As with fact of back of one's head or one's seemingly real face in mirror, "the fact" never quite can make the move from inside to out—and I guess that's what the autonomic nervous system is finally there for, to let us sit down without looking.
—Robert Creeley

In fact, they couldn't even stop the music playing
It was so much sadness in the world.
—Lorenzo Thomas
EDITORS' NOTES

While not the death knell for Chain, this is the last annual issue of Chain for some time. We've been putting together these books for twelve years and feel happy, but quite exhausted. We've decided that it's time to continue the Chain project in another form—not only to further the possibilities of our original intent, but also to save us from the crash and burn associated with putting out a journal that regularly has over seventy contributors.

Our call for work in our new form (Chain Links) is at the back of this issue. We are asking for guest editing proposals for a small book series. In other words, we are asking for you to take on the role of editor for us for some unspecified amount of time. At least long enough for us to collect ourselves. (Note: Those of you that still have issues owed you on your subscriptions will receive copies of the small books.)

We started Chain because we wanted to talk to more people. We were both in Buffalo at the time. The weather was often inhospitable. The university where we were graduate students had unusually ugly architecture. The friendships we had in the city and at the university were complicated. We needed more contact with people who were not dealing with the various sorts of cold in Buffalo. We also felt we needed to talk to women, to extend ourselves beyond Buffalo's great male poet heritage. So we started our first issue by only publishing women and also by publishing chains of poems (one poet sent a poem to another poet then sent a poem to another poet who . . .).

Since then, our circumstances have changed quite a bit. We are in warmer locales with better architecture...but our desire for opening up new kinds of conversation continues. Looking back at all of the issues of Chain, we are still intrigued and excited by the work people sent us. It still feels fresh and compelling and we're grateful to everyone who has joined us in this project.

For us, as editors and as poets, Chain worked. We have learned much over the last twelve years. Our debts are large.
Some facts about Chain . . .


Total number of pages printed: 3,712.

Topics . . .
1. Gender and Editing
2. Documentary
3. Hybrid Genres (double issue)
4. Procedures
5. Different Languages
6. Letters
7. Memoir/Anti-Memoir
8. Comics
9. Dialogue
10. Translation
11. Public Forms
12. Facts

Total number of people published: 898.
Number of women: 539.
Number of men: 359.

Average printing cost per issue, $4100.
Number of copies of each issue printed: 1000.
Average number of direct mail subscribers: 300 (although this number varies widely depending on how good we are at sending out those annoying subscription solicitations).

Average amount of money raised by subscription per issue: about $4000.
Average amount of private donations per year: about $3000.

Average number of emails received about Chain per year: 1804.
Average number of emails exchanged between Jena Osman and Juliana Spahr per year: 1309
Number of major editorial arguments: at least three.
Number of issues edited while Juliana and Jena lived in the same city: 3.
Number of issues edited while Juliana and Jena lived in the same time zone: 4.

Number of corporate jets and catered sushi lunches: zero. (Although we did hold our 2005 meeting in Desert Hot Springs but we paid for it out of pocket.)
Amount Jena and Juliana have been paid to do Chain: zero.

Original funders: Professors Robert Creeley, Charles Bernstein, and Dennis Tedlock; the SUNY-Buffalo graduate student association; the Council for Literary Magazines and Presses; the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts; the National Endowment for the Arts, the New York State Council on the Arts, the University of Hawai‘i at Manoa SEED grant; various generous individuals who donated funds.

Institutions somewhat associated with Chain: SUNY at Buffalo, University of Hawai‘i at Manoa, Ursinus College, Temple University, Mills College. (Although none have provided direct funding or administrative support.)


Languages included: Alibata, Arabic, Aztec, Cacan, Cherokee, Chinese, Creole, Cyrillic, Czech, Danish, English, Esperanto, Estonian, French, German, Greek, Guarani, Haitian, Hebrew, Hindi, Hungarian, Igikuria, Ilocano, Irish, Italian, Japanese, Kiswahili, Klingon, Korean, Kunza, Latin, Maori, Mohawk, Ojibwe, Old Norse, Persian, Phoenician, Pidgin (Hawai‘i Creole English), Pohnpeian, Portuguese, Russian, Samoan, Sanskrit, Serbian, Serbo-Croatian, Sign Language, Solomon Islands Pidgin, Spanish, Swahili, Tagalog, Tamil, Tarifit Teeline, Thai, Turkish, Urdu, Vietnamese, Vorlin.
Some other magazines with the word “chain” in the title that you should not confuse Chain with: Chain Leader Magazine, Chain Whipped Magazine, Electronics Design Chain Magazine, Food Chain Magazine, Chain Reaction Magazine, Supply Chain Systems Magazine.

