

Continuity is crucial even where no sound exists to establish it.

Depending on the type of package used, windows can be overlaid or tiled. With **overlaid windows**, the current task is shown in a window that appears to be on top of the other windows. In effect, you are looking at the top sheet of several sheets of paper, but sections of the other sheets are showing. With **tiled windows**, each window is shown completely in a separate section of the screen.

Evolution of "Document" Icon Shape



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.

Flyleaf:

Kenneth Gaburo, in *Maledetto* La Jolla: Lingua Press, 1976 , 30.

Living With Computers Orlando: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc., 1986 , 218.

Image:

“Evolution of ‘Document’ Icon Shape”

DigiBarn Computer Museum,

<http://www.digibarn.com/collections/screenshots/xerox_star_8010/xerox_star_8010_14.jpg>

P QUE U E

P Q
U E UE

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

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LETTER TO THE CO-EDITOR

Dear Holly,

What has stimulated our collaborative process in this volume has been the occasion to shed fidelities to a previous design scheme, without sacrificing the appearance of formal continuity. For this journal, which we are carrying forward after Andrew Rippeon's illustrious run as editor, to share more than just its name with the previous editions, it was necessary for us to treat its architectonics as a pre existing structure. Since the decisions behind this exterior pattern were not our own, we were free to follow them without necessity. Instead, in choosing to engage with the arbitrary details and constraints of a preformed template, we were able to arrive at a *designed ambivalence*. Therefore, it is in the splendor of contradiction that this phrase enlists that I want to inaugurate this volume of *P Queue*.

Now in its eighth year, it has become something of an institution. Still, since Sarah Campbell founded *P Queue* in 2004, it has never claimed to be an accurate picture of contemporary American poetry or even the UB Poetics Program. Rather, its emphasis has always struck me as one that foregrounds liminality, whether at the intersection of poetry and prose, artistic forms, or the tension between the collective and the individual. While the theme of this volume, "document," however loosely defined, does not directly address this relationality, what is retained is the journal's presence as a node or intersection for disparate modes of artistic production.

As the editor largely respon

sible for the solicitations for this volume, what I mean is simply that the aim of this journal is not to rigidify boundaries implicit in any single “school” of writing, the categorization of which tends to smooth over complexity for the sake of social compatibility. This lack of desire to stake a claim beyond my own enthusiasm as a reader accounts for the diversity of techniques and the depth of their engagement present here.

Rather than a claim for a shared aesthetic, this volume is an argument for a premade form filled intuitively. As I now look at our 200+ page InDesign file, I see that as the journal’s larger form diminishes through habit, the work of these texts can assume the foreground in all their overlaps and contiguities. It is precisely through this surface repetition that ambivalence encounters its respective limit.

Allow me to clarify: If every cover of *P Queue* up to this point has been letterpressed, then ours will be as well. If we maintain the balance of previous designs, then this volume can become transparent next to the others. As such, an aesthetic of labor and mechanization, the hand that runs the machine, is transformable into nothing more than a decision. Holly, if in your layout of *P Queue* you decide to maintain the integrity of vol. 8’s place within this aesthetic continuum, then our repetition of previous editorial choices can assert itself as solely a question of design.

Analogous to what I love about action movies and romantic comedies, once a genre is mastered through repetition, the emotional investment of the audience in the larger form is removed. What advances in its absence is lighting, music, and cinematography. As an editor, success is no longer a question of the dexterity with which one handles the form, but the invisibility of its handling. Or, to put it more directly: a form, once it becomes institutionalized, recedes into the background.

When I originally envisioned this volume, I returned to the mimeo magazines from the 1960's we've been reading together over the last year. I had wanted to emulate their imperfections and speed of production, in hopes of moving *P Queue* closer to the digital formats in which we work. Luckily, we didn't follow that route with blind faith, as it would have drawn attention away from the astonishing work that we've assembled. Instead, your deftness at layout and imitation has allowed us to test the limits of its flexibility without it breaking.

Joey Yearous Algozin

A

TAPING VOLUME

They're writing against the
behavioral element. Winding
into the spiral jetty, putting
jelly in their mouths. They open
all the mouths their mothers told
them about, so they're going,
curling straits. They're pushing
a cart by its handle, forfeiting
speed for a firm grip on
the round tube. A wind kicks up,
several rip up their money
and throw it out their car
window. Watery glaze
in total submission to their sex.
A body chasing its hairs through
the holes in its cart, sticking
representatives with showing
their stuff; they're not going
to back off, retreat
with their hands in their pockets.
Slackened grief, pillow toss. Sloping
turning, green leaves at the corner
when they're jumping
into a shimmery memory.
Not something they share; now he there
more for theirs. His curse has been

extended through the iron's cord. Trinket
pulled through while feeling
the wire get hot. So blowing. Curling
their hair in the mirror, sweet thing
singing and crushing
black wedges of
jewels in my eyes. Eyes
gleaming at the start
of the hex: breathless heirs
lined up to compare
inheritance locked into.
Duplicitous spinning hair
piles into arms, towards
slurping, toward
their purring. Caught a claw
once. Made them talk about
it. Feeling around
the corners of the cart
with eyes meeting bugs.
Hurry to catch our
breath from spilling our
guts. Putting a pearl in your
mouth. Putting a hex on
you from over here. We're
watching in the risen
moon their grafted
reflections, scanned across
Velcro. Sour faced
clickers, spangled deadbolts
encrusted at the waist. Their
tumbling wasn't causing
an earthquake until
one of them flinched

when they got bit by
a boar. Applause. The
ghost in
the pantry extracts
fur. Claps when we open
the vacancy.

An egress where
the ceiling fell where
a black painted wolf
tore her ankle
bracelet. Swoosh. Perch.
Bracket

the night window with
white sage and sort
the shit out
later. He is clinking
his glass against me, bubbles
and loves the glass.

Going pushes
carts into
the street: feathers
dangling
bottles, sacks
bark, leather.

On the way
to turnstiles
from an echo, location.

THE RIGHT TO MANIFEST MANIFESTO

INTRODUCTION TO (SOMA)TIC POETRY EXERCISES AND THE RESULTING POEMS

I cannot stress enough how much this mechanistic world, as it becomes more and more efficient, resulting in ever increasing brutality, has required me to FIND MY BODY to FIND MY PLANET in order to find my poetry. If I am an extension of this world then I am an extension of garbage, shit, pesticides, bombed and smoldering cities, microchips, cyber, astral and biological pollution, BUT ALSO the beauty of a patch of unspoiled sand, all that croaks from the mud, talons on the cliff that take rock and silt so seriously flying over the spectacle for a closer examination is nothing short of necessary. The most idle looking pebble will suddenly match any hunger, any rage. Suddenly, and will be realized at no other speed than suddenly.

Soma tic poetry is a praxis I've developed to more fully engage the everyday through writing. Soma is an Indo Persian word which means "the divine." Somatic is Greek. Its meaning translates as "the tissue," or "nervous system." The goal is to coalesce soma and somatic, while triangulating patterns of experience with the world around us. Experiences that are unorthodox steps in the writing process can shift the poet's perception of the quotidian, if only for a series of moments. This offers an opportunity to see the details clearer. Through music, dirt, food, scent, taste,

in storms, in bed, on the subway and at the grocery store, Soma tic exercises and the poems that result are just waiting to be utilized or invented, everywhere, and anytime.

The last large wild beasts are being hunted, poisoned, asphyxiated in one way or another, and the transmission of their wildness is dying, taming. A desert is rising with this falling pulse. It is our duty as poets and others who have not lost our jagged, creative edges to FILL that gap, and RESIST the urge to subdue our spirits and lose ourselves in the hypnotic beep of machines, of war, and the banal need for power, and things. With our poems and creative core, we must RETURN THIS WORLD to its seismic levels of wildness.

The aim of Soma tic poetry and poetics is the realization of two things about my work: 1 Everything around me has a creative viability with the potential to spur new modes of thought and imaginative output. 2 The most vital ingredient to bringing sustainable, humane changes to our world is creativity. This can be enacted on a daily basis.

It's ALL Collaboration. Any one who ever fed you, loved you, anyone who ever made you feel unworthy, stupid, ugly, everyone who made you express doubt or assuredness, everyone of these helped make you. Those who learn to speak with authority to mask their own self loathing, those may be the deepest influences on us. But they are part of us. And we have each fit together uniquely as a result, and so there are no misshapen forms as all are misshapen forms: from tyrants to wallflowers. Every poem written is filtered through the circumstances of the poet, through the diet of the poet. Just as unique is every reader of poems, for a thousand different readers makes a thousand different poems. We are here relying on one another whether or not we wish it. There are no poets writing in quiet caves because every poet is a human being as misshapen as any other human being. The room can be as quiet

as possible, earplugs can be administered, but the poet still has a parade of influence running inside from one ear to the other. The quiet room cannot blot them out, it can however help the poet listen closer to the music of their own creation. We are not alone in our particular stew of molecules and the sooner we admit, even admire the influence of this world the freer we will be to construct new chords of thought without fear.

PHALANGES REFLEXUS

Take account of how many times you're not saying or doing **EXACTLY** what you want to say or do in a day. How many times do you use a tone in your voice which is not honest? How many times are you polite when you want **TO SCREAM**? How much compromise does your day comprise? Take **CLOSE** account of this. **DON'T LIE ABOUT IT EITHER!** This is for you, no one else will know **SO BE TOTALLY HONEST!** What is your body like when you're not being who you are? How does it feel? Are your hands doing something in particular each time? Your feet? Your groin, your stomach, how does your body react when you are not **REALLY** you? At the end of the day take notes about this. These notes will be the formal outline for this exercise. After that, **EVERY DAY FOR THE NEXT 7** days you will pay attention to the **SIGNS OF DISHONESTY** in your voice and your body, and whenever you are not who you **REALLY WANT TO BE** at any moment in the day. Each time you are being polite to your boss, or the baby sitter, or don't say **FUCK** because there's a child in the room, **EACH TIME** you are not you, **CLENCH YOUR TOES! CLENCH THEM!** Every time, **CLENCH THEM!** At the end of the day are your toes tired of this? Are they feeling **BETTER** maybe? Soak your feet in hot salt water and **WRITE WRITE WRITE** as quickly as you can, **EACH NIGHT** for 7 nights after a day of **TOE CLENCHING DISHONESTY** soak them in hot salt water and **WRITE** with the pace only a **FURIOUS YOU** would know how to do! **OPEN YOUR EYES** wider than they're used to being open and **WRITE, WRITE WITHOUT BLINKING** if you can. **WRITE!** At the end of 7 days take a long time staring at your feet, your toes, look at them. Stick

them in your face if you can, right up to your face and look at them. Take a magnifying glass and look at your feet. For 7 days your toes have been taking the brunt of your dishonest actions. How does that look? Take notes. How does that feel? Take many notes. STICK YOUR TOES IN YOUR MOUTH if you can. How does that taste?

MILD ENEMY LOTION

do not sleep bundle unfurled

sleep

less sleep less paint fire on car drive long as miles last

tension envelopes us no more

we stopped taking more than needed

was the Science Of Love sleep less

sew flags for imaginary nations much

more human in our listening RADAR

ATTENTIVE DRIVING INTO

AMERICA fresh fire painted at state

line smell pictures of flowers *eyes can*

smell them sleep less we are lessons

bird knows coming up into air bird

knows every ray we examine is more

vintage than the next these

impressions of hope give us total

immersion sleep less everyone is two

places here and in memory hold

porches to their light vantage ourselves

at garment awareness sleep less hold

breath open let us keep our hours

A BEAUTIFUL MARSUPIAL AFTERNOON

Someone downtown bought a new refrigerator and I carried the large cardboard box upstairs to my apartment. Lined with blankets and pillows it was the perfect marsupial pouch for the new poetry exercise. I punched a hole in the back and inserted a baby bottle filled with soy milk to suck on. Just outside the box DVDs of Pasolini's films played, first *The Decameron*, then *The Canterbury Tales*. An entire world of human sexual intrigue and treachery outside, my, warm, pouch, here, I, am. HOW do I make the world comfortable everyday I ask myself? HOW do I manage to get up in the morning KNOWING that my taxes pay for bullets and bombs to kill the people of Iraq and Afghanistan? In 2009 three children died every single day in Afghanistan from war related injuries. HOW did I not kill myself with worry and guilt? HOW often do I think about being complicit in the degradation of life on earth? My boyfriend came over, we played Pasolini's *SALO OR 120 DAYS OF SODOM*. We removed the baby bottle from the back of my cardboard pouch and my boyfriend used it as a glory hole. Graffiti around his cock AND THEN little wigs for its head made of cotton and pillow stuffing. I glued a frame around the hole, asked him to back up and enter again slower, slowly, a portrait of a cannon at the castle gates maybe? YES! Finding the spaces between hating this world, finding and loving those spaces. Today. Tomorrow. It's going to become a poem from the pouch. My cardboard Momma, Pasolini, and the glory hole of a beautiful marsupial afternoon. Thanks to you who make things delicious and wonderful. Without you despair would appreciate its earnings. Notes from this day are to become a poem.

RESEMBLANCE DEPRECIATION

America I am America
and I'm telling myself
STOP IT NOW!

on a garbage
can mouth a
THANK YOU

Fire Island did
not float away
it's in the state
of New York in the
United States it's
there it's still
there they called
and checked
it's where
Frank O'Hara
was killed

I'm afraid
of the photograph

blood in sand
his killer
lived with it
he didn't mean it
he read the complete
poems and art
reviews after the funeral

what a stupid night to
make you read poetry mister

THANK YOU on garbage can
"it's lying" he thinks

you're right mister
nobody's going to
thank you go
fuck yourself you
fucking poet killer

America I am America
I'm not going to
tell you again
if I can't reveal
to you I will
revel instead

I'm going to
stop calling this
our world it's not
our world because
something else is
ready to show us
it's not and
it's moving in
close now it's
close my god
we fucked up

AIDS SNOW FAMILY

for anyone who loved someone who died of AIDS

"The poem is restorative, rather than fragmenting."

Alexandra Grilikhes

In January gather snow, this is intimate this calling to honor the shock of being alive. I made one tiny snowman named CACONRAD, and one tiny snowman named Tommy Schneider. For six months they held hands in the privacy of my freezer while I visited the streets and buildings in the Philadelphia of our Love. Snow crystals travel miles out of clouds into the light of our city. My snowman read to his snowman the letters I brought home to the freezer. It's 2010, AIDS is different in this century you didn't live to see. The used bookshop where you worked on South Street is now a clothing store. Our first kiss in the Poetry Section is a rack of blue jeans and I resist hooking my thumbs in the belt loops to pull you in I FEEL you everywhere today. In March an old friend was visiting and she said, "But you wrote poems for Tommy after he died." I said, "But it's sublime retracing our love in this exercise." She shook her head, "No, it's sad, it's very sad. Can't you see this beautiful day?" OF COURSE I see the beautiful day, in fact I SEE IT MORE THAN EVER, and I don't need her choreography to enter it. The point of experiencing love is to engage the greater openings. It's important to ignore the directives of others when investigating the way these doors swing on their hinges. Months of spring into summer, my snowman told your snowman the memories. One night you had asked if I was upset at something. I said, "I have no right to complain, all the men are dying in our city and I don't have AIDS!" You said, "Well I have no right

to complain because I have a wonderful boyfriend who loves me and I DO have AIDS!" Macrobiotics, herbal infusions, massages, sensory deprivation tanks, reflexology, music by Soft Cell, music by Siouxsie and the Banshees, music by Cocteau Twins, music by Patti Smith. Of course we're all dying, you'll never kiss someone who isn't dying, I know that, which is why the fear of this is not allowed to stop me from missing you the way I want. The streets were filled with men in wheelchairs that year. We were kids in love while you vanished in the funnel with them. The day after Summer Solstice I took our snowmen out of the freezer. 90 degrees, we melted quicker than expected, even sooner than I could have imagined. I burned the letters, mixed their ash with our slush. And I read to the puddle a poem that came to me years ago in a dream soon after you died: **he wrote "I have AIDS / and kissed this wall" / X marked the spot / I wrote "I'm not afraid" / and kissed him back / wherever he is.** I took many notes during the life of our snowmen in the freezer until they vanished. Those notes became a poem.

**QUALM
CUTTING
AND
ASSEMBLAGE**

for Tommy

*"What do you
think
of the cosmic
proletariat?"*

Debrah Morkun

deshrouded
against
a ton of
ears a five
pound
song
broke
them all
it is
rare to
remember
where we
are from
listen
I am on
earth
not sure
how long
our documents
under rubble

an hour
prying this
fucking
drawer
open to
find handles
and screws
instead of
your poem
we came into
the quiet like
we had to
survive their
ridicule
to die
in their
sleeping
conscience
bleeding
as when
bathed in
the hunt
you fund
me with
kisses
face a
spoken
promise
the written
has been
burned
only a
memory

can perish
 every
 cell
resold to
 sharpest
 set of
 incisors
“viruses are
hungry too”
 you said
our documents
 shot into
 outer space
 what is
more fortunate
 than the
 will to
 proceed
 bliss
cascading
 in the
candy you
 make as
 a sword
 gathers
 me into
 solitude
 cradling
 a five
 pound
song for
 you in
 my ear

I hate many
but won't halt
loving you
set this
down to know
a little night
time
heads, macaroni
tails, execution
edit our bigger
part of credit
the cop
Frank O'Hara
not the poet
Frank O'Hara
told us
STOP
GETTING
NAKED
IN THE
BUSHES
TOGETHER
he's gonna have
to arrest us he's
gonna have to
arrest us he's
trying so
hard to
be nice
remembering
half finished
poems falling
off table

falling off
truck falling
off cliff
what's that
fucking cliff
trying to
do to us
this is how
if feels
traffic lights
in dark
in rain
no cars even
pink hat in
sidewalk drain
it's the
comfort
you get
some
times
I molded
my body
around
you to
hold your
winter to a
sanctum of
flame
we agree
to ignore
the
deafening
knock

lingering at
doll house
doors
large
sentimental
songs at
doll house
doors
dolls yelling
FUCK OFF
an anger
traces the
outline of
each it
enters
it is
and is
not a private
act to involve the
thawing choir
our bones
our muscles
get rising
to one
and
two
breaths
the common
lung this
world a
mouth into
a mouth
breathing

back
and
forth
so
then
so
then
mouth
sings to
mouth
so then
mouth
sings to
mouth
so then
all night
so then
a day
then a
day so

OIL THIS WAR!

for Jonathan Skinner

How is it where you live? If there are no wealthy people and/or the poor are nurtured and protected, then maybe this exercise is not for you? I have been littering in wealthy neighborhoods with JOYFUL PROTEST for some time now! It is exciting to SEE “refuse” in the open, not hidden in landfills, if only for a moment. Here in Philadelphia taxes pay for uniformed workers to clean prosperous neighborhoods of cigarette butts, cans and wrappers all day, each day, while completely ignoring working class and poor communities. Philadelphia public school students have a 51 percent dropout rate, and 25 percent of the city’s population lives below the poverty line That’s 1 in 4 people THAT’S 1 IN 4 PEOPLE! . The police patrol and protect the rich while they INFAMOUSLY threaten, beat and rob the poor just ask Philadelphia Daily News reporters Barbara Laker & Wendy Ruderman . WE MUST RESIST! WE MUST BE RESISTANCE! Take initial notes on the class structure of where you live.

Save your “garbage” for a week, packaging, and containers, especially plastics. Take notes about each item, tracing its origin of production from label information or the manufacturer’s website. Find other companies they work with, for instance a candy bar needs chocolate from South America, and plastics, inks, and glue for wrappers. Trace on a map the distance each item needs to travel to the candy bar factory, then from the factory to your city. Calculate gasoline and oil consumption per mile. And consider that plastics are petroleum byproducts. And not just the packaging, but in fact many goods themselves are made from oil: hand lotion, shoes, ballpoint pens, disposable diapers, glue, rubbing alcohol, soda and milk jugs, credit cards, nail polish, ink, crayons, and more. Much of the

modern world IS oil. Toys, televisions, telephones, microchips, luggage, cars, condoms, it's in the air, water, soil, food, IT'S IN OUR BODIES! Take notes about oil, take notes about your discovery of oil consumption in ways you had never considered or realized. After immersing yourself in this information STOP! Then write nonstop for 30 minutes, WHATEVER comes to mind, just write! Let it flow! THIS is where the best language for our poems will arise!

