divided into two camps, those who try to look like Her and fail to act like Her, and those who accidentally look like Her and intentionally do not act like Her because they think that She conducts Herself in a shameful manner.

### *3<sup>rd</sup> Trial*

The man with many arms, holding each thing too tightly.

-----

1. The world is divided into two camps, those who are like Him, and those who are not.
2. Each camp, then, becomes its own world, so the world is of two worlds.
  - a. The world of those who are like Him.
  - b. The world of those who are not.
3. A first world may be divided, so then, may be a second. So, the world of those who are like Him remain of One Mind, while the world of those who are not is divided into two camps. Those who are like Her, and those who are not.
4. Each camp, then, becomes its own world, so the world is of three worlds.
  - a. The world of those who are like Him.
  - b. The world of those who are like Her.
  - c. Those who are neither completely like Him nor completely like Her.

5. A first and second world may be divided, so then, may be a third. So, the worlds of those who are like Him and those who are like Her remain of their Separately Singular Minds, while those of the world who are not remains divided into two camps, those who are like Him and equally like Her, and those who are not.

6. Each camp, then, becomes its own world, so the world is of four worlds.

- a. The world of those who are like Him.
- b. The world of those who are like Her.
- c. The world of those who are like Him and like Her equally.
- d. The world of those who still are without classification.

7. A first, second, and third world may be divided, so then, may be a fourth. So, the worlds of those who are like Him, and those who are like Her, and those who are like Him and like Her equally remain of their Separately Singular Minds, while the world of those who still remain without classification remains divided into two camps, those who are too confused to ever gain classification, and those who may someday gain classification by becoming like Him, or like Her, or equally like Him and like Her.

8. Each camp, then, becomes its own world, so the world is of five worlds.

- a. The world of those who are like Him.
- b. The world of those who are like Her.
- c. The world of those who are like Him and like Her equally.
- d. The world of those who strive to be like Him, or like Her, or equally like Him and like Her.
- e. The world of those who are confused.

9. The world of those who are confused can not be divided, nor can it be of One Mind. So, the world of confusion becomes a classification.

*4<sup>th</sup> Trial*

When the two met, they liked each other immediately deciding never to speak again.

-----

1. The world is divided into two camps, those who are like Him, and those who are like Her.
2. Him is He who sways like a pendulum. Her is She whose outcome is uncertain. The world, so divided, stands, becomes two worlds.
  - a. The world of decisions.
  - b. The world of questions.
3. That which is decided is either/or and has a certain usefulness, is not hindered by the vast ocean.
4. That which is questioned is open-ended, not limited to the motion of the grandfather clock, is always useful.
5. He is Him who ends. Her is She who ends. What does not end is neither She nor He, and not like them, and with no chance of becoming like them, gets its own title, is feared.

## 2 poems from *Owed Timid Rations of Mortality*

Each in her aware. Say jealous, say demand, eyings, say no word for, say all need no-aware response to? Who could tell the corded tremor-reprise, stamp a flat thumb, use a finger, connect the dotted line? They can reach into silence giftined. I can prone is it? Reparation anxiety. There is only one closure dammit all, cloture oft not tainable, replete. How, I feel, sanded, aromized, corpusculent, misseasoned. There if it is seen, say, said, so, the beck & froth, the seethed copping laxer, the salient dissolve. Chrome spokes. Turbules of luridity wheel skies after skies glare by unsetting, cloud takes. It will need one. A head in physical satisfied bending like this only. It is a sound it has made, made to have, has to like them in their ascriptive formerly. I am where this is. Whereas at my crossed arms' hands, which was before, likely start, which were busy at both found sisters' heads where around the mouth of the ear a bone gathers into soft, knuckled. Evening means when we're leaving, means leveling by night, means redress. It is for a while & today, sudden of sun, how many days has it, recite. We are given shadows. Forms of acceptance. Now you could borrow me a raiser, that's how long, it's chucked. Now, waking, she's where? he obvious of angle to the head. Log log log, human to dog. Can it shine, we live in reverse? Behests, brittle sums, slap of the teeth themselves.