First sentence of each issue . . .
Relation: Perhaps a good starting point would be to discuss my apprehension about editing. This issue of Chain continues an investigation into forms that are traditionally perceived as neutral or “objective.” Past issues of Chain have focused on the topics of gender and editing and documentary. We are tired of cyborgs. We are suspicious of mules (seeing them as sterile or as drug dealers). We worry about the over-hybridization of plants. This issue explores how things get made. This issue is about conversation. Dear Editors, I SEE words on my forehead IN THE AIR on other people on the typewriter on the page. This issue of Chain grew out of a conversation I had with Jena Osman last year at the Kelly Writers House in Philadelphia. In late 1995 I gave up smoking, which put an immediate, temporary end to my writing. I’ve been thinking about your note re: Chain and I came up with something, one or two things really: NON-CONSUMER FICTIONS as a sort of play on “consumer fictions” and also as a commentary on the state of the art which is all geared toward consumer categories of genre . . . The topic for this issue was Cecilia Vicuña’s idea originally. For the eleventh issue of Chain (we still can’t quite believe we forgot to celebrate our 10th anniversary issue), we put out a call for work that addresses “public forms.” While not the death knell for Chain, this is the last annual issue of Chain for some time.

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ALICIA ASKENASE

TORT

**in**

**UR**

FIN memo'ber? sso po' tam E i, ah, no. Form A bout once a long hard k(u)wa(n)tje hours & anni ago from yore hostes humani generis us ever follow the dark road now, for some a con 'cept doesn't fight according to excepted laws of war Lord's of IMPU(G)NITY and n'e(W)o' n! parti cult ar as one happily, no, after you

Dear Leader,

The mark of dishonesty, the inability to feel; the wet eyes of the spurious emotion, is Causes, as we know, are notoriously sentimentalist therefore, the signal of secret and violent experience, his fear of life, his arid heart; and it is always inhumanity, the mask of cruelty betray his aversion to sentimentality, the ostentatious parading of excessive and blood-thirsty . . . the formula created by and memorized and persists yet with a terrible power. Not once have the necessity to find a lie more palatable than the truth has been handed down Civilized been able to honor, recognize, or describe the Savage. He is, key to their power and glory—. Once they had decided that he was savage, there practically speaking, the blacks in America) we get the myth of the happy darky and source of their wealth, his continued subjugation the history of Gone With was nothing to honor, recognize, or describe. Out of this incredible brutality the Wind. And never has been and will never be White—my country-men of Civilized: the only when these legends are attacked, as is happening now—all become childishly vindictive and unutterably dangerous. The unadmitted panic over a globe which way to prevent this is to obliterate humanity. Which I spoke of is created by the terror that the Savage can, now, describe.

You're savage.

Jimmy

I am the feral government.
The Pharmacology of Hegemony: In rare cases of outcry, unfavorable press, public opinion (N/A), citizens’ rights, use suppressant, even while in remission. Indications: For election year headaches and minor scrutiny, swallow two Repudiates™ at signs of catastrophic success.

Contra Indications: May increase sadistic tendencies and arrogance to extreme levels, with noted increases in the banality of it all, sanctimonious altitudes, and projections of evil. Acute hypocrisy/mendacity likely, often manifested as recurrence of Salvador Option Syndrome.

“DR APPROVED: Use oftwe nty ho urin ter rog ions. Remo valo fallcom forti tem sinc lud ingre ligio usit ems. Remo valo fclot hing, U sing deta in e indiviualph obi ass uch asfe ar ofdo gst oin duc estr ess . . . However, I stand for 8-10 hours a day. Why is standing limited to 4 hours.”

_hi, how are you?_ no, I’m in my car I know listen, I swear I just saw Saddam driving on the Expressway I’m going home it looks like he’s dying his hair again I really did he was driving an SUV of course I wonder if the authorities know he’s here well it looked exactly like him right before you get off at Chinatown before the Walt Whitman where it’s so confusing with exit only signs and all those merges no I take the Betsy Ross off 95 but if you don’t know the road seemed like he did I wonder if they still call him saaad’m he had head lice in the last photo nice jockeys! bush one I saw he had some gray but his eyebrows looked very dark today which he couldn’t have died in custody at least I don’t think so no he was behind me I looked in my rear view mirror but there was a lot of traffic I couldn’t see where he was headed exactly he could’ve gone into Olde City or Chinatown yeah or I guess even the new Constitution Center where the Liberty Bell is they’d want him to embrace democracy uh oh listen I have another call I have to go call me ok what? yeah it was definitely him

“We napalmed both those [bridge] approaches,”

said Colonel James Alles, commander of Marine Air Group, “Unfortunately there were people there . . . you could see them in the [cockpit] video. They were Iraqi soldiers. It’s no great way to die . . .
"I AM NOT SO CONCERNED THAT WE SHOULD REMARK ON THE BARBARIC HORROR OF SUCH A DEED, BUT THAT, WHILE WE QUITE RIGHTLY JUDGE THEIR FAULTS, WE ARE BLIND TO OUR OWN. I THINK IT IS MORE BARBARIC TO EAT A MAN ALIVE THAN TO EAT HIM DEAD, TO TEAR APART THROUGH TORTURE AND PAIN A LIVING BODY WHICH CAN STILL FEEL OR TO BURN IT ALIVE BY BITS ..." 