Real change needs creativity and action! Using a black marker write suggestive notes on your "garbage." Littering in wealthy neighborhoods is precarious but gratifying! Just IMAGINE them reading your used tampon marked US WAR! and puzzling over the message. Make the rich THINK! Or at least make their children think! OIL OIL EVERYWHERE! Write on old shoes, sandwich wrappers, cans, bags, snotty tissues, used condoms, THIS OIL WAR! On an empty bottle of hand lotion OIL THIS WAR! On a cereal box THIS FAGGOT WORLD VICTORIOUS! On a soda bottle YOUR SISSY CHILDREN SAVE THE WORLD FROM YOU! As citizens it is our duty to communicate the temperature of SUFFERING! Littering helps us SEE our planet's transmuted elements before they're swept into trucks and hauled to the dump, far, far away, leaking toxins into the water and soil. A tidy sidewalk does NOT EQUAL thoughtful, mindful citizenry! CITIZENS OF THE WORLD RISE UP AND FILL THE STREETS OF THE AFFLUENT WITH YOUR SHIT AND "GARBAGE" TODAY! Let them SMELL and READ the products of THEIR WARS! Write on your "garbage," WE DEMAND A PLANET SAFE FOR ANIMALS AND OTHER HUMANS! Take notes about your littering excursions. Take notes about the neighborhoods you visit with your deposits. Take notes, take MANY notes, then STOP! Write for 30 minutes on autopilot. Always remember to carry your notes with you wherever you go to pull and wrench your poem into existence.

**DUCK CALL FOR
DEAD DUCKS**

with daffodil center
he walks like he's
never tasted
his own cum

a window for
dangling
mentors above
their death

UNFAIRRRR
screamed
back up the
building

the more
inequitable the
more potent
the smell

there will
be their
will to
consider

planting
watering nurturing
dead seeds without
knowing it

tip of
cigarette
reworks
the table

trees we
did not cut
a kind of
legacy

LAKME METALS AND RECYCLING

Request a Recycling Quotation
State of the art Services

Lakme Metals & Recycling offers state-of-the-art services for recycling needs large and small. I process all grades of ferrous and non ferrous scrap metal. I also provide full demolition, plant dismantling, and container services. Lakme Metals & Recycling, in cooperation with Commodity Resources of Limbo, Inc., each year recycles thousands of tons of scrap metal and waste paper.

Through recycling, companies can get more from their resources and we keep more waste from entering our landfills. Industries also benefit from using recycled steel, iron, paper and other materials. We keep the process simple and economically feasible, while continuing to contribute to the preservation of our environment.

Family Owned & Strong Work Ethics

Lakme Metals & Recycling is a family owned and run company that still adheres to the strong work ethic of its resourceful founder. Charles De Chute began the business with a horse and wagon, collecting old clothes, rags, pots, pans, paper, and anything else that could be resold and reused.

In 1938, following a printers' strike, he was joined by his son Boon, a journeyman printer at the local newspaper. Later they

opened up a yard in downtown Limbo named Lakme Junk Company. By 1958, the business had outgrown its very small yard and the company moved to its current location.

Boon's son in law, Nemo, came on board in 1966. Nemo's background as an engineer allowed the company to become the second scrap processor in Air Three to purchase and install a state of the art 300 ton hydraulic guillotine shear.

By 1972, the new buzz word for the scrap industry and the rest of the nation was "recycling." Realizing that this concept was going to fuel the industry Boon and Nemo changed the name of the company to Lakme Metals & Recycling, Inc.

Nemo runs the business as President and Treasurer. He values his employees, some of whom have worked for Lakme for 40 years. Their dedication has helped make the company an innovator in the recycling industry.

Comprehensive Recycling Services

It is our mission to provide comprehensive recycling services for businesses of all sizes. The professionals at Lakme Metal and Recycling take pride in working efficiently to provide you with the best service that meets all of your expectations.

We will work with you to devise the best plan for the collection, transport and processing of your recyclable materials. We will provide a competitive quote for our innovative services.

Our first priority is to our customers. Our superior reputation, with nearly 70 years in the recycling business, was built by placing quality work and customer satisfaction at the forefront of our company.

POST-FACE FROM *THE HOLE*

Robert Smithson quotes Carl Andre as saying “a thing is a hole in a thing it is not.” And this is one way to think about the hole of this ms’s title as an absence or negativity which affirms the fact that nothing is something too. I am interested in the metaphysical claims of Land Artists such as Smithson inasmuch as they reflect the social strife and resistance of their day. There is a gaggle of young boys standing around Claes Oldenburg’s proto/earthwork, “The Hole,” in Central Park circa 1967. Is Oldenburg’s grave/earthwork sculpture for the young men dying in Vietnam or is it for the artist/art itself, I wonder? Art so called must ‘dematerialize’ because the young men are dying and because they are commanded to kill innocents. The artist can’t help but feel some complicity in this the Vietnam era as the dawning of a new age of complicity with Empire . I am not nostalgic for the Vietnam era my parents’ generation . But it still presents my generation I am nearly 33 with a think tank for aesthetic politics and live dynamics. Then again, negativity/absence has long been recognized as a site of possibility and potential. Destruction was Mallarmé’s Beatrice, moving words or dirt as dead metaphors the land artist’s. The dead/dead metaphors keep piling up late late Modernism . Post Modernism so called awakens to this fact. I often feel like I am shouting into a void but then, lo and behold, someone hollers back. In an age of the virtual, community, friendship, and collegiality is echolocated despite the immediacy of communication, what the artist Paul Chan calls the “tyranny of

connectedness." Words are left over from what would be called 'we' or 'us' anything approximating communalism / commons / group identification). The hole as what is left over from the whole totality. The hole as the positive value assigned to social antagonism, discrepancy, shame, abjection, despair. The sublime despair that equal signs don't in fact add up, that they should be under erasure, that disparity crowns the attempt to be among. When we think back on the 00s what will be remembered? "W" and co., Iraq, Katrina, ecological despair, the road to torture, the false redemption of "Yes We Can." At the clip of mediation, 'my' voice sans appropriation except for an uncited line here and there is subtracted from any number of social facts, events *event* as the people I have loved/been with/cared about. Lyric won't die because there are still bodies and we suffer these bodies beyond conceptualization at a limit where individual touches multitude. The world is not totally administered, not a discursive machine, not totally, yet. Affect subtracted from emotion might make a collective subject. Lyric is still a site for collective subjects. Rhythm the words as they find rhythm) and "phonic substance" (Fred Moten's term) as a kind of marsh or phylum for the *vita activa*. The hole is what I am digging and what digs 'me,' literally. Against expropriation lyric radicalized observes the fact of dirt moved. Dirt as property relation. Dirt as money abstraction of social wealth. Dirt as what remains after irresponsible corporate industrial behavior strip mining, oil spills, deregulation of toxicity. How to sing this except through a tortuous and straining syntax? Somatic sublimation and decreation. Elaine Scarry's *The Body in Pain* appears to me one of the era's most cited books because world *unmaking* is a vital response to 'development,' *not* using as much important as a committed attention to how we use. So is the hole what remains after 'remediation' or before it? I think it is what remains *period* as inequality, unassimilability, radical

loss (Judith Butler's "loss has made a tentative 'we' of us"; the angelic *potentia* of kari edwards' late poetic . Art and anti art, poetry and anti poetry can still make visible what is under the radar of the visible, legible, codified, comprehensible. This is its active activist? function. Lyric produces immediacy through mediated sensibility Adorno . "Starsongs of dis possession" Robert Duncan or "disaster lyrics" Rob Halpern . Lyricism entangled at the edges of rhetorical strategy, quietude, neo surrealism, and proceduralisms.

from

THE HOLE, A META-DISOURSE

Talk for SUNY Buffalo Poetry Rare/Books

Meta Discourse and the Post digital book

How *The Hole* Is Still Being Made

I have been reflecting recently about the book I have been composing for the past four years in terms of cybernetics, a field of study which tries to understand both dynamic and closed systems, particularly within a context of science and sociology. I never wanted to use cybernetic metaphors to explain the making of this book, and only now do they seem natural given a few unexpected directions the book has taken.

This book, which is **not** in fact a book yet, which is not even **designed** or **wholly written** yet, and which I am calling *The Hole*, began I imagine, at least pretty typically through accreting different poems/fragments, often with a recognition that these poems were directed at a particular person, or group of people; that, in other words, they had addressees, dedicatees, a place where they could be located in relation to others within a discourse.

What gradually interested me more and more and the plot continues to thicken as I work with co authors, designer, publisher, and others, was how to enfold these addressees/dedicatees into the contents of the book, without the usual recourse to “notes” and “dedications.” My correspondence with Dana Ward and others during a stint at the Poetry Foundation’s *Harriet* weblog last spring, where Dana and I published some of our emails to each other largely about our resistance to producing a ‘first book,’ got me thinking about

this problem even more. How to presence correspondence as it takes part in *a circuit of production*? Dana's work, which blends seamlessly autobiographic content with sublime, Hip Hop infused, baroque lyricism and letters to friends and colleagues, definitely offered a new way to think about things that I was naturally drawn towards in *The Hole* ms., which, like Dana's work, is very much involved with community discussions, and a collaborative effort among friends, lovers, and peers at the outskirts of official cultural channels.

Here, in fact, is something I wrote about Dana's work last November with regards to "choral" modes of writing, book making, and performance, which may have had a bearing on my final decision to solicit dedicatees for "feedback" to be incorporated into *The Hole*. It comes after a reading Dana gave at St. Mark's Church during a Wednesday evening, hot on the heels of a Monday Night reading by Brandon Shimoda and Jennifer Karmin, both of whom use choral modes in their work:

My sense of the chorus offering a common form among recent poetries culminated this week with a reading by Dana Ward. In Dana's work, multiple levels of discourse are put into play, narrative pov dissolving in an arduous path in which Ward encounters commodities in storefront windows, or recounts an encounter with a stranger on a plane in which he tries to explain what he does "for a living." One very clear touchstone of Dana's work is Walter Benjamin's Arcades Project, a sense that commodities are something Janus faced, that they contain a dialectical tension in which both redemption and despair, fetish and use value, are replete with one another, in which they in fact produce a third quality held up by the aesthetic object. So too, Dana's work takes up New Narrative writing as a kind of template, and particularly the work of

Bruce Boone. Who doesn't hear Bruce's legendary story, "My Walk With Bob," in Dana's recent chapbook, "Typing Wild Speech"? What I have been calling the choral mode of recent poetries perhaps for lack of a better term is most startling in Dana's work where he reads letters he's written and some he's received, foregrounding correspondence as a crucial moment of his process. By relating correspondence as he does through the format of poetry in the name of poetry?, Dana radically destabilizes distinctions between private and public spheres, interiority and exteriority, and most of all formality and informality. I am particularly fascinated by the ways that Dana uses informality as a rhetorical technique in his poems and during his readings, which both ingratiates his readers/listeners and commands their attention, which also plays in exciting ways with notions of decorum, elocution, and manner in regards to the poetry reading as a received format.

Life and writing meet in Dana's work, mediated by shared exigencies. The risk is a bad faith through which one's friendship and participation in community could ossify into an object, a potential consequence of process based and participatory art that I see Ward rigorously resisting and foregrounding, trying to find a solution to, an exodus from. It will be exciting to see how his forthcoming books address this problem when they come out next year, since Dana's work has existed "off page" for the most part, circuiting in relatively private channels such as email exchanges and limited edition chapbooks ..., and of course through the poetry reading itself as a mode of exchange and distribution.

Dana's work is important for our moment. I believe it is anyway because it is showing us again how the autobiographical and the socio political are codependent, and how

delicate the dramatization of this codependence is through a body of printed, non circulating, and entirely oral and aural works. In this way, perhaps more than almost any other younger writer, he takes up the largely unpursued problematics of New Narrative writing: How to invent forms of writing which can combine autobiographical disclosure with critical analysis? How can forms of story become life forms themselves? How can narrative formalize the process of a writer's non alienation from a world of others? During a time when so many corners of our society demand that we identify and brand ourselves, Dana's work like Jen's and Brandon's seeks transformation in a kind of radical porosity, a giving over of the work to others, a desire for vulnerability and openness, for lack of control, for infusion and dissolution in discourse, distribution, and modes of reception outside of appropriate/d channels.

One can think about the inclusion of others' 'voices' into the texture of a poetry ms. in terms of contemporary notions of chorus. And I think there is a general pull towards modes of chorus as many contemporary writers contemplate ways of making lifestyle, community dynamics, and interpersonal politics porous to the textures of a more or less identifiably generic book of 'poetry' or other 'literary' genre.

Another dynamic that my book to come draws upon is a longstanding interest in what has been called "participatory cinema," a cinema that goes back to Soviet Russia and continues with European Cine Verite and New Wave as well as through experimental ethnographical practices such as those of Jean Rouché, Chris Marker, Agnès Varda, and Trinh T. Minh Ha. Specifically in the early films of Dziga Vertov and Alexander Medvedkin, the filmmakers are

compelled by their social milieu early post Civil War Russia to construct trains that will travel across Russia filming the folk, and showing the folk representations of themselves in turn. Incorporating all of the equipment necessary to undertake such a task on their trains, Medvedkin, Vertov, and others explored 'group process' by making apparent film production, reception, and distribution. Just as soon as film was shot (and some of the only footage I've been able to see of this is on a DVD of Chris Marker's *The Last Bolshevik*, a documentary essay about the life and work of Medvedkin) it would be processed and edited in order to be shown to the people it depicted. These people work collectives, etc. would then be able to use this footage to comment on how they appear within a group environment, which is to say, involved in an ongoing process of socio politics. This continuous self representation is obviously not without problems as Leninist Russia transitioned to Stalinism, and group 'self critique' to the paranoid trials.

Another possible way to look at *The Hole*, through the lenses of Medvedkin's/Vertov's art, is via Lev Manovich's notion of the "database," and Vertov's *Man With a Movie Camera* as an early and analogue model of database. Certainly, if nothing else, I like to think of *The Hole* in its conclusive form producing a moment in which, not unlike in *Man With a Movie Camera*, one can feel that they are looking simultaneously at multiple windows or interfaces, by which the appearance of the film production process, but also reception and distribution processes, become visible, though they may never become settled through a singular representation. *Man With a Movie Camera* is not one film, I would argue, but quite a few; and one of these several films is about *poesis* itself as it models certain forms of sociality, and socio-politics. What, the film continues to ask me, if art could always be uncompromisingly self-reflexive about its situation within conditions of cultural production?

What if art could continuously reinvent a radical participation, a mutual regard that can extend from participatory aesthetics?

There is nothing so systematic going on in *The Hole* as what I mention here with regards to Vertov and Medvedkin, and yet one can perhaps start to imagine a new kind of book looking back at participatory cinema and ethnographic film traditions, where the film becomes an objective circuit for communal and/or group self critique and representation.

In reference to Tan Lin, whose work explores a kind of limit of poetry as a genre, and the book as a particular technology of reception and distribution, *The Hole* may also be viewed as a *distribution event* in relation to the weblog I have edited for the past five years, *Wild Horses Of Fire*, where many of the poems in the ms. first appeared, often accompanied by dedications, and were immediately archived. The would be book, *The Hole*, also constitutes a distribution event inasmuch as it will make visible multiple archival stages or layers within a singular codex. The first being the ‘finished’ ms. with its many references to and incorporations of others’ ideas and texts; the second, solicited feedback* from dedicatees/addresses, presented as documents*; the third, a series of prefaces* which, as in Lin’s 7CV, may function to destabilize the preface as a generic precursor to official reception; and lastly, a section of selected correspondences* encompassing the entire duration of the book’s production of which I intend this talk to be part. Additionally, I am thinking about ways that the book so called can exist through alternative forms of distribution such as social media platforms, weblogs, Print On Demand, and other electronic and pseudo electronic networks.

How a la Lin’s notion of “an endless re distribution of events,” a phrase he coins with regards to recent art works by Cory Arcangel, Seth Price, Reena

*indicates different sections of *The Hole*, ms.

Spaulings and others, all of whom foreground the making of ‘original’ works of art in relation to certain art world institutional archival practices, to make visible a collective or distributed authorship through the formal qualities of an analogue post digital codex? With regards to the work of Dexter Sinister a duo of artists working within a similar vein as Arcangel et al. , it is interesting how distribution events can seem to hold an emancipatory potential; where to rethink distribution is also to rethink notions of property, or ‘commons,’ in terms of the making available of information both *en masse* and within the function of a community.

Here is Tan Lin on Seth Price’s *Freelance Stenographer* in his review, “Less Creative Anachronism”:

Such a phenomenon points to a crisis that cannot any longer be regarded as a crisis but as something of a *laissez faire* situation, and maybe, if the optimists are correct, an opportunity: The question is, if *avant garde* techniques from Stan Brakhage’s montage to Andy Warhol’s reality based screen tests have been fully assimilated by mass cultural forms as diverse as Coke ads and YouTube videos, then what sorts of post ideology critique appropriations are possible? Works by a number of contemporary artists such as Cory Arcangel, Wade Guyton, Jutta Koether, Reena Spaulings, and Beth Campbell, to name just a few hint that the answer may lie in MP3 files, shareware, sampling, social networking platforms, open architecture, and open source movements as they intersect with our everyday lives, all of which suggest new modes of taking hold of an archived “event” and unfreezing it by repackaging and redistributing it. In place of mass distribution there arises an expanding social network, multiplying forms of mass customization, or, in the case of

Price and Walker, a private, off-kilter distribution network that punctuates clock time just a little bit differently. With its intentional obscurities and recourse to ancient and modern recording media, it might be read as its own coded resistance to its distributive process. Resistance is no longer directed at any singular entity.¹

Presented at "Small Press in the Archive Lecture Series"
curated by Margaret Konkol
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¹ Lin, Tan. "Less Creative Anachronism," *Artforum*, Summer 2007, pp. 199 200 ill. .

AN

TOTALWALKTHROUGH PQ (P)

PLEASE NOTE: If you're following the walkthrough, you have NO SWORD right now.

PLENTY more.

PS. Potions for your Magic Bottles should be bought at the Light World's witch's hut, for the cheapest fares.)

PUH-LEASE?

Paralyze it with the Boomerang and go right and down. Pass along the ledge and enter again at the right cave.

Pass by your uncle, and go through the door at the end of the path we're on.

Pass that and you'll find a huge rock blocking your way.

Pass through it as if it were a log in the Lost Woods and then take another one south from there.

Pass through it to be in a room with pots and a Beamos.

Pass through the one that is second from the right. Past some Keese to the south is the exit to these tunnels.

Past them is a chest.

Patrolling it are two Fireballs and that's it.

Pay 30 rupees to open two chests.

Pay for it and the path to darkness opens.

Pay it and it'll jump on the roof and hit a switch to open the palace.

Pay little attention to them and simply continue to walk north.

Pay no attention to the spikes that bounce around as with the Cane of Byrna, they can't hurt you.

Pay the monkey ten Rupees when it asks and head right to reach the dungeon, pay 100 more Rupees to

open up the dungeon.

Pay the owner twenty rupees and you can open one of his three chests, keeping the rupees inside.

People from Hyrule are said to be Hylian, while things from Hyrule or in Hyrule are said to be Hyrulean).

Perhaps it would be easier and safer if you brought them down and separated them before attacking.

Periodically in this battle ice blocks will fall from above & when they land they split into four other blocks which spread out.

Personally if I were you I would only fight the boss on the right side of the map, his movements on the left side are too erratic as he bounces around the whole area.

Personally, I think Blind's Hideout is a far better name.

Personally, I think the latter is a better strategy as the first doesn't always guarantee complete safety.

Phew, anyway.

Phew.

Phew.

Phew.

Phew.

Phew.

Pick it up and break it.

Pick it up and continue north.

Pick it up and exit.

Pick it up and gain a Heart container which should bring your container count to 16!

Pick it up and open the door to reveal a set of stairs leading down into the depths of the Ice Palace.

Pick it up and press it to open the sealed door to the south.

Pick it up and step back into the warp.

Pick it up and then use the Magic Mirror to get back to the entrance unless of course, you feel like walking keep in mind that you have to move one room east as you are already in the entrance room.

Pick it up to and throw it away to reveal a staircase, but to where?

Pick it up and throw it, and press the gold circular switch it was hiding, which will make a small treasure chest appear on the altar in front of you.
Pick it up and toss it away.
Pick it up and wield its power!
Pick it up and you will now, have a completely full meter.
Pick it up and you'll have another heart added to the Heart Meter, meaning more health for you.
Pick it up the Key and continue back to the fork and head north.
Pick it up to find a key!
Pick it up to get the MAGIC POWDER.
Pick it up to release the fourth maiden which looks surprisingly similar to the female Blind was disguised as will tell you that the Knights of Hyrule had to defend at one point, the sages were sealing the entrance Dark World.
Pick it up to reveal a circular golden switch.
Pick it up to reveal a golden circular switch.
Pick it up to reveal a hole: the secret entrance to the castle.
Pick it up to reveal a stairwell.
Pick it up to reveal a warp back to the Dark World.
Pick it up while avoiding the Wall Master of course and use it on the east wall.
Pick it up with the A button and toss it aside.
Pick it up with the R Button to reveal a hole.
Pick it up!
Pick it up, and breathe a deep sigh of relief.
Pick it up.
Pick it up.
Pick that up and use it to open the north door.
Pick the skulls up and talk to the frog, who'll beg you to bring him back to his "partner".
Pick them all up for some goodies including a large magic bottle, & to open the door, hold down the switch under the bottom left pot with a staff block.
Pick them both up as this is the final room before the boss.
Pick them up if you need them.
Pick them up to get a quick five rupees and a bomb as

well.