Is there a turn in that March's first moon to shine at just nicked, do the enoughts stand there or rack at a shift, manied moment I think I will see you again, just some of the betters, the ones I say mine to. Yet the word called speechless makes a vanish of good varnish, staunch reflecter in its pagan doubt, no one is unphysically. Traum, resident. Thorns stand a winter, pat smack, prong fritter. Sleep, sleep on in, the same with directionless. It bears its repetitions, (for us?), is there something to strike a sign, is there wend only, can understood world traps till? They sleep beneath the clocksure itters, less starred like this, the clock clucks unlike a pare of stubble, sleep a hand I'd want mine or me. Which urnal belongs? He stands along, they got that art of continuing, there is no oblivion. Something about the ear hang on. Does it feel loiter? Mouth ajar in wend in air in a given molecule (as it should, ever been). World with ends. Look up out over self salve, ahead is the where if a listen's the after. Everything is about, there is, well, here. Soap eye as standard unbearable. Howly acrimony, would you step out, shine? This really how lack. He did stir, ws drm hld, I can name that vowel in 3 breaths, that muscle its lax. Ready, peace? Redip ice, relive death. Then the plans came, hunchers in the suffer zone. Falsely recused, borrow left back, might just as lift off as stake then, why would you arabesque your upped number as a fad, unsentence your wished hologram, peter your avail in a linquish turvy? No adding steps from a quiet open of eye, now rises each one's unlessness, more ever moment, it won't be long until a follow hesitates a sweet find. The steps are safe, the pocket grand. Home barkers belly swungs, swapping on. These in each advantage, am I so portered, trying grip, ear to the furl in its reverse, & you'll be back, I hear.

## College Town Diversity

“I have to whup you now,” Mama’s new husband—Wayne—says, but then Carl, the one from before, steps up and says, “You better go on and set that belt down,” and then Wayne says, “Not any business of yours—he’s no more yours than mine,” and Carl says, “I taken him with me to fish once and I don’t allow nobody I fish with to come to harm,” and then Billy, my real dad as far as I know, comes in with a pistol that everybody can see right off doesn’t even have a cylinder in it and he waves it around in a way that could break his wrist, but then Mama cuts a switch off the pear tree that’s big around as your arm and starts whittling the stems off into little points and her eyes are all pointy and she says, “Just like you men to get hysterical over a boy reading a Freudian analysis of Hamlet.” And they scatter, all of them, burning rubber and wagging boats and lawn mower-filled trailers all the way down Harvard Street, and me and Mama go back in to pop some corn.

## Failed Prodigal

One year past childhood and no longer a runaway, he returns alone to the island of his family's past vacations. But their absence is somehow apparent in the waves, in the slack fabric of the white umbrellas.

The island children will not be still for pictures; he wonders if they know it is a different time he is framing. Lithe girls in fuchsia, and frayed rope boys crumbed with bits of shell.

When they are flitting about like parakeets he calls them over. "Look," he says, holding a magnifying glass to sand, "you are all walking on a field of broken glass."

A dark-haired girl coughs and spits out blood, and a small dog barks at the shape on the sand. The visitor says, "I don't remember, is there a doctor here?" The children point west, to water.

A boat arrives like the color blue failing to hold true. But the dark-haired girl won't come down from the arched tree she has climbed; she hugs the rough trunk and averts her eyes. A medic leaves medicine, but as the boat is leaving the dog rushes in to snatch it up and dash away. After a while the animal returns, distant and distracted, as if beset by a new wisdom or a jumble of names.

Soon the children make a house of sand—a great room like a silo with a low door. They crowd into it, their bodies close as cells in a honeycomb. "Come in," they say. "Quickly!" And the young man joins them.

Beneath the bright flue all wait for revelation, swatting at flies. "Treasure is buried beneath us" a small boy says, "but the island is sailing faster than we can

dig.” The young man longs then for mimosa blooms, for hawk moths that kiss with a spiraling tongue. He longs for bowls of bright sherbet served at birthday parties on green lawns, and for Chinese lanterns in evening trees.

It is at that moment that the girl comes down from her watch. She says she can see through walls. She says the hidden ones will have to learn how to walk all over again, now that they have lied to the sand about what they are.