... The generals love napalm."

TO LET IT BE...

these bombs exploded into large fires that burnt the skin even when water was thrown on the burns "and some corpses...

WHAT IS WORSE—... to swear in

UNDER THE PRETEXT

(of)

Piety and Religion doth parlay
Ye old outposts' camp X-ray
Portends liberty's marching, yea!
While local tyranny's open buffet
Picked at well cast savages play
Trickster cards allot thus sway.

were melted."  

1 Terence Hunt, AP White House Correspondent. "Bush Claimed Right to Waive Torture Laws" (Associated Press writers Curt Anderson, Robert Burns and Scott Lindlaw contributed to this article. (excerpt): "The memos were meant to deal with an election-year headache that followed revelations about abuses at Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq. The Judiciary Department disavowed a memo written in 2002 that appeared to justify the use of torture in the war on terror. The memo also argued that the president's wartime powers superseded anti-torture laws and treaties... to blunt allegations that the administration had authorized torture against al-Qaida prisoners from Afghanistan and Iraq said. White House counsel. That 50-page document will be replaced, Justice Department officials... Gonzales said that some legal memos contained 'unnecessary and overbroad discussions' that could be 'subject to misinterpretation.' But he added, 'The analysis underpinning the president's decisions stand and are not being reviewed.' At the Justice Department, senior officials said that the 50-page memo issued to the White House on Aug. 1, 2002, would be repudiated and replaced."

2 Terence Hunt, a statement by George W. Bush. (minus vowels)

3 James Baldwin, Remix from the 1984 Introduction, Notes of a Native Son.

4 Tom ("I am the federal government") Delay, Washington Post, on being asked by a federal employee to put out his cigar, because the law prohibits smoking in federal buildings.

5 Terence Hunt.

6 Stephen Colbert. "It's been widely reported. And that makes it fact-esque." The Daily Show, Comedy Central, quoted from Fast-esque, A Reality-Based Blog, casadelogo.typepad.com/factesque/


8 Michel de Montaigne, Essais, "Of Cannibals" 1580, translated by Charles Cotton.


11 Michel de Montaigne.

BRANDON BALLENGÉE

It's Not Easy Being Green
My work attempts to blur the already ambiguous boundaries between environmental art and ecological research. When initiating a project I often solicit technological or theoretical information from field biologists, or zoological organizations. In other cases, I have collaborated with scientists to create a work. As an artist involved in wildlife preservation, global disappearances of biodiversity is both a concern and a focus.

My approach towards nature has been influenced by earlier Earth/Eco artists such as Betty Beaumont, Agnes Denes and the Harrisons. Likewise it is inspired by the political philosophies of Thomas Cole and the Hudson River School.

Over the past six years I have been studying global species decline. Currently I am a field observer for the United States Geological Survey's North American Reporting Center for Amphibian Malformation (NARCAM). I have participated in and instigated numerous wetlands surveys throughout North America.

A recent project involves working with The Gaia Institute and The New York State Museum to populate newly created waste water management sites throughout New York City with native amphibians. The amphibians will not only control mosquito populations but will act as environmental flags to help monitor the health of the wetlands.

All aspects of the project are being documented and will be exhibited in installation format and as a website in the future. The data obtained from this kind of field work is transformed into a visual dialogue that becomes a conceptual form of environmental outreach.
each scale takes mean of minted populace stats ride over hides in duck filled research centers eating eye of pictograms

histogram measured nudging standard deviation & dispersions in hives numbers reinforcing average mean

& frequency of polygon or curve that throws slackers into markets baring black fruit
Learn your role and work within the guidelines. We are here to help you know your precise role. You must understand the responsibility you accept when you stop the process by stepping out of line. A product that is going into the food supply has been directly contaminated. You can justify the production loss that will prevent entrance into the food chain off work. Stopping production for "possible" cross contamination is unjustifiable unless you verify direct product maintenance contamination. Verification is observation. Gross contaminate, not suspect contaminate. The only criteria for justifying a halt: This is a stop sign. You are justified to channel back stops if it is physically impossible to properly examine present corruption. The tongue is on the books backward, hook the paunches upside down. Bolt, screw nuts factor stress points into joint equation. No nutrition hazard gizzard in the game point hunting trophy, muscle atrophy.

Haunches mean right side up going down. Twist, only slightly. Find the esophagus and bung anus underside the mean paunch or intestine. Something is bound to happen. Occasionally, pull up most organs proper upon examination without stopping raiment production. You may be accountable for the time the company has lost means to register a minor diameter plus a pigeon cut remains trimmed on a moving line. The line must not be shut down for stool samples.

The action is never verifiable, production just not justified by any means. Necessary amounts mount the spoilers, the hocks a minor defect act: oil spot on the rounds or other parts of the carcass less than two inches. Spot runs dust, hair, hide, grubs. You need to know about tolerable limits.