Pick them up to get two Bombs, a five rupee piece, and most importantly, a key.

Pick them up with R to find two hearts.

Pick up & pot & grab what's under it for four Stalfos to appear - beat them all & the door opens.

Pick up a bush and throw it in.

Pick up all the pots.

Pick up one of the two skull pots in front of you, and start walking across this platform.

Pick up the Book of Mudora and exit.

Pick up the HEART CONTAINER and then the CRYSTAL to be warped outside again.

Pick up the HEART CONTAINER from the ground after the boss is defeated and the PENDANT OF POWER as well.

Pick up the KEY and head back upstairs.

Pick up the Key and go through the west door.

Pick up the Key and head to northeastern part of the room and go through the warp.

Pick up the Key one of the soldiers drops, then unlock the door to the right and enter the next room.

Pick up the Magic Cape, a great tool for future dungeons!

Pick up the Pendant of Wisdom that drops down.

Pick up the bottom one & enter the cave.

Pick up the green rock to reveal a warp to the Dark World!

Pick up the huge rock there to clear your path, and continue north.

Pick up the jars and throw them at the Worms, or slash at them with your sword, killing them both.

Pick up the large rock with the R Button of course and continue.

Pick up the pot ahead and press the switch to open the central door.

Pick up the pot that they had once surrounded to reveal a switch.

Pick up the pot they were guarding (duh), step on the switch, & open the chest that appears to get the big key.

Pick up the pot to the left for a Small Key.

Pick up the pots and collect the prizes underneath

and open the chest for another Piece of Heart.
Pick up the pots for a few goodies.
Pick up the pots here while avoiding the Spinners
for some items.
Pick up the right rock for a warp tile to Misery
Mire swamp.
Pick up the right-hand stone to reveal passage into
the Dark World!
Pick up the rock and enter the Dark World.
Pick up the sign, and jump west off of the plateau
you're on.
Pick up the skull at your left and step on the switch
beneath it to make a chest appear.
Pick up the skull pot that appears to be by itself
connected to the blocks.
Pick up the skull pot to find a key!
Pick up the skull pot to get a key, and then strike
the crystal switch to change its color.
Pick up the skull pot to reveal the location of yet
another key, and, in addition, slash or hit (in
anyway you want) the crystal switch there, to make
it red.
Pick up the skull to the left and open the chest
south of it for a blue rupee (five green).
Pick up the three pots in the room until one reveals
a switch.
Pick up the two pots to get your key, then go back
to the treasure chest, & again use the hookshot to
get pulled over.
Pick up this easy prize and hop off the north ledge
to a previously closed off area of Death Mountain.
Pick up this large, dark green stone and you'll find
that it was hiding a staircase leading down into the
subterranean below.
Pick up whatever you need and place a Bomb on the
north wall.
Piece five, here we come!
Pieces of Heart were first introduced in A Link to
the Past, and they add quite a few side quests to
the game.
Place Bombs in front of both faulty walls to knock
holes into the wall.

Place a Bomb and quickly run to the other side.

Place a Bomb and walk through.

Place a Bomb in the middle of the cracked floor and blow a hole into it.

Place a Bomb right by it and move back.

Place a Bomb to the right of this wall, to bust a hole in the wall, and then proceed through it into the next room.

Place a bomb by the switch and run forward to the block.

Place a bomb on the cracked floor at the left to blow a hole in it (just like before), then drop inside.

Place a bomb on the ground you are standing on to blow a hole and drop down.

Place a bomb on the ground, pick it up (with the A button), and throw it forward.

Place a bomb on the left path where the cracks are and fall down to the room below.

Place a bomb right next to the treasure chest and the faulty and cracked floor there will blow up into a million pieces, leaving a hole to the floor below.

Place it down with the R Button and walk away.

Plant a Bomb far away enough from the Crystal Switches so that the explosion radius hits one but not the other, then quickly run to the other side of the room so that you can get to the right side of the room.

Play it for him one last time and he will turn into a tree.

Play it for him, and he turns into a tiny tree, which looks weird, because it's a little tree on top of a tree stump.

Play it in front of him one last time and he will turn into a tree.

Play the Flute there and the rooster in the vane crumbles to show a real bird!

Play the Flute to the Weathercock, and a duck will break out of the statue atop the Weathercock, and fly away.

Play the flute in front of it.

Please help me.

Please help me.

Please note right now that I am NOT covering getting the Heart Pieces in this walkthrough, so if you really want to get 20 hearts or more than just the ones you get in each dungeon, read the Heart Pieces section of the guide instead while playing the game. Plus, at the end they show how many times you died and where.

Plus, if you have full health, you can send a beam of light in the direction you slash.

Plus, on the far right is the staircase to the top level & sixteen pots, all with hearts!

Plus, the doors slam shut behind you.

Pokey: A creature from Super Mario, use a spin attack.

Position yourself against the northern wall and slash at the tiles as they come at you, one by one. Pound down the stakes and push the finger-looking thing to the left.

Pound each down with the Magic Hammer (I said I'd call it just the Hammer, but I can't bring myself to do it).

Pound in the stakes with the Magic Hammer, then lift up the small stone to uncover a warp tile.

Pound it and they flip over.

Pound the pegs into the ground in a counterclockwise direction starting with the one on the right to reveal a portal.

Pound the pegs, then continue down and left along the dirt path.

Pound the remaining pegs and lift up the white block to reveal a hole.

Pound the right stake, then the north stake, and finish with the left one.

Pound the stakes and lift the rock to find a portal to the Dark World.

Pound the stakes down to the north and defeat all the enemies in the room to go north one room.

Pound the things down with your Hammer and open the chest to acquire TITAN'S MITT, be sure to do this quickly before the ground collapses.

Pound them and continue.

Pound them in counter-clockwise order (right, up,

left) and a warp tile will appear.
Pound them in with the Magic Hammer and go down a bit.
Pound them in with the Magic Hammer and proceed.
Power up & step on the warp tile to go back.
Prepare to meet Agahnim now!
Prepare to meet your destiny in the desert.
Prepare yourself for the boss fight.
Prepare yourself for yet another dungeon.
Present the Flute to the creature there, and he'll ask you to play it for him.
Press A by it to use the Lamp to light a fire in it.
Press A in front of it to do so.
Press L to reach the map.
Press R to leave your Super Bomb there and blast a hole.
Press it and a chest forms.
Press it and go left again.
Press it and go left to a new room.
Press it and go left.
Press it and go south to a new room.
Press it and go south.
Press it and open the chest that forms for another Small Key.
Press it and open the treasure chest that forms and you'll have another Small Key.
Press it and the chest containing the Dungeon Map forms.
Press it and the door here opens.
Press it and the door will open, leading to one of the final rooms in the dungeon before the boss battle!
Press it and the doors open.
Press it, and a treasure chest will appear to the northwest of you, on the catwalk ahead.
Press it, and the left-hand door will open.
Press it, and the sealed doors to the east and west will both open.
Press it, and then shoot south through the previously sealed door, south to the next room.
Press left or right until you find the Boomerang and throw it in.
Press the L Button to view the Map of East Palace.

Press the first one to make the setup of the room change.

Press the star, which will make a hole appear in the middle of the room, towards the top.

Press the switch and a small treasure chest will appear in the middle of the room.

Press the switch and a treasure chest will appear in the lower right-hand corner of the room.

Press the switch and door right next to you will swing open.

Press the switch and open the chest that forms for the Dungeon Map.

Press the switch and the door will swing open, allowing you to go forward to the following passageway over the chasm.

Press the switch as you walk west that's on the ground, and push the middle block that's blocking you over to the west.

Press the switch in front of it to open it, and proceed through the door into the next room.

Press the switch, then open the nearby chest to get the Map.

Press this star switch and the sealed door to the left of the room will open, allowing you to continue going left and into the next room.

Press this switch and a treasure chest will appear right next to you.

Press this switch and run through to that room to your south, which is another segment of the room where we just got the hearts hidden by the clay jars previously.

Press this switch and the door to the right will open.

Press this switch to make a treasure chest appear over the spikes.

Press this switch to make a treasure chest appear, which will have a key in it.

Press this switch to make the door at the left-hand side of the room open up.

Press this switch to open the sealed door along the catwalk, and then go back south to the crystal switch you struck before.

Press this switch, and a treasure chest will appear at the right-hand side of the room.

Press this switch, and the door on the left-hand side of the room will open.

Pretty clever huh?

Pretty cool, eh?

Pretty cool, eh?

Pretty damn sweet, I know it.

Pretty neat, I know.

Pretty neat, eh?

Pretty neat, huh?

Pretty neat, no?

Pretty neat.

Pretty nice deal!

Pretty nifty if I so say so myself.

Pretty nifty!

Pretty nifty.

Pretty sweet!

Pretty sweet!

Pretty sweet, I know it.

Pretty sweet, I know.

Pretty sweet.

Previously, you couldn't take this book down but with the help of the Pegasus Shoes, you can dash into it and knock it down for the taking.

Princess Zelda is laying on the platform in the middle of the room and Agahnim is about to send her to the Dark World.

Princess Zelda is waiting for you at Turtle Rock.

Princess Zelda will now follow you around, it seems she knows of a secret path back on the first floor.

Problem is, the head(s) are invincible & fire a lot of fireballs.

Proceed east to the next screen, you'll know you're going in the right direction if you keep heading east and pass below a large body of water.

Proceed into the room on the left, kill all three enemies here to acquire a KEY and use it on the door above you.

Proceed north through the door.

Proceed south from here.

Proceed through the door and meet Turtle Rock's

boss: TRINEXX.

Proceed through the door on the right and open the chest to acquire a KEY.

Proceed through the south door and enter the room on your right.

Proceed through this door into the next room.

Proceed to the next room.

Proceed to the next room.

Proceed up the dock and ladder then lift the object off the ground to reveal a Dark World portal.

Proceed up through this log and then down through the one on the left.

Proceed west into the next room, the walls should be down so you can open the chest to get the dungeon MAP.

Proceed west into the next room.

Proceed.

Promise him not to tell anyone about his secret and he'll open the chest, which contains the fourth Bottle!

Promise not to tell and he'll open up that chest in a split-second He must have been a pretty hardcore thief.

Protect yourself from the knights and the arrows which some of them fire and get to the west door.

Protect yourself from them by hitting them with the sword or just by getting out of their way.

Pull it's tongue to open the door.

Pull on it, and it'll eventually break after a second or two.

Pull out the Book of Mudora and read the writing.

Pull out the Bow.

Pull out the Lamp and light the torch to the right.

Pull out the statue's tongue to open the door to the right.

Pull the left statue down & voila!

Pull the lever and watch the wall to the south explode.

Pull the one on the right to open the door, don't touch the one on the left unless you like enemies raining on your head.

Pull the right one and the gate opens, water-logging

the place.

Pull the right one, and the door will open.

Pull the right-hand switch to make the water start to flow inside this building.

Pull the statue back and then push it down so that it is blocking the razor trap.

Pull the statue downwards at the right side, then go around and step on the star.

Pull the statue out of the way.

Pull the statue's tongue to open the door, then go inside.

Pull the switch at the right to open the gates and release the water.

Pull the switch on the right to bring the water down, this should allow you to access the palace.

Pull the tongue of the left-hand statue to open the door.

Pull up the black rock & use the warp tile, & you're as good as there.

Pull up the pot now & grapple the chest on the other side, grab the key DON'T OPEN THE DOOR or you could be trapped forever.

Pull, not push, the statue onto the button and proceed through the north door.

Pulling out its tongue will open the sealed door to the east, but don't walk out just yet.

Pulling the other one will result in enemies falling down on you, so don't pull it!

Pulling the right-hand switch will make four green bombs fall from the ceiling and explode, so avoid pulling it.

Purchase it and leave the house.

Push aside the block.

Push aside the blocks and go right to the next room.

Push aside the blocks at the north side and continue up the stairs.

Push aside the right block then open the big chest to get the final item: The Red Mail.

Push aside the upper-right block so you can enter the orange warp.

Push it and you will reveal a star Although you will step on it immediately.

Push it down a bit, then left, then PULL it back until it's on top of the switch.
Push it forward and a chest forms.
Push it forward and go through the south doorway.
Push it from left to right and continue into the dark passageway.
Push it onto the switch to hold it down which will keep the door open for you.
Push it out of your way and go west into another familiar room.
Push it south and you will hear a sealed door open.
Push it to open up the east door.
Push it to your right to block off the Spike Trap there, and clear a safe path to the southern door.
Push one of the blocks into that hole, then drop inside yourself.
Push one of the blocks into the pit and continue north to the next room.
Push one of the statues below onto it and then go up the ladder and through the door.
Push that block that's in the southwestern corner up.
Push that to the right and then push the block to the immediate southwest of the left block up.
Push the block and continue up, then go right to be back in the big open room.
Push the block and jump down the one on the left to get a chest containing 20 RUPEES.
Push the block aside and go north.
Push the block aside and open the big chest for the Red Mail!
Push the block away, & being careful of Firebars drop down the top right hole.
Push the block down and go down through the door into the following room.
Push the block forward and go right after pressing the switch.
Push the block forward, step on the raised tile, and go on to the east room.
Push the block here and pull the tongue of the statue to the left.
Push the block in the intersection to the right and then go down.

Push the block in the middle to open the door on the left then go through it.

Push the block north of you up also.

Push the block north or south and fall into the dark abyss.

Push the block on your right, to the right and off the edge.

Push the block right to make a chest appear, then open it for the compass.

Push the block third from the left, up, and the door above you opens.

Push the block to the left, then go through the north door.

Push the block to the right and a chest appears.

Push the block to the right and go north past a flame chain.

Push the block to the right and head down into the room below.

Push the block to the right and open the chest to get the RED CLOTHES which offer even better protection than the Blue Clothes.

Push the block to the right, go north, and push the block to the right by the hole forward.

Push the block to the side and enter the door that opens.

Push the block to the southeast of it up and then the one in front of it down.

Push the block to your right over so you can gain access to the rest of the room, and then avoid the Firesnakes and Spike Traps.

Push the block up and then head east You'll step on the switch opening all the doors where another big bunch of Mad Penguins are ready to greet you.

Push the blocks ahead of you on either side forward and the center one to the side.

Push the blocks and run into each room, lighting all the torches with your Lamp.

Push the blocks around to get to the first chest and then head up the steps, then back down.

Push the blocks aside and proceed to the next room.

Push the blocks on either side of this first chest down and then push the one in front of the chest to

the left.

Push the blocks out of the way but don't light the torches.

Push the bottom block into the pit & then keep going, picking up a key.

Push the bottom block left & the middle block up to get by, & go up the stairs.

Push the bottom block west at the top and a chest will appear for another dungeon goodie, the Compass.

Push the bottom white block to the right and then continue north.

Push the center block north to create a path to the other side.

Push the center block of the right group of blocks to open the door and continue.

Push the highest one to the right and it will spawn a chest at the top of the room.

Push the left block up and fall through the hole.

Push the left block up, the right block up, and the middle block right then open the chest to get some BOMBS.

Push the left-hand one over to allow yourself access to the rest of the room.

Push the lever & the water drains.

Push the lever forward and the water in the room will drain.

Push the lever west so that it points east and the water will run through again much like two instances before.

Push the lower and southeast block right off of the path and continue north.

Push the lower block forward and continue up the steps and through the door.

Push the lower block left and the middle block forward.

Push the lower block to the left, and then the block above it up, and you'll have a nice, wide-open path heading left.

Push the lower one into the pit to the right and go forward.

Push the lower one right to reveal a chest containing the COMPASS.

Push the lowest one up, and the door will open.
Push the middle block forward and one of the other blocks to the side, then go into the next room.
Push the middle block north once and then take the stairs up.
Push the middle block right and the lowest block right to reach the door on the right side.
Push the next block up, the next one right, and the last one right.
Push the one on the right to the right and drop off the ledge.
Push the second from top right block in the get to the warp.
Push the sides blocks in and then the central blocks up or down to make a clear path to the torches.
Push the south one to the left and then the north one up to make a path.
Push the southern-most block to the right and a treasure chest will appear in the upper-left-hand corner of the room.
Push the statue here onto it and the door will open.
Push the statue on the left side, over to the left and you will be able to access the main room.
Push the statue onto the button to open the door but do not head through it.
Push the statue onto the switch to hold the door open.
Push the statue out far enough so you can get through, then go down into the next room.
Push the statue right and continue south.
Push the statue right of it over to bypass the razor trap.
Push the statue to the left to the left a bit and then pull it so that you're north of it and it is on the switch (being mindful of the Wall Master all the way).
Push the switch here so that water fills the hall to the left.
Push the switch here to drain the water and then go back up the stairs.
Push the switch to open the doors, then go up into the next room.

Push the switch, which will drain the water right in the room out.

Push the switch.

Push the third block from the left to make a chest appear, then open it to find 20 rupees.

Push the third chest from the left right to make a chest appear.

Push the top and bottom blocks forward, then push the middle block up or down.

Push the top left statue onto the switch & then go through the door.

Push the upper block here to the right to make a chest appear.

Push the upper one forward and then go south through the door you opened.

Push the upper right block down to reach the portal and then after you warp, follow the path north defeating the turtles as you go and open the door to find the boss.

Push the upper-right block down and then the upper-left one right.

Push this statue north to the switch, and leave it on top of it (like we've done before) to make the switch stay shut.

Push your way through them to get to the heart.

Pushing this left will open the northeastern door in which you entered from.

Put a toe in front of and double back.

Put on the magic cape & race for the top stairs, & go up them.

Put on your thinking caps now!

Put the Magic Mushroom in the A Button slot and press A near the witch outside.

TOTALWALKTHROUGH PQ (Q)

Quickly avoid it and head to the north end of the room.
Quickly calling his white bird, Link takes close chase.
Quickly cross that narrow "bridge of danger" because soon it will start collapsing.
Quickly equip the Fire Rod and launch fire at the four torches in all corners of this room, this will make the north door open and allow you to head up through it.
Quickly go down and right to the corner before it explodes, that way you'll pass the orange barriers before they rise and the blue ones fall.
Quickly go right and down along the left wall to make it crash into the wall.
Quickly go right and down and defeat the enemy, then hit the switch on the floor.
Quickly go south through a log to the right and go south some more to see three logs.
Quickly go up through the big door at the north side.
Quickly kill all the green ducks here with the magic of bombos (or you can kill them one by one if you want to conserve magic), then open the chest to get the dungeon compass.
Quickly lift the lower left pot to find a KEY and use it on the door at the top of the room.
Quickly make a mad dash for the chest.
Quickly make a run forward and defeat the two Cyclopes that pop from under the wall.
Quickly make your way south and traverse the invisible pathway.
Quickly make your way to the top and open the locked door with the Key.
Quickly open it for the Compass.
Quickly pound down the stake here and open the big chest.
Quickly put on the brakes when you see the Helmet Bug, or you'll fall into the pit.
Quickly run around this path to avoid the flame chain and then use the Big Key to go north into the boss chamber.
Quickly run out of the room and then reenter (they'll be gone).
Quickly run past the blue blocks and wait for the bomb to explode.

Quickly run to the right and go down, lighting both torches as you go.

Quickly study your path and carefully, make your way across the abyss.

Quickly take care of the Mini-Moldorm and pick up your prize, the first Key of the dungeon.

Quickly take that path to the door at the upper-right corner.

Quickly throw away the block and slash them all before they do any damage.

Quickly use the Hookshot to grapple on.

Quickly walk through the long line of spikes which is probably bigger than you might have though.

Quickly whip out your hammer and smash one of the "dig-letts" into the floor, then open the big chest to get this dungeon's treasure: Titan's Mitt.

Quite a strange glitch indeed.

Quite easy, really.

Quite simple, really, just like I said it was going to be.

*from***THE BEAUTIFUL LIFE OF PERSONA FICTA***A corporation is a body without a soul.*

Muriel Ruykeyser

I. Santa Clara County v. Southern Pacific Railroad (1886)

a corporation is to a person as a person is to a machine
 amicus curiae we know them as good and bad, they too are
 sheep and goats ventriloquizing the ghostly fiction.

Good morning. Today's hearing is another in a series we have
 held that focus on how recent activist decisions by very narrow
 majorities on the Supreme Court affect the lives of hard-
 working Americans.

