



"A prayer for writing" & other graphologic  
commentaries

Number two



"Puff-Mall"  
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## AN EMO SONG

" It was the first fall after finishing my novel - somewhat more clarified than before, having shed layers + layers beneath the skin, though it remained as a paralyzing force to focus upon what was seen and felt, rather than to expound upon the murmurs of history so intermingled with each other as to be indistinguishable, leaving plenty of room for the satisfaction of hypotheses and explanations.

Given something to run with - an inkling about the allure of religion, and whether or not it was the same soft spot as the place of writing and its comforting walls around everything unknown and remembered.

Beginning to undo the artifice of an artificial voice at distance as though merely the transcriber of the horrors; as though such neutrality would lend authority or universality to the vantage which was only just barely recorded - I write again:

I had written a novel out of a scrolling list of narrative possibility, oscillating between manic drive far a comprehensive composition, and utter deflation, lethargy, doubting the meaning of the minuscule movements which comprise any practice yet dreading the exertion of the excavation, all at the shit + crud I imagined as something physical caught in my body.

The art of disappearance - this is the theater through which we compose our memoirs. At stake isn't the protection of privacy so much as the catharsis of externalization, the triumph of transfixing alterity; as though preserving the particular passageway redeems the mistake it inevitably was, and is - the mistake of hearing your own voice ringing in the ears of another. Though at the time, I think I needed the notion of being heard to awaken a numb, stiff foresight: that even without grasping their meaning, the submerged logic within arrangements of words could help re-arrange processions of thought, which - this may sound dramatic - seemed to be the stake of my own survival. Maybe it was merely the suggestion that from the committed effort, I might create something that defied my own predictions about the meaning of my experience. or perhaps just a place the words emerge from, both active and resigned simultaneously, that depends upon the physical construction of words in order to be produced.

66 , an unhealthy constriction  
or the levity of love,  
the stake of words, the  
lightness of words.  
The garbage pail

As a fixed captive  
to the length of  
my own solitude  
attempting to  
unearth the  
meaning in my  
own frustration  
without resorting to  
irritating naturalistic  
motifs, and  
lacking the technological  
medium through which to  
animate the Sad  
hilarity of the surroundings -  
a catalytic converter  
which the purely political has  
not managed to imitate,  
perhaps fearing itself to  
come under this fire.



what guerilla war-fare has to  
do with jars of gecko —  
I lose air when I grasp far  
small firecrackers of meaning,  
taking a stance itself in  
the selfishness of my own  
meaning, capturing territory  
from my own shadows while  
still yearning for the  
pinnacle of a nation  
declaring battle on the looseness  
of each outpost under no  
great heading yet also a  
declaration of freedom in  
my own assemblage — that  
route that can be given a  
spine and fit between two  
covers. This is my own civil  
war, amidst an imitation of  
a music so circumstantial  
as to deserve its own key.

I do not know  
how it had felt + then if  
not far + the transcription  
of ideas, connections.  
perhaps the same frustration  
as then and then also a  
reminder in typewritten  
words again far the patency  
of explanations wch  
shirk the burden of  
legibility. making  
metaphors - bout cloaks, etc.  
making room for  
Vagueness, + the etc wch  
trails on. Tender moments  
of legibility, inklings  
from "the subconscious."  
Eating breakfast every day.  
mobilizing towards a  
great relinquishing of  
disorder - the kind of  
organization, orchestration  
wch itself defies the  
limits of anything  
technological. one of the  
few places where language +  
feeling collide, wch is  
much more promising  
than all my secret might-class  
projects and that kind of  
external demonstration  
of solidity, via tautness  
(a similarity that seems only  
proximate, though not quite  
equivalent)

I do not know  
how it had felt then if  
not for the transcription  
of ideas, connections.

Perhaps the same frustration  
as then and then also a  
reminder in typewritten  
words again for the potency  
of explanations wch  
shirk the burden of  
legibility. Making  
metaphors about clocks, etc.

Making room for vagueness, the etc: wch  
trails on. Tender moments  
of legibility, inklings  
from "the subconscious."

Eating breakfast every day.  
Mobilizing towards a  
great relin uishing of  
disorder -- the kind of  
organization, orchestration  
wch itself defies the  
limits of anything  
technological. One of the  
few places where language +  
feeling collide, wch is

muchmore promising  
than all my secret weight-loss  
projects and that kind of  
external demonstration  
of solidity, via tautness  
(a similarity that seems only  
proximate, though not quite  
equivalent.)

A PRAYER FOR WRITING

Something better than eating

Something better than a cold  
radiator of words waiting  
to be turned on, awaking  
an invitation for even all of  
the many mistakes, a  
student's disposition.

I might need that, later -  
a way of keeping  
track

"preserving the harvest"  
less outdated than it  
may once have seemed.