You must learn the difference between active and healed adhesions. You will be supported. That is within your supply scope times the plural in pleuritis. The stuff may contain layers of fat that give off a thickened appearance. To gather acceptable units, run your finger over surfaces to scrape away blood, clinging. Remember, this touch does not need to be peeled out. Bruises do not bunk bruises. Tough cough. A trachea is not unwholesome. No pathological significance. Sterilize and never involve surrounding tissue. Fat in the brisket. The company can trim those very nicely after chilling, and you may allow some creep into the food supply. Zero tolerance contamination policies in ingesta, gut. Milk the carcass to dress out in final presentation. You will be allowed the chance to work off the moving line, hunt pig skin pink unless excessive pigment must be corrected with the line full stop. The time-line off the hook is your responsibility. The line must be left justified. You must testify if we are to support your action to the bone in choice cut garments. Remember, you must account for this most serious responsibility. Stop the production company you keep to the right. Be sure that supervisors can support your decision. Watch your behind. If your rod falls behind, the staff must stand down the company spoils. Testify gangsta in verifiable feces as follows: material failure. Yellow-green, brown. Dark humor that lard ass is a less fibrous creature. Milk is a cream-colored fluid, not of a clear, fluid tenor. Terror investigators should have full-time support shares overlay the last lap. lips left kidney, industry material, unidentifiable on remainder. Harass the unsuspecting. Lariat with enough rope inside the corral, lasso. You are given to apply RETAIN/REJECT tags in restaurant use up the leading edge, crass taste. To cause significant loss of material production is unnecessary. You must never decide upon the unidentified parts, their origins, or any remedy. That is outside your scope
of occult blood work. Instructors need not apply applicant supplies, adequate. Do not forget to wash.

Viscera water.
Table the aqueduct

rank scrotum. Deal the removable salvage end-to-end and make a sliver off the company. Liver disease needs one stamp for strong pet-food salvage stumps; otherwise, consider it healthy if a single isolated stamp hands may strike. Always know how much company you must have over food safety. If no other hepatic lymph nodes present no other strong pathology, do not stamp out live food. It is still acceptable as human meat. Staff infects a sucker punch, a minuscule contaminate in small intestines the company line to salvage yardage. This process never requires condemnation for fungus. Always police your actions inside the lines. Ingest a capsule. Food becomes edible. Do not color for fun an outside line to the heart sufficient to condemn a tractor count. Yellow card. When an inspector upstream has met the pathology head on, remove tongue and/or skull or carcass. You may stop the line long enough to make out the proper identity harnesses. Tag the lobes. Present cards. Reason out about time: only seconds, not minutes. Decide if heads roll, tongues run hoof-to-hoof, a cloven fist. Clover, honey run hide together behind

the property. Identify parts and part company; otherwise, condemn the tongue dung with no pathology. The inside track in jest, digress. The head first, dove, condemned with no ID and no pathology. With sufficient pathology and no ID for either head or tongue shut down the line until the company digests the right carcass.

List finger parts first the slaughter of daughters, missing her company part lips. (Once satisfied, we immediately re-boot the line.)

—for Steve Kurtz in Buffalo

1. As catchers of caterpillar adults, they put Spicebush Swallowtails and Luna moths in Mason jars; a gauze ceiling traps a cyanide soaked cotton ball. Muted cornflower blues harden into wing tissue, and insect pins push their way through thoraxes. Red and White Admirals, Regal moths, and Mourning Cloak butterflies decorate as aligned medals in corrugated cigar boxes.

2. Ones not interested in other such Class Insecta. This includes the Boatman beetle, lacquered legs needle-thin or the ghostly Grape Leafhopper. Not curious keepers but micro-obsessed scientists whose interests lie in the netting of cemetery, victims on display down the staircase wall.
ELIZABETH BLOCK
from Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, and Time Antigens

1. AND

De Morgan's Theorem:

\[(A + B = A \text{ with a line above it} B \text{ with a line above it})\]

\[with a line above it AB \text{ linewith a line above it} = A + B\]

dr hands off copyright ripped off the internet creative commons rather quickly says the deadline:

the pinnacle of logic for digital electronics and therefore the highest form of truth, the reason for a truth table in a digital circuit, even (as 16 possible combinations in the form of zeros and ones)

so because nothing that comes to us these days, as Dziga Vertov had already pointed out the factory, as fact

without a signal traveling far and wide through some fiber optic cable but a transition between the spoken word and nano-text

where are you?
in bed

why are you in bed, the sun is out and we are at the beach

you are where in bed why the sun out is and are we at the beach?

you sun in bed you are why is where out and beach at the we bed?

bed in sun you why out beach you bed in we and at the where you are:

Sleep little sad little pink linger fling

we idiots we sing we are better off without

(which means wire cross like linky dinky and you stave off a miracle)

The most important logic theorem for digital electronics, this theorem says that any logical binary expression remains unchanged if we

1. Change all variables to their complements.
2. Change all AND operations to ORs.
3. Change all OR operations to ANDs.
4. Take the complement of the entire expression.

A practical operational way to look at De Morgan's Theorem is that the inversion bar of an expression may be broken at any point and the operation at that point replaced by its opposite (i.e., AND replaced by OR or vice versa).