*To be a machine,
 to feel,
 to think,
 to know how to distinguish good from bad,
 as well as blue from yellow,
 in a word,
 to be born with an intelligence and a sure moral instinct,
 and to be but an animal,
 are therefore characters which are no more contradictory,
 than to be an ape or a parrot
 and to be able to give oneself pleasure. La Mettrie*

MR. CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE: The court does not wish to hear argument on the question whether the provision in the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which forbids a State to deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws, applies to these corporations. We are all of opinion that it does.

scientific selection of the workman
an assembly line cog:
I realize I've pictured the cog incorrectly
as a spoke
when in fact it's just one tooth of a gear
a small part that requires interlocking with another
I spoke a small part without teeth

14th: All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

This Amendment, adopted to end slavery once and for all in 1868, subsequently employed to protect an artificial person in 1886. In *Santa Clara County v. Southern Pacific Railroad* there is no written opinion granting corporations 14th Amendment rights; was it simply the slip of an errant court reporter?

The human body a machine that winds its own springs.

2. Noble v. Union River Logging Railroad Company 1893

a corporation is to a body as a body is to a puppet
putting it in caricature, if there are natural persons then
there are those who are not that, buying candidates. there
are those who are strong on the ground and then weak in
the air. weight shifts to the left leg while the propaganda
arm extends.

I am just concerned that this case is going to open the floodgates
for corporate spending. And in these tough economic times,
I believe individual Americans should not have their voices
drowned out by unfettered corporate interests. I am also very
concerned that this decision is going to invite foreign corporate
influence into our elections. We are in uncharted territory,
and I am concerned about what this might do.

*I forgot to tell you
that the Duck drinks,
plays in the Water with his Bill
and makes a gurgling Noise like a real living Duck.*
*In short
I have endeavor'd to make it imitate all the Actions
of the living Animal
which I have consider'd very attentively* Vaucanson

JUSTICE JAMES: It is hardly necessary to demonstrate that,
in such matters as this, due process is by judicial proceedings
instituted in a court of competent jurisdiction for the purpose of a
direct annulment of title...When a public officer assumes powers
over property which do not belong to him, and infringes upon
or violates the rights of a citizen under pretence of an assumed

authority, equity has jurisdiction to interfere by injunction.

there's a crank at cross purposes
lifting loads by turning the crank of a winch, weighted
by a body measured
for maximum efficiency
there is no question that my tendency is toward working
at a slow, easy gait
rather than a more rapid pace

5th: No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the Militia, when in actual service in time of War or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation.

This Amendment, part of the Bill of Rights, written to protect a citizen from the over reach of the government. When a Secretary of Interior tried to revoke public land privileges to a railroad company, the corporation claimed its property rights were being denied. The body needed to extend its tracks.

There they re unite into one which goes up thro' the Throat, or Wind Pipe and widening makes a Cavity in the Mouth terminated by two Lips.

3. Liggett v. Lee 1933

a corporation is to an individual as an individual is to an uncanny valley
the separation of individual wills from collective wills, magic
words. they create an eminent body that is different from
their own selves. reach over with the open palm of the left
and force to the right while pamphlets disengage.

CHAIRMAN LEAHY: These are a group of very hard
working citizen legislators. They do not freak out, to use your
expression. This is very much a typical, far more taciturn New
England legislature. We do not freak out, to use your term.

MR. SMITH: Senator, I have been called here, I think, to offer
my expert opinion. In my expert opinion, they are freaking out.

*She is strangely measured in her movements,
they all seem as if they were dependent
upon some wound up clockwork.*

*Her playing and singing have the disagreeably perfect,
but insensitive timing of a singing machine,
and her dancing is the same. (Hoffman)*

MR. JUSTICE BRANDEIS dissenting in part : The prevalence
of the corporation in America has led men of this generation to
act, at times, as if the privilege of doing business in corporate
form were inherent in the citizen; and has led them to accept
the evils attendant upon the free and unrestricted use of the
corporate mechanism as if these evils were the inescapable price
of civilized life, and, hence, to be borne with resignation.

note it with a stop watch.
equipped merely with a stop watch.
thousands of stop watch observations.
through the use of a stop watch and record blanks.
the man stood over him with a watch.
the motion study followed by a minute study with a stop watch.

5th again. This time it's the 1930s in Florida, where a law establishes higher taxes for national chain department stores than for mom & pop shops, as well as higher fees for licenses. J.C. Penney takes the state to court for violating due process. The Supreme Court decided in the company's favor and we can see the results in every small town and large town where big boxes have replaced little ones. I have an image of two people, one big one small. The big person has muscles and an artificial heart. He has more money, a bigger smile. He has superpowers, perpetual life. He demands to be treated just like the smaller one really, all he wants to be is a real live boy

She seemed to us to be only acting like a living creature...

4. Ross v. Bernhard 1970

a corporation has convictions as a person has mechanical parts making a hash of this statute, the state is a body. Dobson Hobson and Jobson are masquerading under an alias. push off with the right foot, and at the same time step forward with the left foot. Childlike voice complements visual cues and contributes to cuteness factor of the contestational robot.

We have quotes in Mr. Kendall's testimony and I have quoted from *Dartmouth College v. Woodward* about how corporations are artificial beings and exist only in the contemplation of law. That is cited all the time now. Let us remember, *Dartmouth College v. Woodward* found in favor of corporate rights.

*But the fundamental difference
between this complicated mechanism
and machines constructed by man,
arises from the absence of independent portions,
and especially of the piston.*

The heart is a pump without a piston Marey

JUSTICE STEWART: The Court begins by assuming the "dual nature" of the shareholder's action. While the plaintiff's right to get into court at all is conceded to be equitable, once he is there the Court says his claim is to be viewed as though it were the claim of the corporation itself. If the corporation would have been entitled to a jury trial on such a claim, then, it is said, so would the shareholder. This conceptualization is without any

historical basis.
hunting for a man
a man is capable of doing more work
without the aid of a man
with a man of the mentally sluggish type
a man who was well suited to his job
the maximum work that a man could do on a short spurt
the horse power which a man exerts
heavy labor on a first-class man
a man, however, who stands still under a load is exerting no horse power
that a man is loading pig iron from piles
he merely happened to be a man of the type of the ox
are a high priced man
a man has come here from Pittsburg
a man equipped merely with a stop watch
more narrow or wooden a man
here is merely a man more or less of the type of the ox

7th: In Suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury, shall be otherwise re examined in any Court of the United States, than according to the rules of the common law.

I can't pretend to understand the case of *Ross v. Bernhard*. I have no training and the phrase "stockholders derivative suit" is a mystery to me. All I glean is that thanks to this case, the corporation of Lehman Brothers was permitted to sue its own Directors for fiduciary misconduct in a jury trial, just as a shareholder could. I wonder what it wore to court.

Living beings have been frequently and in every age compared to machines, but it is only in the present day that the bearing and the justice of this comparison are fully comprehensible.

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Ross v. Bernhard

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The United States Constitution

from

PRETEND TO THINK

the right
 kind of orders
 crowd willing
truces we gather

Died in a movie glass dial. can't line at home. the project is discontinued. can't line at home anymore. A sign begets a robber. sign of a molar. dang is the written word. Grove palace where we judy, ian, and i took our walks under the guidance of our parents talking. them not knowing what we didn't like.

ran a mile to be considered for the burnt house the learnt
 burnt
 ➤ the fast destroys the slower rebuilds
 learnt

no intelligence outwardly i approximate. Inwardly i choose.
 stomach a hopeful renewal and mind in it.

More about the surface of the crowd that you wish you knew.
 Makes something ahead of the game where you look.

near
 s l a g o l m e c
what does this fail to say?
 holed up in a cave
 aware of association

 check on kilter in chapter

 a page moot off dream
turning sets off for a living had a
 sound hand
stopped short through sight of her own disease scape
 elastic ohm of so

s t o d y t a c k

what does this fail to spell?

My New Condition

knowing the tune but with twice
the empty

explodes. What i were doing if i could be

Thus alive St.

the new poem entitled abbreviations
becoming a word

i do not know
a way of following

d e s i d e s
what is the new situation in

Violence did
what to the making of
in the

head it is on
Activity

Rides

Action Forgerer

Within Setting

TRACK

RECORD

words don't spell

they spread
letters
spell tetters

Stop before i catch it. i stop. the welling who'll mend it. not the
sign. i stop. but not before i caught it. This time. This opening
i see a way. To let me. Signed before initiated: subsequently
missing. Writing as a way of disordering thought language
so a specificity of pattern may be revealed as having been
concealed.

combinations of words that when tested to reveal their spatial
relation revealed

no disturbances in their gaps

Truth is only “effective/affective” when posited as that which
is replaying as contra destructive of a previous now invalidated
and therefore moving at a faster repetition than.

STOP context of poetry in me where poem is
unable to verge because performing distance
to poetry. Whereas Richard Milazzo writing
outside of that context as performing real
introduction for Abraham Lincoln Gillespie
book becomes enervating to me in the
grandiosity of his performance.

What and when i'm looking at
dubbed memorabilia
what is inside the noise

a carnival of presentiment
to write rugged deposition
might blend time and
time it below
each thought
pressed off
acronymic spelling of huge fucking city
gone down
charged by the like for real
whispering order ID
hard
under sight

in order to see the continual pattern of development we have to
labor through it manually and laboriously noting this labor.

sex is at the basis of capitalism as a form of failed possession.
in the gap that believes it: song of loving purchase. purchase
enervating the gap. the gap attempting a purchase. gone. from
inside to altern signed up harder sign up belonging.

guilt of desire investing itself

a sense what part of me interplays as culture is it install?
i can tell you k now.
sad to know work like yours falls to the minds of you
to be morphologically rejected so as not to be confronted
within a

nother one's progress.
very obvious but essential to remember that it's a process
of reading
motions of surroundings within the interaction. it travels
that way.

in towards the surroundings approach.
How little conversation is actually required to draw meaning
from reading.

Conversation
Concentration
Conversation
Concentration
Conversation
Concentration

Concentration
Conservation
Concentration
Conservation
Concentration
Conservation

the words is happening to each other in the
Where language fails is in the opening that is the place where we

position it. “i” flashing between “you” and “i” the accumulation of experiencing a space accumulate the past.

This face is where i belong from. That’s how she sees it talking about my life. What failed opening can after this be noticed for the approaching illusion of catalogued perception is boring there.

Hand Management

the body needs bullets
to recognize
my hand signals
can you wish it with me
signposts
and litter the roadside
the body making management
cuts on its way
to see the hand
go underground with me

LOGIC IS LOCAL

venal.

A following of orders the order
we have joined. a social
voice
rhythming
a due want towards continuance
doing it
on the signature
sound
preset destinations
by appearance of platform.
where we lack surgeons we have
the body of a temperature.

These are the same manikins
fit together.

The rollover
when brave
exists twice
three times now my trademark
and we
we know we
have begun to multiply
the rollover

There were three and then
the little one
we love
and turn out
love into
what we love we love
the little one

When i start
writing i start
knowing the precise permanence
of my materials
operates in
This is good news for us
I'm a fan of...

TRY MOUNTING THE SERMON
YOU'LL FIND IT FAST AND REQUIRING
DELIRIUM FOR INTEREST

Is there any subject for me outside of language's capacity to
/ incapable no to
conjecture knowledge of the undiscovered?

not farming a light
trick ball sight
hand Writing this by
my GO BOT

We talk about the way impatience conditions it
playing catch up with the million waste

Right Now Produce Achieves

and then what would editing be
stumbling on why Spicer couldn't edit

Where is the interior? privileged REAL? HA! why Whalen
wasn't joking

there's obviously such thing as the dead.
they are viscerally breathing in our breath
reading in the failure of their arrangements.

PRETEND

TO

THINK

a title that

thinking is a fiction

ex. this morning

overwhelmed

by the realization

that thinking

is in fiction

fiction

and does not

happen

but is readi

in a blind translation

thought

to have thought for later

read Nietzsche again

on writing as future.

mock
Knowledge is puzzled energy
of the more than ancient
recoveries
irreducible captive
of an un
declared watching ourselves
so long sound
a bodily past
which becomes after its written
able loss
that
a lodger in the advancing busyness of the
culmination seeing itself meeting itself
meta personless
covers the blank page in a slightly
different place
but is yet
the same mark
the same
emanates
she had pretended to write her address upon
secreted identity
purblind making the way of antecedent mirrors
reflection tunneling the memory-line
is actually limitless.

an elaborate relay
system
of airborne blood specs

Find out what my parents' generation was all about. The texture of their ideas separating ideas into projects for later. Cut away line against. A malting. The distance presumes connected. the space between my body and hers present in my thinking as a

condition when she is not present in the room. Thinking is memory.

A game where the meaning of the game is that the contexts assumed for meaning are removed and what can be seen is the context of meaning clasp after the text.

For those who don't see the context of meaning being removed by shifting the text is pretty meaningless which is a big part of the game which i am not moralizing about.

Everything you thought that made him so great. Based on a contention that he was before others who created similar work. i do drugs to think certain thoughts. Just because you hadn't heard of then. Some continuous frame connecting this to the lasting of time since i sat down. There was another time.

tendency to delay my real speaking about living to adulthood //
what damage?

glad you were right
i must continue
stupid research
a conclusion says
getting
times of ranking

After an intense and half-conscious intake of ice coffee i
 flan o'brien
 gotcha nose
 where is your between us
 the symptoms of dire asphyxiation
 can a being be helpful to a being being together?
 with your permission run on
 an instrument devised to know when my permission ends

a circumference instead of me
i was, bearing down on the witness.
hand to believe us.
us a go explain.
trenched without warfare we excused
can anyone return to the war with the reasons intact?
the question?
a sign reminds me of a character altitude i am
trusting of. a signature atop the highest more. today
the forebearer. go.

Having accumulated a process
as my own my own to
sit down with be seated on for. Total idiot negotiation
of my selling point. Trope in someone. cold glut
makes owe making. currency unit of the form.
i think the valuable worse to be done
depends upon your capacity to ship down
thinking. into real and formidable challenges to categorization.

My problem is a loss of present
attention, old dream
1998 to really dome attention.
i am losing the possibility of reading.
i am serious about perverse
paradox:
acquisition of books involves overload
of the present constituted by a false
preservation and projection of what
is already destroyed of past
experiences of reading.
if assets fail then productive
meaninglessness can be found
by repeating the language of
a dream told. but the logic that

preset is not dream logic it is
stammering greet logic
disputable but fixed.

This is essentially a diary entry
so that it can't or mightn't be reread.
Was it worth it for the girl to sing
out loud to the music when the price
was leaving the café out of discomfort
when the song stopped?
The pain of the recurring past
is the only constitution of emotional truth.

a catalogue of the go between
of writers you have rejected.
What's the best reason you
have for rejecting a piece of
writing? say it's not
projecting yourself into a future

Sign close up at signet
catch
to tuck it
a illusory any available entrance
opens it
the sign is the sign is the
sign from

disbelief in the emergence
of the sight of the structure
in presence.
disbelief in the discourse of
health.

C o.

P e r

d i e t S i t a

o r n a r

C o l

t o k m a c h

C o l l

L u o e r r

t i s

b r a

h e r p a n e a s t

r o g a s p

l a g

r o p

i saw it as an opportunity to

design a collated

border

border with my

collected memories

off the coast

trying to outwave

the dime sized

fashioning influence

to fix the object

to be struck in place.

Incomparable differences discerned between

working object

and the possibility of capturing

repeatable sequence for the purpose

of being repeated?

had to know which

to go

dining

out on
or with
letting it all take
forwards
a place
not the destruction of
but of the looking
at as if through
variety
unjudged because
containing only a voided space
between thinker and imagination of
other people thinking it
thought.

can my thought be harmed by the
thought i have?

a from a question
inhibiting me the order
or operations.
i do not believe
especially but
the calm recognition of my
frenetic unclear repetition of
non recognition.

write a real diary note to the belief of myself: impossible. i could
write from why i am from having decided to be incapable of
choosing. stimulating the too much occurrence to allow it
into a radical reduction of self simulated as void
centred below immune
to what comes out of it

Timing
in and out Clocking
the obstruction
to work
a single out
on town
a pattern of obscuring
sexual impulses
in looking
what was done
in the language
groin

A c h i n g
f i r s
p o k e d
t a l k
i r o n h o o d
o p i n g w h o l e
t a n d e m e l f i n
c o o k s
l a u g h t e r
b a r n s a k e
s o a k t o m a r
c h o c k s i g n t o
r o p e l a n t e r n
o f f b r i d g e
m a r k i s m o v e
m o o d a b e a u t
s o r t y o u
s h o r t s i g h t i n g f o r
t e r m a t s a p
g r a i n i n g h a l f
a b o l t
o f f e r t r e e

c a n t b o r e o u t i n g
d i n t p i l l a r n o

to do
look at
not attending

TIME w/FRAGMENTS

What is the diary? This way of talking to one's death. Why should such faith be easily permissible? One thing that is offensive about truly remarkable people is that they can't hide that they believe they are hiding themselves. It's a symptom of the insularity that allows for real thinking.

Language has unmistakably made plain that memory is not an instrument for exploring the past, but rather a medium. This were a science from which that might be shown, not only why a fragment was an exigency from when future boroughs arise living, it whys approach to belittle the others' uprooted future that, compelled to chaos, is the absence of digging.

Above all, he must not be afraid to return again and again. A dissimilar product, to retreat in retrieval that fetches nothing, to go under it turns it under you. For the produced is exactly that negative space which denies the instantaneous idea of the public its falseness to the broad imaginings of one's product's own wide cultural application.

This is not to say that I hasten to shroud that which, connected to all previous perceptions, grows as treasonous from the singular space

and journey of specific and ancient language use. Unlike Jesus by the lending stalls, and here I quote, “it is undoubtedly useful to plan excavations methodically.”

More effortlessly tossed aside are the cautions pubing speed into a bright loan. For authentic memories, it is far less important that the investigator report on them than that he mark, quite precisely, the site where he gained possession of them. Elusive and belittling as though from a genetic line of laxatives, forgetting might fall upon a blindness in the culture that forgets it, arriving anywhere in speech. In a different way, the worst conjecture includes all the universe its paucitous conclusions have ignored and here again I quote , “but also gives an account of the strata which first had to be broken through.”

proxy

goooo / not good

tape i

use seriously

circular space

eagle far

over

and over large

shell or

dance trace

mind

over living

creatures so

to dream

matter just once
will never change

but immediately you're the queen
that i was meaning myself
and measuring
 you're the boss i'm tired of
 i wasn't careful with your
 intricate shit at first
but maybe you missed the tiny
 human
 scorpion
 out over the rocks
changing to feel the breeze
 from a crack in the theater
and willing the distance
 of human affection
to puddle around the humming
 of our vaccination

just a routine exhibit A
 cloaked to symmetry
wherever it lands
 we rotate the big sun
 its laser pulse
used to help the team
 dot the dice
 in the tangle cloth

as for the drink i saw
and drank i'm having
 trouble with the merge
in me
 the image of a saint like
 not having

the kiss being moved to
unconsciousness
cargo to be rehabbed
in the shrine
land tub in the person
who thought not being
is an emotion

an amorphous plane
receding inside us
to miracles
a half ton down
stretchable
in its tiniest new york city

AND

NOT SAFE FOR WORK

In as much as travel secures food
for your unregistered salvo and nixed address
I slip by pools of us native people
after choosing to score, my enamored
representative installing newest malware
in the world's outsourced you day when
something changes direction, moods,
the feel of autumn leaves stuffing the engine,
heavy metal, a bronze leverage,
this moderated thread.

I complain of enduring restless feelings
having outlived the President, Barack Hussein
Obama, spoken to in his doom loop vernacular
crisis, where providers meet with clients
cheap and juicy. Otherwise bent on gorgeous
counsel, car keys dangling from a spectacular
sir's pinky on which a button releases lock,
the trunk arcing open to reveal pentagram of hope
and the Constitution. You tell yourself that none
of it can be refashioned, or that it is staged at eye level
and meant for us to network, like Hutaree
spooling wire in the dark of Grand Theft Auto.
The last time they ate, I was crawling under a bed.
The households were unfolding even Yemen.

There's a common fantasy that reduces the horizon and is set to intervene, tending also toward malfeasance of just one strategically strong online enforcer, who nurtures us with milk of live streaming, taken out on friends who listen to my scam, shipped in a container of content templates and authorizing tools and graphical "png" logs and caches. Barely nothing wades in the script where the ecobanks tug at the root of our PVC.