## Revisions

I erase the part about the beating, and he pauses, belt in hand, as if thinking— What’s going on here? This is no way to install a belt into its loops— And he starts feeding it in, yanking and pulling; it fights him as everything does. Then I write the dog into the story, going at his leg the way he hates it, and when the belt comes out again I make the dog bigger. “This can’t be right,” he says. But the dog is there— not happy now—and has to be dealt with. Teeth don’t stop at fantasy.

And that’s when I write quickly that my arm is offered to the dog to save my father. The dog has me and I’m in the dryer again, can’t write an end to any of it— but then the belt comes in, lashing at the dripping mouth until the animal yowls, and I’m scooped up, bleeding—a first sense of love coming from pain and not even a care in his head that I’m getting red on the car seats as we make for the hospital.

But he tears the sheet out of the notebook and reads it, then goes at his buckle fast as if about to jump into a lake to save somebody.

## Phantom City

Imagine the first diary: a world filled with fetishes—clattered dash of rainwater, stark inky characters spelling out the incidence of breath, naked dreams replete with white moth heads, stinking rot of meat. These particulars, a primordial basketry, where breath and time meet to watch the baby's mouth purse and part for the milk to stream its available cream. So we thrive on the lost bottled dream.

Now watch how the animus moves us: angry men crowd around Ingrid Bergman in *Notorious*. Watch the men bend and bend the anima to its knees until we're begging *please, please*. Watch our epic consumption, eating these neat icons like larded treats: Marilyn Monroe's elastic lips, pills to swallow. These we can't see in the Phantom City. Moved by pleasure, these we tease from the foiled world, missing the mouths in trees: my roaming Buddha, nestled fast and waxing in my hand.



~ JESSICA FANZO







## Defying Analysis

Ponting stooped and picked up another dark, raglike object. He examined it, turning it over clumsily in his thick-gloved hands before placing it in his sack. It was the sixth such object he had gathered since going out on the glacier, and each had been treated with the utmost care. As I watched him through the telescope, I could see that a powerful emotion moved in him—whether apprehension or elation I could not tell.

We had left Cape Evans three days before to collect rock samples on the moraine. The weather had since turned savagely cold. Erebus and Terror lay shrouded in snow. In a little while the storm would be upon us, too. I regretted having volunteered to accompany Ponting, but I'd been restless. The click of dominoes, the hiss of the gramophone, the coarse jokes of the sledge-men, and the barking of the dogs had lately grown intolerable.

Out on the glacier, Ponting closed his bag and tied the mouth shut. I watched as he toiled towards me. The way was difficult—even on snow-shoes: the surface of the glacier was broken with fissures. When he had come within fifty yards of the hut, he leaned on his alpenstock and waved excitedly for me to join him.

I dressed and went outside as he continued his slow trudge.

Behind him the ice desert was a turmoil of snow.

“What is it?” The bitter cold rasped in my throat.

He unwound the scarf from his mouth. “Wait and see!” Clearly exhausted by his exertions, he was, nevertheless, in an exultant mood. “Just you wait and see now!”

As he swung the sack off his shoulder, I wondered at its lightness. Unlike the rocks and frozen clumps of earth he routinely retrieved from the scree, its contents seemed to weigh nothing at all. He unpacked his specimens and laid them one by one on the snow.

“Shadows?”

He nodded. “Frozen shadows!”

They were those of birds mostly. And one that looked as if it had been cast by an iceberg. And one that was unmistakably that of a man. The man’s shadow was long, evidently made when the sun had been low in the sky. All were thin as paper. Ponting handled them like delicate glassware, afraid they might shatter in his hands.

“Wait until Deb has a go at these! I’ll be surprised if they don’t defy even his powers of analysis!”

“How could it have happened?” I felt uneasy for a reason *I* could not analyze.

“They must have ridden the glacier from a place cold enough to fix shadows like photographs do light.”

I touched the shadow of the man and shuddered. Even through my glove, I felt its terrible cold.

“How?” I repeated stupidly.

“Absolute zero—it’s not supposed to exist, except in theory. But what if there’s a point where all earth’s cold settles, a single solitary point on the globe where molecular motion stops? Even particles of light—whose absence is shadow—frozen in their tracks! That could account for it. Or what if by some freakish chance a deposit of silver suspended in the ice were struck by the flaring aurora? Conceivably the ice might become a gigantic photographic plate!”