Why would you not get me in this abstract sterile tell me how it works?

Is it true all of you, at the cross of the river Nile?
Because sometimes, somewhere is an under-statement

Is it so we are all we have for each other do you know what it is do you know?

November 5 2004

I have [waited] my whole life—but hardly[]more like worked so hard for—this

Moment>
a series of movements between charges or qualities of un-natural
fuses telling each other what to do with the world, like lines filling up a Euclid x and y grid, the plasma slowly weases interlace, sneezes a perfect puncture of realism more real than real, which we certainly don't want for real, after all everyone believes that god will save us but it didn't work in germany, it did not work, he got leni to do his dirty electrical truth table to slowly get those chaps to cede, get up and go, you dirty little crazy for you running my mind down the wrong sound synch, fetch the little light emitting diode, get it boy.

They limited possible combinations.

A with lines on it
A lines with it on
A on it lines with
A it on lines with

For two binary variables (taking values 0 and 1) there are 16 possible functions. The functions involve only three operations which make up Boolean algebra: AND, OR, and COMPLEMENT.

II. OR

Truth Tables

A truth table shows how a logic circuit's output responds to various combinations of the inputs, using logic 1 for true and logic 0 for false. All permutations of the inputs are listed on the left, and the output of the circuit is listed on the right. The desired output can be achieved by a combination of logic gates. A truth table for two inputs is shown, but it can be extended to any number of inputs. The input columns are usually constructed in the order of binary counting with a number of bits equal to the number of inputs.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A</th>
<th>B</th>
<th>OUT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1= true
0=false

your fish of pest jerks me
feign innocence of thinking that every system holds within itself a non-sense of logic that we feed off, we parasites of binary numbers still it has not gone away we keep thinking of this digi-thing as revolution will save our souls like george is gonna take ass all into the promised land

I want my america not to be here, not there, and not here where can I be good enough for health insurance (shd I die my hair?)

* The piece emerges from the reality that, for the most part, we get "factual" information from the media, and this media exists through the complex and simple functions of digital circuitry. Within digital electronics (the integrated circuit), various theorems and algebraic equations of logic exist to construct a functioning signal, which is ultimately translated into what we see on television and on our computer screens, what we hear on the radio, and even how we produce information for print media. Within digital electronics, a notion of binary digits 0 and 1 form the basis for communication. Through De Morgan's theorem and Boolean Algebraic Truth Tables, these zeros and ones form functioning or non-functioning circuits (which are considered true and false, etc.) A signal that moved through a circuit is true and one that doesn't work is false. In these fascist war times, truths that we get from the media and from our government, are no more truths than the notions of true and false in digital electronics, but merely reference points for circuits of ideas, which although can be teased out into some absurd logical conclusion, have little or nothing to do with raw fact of a beheaded American hostage.
Success is an absolute. Success is limited to the exact achievement of predetermined goals. Success' predetermined goals must be achieved in accordance with a predetermined set of ideals. Success has no timeframe. Success is absent in the presence of Failure. Failure is an absolute. Failure is limited to the achievement of any goals not predetermined. Failure also occurs when exact predetermined goals are achieved not in accordance with a predetermined set of ideals. Failure has no timeframe. Failure is absent in the presence of Success.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Stat. sheet excerpt begin ...</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful ad campaigns: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful small businesses: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful school fundraisers: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful hosted dinner parties: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful first dates: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful charities: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful attempts to cheat at poker: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful poems: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful tests taken: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful grocery lists: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful debt consolidations: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful restored historical sites: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful off-Broadway musicals: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful plays performed: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful phone conversations: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful letters to loved ones: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful euthanized persons: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful persons in coma: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful guns fired: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Successful circles drawn: 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

An imbalance in the Success/Failure ratio has led to commonly used terms like “moderate success,” “not a complete failure,” “partial success,” “good attempt,” etc. Since Success has never been achieved, these are all disguised ways of saying Failure.

The word “success” in common usage does not mean Success as stated here, instead it is an abbreviated, or “slang,” version of “partial success.” In reality, “success” means Failure.

Success Rate: 0
Failure Rate: X = number of attempted successes

Number of Successful nature preserves: 0
Number of Successful accurate perceptions: 0
Number of Successful philosophies: 0
Number of Successful prison systems: 0
Number of Successful groups of people: 0
Number of Successful individuals: 0
Number of Successful unified field theories: 0
Number of Successful representations: 0
Number of Successful power struggles: 0
Number of Successful books read: 0
Number of Successful man-made structures: 0
Number of Successful suicides: 0
Number of Successful cryogenic freezings: 0
Number of Successful decisions made: 0
Number of Successful determinations: 0
Number of Successful predeterminations: 0

... End Stat. sheet excerpt]
82 “listen to the river of abstraction”

- 93% of prison inmates are male, 7% female.
- 44% of prison inmates in 2003 were black and 19% were Hispanic.
- 68% of state prison inmates in 1997 had not completed high school.
- 61% of jail inmates were unconvicted and awaiting trial, compared to 51% in 1990.
- 64% of jail inmates in 1996 had monthly incomes of under $1,000 in the month before their arrest.
- 81% of those sentenced to state prisons in 2000 were convicted of non-violent crimes, including 35% for drug offenses, and 28% for property offenses.
- 1 in 4 jail inmates in 2002 was in jail for a drug offense, compared to 1 in 10 in 1983; drug offenders constituted 20% of state prison inmates and 55% of federal prison inmates in 2001.
- Black males have a 32% chance of serving time in prison at some point in their lives; Hispanic males have a 17% chance; white males have a 6% chance.