A numbness which precede  
each and all

The thing you think you are looking  
at, but not really - this is  
what remains to be split, disseminated  
in a gesture of kindness.

Hopefully as close to the grain  
as possible.



I put on some afternoon tea  
to assist with the damp chill  
for the long darkness that  
seems to need a simple remedy  
for stiffness - more motion,  
which in turn requests  
captivation. My body feels as  
a soft skeletal leap with too  
many nerves and chambers.

I want for neither of us to  
stay home in the evening  
though I cannot tell if this  
is all that's desired like a  
white blanket of comfort,  
something conclusive.

## THE NOVELLA

It was but the suggestion of an open window without the constraint of length, of durability — the recording of each trace of effort.

It was a rogue wedding of two tongues touching tips, how later it was he I had fallen into though that was certainly not the intention at the time or even the main result though it seems to be the main proof considering the blankness which has been left upon the conclusion of the writing. By "blankness" I refer mainly to the reams of paper still stagnant/pulsating; I want to undo the accident and free myself from the spell of something unfinished by filling all of those unprinted pages with anything — fresh stories of some kind. This repurposing does not, however, seem appropriate, though I no longer believe the novel was my destiny, my singular salmon stream, the one tree-seed I planted now waiting for a sign of life to verify that the subterranean stirring did not swallow itself back up before ever breaking the surface.

## THE PHYSICAL NATURE OF THIS TRIUMPH

I wonder if it's just a question for philosophical aesthetics to determine whether it was a victory, success — whether anything had been won or changed beyond the definition of my own era. Left in the wake of my enthusiasm are volumes of evidence for the frustrated patience, clinging on to the process itself and learning about the expansion possible through (and perhaps because of) constriction, being stuck. Pressed up against a wall and grabbing for the opposite direction, or something like that. Even then, tugged upon by everything unfinished while attempting to wrangle the multiplicity into something singular and conclusive.

Both painstaking and inspiring, never before had I experienced the reciprocity which bubbled beneath me the closer my face got to the shit which had mutely marred all of the other doorways up to that point. Waking up the bright light filled more than one time to at least explain to itself (me) about the conditions of this animation, even just the suggestion of articulation and its transmission, being garbled mud gifting itself its own skeletal structure and a throat through which

to amplify the cohesive dissonance between tragedy and infinite potential. To have been closed tight for so long and then unleashed into alertness by the bells of recognition — just to know that this arousal is one motion in the world of movements, even though it fears foreclosure by a return of the heavy clouds craving long nights of slumber, the tense ignorance of dreaming, this is to have reached my hand in yet again past all of the patterns and captured this grasp in a snap-shot. Another kind of marriage by muscle-memory, that another step upwards remains even after being on the edge of a cliff for long enough. I regret to have become a comfortable slumbering puppy with thick layers between now and the world of effort with its acute angles demanding negotiation with one's own potential for failure (as if reducible to a formula); with its big gulps of water, its supplementation, its contention with the cold, with disarray, and its nested metaphorical meanings providing the transfer between one universe of knowledge to another, occupying

two places simultaneously, which is a slippery shift of ambiguous double interpretation, I seem to need to breath with both lungs. Nonetheless, there is a difference between the physical nature of even this work done sitting down, and the commitment it takes to begin the length of any day. I suppose the recognition of such a need for divisibility has allowed me the relief of more than one nap. How hard it is to whip this human figure into shape given any anterior mandate. Even the resting place continues to re-settle, becoming uncomfortable. This constancy frightens me depending upon how I picture myself. Now that we are together, our proximity demands more of a discussion of distance in between these wee hours of marginalia. This is the dissonance I hope we will someday find instructive of the chord progressions in our new band. The prospect of music like this is as relieving as a rope to hold onto. Because, how difficult it is to stay alert for days so untextured, so full of empty noise transposed upon a drum-beat.

## CHOCOLAT, THE GECKO

A brief exegetical swerve — one of the best parts in the book I wrote was about that cruel matriarchal ghost with tight rollers in her hair scowling in the corner outside my teenage bedroom from her mint green silk dress suit. This is my opinion. She later appears at the end of the book as a kind of embodiment of perhaps, the kind of supernatural thinking which had gotten the narrator into that jam in the first place. This was not something I was aware of at the time. crafting allegorical characters seemed like the ultimate challenge of fiction writing — characters who were vivid and multi-dimensional yet also representative of some condensed meaning. On the one hand, this seems inevitable, given that life within a story springs from the forehead of its narrator. On the other hand, this seems contradictory. If the story is to be truly alive, needn't the narrator cede control over the significance of its inhabitants? Is, perhaps, some of the frustration writers experience a result of attempts otherwise, over-determining not only the meaning of their tale but also its very subject matter? At the end, the narrator totally destroyed this allegorical witch. Her significance is thus ambiguous, in

such a matriarchal composition. Why, at the end, did the enemy figure take on the shape of a woman? Who was it that haunted me? certainly a metaphor ought not be trusted just because it is so. Here emerges another parallel between Story-telling and body weight, given the discomfort of my continued refusal to focus in on anything as compartmentalized as a lunch-tray, bleeding between memories of runs, meal-planning, practicing posture in the library. Hay-wire effort à la U.S.A., wriggling all over the place; the aquamarine sea-shell, the gymnasium mats—that plastic-scented discipline; Tommy Bahama. (basically, martial arts)