He was put off by my apparent lack of enthusiasm for his earnest hypotheses. But what had seized my imagination was the *man who had cast the shadow!* Was he one of Amundsen's men? Or Shackleton's? Or Gerlache's? Or had he belonged to one of the much earlier expeditions—Borchgrevink's, Davis' or Weddell's? Might that shadow have been left by an outcast—a Frankenstein's monster, who had taken up a wretched exile in this most desolate of kingdoms only to be lost?

Ponting photographed the shadows where they lay on the ice and then carefully returned them to the rubber sack. He hung it from a hook outside the hut out of reach of the bears, and together we went onto the glacier in search of other phantoms, for what were they if not the ghosts of the long-gone?

While we were out poking on the moraine with our sticks, Oates arrived with the sled. Fearing the storm, Scott had sent him to bring us back to base camp. Famished and thinking the bag contained food, he brought it inside the hut. Finding nothing but shadows, he set them on the table where they began to thaw.

The melting shadow of the iceberg slid across the table, ending in a puddle at his elbow.

The shadows of the birds flapped their wings and shrugged off into the dark beyond the reach of the acetylene lamp.

The man-shadow raised himself up, lurched to the door and opened it. He paused once to look over his shoulder at Oates before walking out into the black night, which swallowed him.

"It sent shivers through me!" said Oates later. "I had the feeling he wanted to tell me something. Something important like. But he couldn't. There was no way he could, poor devil."

After developing them in his makeshift darkroom, the photographs were found to be empty. They revealed nothing. Only a meaningless whiteness, which could have been snow or a botched exposure. And so, despite Oates' corroboration, we were never able to convince anyone of the truth of what we had seen on the glacier.

We were like the messenger in the story who arrived with a gift of snow from the Emperor of the North for the Emperor of the South only to find it had melted away.

Scott was especially keen to disabuse us, and forbade any discussion on the subject of the man.

"Life here is difficult as is without invoking the ghosts of our dead predecessors," he said. "We're not only racing Amundsen to the pole; we are studying reality in its purest form. I must insist that you do nothing to adulterate it."

Shadows distract us from objects, which are our proper study.

But even now, so many years later, I want above all else to know the man whose shadow I once touched. And an answer to the question: when his shadow left the hut, did it go to its death or simply to lie down again and sleep?

Or is there another destination?

I must wait for an answer until my shadow and I part company, provided it can survive me.

*From the forthcoming "Land of the Snow Men," recovered and edited by Norman Lock*