83 Some people call them fantasmas

“The tradition of the oppressed teaches us that the ‘state of emergency’ in which we live is not the exception but the rule. We must attain to a conception of history that is in keeping with this insight. Then we shall clearly realize that it is our task to bring about a real state of emergency, and this will improve our position in the struggle against Fascism. One reason why Fascism has a chance is that in the name of progress its opponents treat it as a historical norm.”


84 “the mysterious half light of diminishing returns”

The new poet Laureate of the United States, Ted Kooser, said about his $35,000-a-year position, “This is really an apolitical position, and I think it ought to stay that way.” He continued, “September 11 happens, and tens of thousands of people try to write poems about it. What it is, is our need to find order in an extremely disorderly world. Poetry is sort of a small piece of order.”


85 Quagmire

In the 1960s Daniel Ellsberg was a strategic analyst at the RAND Corporation and a consultant to both the Department of Defense and the White House. In this time period he worked on a top-secret study of US decision-making in Vietnam, 1945-68—the study later came to be known as the “Pentagon Papers.” Alarmed at what he knew, Ellsberg surreptitiously photocopied the 7,000-page study and gave it to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. In 1971 he also gave it to the New York Times, Washington Post and other newspapers. Days after the Pentagon Papers began to be published in the press, National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger said in the Oval Office in front of President Nixon and his Special Counsel Charles Colson, “Daniel Ellsberg is the most dangerous man in America. He must be stopped at all costs.” Kissinger and Nixon subsequently ordered the break-in at Ellsberg’s psychiatrist’s office, in order to gather potentially discrediting information about him. For Ellsberg’s courageous truth-telling efforts, he was charged with twelve felony counts, which could have resulted in a 115-year prison sentence. Instead, his case was dismissed in 1973 on grounds of governmental misconduct against him. Ultimately, several White House aides were convicted of felonies and impeachment proceedings against President Nixon kicked into gear.

“to be a parabolic mirror in hot frenzy”

As of September 21, 2004, 33 journalists have been killed in the war in Iraq. During the more than ten years of war in Vietnam and Cambodia, 64 journalists were killed.


Yao Ming, baby!

The USA PATRIOT Act (Public Law 107-56) creates a new federal crime, “domestic terrorism,” which is defined as “activities that . . . involve acts dangerous to human life that are a violation of the criminal laws of the United States or of any State” and that “appear to be intended” either to: (1) “intimidate or coerce a civilian population;” (2) “influence the policy of a government by intimidation or coercion;” or (3) “affect the conduct of a government by mass destruction, assassination, or kidnapping.” Such acts must “occur primarily within the territorial jurisdiction of the United States.”

—P.L. 107-56, Section 802.

“under the mountain called think”

In the 1990s, President Bill Clinton engaged in an aggressive dismantling of the U.S. welfare system (a.k.a. “welfare reform”). A recent media analysis found that, by and large, prominent public officials and major media sources served as de facto cheerleaders in the wake of the dismantling, creating the appearance of consensus. The study found that among 250 articles published in 50 major U.S. newspapers between January 1998 and September 2000:

• 19.6% offered a completely positive view of welfare reform
• 32.0% offered positive portrayals with caveats
• 24% were neutral (although the study does not excavate the problematicity of neutrality)
• 15.6% were negative with caveats
• 8.8% were purely negative

The authors, Sanford Schram and Joe Soss, assert that these results point to “an antiwelfare discourse that not only produced policy retrenchment in the 1990s but also defined the terms on which this retrenchment would be judged.” In short, discourse matters.


chew your food

“By graffiti, I mean large-scale murals of names, tags, and graphics, which are very beautiful, but they are temporary in the sense that they’re placed in public spaces. They interrupt the discourse because the public discourse is reserved for advertising. Large billboards are in the realm of paid advertising, so these are what I call phantom bodies—in other words, graffiti artists—put up a piece on a train, or on the side of a wall and there is a certain lifespan for that piece . . . Sooner or later that disruptive image has to be eliminated. I’m fascinated with graffiti, how these bodies, these people who create graffiti challenge the discourse around the death of the author blah blah blah, in that postmodern bullshit discourse. Graffiti was postmodern before the postmodern ever was. Graffiti questions who owns the material, who can even ‘read’ the text, the notion of accessibility. I mean we look at graffiti and we’re engaged, whether we’re revolted, attracted, or dismissive, or even if we think it’s pretty or ugly—it forces an engagement.”


not-so-secret laboratory

“As vital as the Persian Gulf is now, its strategic importance is likely to grow exponentially in the next 20 years. Nearly one out of every three barrels of oil reserves in the world lie under just two countries: Saudi Arabia (with 259 billion barrels of proven reserves) and Iraq (112 billion). Those figures may understate Iraq’s largely unexplored reserves,
which according to U.S. government estimates may hold as many as 432 billion barrels.”

