Body Content

Choose the option that speaks to you!   
Your chosen content will feature heavily in your poster design.

Option 1

Display type:

Travesty

Body type:

Label: A novel by John Hawkes

Label: About the book

Content: In the south of France, an elegant sports car speeds through the night, bearing its riders towards a fatal crash. Brilliantly ironic, *Travesty* is John Hawkes’ vision of eroticism, comic terror, and the conception that willed destruction is the ultimate poetic act.

Label: Excerpt from page 58

Content: If we preserve this scene and all its magnitude and with all its confounding of disparate substance and with its same volume of sound, but remove from it the convention of fierce heat and unnaturally bright light, so that this very explosion occurs as planned but in darkness, total darkness, there you have the most desirable rendering of our private apocalypse. In this case we have at the outset the shattering, then the first sunrise in which the chaos, the physical disarray, has not yet settled–bits of metal expanding, jagged edges of steel, curves of aluminum. In the course of the first day the broken lens of a far-flung headlight reflects the progress of the sun from a furrow in what was once a field of corn. And despite all this chemistry of time, nothing has disturbed the essential integrity of our tableau of chaos, the point being that if design inevitably surrenders to debris, debris inevitably reveals its innate design.

Option 2

Display type:

Positions of the Sun

Body type:

Label: An epic by Lyn Hejinian

Label: About the book

Content: Prose poet Lyn Hejinian’s second book takes the form of 26 interlocking ‘essays’ that explore the mid-2000s financial crisis through a celestial map of everyday perceptions.

Label: Excerpt from *24*

Content In whatever one does, one deploys or proffers or expresses or articulates or displays both conscious and unconscious style. Or we could call it esprit, and that might entail panache, éclat, or, antithetically, despondency, dysphoria, ire. To the degree that one’s style (or styling) is conscious, it’s an expression not just of one’s attitudes but of who one thinks one is or wants to be or wants to be believed to be. It’s more than adjectival or predicative; it’s self-definitive, a mode of transit. To the degree that it’s unconscious, so-called natural, or, rather, to the degree to which, as far as oneself is concerned, it’s formative (constitutive of how one is, the determination of one’s manner)—it’s adverbial. And also probably predictable. Either way, one adopts style on behalf of its survival value. It provides one with a way to practice overcoming something, even perhaps oneself, or the moods that seem identical with oneself, self-determining. The idiom that describes one as “retreating into one’s interiority” misrepresents the situation. Introspection is not a retreat; it’s an advent, into an unquiet space, generally gloomy, certainly not restful.

Option 3

Display type:

Indian Journals

Body type:

Label: A compilation by Allen Ginsberg

Label: About the book

Content: *Indian Journals* follows Beat poet Allen Ginsberg’s two-year stay in India. Wonderfully mystical, intensely private, and in possession of a hallucinatory clarity, the volume contains the raw material for some of his most important poems.

Label: Nov 27, 1962

Content: Sat down in a single ample wood seat near the door & lavatory light, at an open barred window–the dragon patterns of the scorpion stars­–dark–and blur lights below the eyes, car lights moving across the sand, the creak of the car wheels slow & regular and thump every 4th second–to a halt. Metalscrape of brakes. Puri express running over an hour late­–halted where? Stars outside. Staring out the window–Einsteinian wonders–the sensation of moving trains–the senses altering the blue night into a bowlful of fairy eternal stars–optic blue & yellow lights–like cigarette matches flaring–Whose bodies are we in? Bull or scorpion what’s the astrological figures in dim gas pin-pointed at joints or nerve spots in body bigger than cosmic buildings against the empty blue stage of endless air–space­–back in bunk to think & sit. Peter now making another tea by the window seat.

Option 4

Display type:

Chelsea Girls

Body type:

Label: An experimental drama by Andy Warhol

Label: About the film

Content: An underground classic, *Chelsea Girls* uses a split screen and alternating soundtracks to juxtapose avant-garde films following Warhol’s superstars through the rooms of the Hotel Chelsea.

Label: Reel 9: ‘Eric says all’

Content: I’ve been here for a long time. A very long time. I’ve known where I’ve been. Not as far as in distance, but in there. Which not only is distance…but it is what is hard to say. No, it’s hard to say, but it’s hard to explain to others. They say, “Where you at?” You say, “Well, I don’t know. I can’t explain it.” But you know where you’re at. You don’t want them to know. Because explaining the way you were at, you wouldn’t have anything to keep as a secret. I don’t wanna be out in the open. I wanna be right in here. They only see what I want ‘em to see. And that’s not very much. But it’s enough, enough for them to be happy with. I only let people see things that will make ‘em happy. If I showed ‘em everything inside, they’d get pretty bored, because everybody listens to everybody else’s problems. And even though I have none, I have many. Many for me to think about. Not for anyone else.