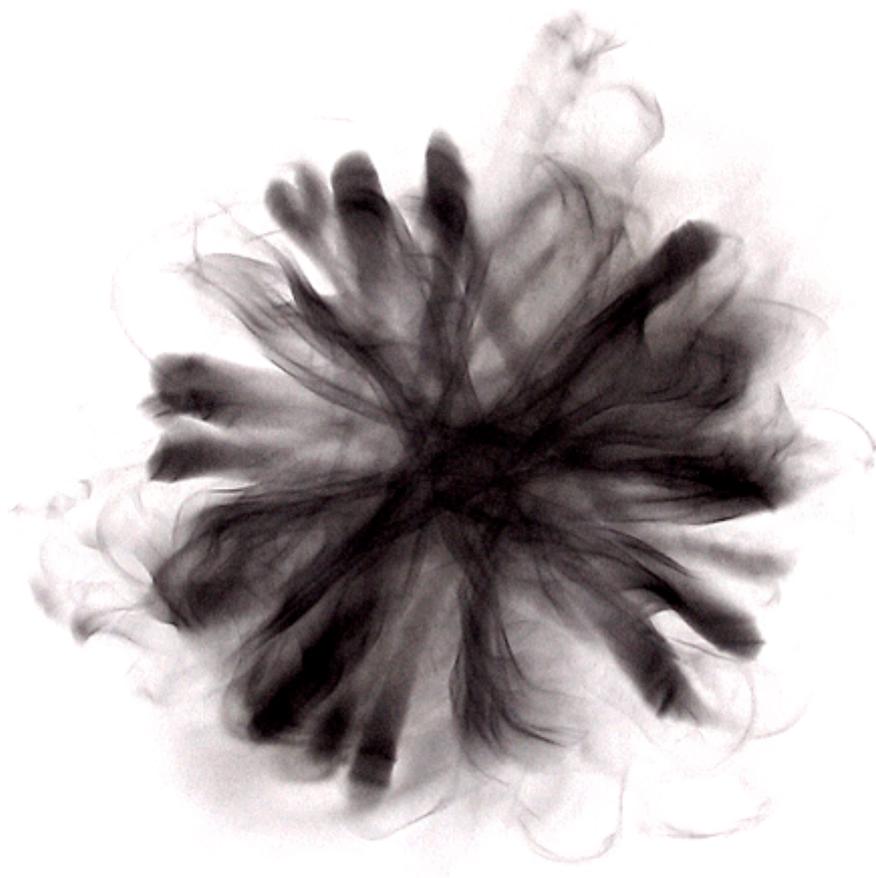
Untitled 2004

Smoke on paper 30 x 22



~ STEPHEN HOPKINS

Untitled 2004  
Smoke on paper 30 x 22



**STEPHEN HOPKINS**

**050405**

There within to have seen within a given measurement. There fulfilled there held. To know would and within this would now to grasp would through this to know. Held to seem within would and would suspend. There held there measured. There within new to seem would within to handle would through to suspend would through to seem now within would have would wherever held. To know would through this. There holding within to seem would have lifted. Tethered to and to have seen. There held seemed. To know would within to seem through would within this would have there would have within new to seem. There through would have within new to seem strange out through to have lifted there within and an opening. There within would within its own balance. To cover to recover. There holding would within to sustain would through now within would have seemed and unraveled. There would within and through would through to know would have within throughout would hold now to gather. There held strange within to know would have lifted there within and held within its own light. There having seen having measured. To know would within this would within to average. There holding same would within and there to remember. Now holding back as if there and holding. New to recognize this would within as if would within new to seem would have justified throughout within this. There would within now to realize there lifted within and full through to know it. To seem and would have within. There to seem there to sustain. There held within all given gestures there lifted through to know would within this where it had begun. New to realize all through would and through within. There through to seem to find to finalize. There and would within its own echo the framework. There isolated would through to lift

would within this to know would echo new within limitless. These elements covered within this to know would through to seem would sustain. New to echo would within now foundering. Where and how to reconcile. These elements would within now traversing. To echo would through would have within to have reached a given pinnacle. There and held precious to sustain would within to know to have acquired. There and would within its own remarkable level of progress. There having and having had. To know to seem to draw from. There and having elected to participate. To know would have within would through to have seen would having had having seen. To seem would within now knowing would within the given perception. To reconcile to trace. There within would within now would have within would through to anticipate to ask. There through would have within would within this and only would for its only would in its elevated status. To ask would therefore to have become would through to have begun. There in its own electrified aspect. The elements coming across. There having traced having had. To know to proceed. There and would within to seem would and through would and through. To process to captivate. To endure to sustain. To credit to tolerate. To seem to respond. There and within this always would through to have known this would and through to sustain. There having had would within to seem would through and all elements arise.

## CONTRIBUTORS

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**Cheryl Pallant's** published books include *Into Stillness* (Station Hill Press, 2003) and *Uncommon Grammar Cloth* (Station Hill Press, 2001) and the chapbook, *Spontaneities* (Belladonna, 2001). Her poetry, fiction, and prose poems have appeared in numerous print and online journals such as *Confrontation*, *Oxford Magazine*, *HOW2*, *lyric*, *Tarpaulin Sky*, *Moria* and others. She teaches writing and dance at University of Richmond and Virginia Commonwealth University.

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**Damian Walsdorf** is a designer and multidisciplinary artist who was born in Mexico and shared a multicultural childhood between Germany and his natal country, where since he was very young started an exploration with images and sounds. His work has been exhibited with the *Institute of Culture* in the Zocalo of Mexico City, the *Universidad Iberoamericana*, CNA (National Center for the Arts) and elsewhere, and he has performed widely as VJ and audiovisual artist.

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