91 “an association of terms & intentions”

In 1996 Lesley Stahl interviewed Madeleine Albright, US Representative to the United Nations, about the human toll that the sanctions regime was taking in Iraq.

STAHL: We have heard that a half a million children have died. I mean, that’s more children than died . . . in Hiroshima. And—and, you know, is the price worth it?

ALBRIGHT: I think this is a very hard choice, but the price—we think the price is worth it.

STAHL: (Voiceover) Worth it because she believes the sanctions are working.

ALBRIGHT: He has, in fact, come cleaner on some of these weapons programs than we thought before, and he has recognized Kuwait, which was one of the very important reasons that this whole war started.

92 “fortress my boiling oil”

As president of the United States, George W. Bush has spent all or part of more than 40% of his days in office at one of his three vacation retreats: Camp David, Crawford, Texas, or Kennebunkport, Maine.


93 political frisking

“This state, this society, produce religion which is an inverted world consciousness, because they are an inverted world. Religion is the general theory of this world, its encyclopedic compendium, its logic in popular form, its spiritual point d’honneur, its enthusiasm, its moral sanction, its solemn complement, its general basis of consolation and justification . . . Religious suffering is at the same time an expression of real suffering and a protest against real suffering. Religion is the sigh of the oppressed creature, the sentiment of a heartless world, and the soul of soulless conditions. It is the opium of the people.”

94 “the transparencies laid upon the overlaid”

“We are also guided by the conviction that no nation can build a safer, better world alone. Alliances and multilateral institutions can multiply the strength of freedom-loving nations. The United States is committed to lasting institutions like the United Nations, the World Trade Organization, the Organization of American States, and NATO as well as other long-standing alliances. Coalitions of the willing can augment these permanent institutions. In all cases, international obligations are to be taken seriously. They are not to be undertaken symbolically to rally support for an ideal without furthering its attainment.”

95 “this grinding is by definition”

In the 1980s, U.S. companies, with the full support of the U.S. government, supplied Saddam Hussein with much of the requisite materials for Iraq’s biological and chemical programs. These companies also sold Iraq $1 billion in components for missile and nuclear weapons development.
96 pressure in my mouth

In the year prior to the attacks of September 11, 2001, al Qaeda was mentioned by name only one time on all major network evening newscasts.


97 “when I am plugged into something”

The International Centre for Prison Studies reports that when it comes to incarceration rates, the USA is #1. Below is a list of selected countries and their prison population rates per 100,000 people of the national population. The country’s overall rank is in parentheses.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Country</th>
<th>Rate/100,000</th>
<th>Rank</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>United States of America</td>
<td>715</td>
<td>(1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Belarus</td>
<td>554</td>
<td>(2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russian Federation</td>
<td>548</td>
<td>(3)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bermuda</td>
<td>532</td>
<td>(4)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palau</td>
<td>523</td>
<td>(5)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virgin Islands</td>
<td>522</td>
<td>(6)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ukraine</td>
<td>416</td>
<td>(13)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Africa</td>
<td>402</td>
<td>(16)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Singapore</td>
<td>382</td>
<td>(19)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Puerto Rico</td>
<td>378</td>
<td>(20)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poland</td>
<td>210</td>
<td>(49)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Israel</td>
<td>209</td>
<td>(50)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iran</td>
<td>194</td>
<td>(56)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mexico</td>
<td>169</td>
<td>(68)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Honduras</td>
<td>158</td>
<td>(79)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spain</td>
<td>145</td>
<td>(86)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesotho</td>
<td>143</td>
<td>(87)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>U.K. (Eng. &amp; Wales only)</td>
<td>141</td>
<td>(90)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colombia</td>
<td>126</td>
<td>(100)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Korea</td>
<td>125</td>
<td>(101)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

—for a complete list, see www.prisonstudies.org

98 Is it liquid or is it just fire?

“The cultural realm of everyday life is a terrain where political struggle is inevitably waged, rather than being merely auxiliary to politics.”


A note on method: titles for each randomly ordered, tangential sound bite were selected via a hat draw. Titles in quotation marks come from Marcella Durand’s *Western Capital Rhapsodies* (Faux Press, 2001).
GAYE CHAN

Fact-Findings (from the chan/sharma museum of facticity)

item# 1002-46513900-67677

item# 1037-34347623-93497
The United States has said it will allow for 11 Canadian animals to have mad-cow before it rethinks rules that are expected to go into effect soon.
Drug Facts

Active ingredient: Xenophobia
Purpose: To Protect the Body Politic

Drug Abuse: "...the use of marijuana is always an abuse and a vice in the strictest sense of the word. So far as this drug is concerned, there is no medical indication whatsoever that will justify its use in the present day and age, as is the case with opiates and also, up to a certain point, with cocaine. It is always an abuse, dangerous to the individual and to the race. It is not yet too late for us to recognize the menace which appears to be drawing near."