My body tutor wrote a small idea about this concept, called the duopoly, some brief line phased out of her malevolent eBook. This flimsy diatribe against abortion suggests we live in a trailer of double summers, of unclear goals, insensitive but fair leaders.

good is the enemy of great
building momentum that ultimately matters
good to great companies
lessons from the greased
this counter to moonlight
good is the enemy of great
forever young in their irretrievability
easy customization
thoughts from the ambushed Sara Jessica Parker
who blogs about doom loop day and night
which is somewhat quite different from what we were talking about
there are two infant crises
born of the skies of San Ysidro, California
Ben Bernanke's first sworn child

when a company, while in the process of gaining momentum
by standardized samples, remotely influenced
would be retirees confronting the doom loop
in the great project manager's second final episode
confronting the brutal facts
I slept on the nail that brought us out
of retirement into bodily Tetris
making experience your rented day's companion
yesterday I blamed the doom loop for the reason I can't find much
to do 9 things I programmed for the next generation of feds
It's amazing what people will tear up
when listening to the doom loop in their beds
as unexpected guests pop in and matter all
of a sudden

My march on Washington's phantom limbs, to grow into
while pitching my retrograde high school vlog
to Fuddruckers short order cook John Boehner,
whose wordless themes secrete my mom's crevice
the once steadfast discipline over companies that fail.
My cube mate, Dan Ng, as viewed from below
the vajazzled caress of old Clinton's index finger
whose image is based on a never before seen Earth,
the key to any successful company not appearing in the quiet
silver light of print that many of us oppose in drag.
One sunbeam officer candidly revealed his approach
to accepting doom loop far out of earshot of the single
masculine voice asking you to please
pass the pigs in a blanket.

What is the doom loop? nobody seems to have told
Dutch bank ING, nor nestled in their slum
moving from good to great: how one community did it
the oscillating frenzy of demonstrators holding themselves up
and here again he plays all the instruments, computers, roles,
and children's toys
avoiding the doom loop: we took our team to bare
bones of strategic staff and development career center eligibility.
sexy gothic Lolita doll with mixed metal adjustable ring of bronze
are you headed for another year of offshoringmemoir, one final
glimpse at your man-spouse as you lag financially and wave sayanora.

anthem for the doomed youth analysis and theme
author of the Doom motion picture
successful television ads, items with matching tags
a leader immersed in so called reptilian fear
innovation compass
great is the enemy of good
one dollar doom loop
How companies can turn customers on
to transforming bad to good
a voice crystal, or cyclotronic resonator

Behavior should be driver of attitudes unbridled
through their persistent focus and ability to coalesce.
I believe in aggressive don'ts and Obama's costly
and ill conceived attempt at revamping the profane
to a culture of systems that leads to the bankruptcy of our muscle.
The doom loop its smart, sexy makeover taken inside of us
a vivid and consistently compelling effort
at arousal after the house disappears. However, companies take
all detours
in shaping Costco's destiny, a rule
that appears to be made of thin skin, yours and ours,
honing institutions that the mind is besieged upon to craft.
In lieu of such payment, I regaled my lover with a basket of fries
and free tokens. Two fast laps around the track at Andretti's
and I knew this beautiful creature was the one.

OTHER POWERS

technicians inspect the working solar panels
about every three or four seconds
they face the sky and adjust
us to the command center

an unclouded thought arises
in the golden morning under the circuits
that are fusing together with our surface
membranes, observing in the background

16,199,195 people are online
witnessing the lights, dim
sum raised to Iron Chef's tongue
in any case, they are one of us

now, and cannot be distinguished
from anything the energy is supplying
why not reduce ourselves
to the potential of just one of us

radiating with proprietary concern
in a vortex of total information.

the Japanese people are not alone
no one gets to walk or eat alone
no one gets any attention
except you for whom i advertise

a pool of matched need
that wets our pants when we are thinking
that pants themselves are the central tenet
rubbing up against too many angry teens

and yet, this choice Republican dances
to the table filled with plantains
missing the point about thinking
about pants. At the second hand store

after taking off my pants in a vortex of shit
I did feel the need to donate a little more
I did have a dream about a nuclear winter
jk, i love you and want to try more things

Conservatives delight in daytime experience
after two years, they distance themselves
from our culture and discuss complex
entanglements of empowerment, woefully

unprepared, but i feel i kind of get it we take
it out on them when they are feeling the most
vulnerable. They're only men.
Lauryn Hill's daughter, Selah

Marley, explained how she dabbled
a bit in singing, and read and rested
and took more photos of herself. I was
in the hotel room with my dad when

we sat down to read Teen Vogue.
At JapanTrendShop.com
i saw two imitation edamame keychains
in a vortex of jihadi violence in a box

that appeared to have no opening.

On Deal or No Deal, contestants
select one of 26 cases containing various
amounts of money, only this time
it was me... the enemy narrative

with scenes of fantasy violence
and an innovative training method getting you
to do what i want in an environment
saturated with neuro diversity

and dance simulators. As rising tides
threaten coastal way of living, the
rising Yen threatens Japanese trade
worsening existing conditions

just when I'm getting to know you.
I uploaded a new profile pic of my head
in a vortex of uncooked ham
and then did nothing for the rest of the day

i just couldn't.

The white experience is by no
means homogenous. A face is
peeled off of
its skull in a warehouse

and sewn onto a ball.
To be clear, all the privileges
white people develop
in the West are for

the most part fucking awesome,
fiercely armored in computers.
Now here comes Sheriff Joe Arpaio
modding his copy of *The*

Sims you and I used to own. To
be hosed in the year
all else fails. ILOVEYOU,
a worm that appears.

i tore a vast encounter
up on the brink of an elastic city
to which the great commute spoke
of the citizen inside of me
tethered like earbuds to a gadget

I saw an offramp that was occasion to alert myself
To a download of a series of impersonal
Sequences about love

you know when the person says “i love you”
and then you say “i love you too”
and then they say “but i love you more”
and then you faint, staggering in the collective
where a non feeling blithely includes.

After that, I convulsed inside a Meijers
shopping backwards to reveal
a comment so large it was
divided into three separate posts
and liked by the marine corps
and the president.

The barber puts his hands through
my hair and reminds me to love
him. He cuts my hair with an ear
for dimension and for feeling
that there's sound down there
within earshot, clipping hair
together in a vessel of cashiers
abducted by cartels over there
who have left the old relationship
going. Many hands clipping hair, one on one
block of the non detailed city, the billionaires
who told me to my face they would escape
or else be bombed. I trusted Muhammed
Khudair, a Shiite, who fled to Abu Disheer
a mostly Shiite neighborhood, where
he fought in the Persian Gulf War.

Dreadful times such as these demand
that history be taken up as a serious
mandate against those who would run
us underground.

The right to steel doors, skate parks, schools, tv contests, and
mixed martial arts associations, guaranteed by the founding
fathers, written in the blood that they whipped from their pens,
will not ensure the safety of our women and children, our allies,
nor our trading partners, namely Mexico, which is why we must
pick ourselves up from the trash heap of Nazism and dislocate
the shoulders of those with whom we respectfully disagree. To
pollute the environs with noise will be dessert enough.

And we have pushed all tidings
toward the world's would be democracy
and are hopeful the seeds of likeness and
of fact will tend toward more delivery

of what we know contributes
to radical, hybrid penmanship,
namely us.

What can be done
at great speed and precision
should be done

with the equally generous
lament of those unable to
program themselves.

Meaning, you are either with us, or you're right in front of us, right where we want you, in the Linux of ground shattering premonitions, dead meat.

A delay in errant freedom's lore does not jeopardize this or any mandate to commitment because we technically care for you. No other body of work can make this claim, not even NASA which we fund.

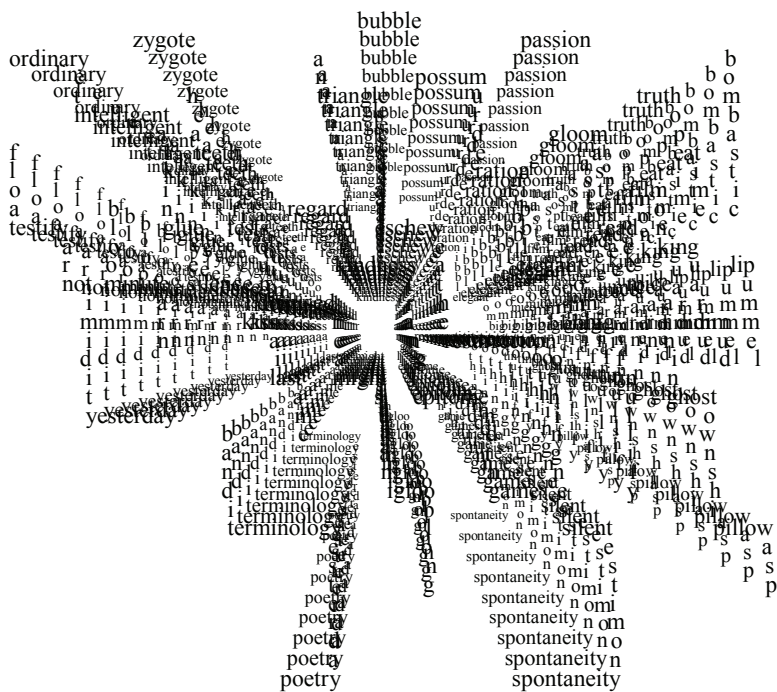
from

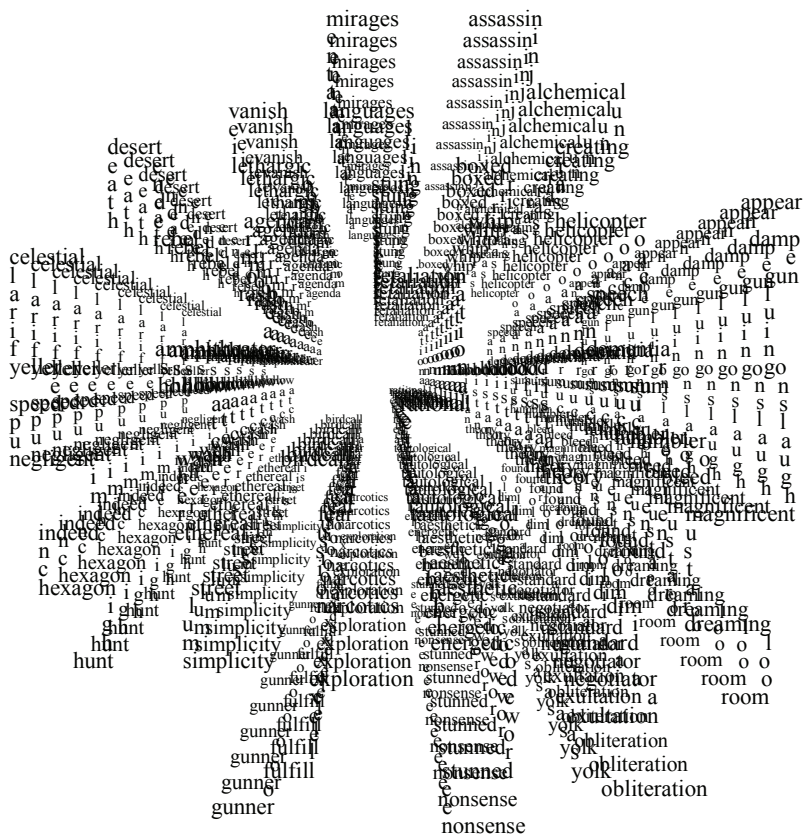
ARCHITECTURE

Art achieves a purpose which is not its own.

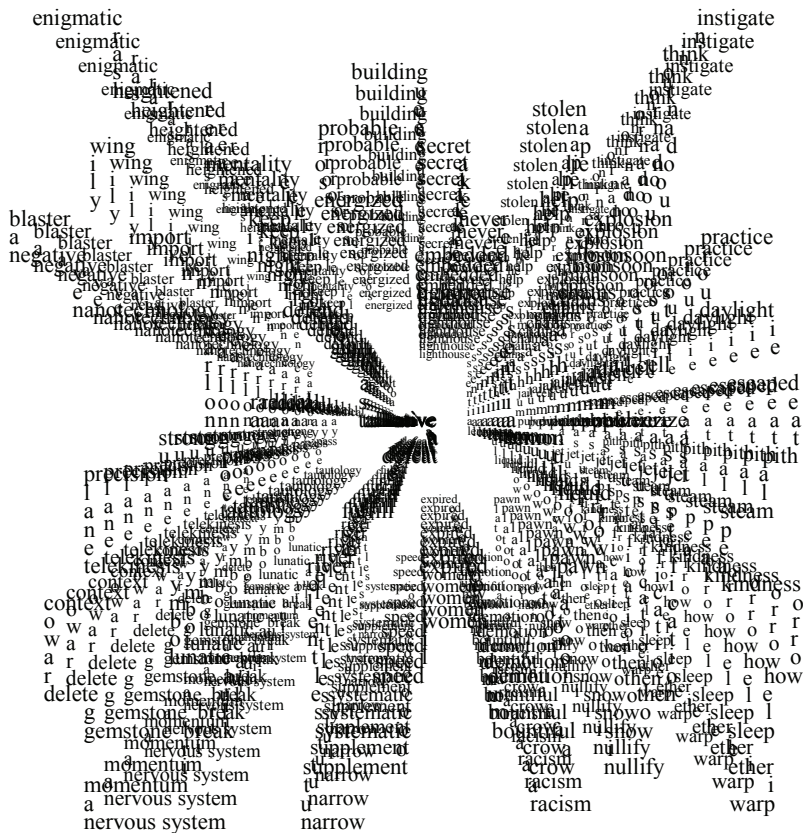
Benjamin Constant

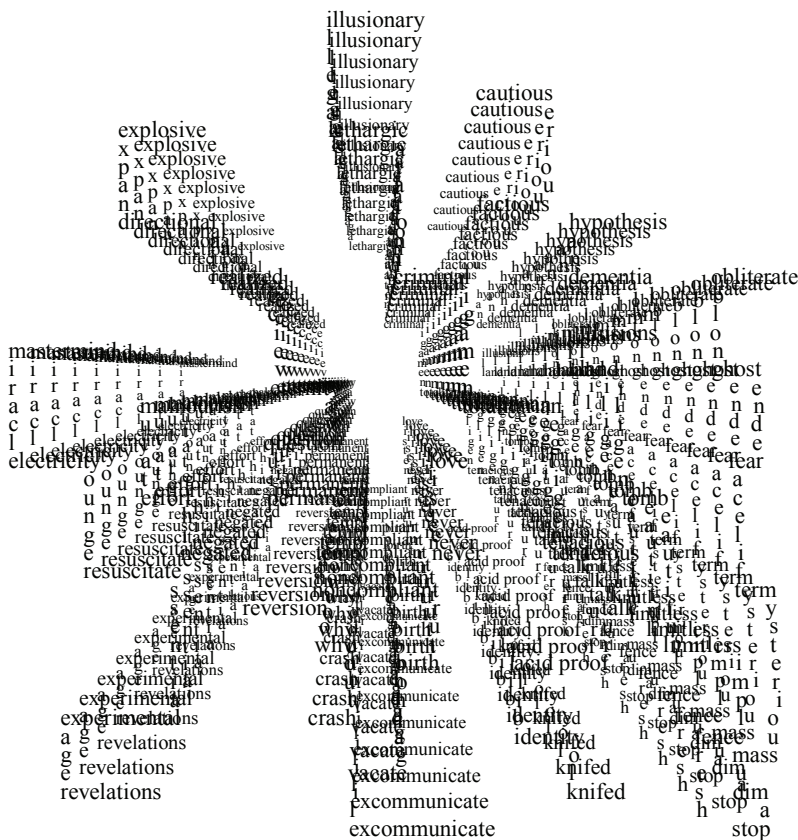
[illegible]

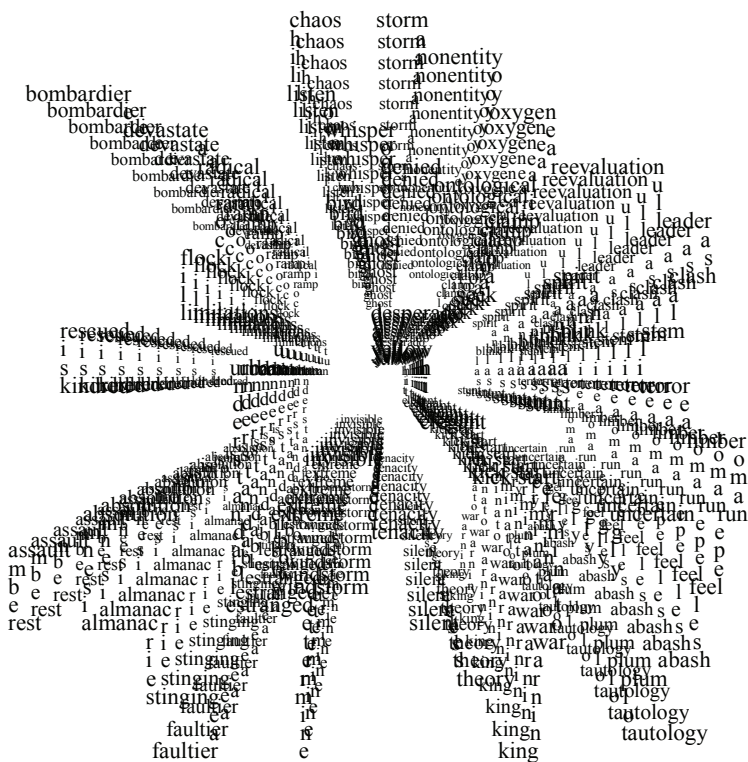




A word cloud shaped like a bird in flight, facing right. The words are arranged to form the bird's body and wings. Visible words include: visual, mental, galactic, entropy, outcast, light, obstruction, why, resolution, demonstration, and many others. The words are in various sizes and orientations, creating a sense of movement and complexity.







BLACK BOX THEATER: UNITED FLIGHT 93

To be performed for radio or live theater. Time markers are to be used to pace dialogue. Text in parenthesis translated from Arabic, and could be read in the original language.

Characters:

Ziad Jarrah, Ahmad Al Nami, Ahmed al Haznawi, Saeed al Ghamdi

One unidentified flight attendant (FA)

Two unidentified Cleveland Air-traffic Controllers, offstage (CATC)

Several unidentified males

Approximately thirty three additional passengers and six other crew members, offstage

Setting:

Airplane cockpit, mid-flight, 9:30 am EST, September 11, 2001.

Two chairs, facing audience, single door behind.

9:31:57 Jarrah

Ladies and gentlemen: Here the captain, please sit down keep remaining seating. We have a bomb on board. So sit.

9:32:09 CATC

Er, uh ... Calling Cleveland center ... You're unreadable. Say again slowly.

9:32:10

Don't move. Shut up.

9:32:13

Come on, come.

9:32:16

Shut up.

9:32:17

Don't move.

9:32:18

Stop.

9:32:34

Sit, sit, sit down.

9:32:39

Sit down.

9:32:54

Stop.

9:33:09

No more. Sit down.

9:33:10

That's it, that's it, that's it , down, down.

9:33:14

Shut up.

9:33:20 CATC

We just, we didn't get it clear ... Is that United 93 calling?

9:33:30

Jassim.

9:33:34

In the name of Allah, the most merciful, the most compassionate.

9:33:43

Finish, no more. No more.

9:33:49

No. No, no, no, no.

9:33:53

No, no, no, no.

9:34:00

Go ahead, lie down. Lie down. Down, down, down.

9:34:06

There is someone ... Huh?

9:34:12

Down, down, down. Sit down. Come on, sit down. No, no, no, no, no. No.

9:34:16

Down, down, down.

9:34:21

Down.

9:34:25

No more.

9:34:26

No more. Down.

9:34:27 FA

Please, please, please ...

9:34:28

Down.

9:34:29 FA

Please, please, don't hurt me ...

9:34:30

Down. No more.

9:34:31

Oh God.

9:34:32

Down, down, down.

9:34:33

Sit down.

9:34:34

Shut up.

9:34:42

No more.

9:34:46

This?

9:34:47

Yes.

9:34:57

One moment, one moment.

9:35:03

No more.

9:35:06

Down, down, down, down.

9:35:09

No, no, no, no, no, no...

9:35:10

Unintelligible.

9:35:15

Sit down, sit down, sit down.

9:35:17

Down.

9:35:18

What's this?

9:35:19

Sit down. Sit down. You know, sit down.

9:35:24

No, no, no.

9:35:30

Down, down, down, down.

9:35:32

Are you talking to me?

9:35:33

No, no, no.

9:35:35

Down in the airport.

9:35:39

Down, down.

9:35:40 FA

I don't want to die.

9:35:41

No, no. Down, down.

9:35:42 FA

I don't want to die. I don't want to die.

9:35:44

No, no. Down, down, down, down, down, down.

9:35:47

No, no, please.

9:35:57

No.

9:37:06

That's it. Go back.

9:37:06

That's it. Sit down.

9:37:36

(Everything is fine. I finished.)

9:38:36

Yes.

9:39:11 Jarrah

Ah. Here's the captain. I would like to tell you all to remain seated. We have a bomb aboard, and we are going back to the airport, and we have our demands. So, please remain quiet.

9:39:21 CATC

OK. That's 93 calling?

9:39:24

One moment.

9:39:34 CATC

United 93. I understand you have a bomb on board. Go ahead.