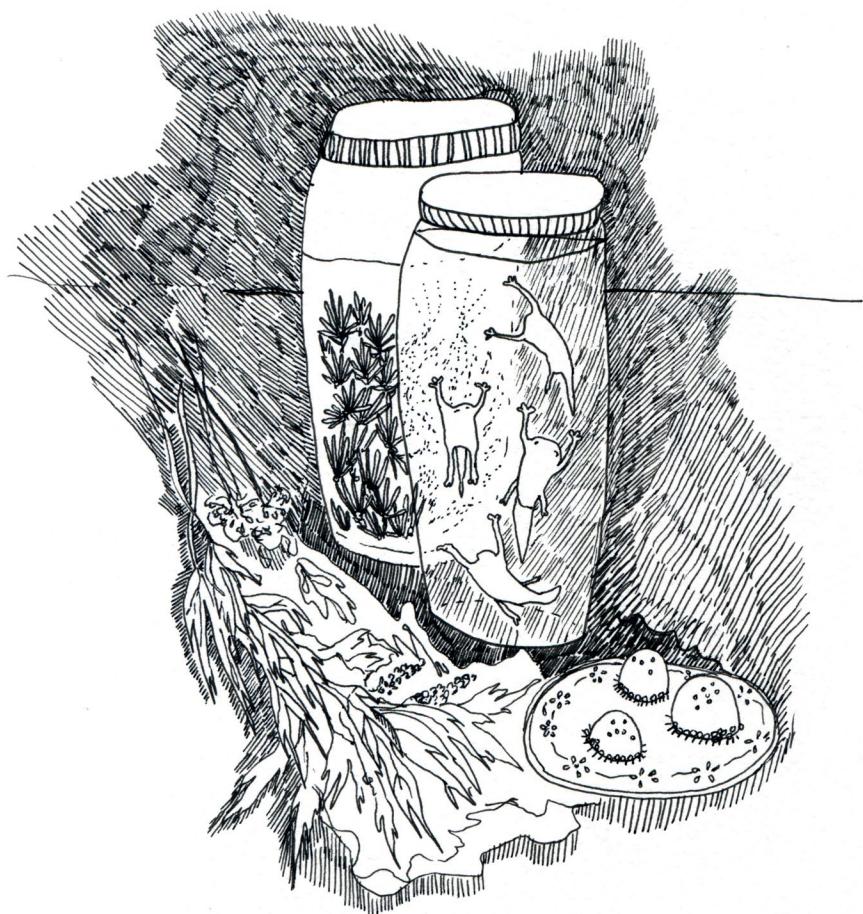


## PROVENÇAL VAY-CAY

From the vantage point of the past, it certainly seems deliberately insulting to mock white people wearing flip-flops and draw such stupid cartoons of ice-cream cones in love, given the arduous and serious span it took to compose a narrative. (In ballpoint pen, no less!) In my haste, I realize I had swerved too far from the initial satire, either losing sight of my intention to explain the illegible works of the past or taking too seriously the urge to expell this sarcasm unbalanced with the angelic sincerity (perhaps I will never find it again).

I wanted to explain the gecko. What did I mean by that one?

Returning to  
our regularly  
scheduled  
program



## CHOCOLAT, CONT'D

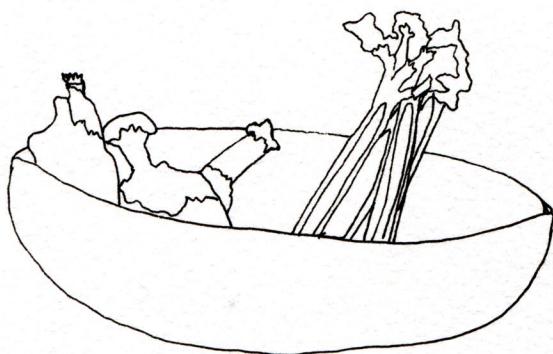
Not all breathing problems have to do with the lungs or even the heart. Borrowing Chinese medical correspondance and even its filtration through an entire anatomical system, the Wizard-Teacher (Matias) utilizes a tincture infused with dried gecko to treat a particular asthmatic symptom - that is, a very specific kind of asthma, of strained inhalation. The gecko grasps for air like the kidneys, too weak to draw in oxygen. Matias, the head instructor of herb school in a Northwestern city, makes use of this paradigm when it explains something otherwise illegible. However, his specialty is in obscure uses of medicinal plants native to North America or else imported European herbs now naturalized or easily found/purchased. His precision is uncanny - keynote symptoms are tell-tale signs for the utility of this or that remedy, obscure not in availability of the material but in the correspondance. Nevertheless, there is a poetic resonance between the plant-cure and its calling card.