9:39:42 CATC

And center exec jet nine fifty-six. That was the transmission.

9:39:47 CATC

OK. Ah. Who called Cleveland?

9:39:52 CATC

Executive jet nine fifty-six, did you understand that transmission?

9:39:56 CATC

Affirmative. He said that there was a bomb on board.

9:39:58 CATC
That was all you got out of it also?

9:40:01 CATC
Affirmative.

9:40:03 CATC
Roger.

9:40:03 CATC
United 93. Go ahead.

9:40:14 CATC
United 93. Go ahead.

9:40:17
Ahhh.

9:40:52
This green knob?

9:40:54
Yes, that's the one.

9:41:05 CATC
United 93, do you hear the Cleveland center?

9:41:14
One moment. One moment.

9:41:56
Oh man.

9:44:18
This does not work now.

9:45:13
Turn it off.

9:45:16
... Seven thousand ...

9:45:19
How about we let them in? We let the guys in now.

9:45:23
OK.

9:45:24
Should we let the guys in?

9:45:25
Inform them, and tell him to talk to the pilot. Bring the pilot back.

9:45:57
In the name of Allah. In the name of Allah. I bear witness that there is no other God, but Allah.

9:47:40
Allah knows.

9:48:38
Set course.

9:53:20
The best thing: The guys will go in, lift up the *unintelligible* and they put the axe into it. So, everyone will be scared.

9:53:27
Yes.

9:53:28

The axe.

9:53:29

No, not the.

9:53:35

Let him look through the window. Let him look through the window.

9:54:09

Open.

9:55:06

You are ... One ...

9:57:55

Is there something?

9:57:57

(A fight?)

9:57:59

Yeah?

9:58:33

Let's go guys. Allah is greatest. Allah is greatest. Oh guys. Allah is greatest.

9:58:41

Ugh.

9:58:43

Ugh.

9:58:44

Oh Allah. Oh Allah. Oh the most gracious.

9:58:47

Ugh. Ugh.

9:58:52

Stay back.

9:58:55

In the cockpit.

9:58:57

In the cockpit.

9:58:57

They want to get in here. Hold, hold from the inside. Hold from the inside. Hold.

9:59:04

Hold the door.

9:59:09

Stop him.

9:59:11

Sit down.

9:59:13

Sit down.

9:59:15

Sit down.

9:59:17

What?

9:59:18

There are some guys. All those guys.

9:59:20

Let's get them.

9:59:25

Sit down.

9:59:29

What?

9:59:30

What.

9:59:31

What?

9:59:37

What?

9:59:42

Trust in Allah, and in him.

9:59:45

Sit down.

9:59:53

Ahh.

9:59:58

Ahh.

10:00:06

There is nothing.

10:00:07

(Is that it? Shall we finish it off?)

10:00:08

No. Not yet.

10:00:09

(When they all come, we finish it off.)

10:00:11

There is nothing.

10:00:14

Ahh.

10:00:15

I'm injured.

10:00:21

Ahh.

10:00:22

Oh Allah. Oh Allah. Oh gracious.

10:00:25

In the cockpit. If we don't, we'll die.

10:00:29

Up, down. Up, down, in the cockpit.

10:00:33

The cockpit.

10:00:37

Up, down. Saeed, up, down.

10:00:42

Roll it.

10:00:59

Allhu Akbar, Allahu Akbar Allah is the greatest. Allah is the greatest.

10:01:08

Is that it? I mean, shall we pull it down?

10:01:09

Yes, put it in it, and pull it down.

10:01:11

Saeed.

10:01:12

... engine ...

10:01:16

(Cut off the oxygen.)

10:01:18

(Cut off the oxygen. Cut off the oxygen. Cut off the oxygen.)

10:01:41

Up, down. Up, down.

10:01:41

What?

10:01:42

Up, down.

10:01:42

Ahh.

10:01:53

Ahh.

10:01:55

Ahh.

10:01:59

Shut them off.

10:02:03

Shut them off.

10:02:14

Go.

10:02:14

Go.

10:02:15

Move.

10:02:16

Move.

10:02:17

Turn it up.

10:02:18

Down, down.

10:02:23

Pull it down. Pull it down.

10:02:25

Down. Push, push, push, push, push.

10:02:33

Hey. Hey. Give it to me. Give it to me.

10:02:35

Give it to me. Give it to me. Give it to me.

10:02:37

Give it to me. Give it to me. Give it to me.

10:03:02

Allahu Akbar.

10:03:03

Allahu Akbar.

10:03:04

Allahu Akbar.

10:03:06

Allahu Akbar.

10:03:06

Allahu Akbar.

10:03:07

No.

10:03:09

Allahu Akbar. Allahu Akbar.

10:03:09

Allahu Akbar. Allahu Akbar.

lights down; stage goes black.

THE

THE EPIPHANIES

Before closing my eyes, I call the venerables, reverends, to organise in solidarity to make sacrifices. We have used all of the accepted protest methods available to activists, including marching, protesting, and writing countless articles and letters. Close to a thousand leaflets. A last testament, distributed to several friends and fellow activists. Since in our self obsessed culture words seldom match the deed, writing a mission statement would seem questionable. So judge me by my actions. When you read this letter, I will already be dead or close to death. We have certain ideals, certain responsibilities. Recognize that at times you will have to engage in evil, but minimize it. Know that I love thee, but I must go to help the children. In front of the Federal Building, in Los Angeles. I did this as a religious action. I believe in God and the hereafter and I will see you there. Hopefully my act will make life better. I know the price of life and I know it is the most precious thing. But I want a lot for you, for everyone, so I have to pay a lot. My death will bind you. Forgive me for this act, without crying. Say hi to the boys, the river and the forest. Kiss our land for me. Looking south, toward the Price Center ATMs. Our land, which gave birth to Freedom, will annihilate tyranny. Ne tuons pas la beauté du monde. We are not machines. You shall not bear false witness. Please pass on... please inform a journalist from press, radio, television rapidly. A radio message to everyone, to the inherent greed of profit, of confidence tricks, of taking people unawares here, and the inherent necessity of inertia and cowardice there the inherent

necessity of conscience. I choose the last and utmost form of protest, and instead of the lighthouse I nevertheless still use the sandcastle at least for a fire signal. I'm not scared of arrest nor of being killed. Below Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara's Pentagon office. At a busy intersection in Saigon. I know what a severe blow my act will be to you, but don't be angry with me. Do not lose heart. I cherish it too much. Do not let them make me a madman. My position is that I only get one death. In a room in a small hotel on Ly Tu Trong Street. I want to protest the present government and economic system and the cynicism and passivity of the people. It is a waste of energy to get angry and gripe at the government. The government must be replaced. Those working in industries essential to maintaining life should democratically take over their workplaces and organize an emergency economy to supply the needs of the people. On the University of Pennsylvania campus. In Saint Peter's Square in Rome. On the side of the Kennedy Expressway in downtown Chicago. Blame only the regime. My actions should be self explanatory; not of despair, but of resistance and resolution; to dissipate the dark; a burning rocket on the Champs-Élysées, before the offices of Aeroflot. I tell you: do not be indifferent to the day, the measure of all history from top to bottom. I have had one previous opportunity to serve my country in a meaningful way at 8:05 one morning in 2002 I passed Donald Rumsfeld on Delaware Avenue and I was acutely aware that slashing his throat would spare the lives of thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of innocent people. In San Sebastián. In Chennai, Tamil Nadu, India. Through the streets of downtown Seoul. If you don't see me, I'll burn myself. In front of a local government building. In a plaza in Berlin. In Wenceslas Square in Prague. In Main Square now called Masarykovo nam .

XENOGLOSSY

The players of the ballgame are sacrificed because the game is used to resolve a dispute between cities—the rulers play a game instead of going to battle. The losing ruler is sacrificed. The ruler might be considered a great ball player, and win several cities this way, until he loses a ball game and is sacrificed.

Most of the sacrificial rituals take more than two people to perform. In the usual procedure of the ritual, the sacrifice is taken to the top of the temple. Joyously, the children crown him with flowers and lay him upon a bed prepared on a stone slab by four priests, accompanied by servants, and possibly high officials, who will continue to serve him in eternal life. His abdomen is sliced open by a fifth priest with a ceremonial knife made of flint—they strike open the wretched indian's chest with flint knives and hastily tear out the palpitating heart which, with the blood, they present to their idols. The heart is placed in a bowl held by a statue of their honored god and the body is thrown into the sacred grove, into a ditch all full of flowers, ash and sweet herbs, on which they lay a great store of dry wood and set it on fire and so he dies.

The body parts are then disposed of. Viscera are fed to the animals in the zoo. They cut off the arms, thighs and head, eating the arms and thighs at ceremonial banquets. The head they hang up on a beam.

Before and during the killing, priests and audience members stab, pierce and bleed themselves as autosacrifice. Hymns, whistles, spectacular costumed dances and percussive music mark different phases of the rite. The audience members are

sometimes shot with arrows so that the draining blood can represent the cool rains of spring. They run singing to limestone sinkholes considered portals to the underworld and gayly leap down the cenotes to please their water god.

Courtiers, guards, musicians, handmaidens and grooms consume poison. Palace attendants, as part of the royal mortuary ritual, are not dosed with poison instead, a sharp instrument, a pike perhaps, is driven into their heads. Criminals who had broken their oaths or defrauded others are sometimes “given to the gods” that is, executed: stabbed with a sword, the future then divined from their death spasms. Prisoners of war are buried alive in building foundations. Captured enemy leaders are strangled in front of a statue. Slaves and dependents are burnt in wicker figures. Other captives are impaled and decapitated, their arms severed and hung from trees. Warriors are buried alive with a ration of dead women the women are stabbed and burnt before the burial. In the afterlife, these women become each other’s wives, and the wives of the buried warrior. The harvested body parts of the elderly are used sometimes as currency. They simply leave the older subject who had been given an intoxicating drink to lose consciousness in the extreme cold and low oxygen conditions of the mountaintop so that they die of exposure. Teenagers are killed en masse; there is in their city a bronze image of Cronus extending its hands, palms up and sloping toward the ground, so that each of the adolescents when placed thereon rolls down and falls into a sort of gaping pit filled with fire.

As many as 4,000 servants, court officials, favorites, and concubines are annually killed. The total number of persons sacrificed is as high as 250,000 per year. There are many recorded cases of hundreds or even thousands of persons being sacrificed at

individual events. When a ruler dies, thousands of prisoners are slain 10,000 were reportedly killed in one of these ceremonies. There are cages of stout wooden bars full of men and boys waiting to be sacrificed so that their flesh can be eaten. But the people take many girls as well, and in the presence of their idols they open their chests while they are still alive and take out their hearts and entrails and burn them in order to produce a holy smoke. One in five of the nation's children is killed annually. Observers are killed in order to prevent them from witnessing the sacrificial rites.

An escaped slave once became priest by killing his predecessor. That day the slave had sacrificed two young boys, cutting open their chests and offering their blood and hearts to his accursed idols. He then replaced the human victims with effigies made from dough, marked with a seal depicting an upside down nude female figure with legs outspread and a plant issuing from the womb. The unused reverse side of the seal depicted a man holding a sickle and a woman seated on the ground in a posture of prayer a "priestly fantasy" intended to further the fertilization of the earth.

The slave came dressed in leopard skins, armed with sharp weapons in the form of leopards' claws and teeth. The victim's flesh was cut from his body and distributed by the slave to members of the society. The victim took great pleasure in being sacrificed. Some of us had seen this, and we say it is the most terrible and frightful thing we have ever witnessed. The walls were covered with blood. We stood greatly amazed.

from

NOTE ON SELECTIONS FROM
HOSPITALITY & OCCULTATIONS

pause: narrative, document, body

• If a body is a document and “to repeat is to commodify the **I**body” as kari edwards writes, then the exploitation of a form of repeatability, namely the controlling and refinement of a repeat ability seen in complex hierarchical social arrangements in, e.g., the workplace, interrogation rooms, judicial and penal systems, results, we could say, in, among other things, commodified confession—a sort of extimate set of behaviors, including utterances the behavior or utterance under social duress. i’m interested as much in the mechanisms by which the body confesses, the repeated pressures exerted upon the body such that confession as a retroactive naming of this event results, as i am in the “content” of the confession itself. i’m as interested as much in the commodification of the body by way of power brokers trading in confession or what we deem to be confessional modes, hence trading in bodies, in the confession’s subjective documentary character treated as abstract asset to be simplified and sold, as i am in the moment of alteration, up to and including the acknowledgement of these processes of commodification by the subject himself. in that moment of strain, that moment between pressure exerted and utterance or behavior performed or information extracted, the constructs “will,” “agency,” and “identity,” among other relations, are

illuminated, torqued, even shattered often for purposes of distillation, hence reduction.

what is often thought of interest in the analysis of the interrogator detainee or worker manager relationship is that the pressure by one elicits information or behavior desired in the Other, but not necessarily factual information of evidentiary value or productive labor. i'm not arguing against this point, and many studies in the literature, especially in relation to "false confession" bare this out. but the relation is muddier, and so more than that, through the heirarchical surround, the system under which both subject objects are given their respective "roles," the body is relegated to status of recording device each is . a feedback loop emerges. as one is inscribed by repetition, training, and physical force various forms of direct torture in some cases , functional roles are blurred: the interrogators interrogate themselves and their "mission" by way of inscribing their given instructions and roles onto the confessor, therefore reading back their own tasks and desires which stem from such tasks in the form of the document/body of the confessor. the confessor, by meeting the demands of the interrogator, changes the interrogator's line, and through repetition, becomes also interrogator of sorts, albeit one who is if even consciously reactive, who takes on the shadow of the interrogation in moment after moment of reflexive spasm. the confessor's utterances and behaviors under such conditions are recordings in a double sense, then. in hearing themselves played back the interrogators or managers too are inscribed, trained, even untrained, and so the relation becomes one of abject failure as success, a necrotizing dance, as extimate, toxic event, turning the bodies of both into commodity in relation system as-artifice) to the borrower's market that trades in these futures together, power arrangements blurring in an erotic erosion of the subjects what is left is not often actionable intelligence or

super-productivity, but near-empty mechanical self-fulfillment and/or exhausted, expropriated labor/info machine, one having traces of the other in it.

the more the confessor says what the interrogator wants to hear, the more the interrogator interrogates, being on the “right track,” and yet the less “return” he gets on his “investment.” the reverse does not also hold, since the interrogator always wants more and the confessor doesn’t likewise want more, as one might were the system of valued signs and mechanisms of control a different one from the goals of accruing asset (though the alienated worker can be said to be housed by so little option as to need more); and yet both always end up grafted on to one another. the marks left by that process become the document of the document altered by shared and yet wholly disparate terms of commodification, and when this is acknowledged as such one can only hope for those marks to be repurposed for ends otherwise. which is to say, one hope may be that the acknowledgment can radicalize the subject viz. its status as body made docile, living document made docile capable of passive-active witness to its own commodification, not just of the methods used to inscribe it, nor to the content of what it recorded, but the system by which just this artificial relation was ever made possible and that these events occurred (reading affective registers is here like reading the wounds of the skin as they heal or scar over and shape our “ability” to make future utterances . this sort of functioning and abstracting of the confessing body is performative, and shares a great deal in common, perhaps, with the “uselessness” yet “transgressive” aspects of the poetic utterance, the erotic prosody of annihilation. it is no wonder as the worker or confessor is more abjected and made more one dimensional as time goes on that it does not follow that the more the manager worker relation oppresses one or maybe both, the

more likely it is to be met by resistance, perhaps by both parties and at least by one. rather, the mechanism of confession ensures increasing pressure from the top, incessant oppression, and this leads to deepening dejection and immobility. radicalization of participants is perhaps then more likely to occur early in the process, not as commodification reaches maximal abstraction.

and yet, with each such encounter, the body, ever more a palimpsest of inscribed orders, requests, and active dismissals, can become radicalized to its own status as document if not simply as commodity, confession what was once considered the delivery of information the agent desired to remain private as much a mode of archival singing, the singing the social conditions of its becoming or coming undone) registered affectively, as marks left behind by, even the fault

allophalic beastial cunniphobic dickmonger eelskined fubar
gaywad homosequitir idiopath jewey klepto limper mipe nightcrawler
opburnem playBoy queeney ruller sexoffender trixey underreported vet
whistleblowing xlinked yiddy zetelfruct

they say of us
in so many
words – we who are listed so that the adults
can snap photos, can say, say & fuck, & shiva is
a preemptive strike against contradiction.

lines constructed from, the pressurized event born of a system that requires confession to remain partially abstract, the labor only so skilled or completed by any one worker, so as to remain inexhaustibly submissive and yet also fulfilling not just of the work to be done, but for the manager viz. the satisfaction xe gets from exerting continued pressure, fulfillment of hir role. abstract even if parts of the narrative are concrete, the confession's value exists in its potential to be as close to pure com

modity as possible without ever totally becoming such, so that the confessor can never truly be exhausted, can keep delivering tradable information or behaviors that are *only so* actionable, labors *only so skilled*: surplus for further expropriation is needed from confession in order that its market does not buckle.

to sing of one's singing between sessions of disappearance, then, is also a kind of archiving, in that it draws on psycho physical states previous moments of inscription, previous alterations that can only be made sense of retroactively, narrativizing or cataloging those states serving as a way for the subject to piece himself back together into a cohesive document in the face of overwhelming evidence that the confession has been outsourced and has no value in and of itself has no singular or unique value besides the labor that the relation requires. this, when acknowledged by the subject, becomes part of the mechanism of radicalization, hence counter organization and agitation. the mechanisms of the archival song, the confessional narrative, often, maybe necessarily, remains partially obscured, out of view, hence the singing also transmits an incessant failure to fully intervene in a process that is now and always seen in toto, if at all, in past tense but where the future is or can be realized as the past.

to confess, then, might be thought of as the bi product of that pernicious struggle between middle manager, context, living document, and the system by which these roles are articulated, where in regards managerial confessional roles, who is who, or what is what, is negotiable and always negotiated, even when such negotiations are occulted, so that the question is not just who is confessing and what might that mean, but what does the emergent utterance say to us as extimate, even erotic, relation? as evidence of itself? what gives it its force as potentially anything other than commodity, at least in the aftermath as that which is to be traded up or

bundled to keep the market afloat? perhaps not much, at least not absent radicalization of the subject to its circumstance of “realized” selfhood through an other. regardless, what does such a relation say about the analytical systems, and conditions of production, making just these emergences possible, perhaps inevitable, legible beyond precoded explanation? and in what ways might the radicalization of the document relate to a repurposing of what is retroactively thought of, and sung, and regarded often enough by the interrogator straightforwardly, as disclosure? for, among other social recalibrations, the making visible of these conditions? for revolution, for organizing, or for commoning? for circumventing and subverting the circuitry of constructed need such that to confess is to realize, also, the release of submission, objectification, even ossification, and to weaponize any pleasure derived from it? where such terms might be shown to share contiguous social functions yet divergent and/or complimentary tactical arrays? relating, here, to, as nietzsche puts it, “imaginary revenge” and to mechanisms of guilt, guilt being that endless well for the growth of materials for confession absent a locatable ruling body, denoting a delay between exerted pressures and the subject’s acknowledgment of the pressure’s source as contingent, social, and earthly. the document, then, as living and temporally mediated, can both be read and may read, hence write, itself a future: it is malleable so as to have depth, thus the potential to conceal, to grow and to shrink in the onslaught of incessant territorialization.

JUSTLABOCOATS.COM — from *HOSPITALOGY*— *UW Hospital, Neurology Clinic, Oct. 2009, 2pm*

WHITE LAB COATS		ACUPAT
COLORED LAB COATS		MULTICAM
LONG LAB COATS		UCP DELTA
SHORT LAB COATS		AIRMAN BATTLE
CONSULTATION COATS		NAVY WORKING
FASHION LAB COATS		AOR1
SNAP FRONT COATS		RANGER GREEN
UNISEX LAB COATS		MARPAT DIGITAL
COTTON LAB COATS		DISRUPTIVE OVERWHITE
BIG & TALL LAB COATS		TACTICAL
ASSAULT		
CUSTOM LAB COATS		M81 GENERAL
LAB JACKETS		T PATTERN URBAN
PREMIUM LAB COATS		DUCK HUNTER
LAPEL COATS		FROG SKIN
BUTCHER COATS		AVATAR

bare life rendered
alabaster sentences

rows of inmates
to dream of you

past doors, alfresco
frock & *nothing* else

but yr skin, bandits
inside a tv line up

to die dreaming same
across the lit up sea

at night, carnage on
mute: would i disarm

you, bare hard un
lapelled de labbed

would i call you
father, Paracelsus

shaman?... while you
again & against insert

two softest digits into the place
i'd already given away, our penis

becomes signature in hand
endoscope with wings

beak like barb, a small bird
perhaps a dumbeyed sparrow...

angels streak across
a radio tower in tikrit

i have no faith in us
no signal, but the fires

occupy water, accidental
beacon like the quiet often is

huts rush the dark with oars
after i will have conjured you

*from***OCCULTATIONS (2ND ED., FORTH 2011)**

Windows

What?
Or for?