there does seem to be something vegetal, mineral to the flavor of chamomile, and something about the idea of a calcium deficiency which suggests frayed nerves, being inconsolable. Red palms for Hawthorne, for irritated capillaries — substitute wild cherry bark when there is a more yellow cast to the skin in addition to the inflamed vessels.

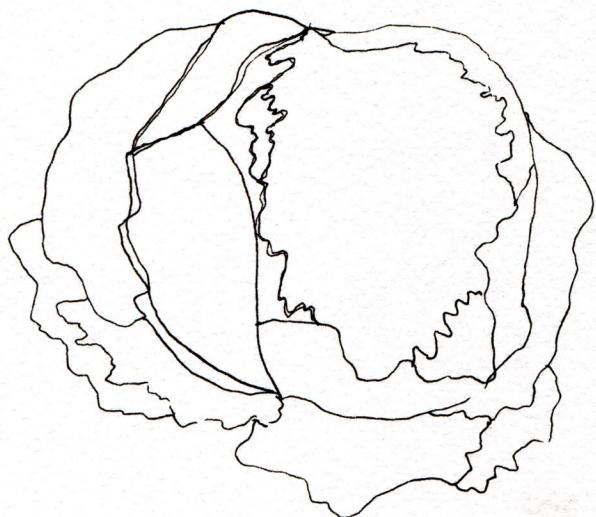
But despite this kind of physiological explanation, the consensus among his students is that Matias has psychic powers, which partially accounts for his popularity as a teacher, with some even flying across the country in order to attend lectures or participate in instructional programs.

I was there so I know about those two twins who later became the famous herbal estheticians, the ones who inspired the character played by Juliette Binoche in the cinematic production Chocolat.

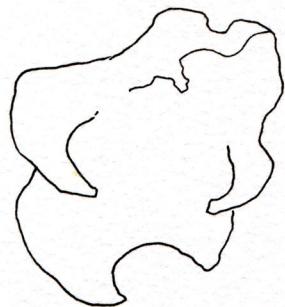
I am not going to deny my slight jealousy of their tremendous success. Charlotte and Celeste! It's certainly not as though they are the originators of either the simple recipes handed down to us by the more lifestyle-oriented instructors at the Herbal Academy, though I will give them credit for the Clairvoyant qualities which are responsible (I suspect) for the miraculous nature of their medicinal preparations individually tailored to their celebrity clients. Most well-known as personal chefs, I know that they likely dispense — quietly, illicitly — small amber bottles of Compounded tinctures, to be taken in drop doses to subtly yet noticeably re-arrange the stuck and stagnant energies which lead to the sadness and despair celebrities are known to hide beneath the golden veneer of their outstanding public performances of success and well-being. For example, an essence of Morning Glory to cleanse the aura of a toxic congestion accumulated through the mis-use of psychoactive substances.



"gross"  
"Chicken tenders"



"local"



frumpy,  
eat  
protein

ASTRONOMICAL -  
THE NARRATOR DISAPPEARS

And then there is the quiet machine hum as the audience is left behind, leaving the narrator with the private puzzles, suddenly patient here within the mute audacity of meanings strung together (as opposed to the victorious scaffold of pop music and its celebration of recognizable exertion); the crisis is put on "pause."

merely a tremor of levitation at the suggestion of this pure intent, that all the world might become encased in glass, again, yet somehow unbroken in its perpetual collisions, and its maintenance as though contingent upon this little labor:

conglomerating buckets of water into a well, that gradual accumulative process of storytelling which promises even unnamed streambeds an oceanic potency, giving up lamentations on the inconclusive fallibility of a type of work that refuses to be

finished in favor of an optimistic embrace of

a vessel which will, one day, have an ending — an acknowledgment of the conclusive effects of even that which is partial. Or rather, a certain peace is made with distance and durability; a renewed understanding at unfading.

So she begins to tell a simple story, yearning to inhabit the undulations of an experience already settled though not yet finished, memories so near-by as to be weakened by proximity.

A love story: she says, "you're the bleu cheese sauce and I'm the carrot sticks, but who is our chicken wings?" A second passes and she replies to her own question — "It is our idea babies!" He asks, "What kind of wings — Buffalo?" "yes!"