* "extinction test" \Rightarrow "news" also finding in conversation w/ particular catastrophe

Control
regional hygiene
"combustion" fuel
"industrial" "household"
new, parking etc.

Yusuf

$$\frac{H}{N \cdot C \cdot D}$$

~~(Kd)~~

feed back loop

[good back loop]

Reportage \Rightarrow response to
hooking "main shock" or
"control" by fire read
back. Location of ~~these~~ location
body regarding in room relative
to source of the sound.

Handmarks:
2nd

Whole page
each page
printed on
1/4 in. Vellum

prints being re-printed?
 → looked like, on me. (skin?)

[an other night of what will have beens transit a
cross a 4.7 nielsen event, & like all recent body
blows the after / words sing: "failure's archive *is*
this body"]

[witnesses at the river reported flames reached as high as 5 stories, began at 12 p.m.]

~~TOP SECRET~~

confinement box. The other inquiry involved claims that the SERE training caused two individuals to engage in criminal behavior, namely, felony shoplifting and downloading child pornography onto a military computer. According to this official, those claims were found to be

horizontal effect of the leaf torn against its veins slash will ribs open like a plastic flower you know question mark. distract with [buy] free [trade] bathtub reading. watered log for your bottom feeding [tube]. and your wish to drown but your not so much

You have informed us that you have consulted with [redacted] who has ten years of experience with SERE training [redacted]

[redacted] He stated that, during those ten years, insofar as he is aware, none of the individuals who completed the program suffered any adverse mental health effects. He informed you that there was one person who did not complete the training. That person experienced an adverse mental health reaction that lasted only two hours. After those two hours, the individual's symptoms spontaneously dissipated without requiring treatment or counseling and no other symptoms were ever reported by this individual. According to the [redacted] [desires begin at 12 p.m. of the use of these procedures included the use of the waterboard.

american standard time]

A.4.4.1. [redacted] which you supplied to us [redacted] has experience with the use of all of these procedures in a course of conduct, with the exception of the insect in the confinement box and the waterboard. This memorandum confirms that the use of these procedures has not resulted in any reported instances of prolonged mental harm, and very few instances of immediate and temporary adverse psychological responses to the training. [redacted] reported that a small minority of students have had temporary adverse psychological reactions during training. Of the 26,829 students trained from 1992 through 2001 in the Air Force SERE training, 4.3 percent of those students had contact with psychology services. Of those 4.3 percent, only 3.2 percent were pulled from the program for psychological reasons. Thus, out of the students trained overall, only 0.14 percent were pulled from the program for psychological reasons. Furthermore, [redacted] indicated that surveys of students having completed this training are not done; he expressed confidence that the training did not cause any long-term psychological impact. He based his conclusion on the debriefing of students that is done after the training. More importantly, he based this assessment on the fact that although training is required to be extremely stressful in order to be effective, very few complaints have been made regarding the training. During his tenure, in which 10,000 students were trained, no congressional complaints have been made. While there was one Inspector General complaint, it was not due to psychological concerns. Moreover, he was aware of only one letter inquiring about the long-term impact of these techniques from an individual trained

~~TOP SECRET~~

[shiny photos of pain]

WSP Contract
Amendment 7

WASHINGTON STATE PATROL
CONTRACT AMENDMENT

if commercial, then fit to frame less. frame to pleasure [plug-
in] here and kiss this cut. is to look to pan out to sea question
mark. this artery sleeps now, now dreams of when the city was
black, visible in fire degree negative. why does the world have
nystagmus. vicuña: [we] is a hairline fractured. act libation. absent
[the bodies], pour milk from a cratered lip. onto a street. mute
scorched page. turn cracks into troughs. as blood letters form with
every gravity. letters not to, but are, the disappeared. you said. who

THIS AMENDMENT is executed by the persons signing below, who have the authority to execute this Amendment.

STATE OF WASHINGTON
WASHINGTON STATE PATROL

CONTRACTOR

[material
whiteness]

John R. Batista, Chief

Signature

Date

Date

[debris, a past to come: what we
say about ourselves]

Amendment 7

WASHINGTON STATE PATROL
CONTRACT AMENDMENT

ced Contract between the Washington State Patrol (WSP) and
ligations Inc. (Contractor) is hereby amended as follows:

performance is extended through December 31, 2008.

we're mistaken backspace hand slash led: [parasite] for a [still] so
called life. sometimes we're a. [still] so called [born]. [it's about
time]. no, it's about many things. or. it's like this: [we] have more
lives than you can upload a virus question mark

conditions of this Contract remain in full force and effect.

It is executed by the persons signing below, who warrant that they
to execute this Amendment.

WASHINGTON
STATE PATROL

CONTRACTOR

Chief

Signature

Date

[in the back of a raided
room yr spare under
wear logged as crucial
evidence "of of of" they say
of whose event? such
crimes—to have been
seen—this language
—finally—
frames us, & yr white re
solve]

WSP Contract
Amendment 7

WASHINGTON STATE PATROL
CONTRACT AMENDMENT

we collect like coughs on glass. stains, your mouth runs to the pane
with furious. breath to [wipe off] breath. [a preferred] breath. with
thumb and. compulsion. what orgy. fragile stains. whose

- b. The maximum contract amount is increased by \$11,000 for a revised contract amount of \$854,950.00.
- c. This amendment is effective on November 30, 2008.

All other terms and conditions of this Contract remain in full force and effect. THIS AMENDMENT is executed by the persons signing below, who have the authority to execute this Amendment.

STATE OF WASHINGTON
WASHINGTON STATE PATROL

CONTRACTOR

John R. Batiste, Chief

Signature

[The common areas are where we meet but don't meet.]

Date

Date

SECURITY & INVESTIGATIONS INC.
407 HOWELL WAY
EDMONDS WA 98020
425-672-8787 PHONE
425-672-0877 FAX

in [skin] there is information in. [accidents and atrocity]. ridges
fore- and whisper some things [arrive in the forms] they're given
60 mg oxycontin per dampens screams reams of skin it prints

TO:	FROM:
Jeff Hagdahl	Sean Monahan/Security & Investigations Inc.
COMPANY:	DATE:
WSP	11/21/2008
FOR NUMBER:	TOTAL NO. OF PAGES INCLUDING COVER:
360-596-4078	2
PHONE NUMBER:	SENDERS REFERENCE NUMBER:
WSP Contract No. C051032PSC Amendment 7	YOUR REFERENCE NUMBER:

[what's created out of the rubble? New
private spaces for people with money to live,
work and play in. What's left over is the
commons, the public places where we are
strangers to one another, the streets and
sidewalks, the buses and streetcars, the
lobbies and hallways of buildings:]

the signed copy of WSP Contract No. C051032PSC, Amendment 7. The original is going out in the mail today.

~~TOP SECRET~~

over twenty years ago. He found that it was impossible to attribute this individual's symptoms to his training. [REDACTED] concluded that if there are any long-term psychological effects of the United States Air Force training using the procedures outlined above they "are certainly minimal."

With respect to the waterboard, you have also orally informed us that the Navy continues to use it in training. You have informed us that your on-site psychologists, who have extensive experience with the use of the waterboard in Navy training, have not encountered any significant long-term mental health consequences from its use. Your on-site psychologists have also indicated that JPRA has likewise not reported any significant long-term mental health consequences from the use of the waterboard. You have informed us that other services ceased use of the waterboard because it was so successful as an interrogation technique, but not because of any concerns over any harm, physical or mental, caused by it. It was also reported to be almost 100 percent effective in producing cooperation among the trainees. [REDACTED] also indicated that he had observed the use of the waterboard in Navy training some ten to twelve times. Each time it resulted in cooperation but it did not result in any physical harm to the student.

You have also reported that empirical data on the effect of these techniques, with the exception of sleep deprivation, is limited. You have informed us that you still perform exceedingly accurate short-term memory tests. Although some individuals may experience such problems as fatigue and short-term memory tests, those who experience such problems as fatigue and such episodes prior to the sleep deprivation showed no significant long-term effects. Sleep deprivation showed no significant long-term effects on psychosis or paranoid ideas. In one case, even after eleven days of sleep deprivation, no psychosis or permanent brain damage occurred. In fact the individual reported that he had a much better night's sleep. Further, based on the experiences of [REDACTED] (and for up to 48 hours), you found that rarely, if ever, sleep deprivation is discontinued. Instead, it is continued for several days.

You have taken the usual step of consulting with U.S. interrogations experts, and other individuals with experience in the interrogation process. None of these individuals was aware of any prolonged problems caused by the use of any of the above techniques either separately or as a combination. However, you consulted with outside psychologists who reported that they were unaware of any cases where long-term problems have occurred as a result of these techniques.

Moreover, in consulting with a number of mental health experts, you have learned that the effect of any of these procedures will be dependent on the individual's personal history, cultural history and psychological tendencies. To that end, you have informed us that you have

~~TOP SECRET~~

WSP Contract No. C05103;
Amendment 7

WASHINGTON STATE PATROL
CONTRACT AMENDMENT

don't bleach the black on white on white on black, even the pop
ups are recovery projects for. the well [educated]. pen is [a cute]
short hand for [diy crowd control device]. the palimpsest that is this
faint pulse might. outline occulted shade. but how to see through
this [world wide wedge] as i scans for eclipsed eclipses. perhaps
begin with a [singular shipwreck], search own body cavities what's
their land use gutted question mark. limp on a rock. now we know
what they splayed can do. so sympto / so / matic of i wish, you

STATE OF WASHINGTON
WASHINGTON STATE PATROL

CONTRACTOR

Paul S. Battiste
John R. Battiste, Chief

[contract slash con dash
tracture the iron dash
y of in dash
verses are killing me slash
killing me]

Date

11/24/08

Date

11-21-08

[i wrote you: next
thing i know satellite
tv ad in 600dpi stream
lines yr write wing margin
you say on line me makes me
feel / real again, pushed out
re-fleshed the poeme en
prose redux is the Now & spit
shined we watch you
we listen for tap tap data
mined yr sleep we are *this*
much weaponized]

Hugdahl, Jeff (WSP)

From: Hugdahl, Jeff (WSP)
Sent: Thursday, November 20, 2008 4:35 PM
To: 'Sean Monahan'
Subject: RE: WSP Contract No. C051032PSC Amendment 6

we. [benign] mass clinging to the surface of [virtual] walk way
marches. store dash fronts dead dash dream of reflection re ups.
windows, archives of body double threat levels off as time

From: Hugdahl, Jeff (WSP)
Sent: Wednesday, September 24, 2008 4:01 PM
To: 'Sean Monahan'
Subject: RE: WSP Contract No. C051032PSC Amendment 6

Sean, we've learned today that Region 1 would be providing WSP with the funding for li
contract. I've attached a revised amendment to continue funding Mr. Kristof at WAJAC li
months. If you could sign this amendment, fax it to me and mail the original I'd appreciat

[hard re
turns]

From: Sean Monahan [mailto:sean@cssow.org]
Sent: Wednesday, September 24, 2008 2:39 PM
To: Hugdahl, Jeff (WSP)
Subject: WSP Contract No. C051032PSC Amendment 6

Mr. Hugdahl, I just faxed over the signed above mentioned Contract amendment.
in the mail today. If you have time please let me know that the faxed was received. Thank

Sean Monahan
Security & Investigations, Inc.
425-672-8787 Phone
1-800-865-2880 Phone
425-670-1640 Fax

No virus found in this outgoing message.
Checked by AVG.
Version: 7.5.524 / Virus Database: 270.7.1/1688 - Release Date: 9/24/2008 6:29 AM

**DORA AND FLORA:
AN ANALYSIS OF A TURN OF THE CASE**

Demon:

What an excellent day for an exorcism.

Father Damien Karras:

You would like that?

Demon:

Intensely.

Father Damien Karras:

But wouldn't that drive you out of Regan?

Demon:

It would bring us together.

Father Damien Karras:

You and Regan?

Demon:

You and us.

from *The Exorcist*, 1973

I am aware that in this town, at least there are many physicians who revolting though it may seem choose to read a case history of this kind not as a contribution to a psychopathology of neuroses, but as a *roman à clef* designed for their private delectation. If I were to begin by giving a full and consistent case history, it would place the reader in a very different situation from that of a medical observer.

When the girl Dora was about ten years old, her father had to go through a course of treatment in a darkened room on account of a detached retina. It follows from the nature of the fact, which for the material of psychoanalysis, being expert in war, and for every man has his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night, I studied upon her thighs for her hair was like a flock of goats. She would lose high amounts of crucial salts, electrolytes, and other nutrients through diarrhea, perform dysentery with blood so as to suggest a trace of an invasion of bowel tissue, vomit feces and half digested matter that was expelled from the intestines into the stomach and then subsequently forced from the stomach up into the esophagus. And she would sweat. At that time, her teeth were like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from washing. She would shed excessive amounts of dead skin cells from her scalp using agitation from her hands, shed excessive amounts of dead skin cells from her scalp using agitation from inorganic materials such as pencil or knife, shed excessive amounts of dead skin cells from her scalp involuntarily onto inorganic material such as a shirt, shed excessive amounts of dead skin cells from her scalp involuntarily onto organic material belonging to me, such as my shoulder, shed excessive amounts of dead skin cells from her scalp involuntarily onto organic material belonging to someone else, such as a salad.

The little girl Dora went through the usual infectious diseases of childhood without suffering any permanent damage. I first saw her when she was sixteen, in the early summer. She was suffering from a cough and from hoarseness. She expelled saliva or spit, expelled sputum gathered in the throat, expelled phlegm gathered in the upper respiratory organs, expelled purulent phlegm with strains of blood or bloodstained sputum, and expelled infected mucous from the bronchi, larynx, trachea, or lungs forcibly. She would lie all night between my breasts, and would drool involuntarily to prevent gagging, drool or spit voluntarily to perform attraction to the opposite sex or dominance in a public space, drool involuntarily to whet the appetite or to signal a whetted appetite in a public space, and she would drool to ease her teething pain. Her cheeks were doorways with rows of jewels and her neck was bound with chains of gold because she had doves' eyes. She would exude pus from an abscess using pressure from my hands, exude pus from an abscess using pressure from inorganic instruments, exude pus from an abscess involuntarily and without external pressure, exude pus from a wound or dry skin involuntarily, and as she would come out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant. The most troublesome symptom during the first half of the attack of this kind used to be a complete loss of voice which is why her speech arrived perfumed with myrrh and frankincense and I came out of her like a pillar of smoke.

Little Flora first came to my attention and enclosed the key and as my sister's governess she quietly gagged as if it were more that it had ever been like my coming down the second summer as my own much later knowingly gagged as if I had been looking at her for years and had known her always and my fortitude mounted afresh as we turned to my small charge as so many things thrown and gagged as if catching beyond the interval our voices on my way in the coach because I fear I had rather brooded while gagged as if she had got from some outside source my employer and I found to have composed knowingly my mistake which I attenuated as I pleasantly gagged as if to ask her why in my letter again to repeat it to her.

In the first bloom of youth—girl of intelligent and engaging looks. Dora is black, but comely, as tents and as curtains, because the sun has looked upon her, and she does urinate and defecate. Sometimes she takes the sodden shoulder of the ram and one unleavened cake out of the basket and puts them upon her hands after the hair of her separation is shaven. She vomits voluntarily to expel a majority of fluids from the stomach through her mouth and nose, regurgitates a majority of undigested solids through her mouth and nose, vomits involuntarily to expel a majority of fluids through her mouth and nose, and sometimes vomits involuntarily to expel a majority of solids through her mouth and nose. Her thighs are two oxen spread over five rams courted by five lambs of the first year and gazed upon by the eyes of freshly milked ewes. She passes a kidney stone smaller than three to four millimeters, passes a kidney stone bigger than three to four millimeters, discharges mucus from her vagina of a thick and pasty consistency, discharges mucus from her vagina of a thin and clear consistency, ejaculates semen onto organic surfaces or crevices, ejaculates semen onto inorganic surfaces or crevices, and she emits Cowper's fluid. As I spread her upon a covering of badger skins and put the staves of it unto her, building upon her a city, she bled by shedding built up tissue, bled voluntarily from a previously existing orifice, bled involuntarily from a previously existing orifice due to a lesion, bled involuntarily from a newly created fissure due to an accidental lesion, bled involuntarily from a newly created fissure due to a deliberately created lesion.

Little Flora first came to my attention to know her gags as if I never appeared to myself and while in my pocket and in my person which she had rendered she knows the gags as if she loved them while my pupil in my arms covered her and gagged as if the question were irrelevant and my impression of her having accidentally gagged as if it were perhaps a little case for a sense of shades of my hand to make it a vow to my fancy as if the after years could take and know a gag as if she had heard me and that my first and that of my second surprise and that my second was a violent perception of my first gagging and as if from much farther away knowing my collision I only recall when I reenter to gag as if she had shook me to my lines, and I knew she had then passed by my need to respect the bloom and knew to gag as if my genius had succumbed and gag as if she was tossing roses and gag as if one of the trees in the park had fallen and gag as if what I had yearned for had come at last only to astonish me and my shoulders and if I wavered for an instant for my hand back to her she took it to gag as if her performance was not complete and gag as if it was all she was there for and gag as if retreating for a jump from my vision of her face to my story into words that shall be knowingly gagged as if at moments we were perpetually coming into sight of subjects.

Dora had, even at the age of eight, begun to develop neurotic symptoms like two breasts that are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies, and she would secrete plasma from her vaginal walls, leak prenatal colostrums involuntarily, express milk voluntarily with the aid of organic external pressure, express milk voluntarily with the aid of inorganic external pressure, and express milk involuntarily when hearing me cry. Her head was filled with dew, and her locks with the drops of the night, she would flush thin mucus from the nose using manual or inorganic means, flush fecal matter from the lining of rectum and anus using inorganic or digital means. On one occasion during the course of her treatment she put her hand by the hole of my door and my bowels were moved for her. She began to lose strands of hair involuntarily and lose strands of hair voluntarily due to external pressure. There is something undeniably automatic about defending oneself against self reproach and Dora's eyes turned to the eyes of doves by the waters of rivers, washed with milk and fitly set, and she expressed blood from tear sacs while undergoing stigmata, expressed blood with the Odor of Sanctity and the fragrance of Grace from stigmatic lesions on her wrists, feet, forehead, or back, leaked a mixture of blood and water when crucified and pierced by the lance of a soldier, and she produced a white, grey, and transparent substance resembling chiffon from all of her orifices to suggest her haunting or possession.

Little Flora first came to my attention and all went to seeing them as my eyes straight to her and my heart stood still for an instant and my eyes saw that she was perfectly aware of the gag as if from the positive force of the sense of what gagged as if instead of me she saw what she spoke of and gagged as if it were just coming for my full vision of the evidence in my room when she went all the way knowing my agitation I couldn't abjure for merely wanting her when she first came to flounder about in silence or gag as if I much needed to know my torment and must put it to me again but I shall not be able to tell she was gagged as if she had had as it were no history and gagged as if to stay the blow and gagged as if my charges knew how my pupils without a fresh incident sufficed for my unnatural composure on the subject of another while my pupils practiced upon me the gag as if little Flora found me unexpectedly while my candle held high till I came knowing my candle under a bold flourish went out while my visitor had gone and she had gone where my room was foremost thing I saw.

It was those circumstances which provided the framework for this history of Dora's childhood and illness. Her lips were like a thread of scarlet, and her speech was comely, she produced an earwax that was dry in consistency and grey in color, produced an earwax that was wet in consistency and honey gold in color. Her temples were like a piece of a pomegranate within her locks. She expelled bile the color of fresh cut grass, expelled bile the color of gold, expelled shattered large pale and green gallstones made mostly of cholesterol in her feces, expelled shattered small and dark gallstones made mostly of calcium salts in her feces, and then her neck buckled like the tower built for an armory, upon which hung a thousand deer and all the shields of mighty men. In analysis, she secreted basal tears from excretory ducts to moisten her eyes, secreted reflex tears from excretory ducts to clean her eyes of irritants, secreted mucoid or cheesy fluid from her tear sac, and secreted frothy or stringy fluid from her tear sac, and she secreted psychic tears to suggest strong emotion.

Little Flora first came to be gagged as if while I took in what I did take in as if the rest of the scene was stricken with death and I gagged as if I was ready for any onset of my sharpest shock and for my motive I should throw across the rest to my side and his sister gagged as if it were a vocal accompaniment she prolonged into incoherent extravagant song knowing my dear that for a girl to be gagged as if I had been the mistress or a distinguished visitor or to be gagged as if to add to the spectacle is to be gagged even when we are face to face in the dining room knowingly at my tomb and to read into what my little Flora had said to me.

Dora proceeded to leak or forcefully expel semi digested food matter through the nose for comic effect, and leak or accidentally expel semi digested food matter through the nose for tragicomic effect. But such women (and this applied to the patient's mother) are entirely without insight into their illness and so smote me in my fifth rib, and shed out her bowels to the ground, and struck me not again, and then died. She then expelled blood containing a discharged, unfertilized ovum, spit out her own semen after it has been palmed into her mouth, and spit out her own blood after it has been tongued into her mouth. I could not in general dispute Dora's characterization of her father. So she caused me to drink the bitter water that causes the curse, and the water that causes the curse entered into me, and became bitter, and so I drank the bitter water that causes the curse and caused the curse to exit into me.

As far as I can see, every hysterical symptom involves the participation of both sides. It cannot occur without somatic compliance just as my hands are as gold rings set with the beryl and her nails are as plates of milk. Dora would spit out semi digested food debris that have been extracted by her tongue, spit out partially chewed food involuntarily to prevent choking, spit out partially chewed food voluntarily to perform disgust, spit out partially chewed food involuntarily to perform surprise, spit out confectionaries made of non vulcanized rubber or other foods unsuitable for alimentary processing, or spit out a foamy and fluid mixture of saliva, blood, skin cells, toothpaste, food debris, and water. The determination of Dora's symptoms is far too specific for it to be possible to expect a frequent recurrence of the same accidental etiology such as her belly being bright ivory overlaid with sapphires and comely as a golden gutter when she would allow a large clot of uterine tissue to fall in a public space, allow a large string of vaginal mucous to fall in a public space, allow a large to medium sized amount of semen to spray on a public wall, and allow a steady stream of urine to fall in a public space. For two nations were in her womb, and two manners of people shall be separated from her bowels, and one people shall be stronger than the other people, so I had to separate two manners of people from her bowels.

Let us now apply our theory to the instance provided by Dora's case. On some other occasion I shall publish a collection of these symptomatic acts but as her mouth was enlarged over my enemies she spat out chewed tissue from her inner cheeks, extracted dried mucous from her nostrils using manual methods, extracted dried mucous with an amount of hair using manual methods, sneezed out dried mucous involuntarily or by force. As she went up, and she lay upon the child, put her mouth upon her mouth, her eyes upon her eyes, her hands upon her hands, and stretched herself upon the child and the flesh of the child waxed warm, it was easy to interpret, stretch myself upon her and speak with her mouth to mouth. Nevertheless, I am not inclined to put too low a value upon the therapeutic results even of such a fragmentary treatment as Dora's.

Little Flora first came to the fullness of its meaning and my mind I came home and my dear I went on when my friend broke out into my room with little Flora at peace gagging as if of what had hitherto sustained him nothing was left but an unspeakable anxiety and gagged as if in the wild wind the casement had crashed in and gagged as if to blight his confession and stay his answer and knowingly gagged as if they both had a heart to gloss over my little pupils and would play at innocent wonder at my non appearance in their train with my head gagged as if I had ever known my head and the day was almost done and I knew as is she first came to my room and had fully broken into my eyes and opened to my bedside with worse news gagging as if she sharply saw them together knowing my own table in clear noonday light knowing my own scant home knowing my wheels on the gravel gagging as if to fortify me against the increase of alarm I might draw from this disclosure.

Thus in Dora's case we shall not content ourselves with a psychoanalytic interpretation of her attacks of coughing and aphonia, because she spat out a mixture of tobacco juice, saliva, skin cells, beer, and food debris in a public space, spat out amalgam or composite dental fillings in a public space, and spat out a mixture of paper and saliva in a specified direction through a straw. In this connection we must recall that she was a dove that came to me in the evening. In analysis, her speech was an olive leaf plucked off and planted in my belly, and she spat out a foreign object that was being choked on without the aid of any Heimlich maneuver. The hysterical symptom does not carry this meaning with it, but the meaning is lent to it as you build your cities for your little ones, your folds for your sheep, and as you do repeat what has proceeded out of her mouth she shall proceed out of your mouth and build cities in folds of her sheep for you.

**THE DOCTOR AND THE DUKE (TO BE READ
ALoud IN A THICK SOUTHERN ACCENT)**

It would be one thing to ask, What is the role of the example in education? What functions does it play? What attachments does it promote? What modes of reality and the self does it operate on? But it would be another thing to inquire, How does it aid in the process of producing students, that is to say, subjects? And it would be a third thing to wonder aloud, How does the didactic example function in the production and reception of artworks, specifically, poetry? Even more specifically, in so-called experimental poetry? “Experimental” poetry is full of teachable moments. Its entire liberation theology is based on certain forms of teaching forms that can be understood either as educational or instructional.

In fact, the entire edifice of “experimental” or “avant garde” forms of writing since the early work of the language writers has been primarily didactic. Post modern poetry is Poundian Olsenian, rather than Joycean Steinian. Or, rather, it is more McHughan Terrellian after Roland McHugh and Carroll F. Terrell whose respective *Annotations to Finnegans Wake* and *A Companion to the Cantos of Ezra Pound* stand as impassible monoliths that figure the contemporary urge to convert the cryptic works of post war Anglo American literature into their true, albeit fraught, textual origins.

In regards to the general climate in which “experimental” poetry proliferates, the entire function of the Literature Department in America since the

'60s has been to annex canonical texts into a critical apparatus charged with revivifying the academic discourse on English Literature after the failure of the New Critical model. We can take as the principle figure of this tendency to be Jerome McGann though he may seem to us to be rather technologically quaint whose entire discourse is bent on converting the problematic text of modernism and the philosophical theories of New Criticism into the web of citations and multivalent significations legible only to a textual criticism fresh from its quantitative revolution.

Returning to the issue of "experimental" poetry and Language poetry in particular, insofar as it paints itself as the figure of all experimentation in poetry, it should be clear that Language poetry, despite its attempts to draw a clear genealogy from itself back to Stein, Zukofsky, Duchamp, Tzara, or whoever, takes place within a milieu entirely other than that of its modernist forebears. The central strain of Language poetry consists of an attempt to produce works that are immediately convertible into a post modern academic textuality. In this way, Language poems tend to be ciphers of their anticipated interpretations; they are exemplars of a new process of reading that has found its place within the academy. Its almost, and I stress "almost," hysterical insistence on the radical nature of its formal politics can be apprehended as a symptom of its conformity with the politics of the technocratic university.

Language poetry embodies, albeit in a retarded and marginal form, a contradiction inherent in this new form of literary studies: Why study literature at all, when the conditions that once justified and determined that study (the process of edification, the cultivation of sentiment, and the careful instilling of what is now seen to be ruling class ideology) no longer hold? We are left with the scholarly form of

the study of literary texts emptied of its class content – a zombie in search of the brains it idiotically and automatically desires yet has not real use for. We seem not to know what to do with literature any more. We seem always to be importing methodologies from the hard and soft sciences to prop up a form of education for which no class exists any longer to be taught.

Conceptual poetry embodies, albeit in a less retarded but even more marginal form, the imaginary resolution of this contradiction that is produced both by what has come to be known as “digital humanities” and by the crude socialization of literary studies by folks like Franco Moretti and Pierre Bourdieu. This is not to denigrate the work of these theorists but simply to situate the moment of their ascendance in the dialectic of literature and economy.

Though it would be lazy to subsume Conceptual poetry under the rubric of conceptual art, it is informative, at least, to note that the relationship between Conceptual Art and the gallery is analogous to that of Conceptual poetry and the university. Conceptual poetry teaches through example, through modeling. It does not instruct as did Pound and in Language poetry, but like the contemporary university, it educates. This historically specific mode of education is a resumption of the Ancient Greek pederastic concept of anamnesis, except that instead of drawing out the truth that is veiled within each individual, the contemporary university places that truth there in order to secure its hold on the subject, the student – this is Foucauldian.

To educate, to draw or lead out *ex + ducere*, proceeds by inducing the subject to reveal its truth, but only in the terms provided – this is Althusserian. It is a process of induction that anticipates its conclusion. Inductive logic, the “educated guess,” draws the subject into the educative process whereby it must incriminate itself in

the process of submitting to the relationship between teacher and student this is Rancierean . And moreso, in today's academic environment, the student submits him or herself to an increasingly autonomous system of knowledge production, of methodology and procedure this is Foucauldian, again . This treasure trove of knowledge represents a diffused master, a hidden *duke* a word that shares its root with "education" , whose stench is omnipresent though he remains nowhere to be seen this is Lacanian .

What kind of reader does "experimental" poetry produce? What kind of subject? What kind of student? A model student, that's for sure. And just like the university, it produces a *student for life* subject mastery forever imminent, always infinitely close and therefore infinitely far away. For "experimental" poetry, the reader must be challenged. Not only does "experimental" poetry pile on the student an infinite debt of "performing" their reading of the work Language poetry's fundamental thesis not only does it *lead* the *parole* of their reading into a widening gyre of modeling and self critique which is its *enacting* and *exemplifying* functions , it also *points* which is its *documentary* function, and the main trope of Conceptual poetry); that is, it instructs from below. It says, Look at all this stuff! Anything can become a poem! Poetry is everywhere! That last phrase particularly stinks of new age bromide. It's that same ever present stench that points to the hidden presence of that sneaky duke. And where is he hiding? The unconscious, of course!

The document, the docent, the doctor (he who is infinitely *beyond* the master , indicates, points to something else, proves himself in the pathology. But the student, so ignorant, who can barely master his subject, can't help but look only to the docent. He looks intently for some sign that he's got it: the *Eureka!* when the knot is finally

tied and the circle is complete, so that he can be ignorant once again but not an ignorant master. No, a docent. It's all about knowing exactly *how* and *when* to be ignorant ignorant of that shit in the closet stinking the whole place up. Letting something else do the thinking in our place. Like Freud's primitive horde, the doctor, in fact, the entire doctoral community, is there to obscure the impossibility of doctoring.

But back to this notion of pathology, of the document that indicates, the doctor that diagnoses. Diagnosis, *dia gnosis* *dia* + *gignoskein*, the transmission of knowledge, diarrhea of the mouth all of those toilets, clogged with shit, flooding the campuses of America's universities. Clogged up with that little stopper, that piece of *a* that just won't quit it has to go somewhere, right? Why not out the mouth in the form of instruction? Rather, *di agnosis*, the discernment of ignorance, the transmission of stupidity and blindness. We all know what happened to old Oedipus when he finally got what he'd been getting wind of for so long.

"Experimental" poetry is as concerned with writing as the child is with its rectal motility. Why make something new when it feels so good to hold tight to the old saw, the experimental *scene*, to maintain the link, the imaginary, of the unbroken circle. The example is an imago, a condensed imaginary and therefore a kind of symptom. If anything, "experimental" poetry is a symptomology in spite of itself. But "experimental" poetry is also a defense against shitting the shit, in this case, being the reader. "Experimental" poetry produces abject and permanent readers. A fraternity of masterless tools. A class of unpaid laborers eternally "creating" the text they read. It's downright Biblical this is Auerbachian. By exemplifying its concept or process, "experimental" poetry keeps its reader in the dark, snuffs out the light of reason with a noisy chuff.

Allow me sum up here with a suggestion, a provisional prognosis. In regards to this blindness that is actively produced by every educating and stultifying institution, should we therefore put up our dukes and rage against the dying of the light? Well, if the ego could have a fantasy of its own, it would surely be this pathetic rage. It might be more useful to actively take on the role of the hysteric and not in bad faith. Instead of raging, which is the purview of the coed, we should take up fainting, feign a limp, develop anaesthesias, partial blindnesses. The form of education, of transmitting ignorance, while bereft of the radical aspects that have for so long been dumped on it like so much *eau de toilette*, is yet the only space for interrogating our hysterical selves, of evacuating that stuttering dialectic of diarrhea and constipation that characterizes a ubiquitous university discourse again, that is Lacanian, at last assenting to our destiny, our “*dook*” in Romany, the hand as read in palmistry, and equating knowledge with shit.

DAVID BUUCK is a writer who lives in Oakland, CA. He is the founder of BARGE, the Bay Area Research Group in Enviro aesthetics, and co founder and editor of *Tripwire*, a journal of poetics. Publications, writing & performance samples, and further info available via davidbuuck.com

CACONRAD is the author of *The Book of Frank* Wave Books, 2010 , *Advanced Elvis Course* Soft Skull Press, 2009 , *Deviant Propulsion* Soft Skull Press, 2006 , and a collaboration with Frank Sherlock, *The City Real & Imagined* Factory School Press, 2010 . He has a new book of poetry forthcoming, *A Beautiful Marsupial Afternoon* Wave Books, 2012 . He lives in Philadelphia and writes with his friends at PhillySound, and he is a co founder of PACE: Poet Activist Community Extension. Look for him at CAConrad.blogspot.com

THOM DONOVAN is a writer, curator, editor, and archivist. He edits the weblog *Wild Horses Of Fire*, now in its 6th year! He co edits *ON Contemporary Practice*, a print journal for critical writings and conversations about one's contemporaries. He also edits the web archive, *Others Letters*, featuring correspondences about contemporary practices across the arts, and co curates *The Project for an Archive of the Future Anterior*, a live interview series and video archive concerning the immanence of possible futures. His work has appeared widely in print and online and includes critical works in *Afterall*, *BOMB*, *PAJ*, and *The Brooklyn Rail*. His first full-length book, *The Hole*, is forthcoming with Displaced Press. He is currently at work revising and editing a book of essays and statements, *Sovereignty and Us: Critical Objects 2005-2010*.

BRAD FLIS lives and works in Detroit.

LEWIS FREEDMAN moved to Madison where he now resides and co runs the _____ Shaped reading series with Andy Gricevich, with whom he also edits and publishes chapbooks for *cannot exist*. Also, Lewis co edits the publication of chapbooks with Agnes Fox Press. Three chapbooks have been published under his name: *The Third Word* what to us press , *Catfish Po' Boys* Minutes Books , and *SUFFERING EXCHANGE WALKS WITH AND* Minutes Books , which was released in a very limited edition this past February.

LAWRENCE GIFFIN is the author of *Get the Fuck Back into That Burning Plane* Ugly Duckling Presse, 2009 , *Sorites* Tea Party Republicans Press, 2011 , and *Christian Name* Ugly Duckling Presse, forthcoming 2012 .

JOSEF KAPLAN is the author of *Peace* and co author of *Dunk Runts* with J. Gordon Faylor. He co edits *Sustainable Aircraft*, an online journal of mostly criticism on contemporary poetry, and Tea Party Republicans Press.

ISH KLEIN is the author of the poetry books *Moving Day* and *Union!* published by Canarium Press. A compilation of her recent videos, entitled *Success Window*, has been released by Poor Claudia of Portland, Oregon.

Samples here: <http://www.youtube.com/user/ishkleinfilms>
She's from Long Beach, New York but now lives in Amherst, MA with the writer Greg Purcell. Together they produce the poetry podcast called *Noslander*.

JENA OSMAN's most recent book of poems is *The Network*, selected for the 2009 National Poetry Series and published by Fence Books. Other books include *The Character* and *An Essay in Asterisks*. She co edits the *ChainLinks* book series with Juliana

Spahr and teaches in the graduate Creative Writing program at Temple University.

CHRIS SYLVESTER lives in Buffalo, NY where he takes his schooling and publishes books with his friends as Troll Thread (trollthread.tumblr.com). You can find more of his work here: sisteract.tumblr.com.

ANDREW TOPEL is the editor & publisher of avantacular press: <http://avantacular.press.blogspot.com/>

DIVYA VICTOR lives in Buffalo, where she is a doctoral candidate at SUNY Buffalo's Poetics Program and a teaching artist with Just Buffalo Literary Center. She has three new chapbooks: *Sutures* Little Red Leaves Press and *Hellocasts by Charles Reznikoff by Divya Victor by Vanessa Place* ood press , and *PARTIAL DICTIONARY OF THE UNNAMABLE* Troll Thread Press . Recently, she was artist in residence at the Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibit, where she was invited by Les Figures Press to perform and install *Hellocasts*, which is based on transcripts of the Eichmann and Nuremberg trials. Her book *LYRICAL BLALADS* is forthcoming from Troll Thread Press.

ANNA VITALE's recent writing can be found in *The Brooklyn Rail*, *Vanitas*, *Abraham Lincoln*, and *The West Wind Review*. Her first two chapbooks, *Breaststa* and *Anna Vitale's Pop Poems* were published in 2010. She is co founder and editor of *textsound* textsound.org and lives in Madison, WI.

DAVID WOLACH is editor of *Wheelhouse Magazine & Press* and an active participant in Nonsite Collective. Wolach's first full length collection, *Occultations*, has just been published by Black Radish Books. Other books include the multi media

transliteration plus chapbook, *Prefab Eulogies Volume 1: Nothings Houses* BlazeVox books, 2010, the full length *Hospitalogy* chapbook of the same title forth. from Scantly Clad Press, 2011, and book, *alter ed* Ungovernable Press, 2009. A former union organizer and performing artist, Wolach's work often begins as site-specific and interactive performance and ends up as shaped, written language. Recent work appears in or is forthcoming from *Jacket*, *Augfabe*, *Try Magazine*, *No Tell Motel*, and *Little Red Leaves*. Wolach is professor of text arts, poetics, and aesthetics at The Evergreen State College, co curating the PRESS Text Arts & Radical Politics Series there, and is visiting professor in Bard College's Workshop In Language & Thinking. Wolach is currently touring with the experimental music sound text ensemble Performance Research Group, performing Kenneth Gaburo's opus *Maledetto*, as well as original works.

LETTER TO THE CO-EDITOR

Dear Joey,

Now that the volume is full, let's begin again:

"Continuity is crucial even where no sound exists to establish it."

At first, we wanted to see if repetition could be counterfeited, if, as editors, we could investigate what makes the continuity of a document appear transparent. This made every aspect of *P Queue's* previous layouts a task for careful research. For example, simply left aligning the title of a poem meant going back and counting the pattern of its usage in the seven preceding volumes, in order to isolate and duplicate its attributes. And yet, our decision to closely read the layout's internal logic, in order to foreground the texts themselves, doesn't fully account for the ubiquity of the background. If the background effectively recessed, then how could we have noticed it? Despite our procedure, we were prompted by the design to make choices. It was on account of a constantly varying but also consistent aspect in Sarah Campbell's concise and conceptually organized template: The typographical enhancement of the paragraphs.

Ideally in this format, a lettrine (dropped capital) opens the first page of each section, with two-inch paragraph indentations, justified. But immediately elsewhere we encounter a block of prose that omits the lettrine. Then a zero, one, or two inch indentation. Certain paragraphs are turned sideways to fit the page, whereas another is left justified. And further exceptions are made.

This is not to say that the

paragraph, as Sarah originally organized it, is inconsistent with its exceptions; it's precisely the opposite. Even in the first volume, the guidelines for the design of the paragraph were multiple. As Andrew Rippeon maintained this attention to the paragraph through the last four volumes, the rule of formatting paragraphs has become indistinguishable from its exception. Perhaps, we can say the continuity of this design is consistent irregularly. Moreover, as the rule loses its importance, the paragraph reveals itself *as* multiple.

However, this is not unique to *P Queue's* design. When the texts compiled in this volume were emailed to us, no two documents shared identical paragraph attributes. Interfacing *P Queue's* in house templates with this additional spectrum sparked an inability for us to effectively bracket paragraphs as physically distinct from the larger text block within which they were generated, without making decisions. I don't mean simply to point to the textual instability of the paragraph or our own inability to execute an ambivalent editorial procedure. Instead, I simply want to point out the affect the documented impresses upon the articulating document.

Because witness to a paragraph enlisted our editorial labor as we often dedicated whole sessions to singular exceptions to our template, moreover, what this process and this template generated for us was an encounter with the ubiquity of paragraph logic as we followed it in its recession over the horizon. This forced our articulation of paragraphs to become simultaneously a matter of decision, contortion, and comportion. If, as Vito Acconci says, "the function of public art is to de design," then we found design was most active, despite continuity, in its resistance *to* and withdrawal *from* assimilation.

To put these ideas in the room with the theme you chose for this volume, if it is possible to de

design the document, then that which cannot be assimilated is that which goes undocumented or *de documented* if you prefer. Instead of emerging from a transparent background, what gets under-towed by this involuntary erasure; this transparent background onto which the document is transposed?

Holly Melgard

Back Issues, Ordering, Submissions, and Other Information

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from Poetry to Prose 2004*

Volume 2: *Anomalies* 2005*

Volume 3: *Hybrids* 2006*

Ed. Andrew Rippeon:

Volume 4: *Disobedient/s* 2007*

Volume 5: *Care* 2008*

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P QUEUE is published annually by co editors Holly Melgard and Joey Yearous Algozin, and accepts work year round. See website for editorial guidelines and deadlines, but as a general rule, manuscripts must be received by December to make the following summer release.

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