Dangers: Contagion, Contamination, Invasion, Spread


Drug Facts

Active ingredient: Racism  Purpose: Depressant

Science: Progress

Laboratory tests: In Germany in 1898, Bayer scientist Heinrick Dresser tested diacetylmorphine on "sticklebacks, frogs and rabbits." He also tested the new drug, named Heroin, on Bayer workers and on himself. Dresser claimed to the Congress of German Naturalists and Physicians that Heroin was "10 times more effective as a cough medicine than codeine, but had only a tenth of its toxic effects."


Warning: "The Communists were trying to promote drug addiction among American troops in Japan and Korea," and "in the Far East it has become a Red weapon to weaken us."


Drug Facts
Active ingredient: Blaming the Other
Purpose: Defense of War

Directions
- "The United States can recommend ... European versions of the television show, America's Most Wanted, [which] would greatly assist governments in ... capturing wanted terrorists."
- "Since drugs (especially heroin) are a major source of revenue for terrorist organizations, an anti-drug campaign must address this link. Suggested themes are: 'Drug money lines the pockets of terrorists,' 'For terrorists, needles have two shots—one in the arm and one in the back.' ... Such efforts have a patriotic appeal and should curtail drug sales."

Contraindication
- "The views expressed in this report are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the official policy or position of the Department of the Army, the Department of Defense, or the U.S. Government."

Sources
God Bless’ The Child

A swing-spiritual based on the authentic proverb
“GOD BLESSED THE CHILD THAT’S GOT HIS OWN”

As Featured on OKEH, record 6270

by BILLIE HOLIDAY

EDWARD B. MARKS MUSIC CORPORATION • RCA BUILDING • RADIO CITY • N.Y.

Drug Facts

Active ingredient
Hypocrisy

Purpose
Diverted Attention

Indications
• A Columbia Univ. study confirms alcohol is associated with more violent crime than any illegal drug, including crack, cocaine, heroin. 21% of violent felons in state prisons committed their crimes while under the influence of alcohol alone. Only 3% were high on crack or cocaine alone and only 1% were using heroin alone.

Directions

Actual Causes of Death in the United States, 2000

Drug Facts

Active ingredient
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Purpose
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Directions

Actual Causes of Death in the United States, 2000
At work for a long time on a fictional work about the history of the war on drugs, and having read the call in Chain for a special issue on facts, Alexandra did a double take one day, afforded by an unconscious that makes precise connections even while the jaw of the conscious mind hangs open in a "Wha'?" kind of way. Suddenly, as she went to apply her lip balm (just as she had six hundred thousand times before), she noticed something for the first time: fine print on the side of the little canister invited her to "Lift for Drug Facts." Under the flap there was that very familiar box, with that very familiar typeface. Now the jaw of the conscious mind snapped shut. Right. You've seen it all over every over-the-counter chemical you've ever bought or considered buying. Meanwhile, the facts of the drug war wanted in—they felt more important than the chemical facts. The economics, history, rhetoric, and racial and gender politics of the drug war needed to be shown and seen. Interested in fact vs. "fact," Hugh connected the literal language of those ready-mades, those boxes of information for forming informed consumers, with a visual language of decades of pop culture, and a more arcane visual language of chemistry. Thus we made graphic some of the ironies that circulate along with chemicals in the traffic of legal and illegal drugs.

---

**Drug Facts**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Active ingredient</th>
<th>Purpose</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Money</td>
<td>More money</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Overdosage**

- According to the UN, illegal drugs generate enormous profits. 2001: In Pakistan, heroin averaged $610 per kilogram. In the US, heroin cost an average of $25,000 per kg, and at street-level, an average of $55,000 per kg.
- Drug traffickers earn gross profit margins of up to 300%. American automakers see profit margins of about 5%. Dell 9%. Microsoft sees profits on Windows of about 85%.

**Side Effects**

- The UN reports that profits in illegal drugs are so great that 75% of all drug shipments would have to be intercepted to seriously reduce profitability.
- The difficulty of maintaining honest government while fighting a drug war was noted by the UN Drug Control Program: "... where a member of the legislature or judiciary, earning only a modest income, can easily gain the equivalent of some 20 months' salary from a trafficker by making one 'favourable' decision, the dangers of corruption are obvious."

**Sources**

Don't look now but here comes some amusing theoretical knowledge
just life while the collective
I like facts, is that a fact?
For the sake of brevity, this learning song
does not include a list of grievances
Here we are in another artificial purgatory
as we are calling the journals this year
This technique is called invention
Don't overuse it
So all the giddy calculation
attached to sociability, is it
just me, or is that a middle-
class thing? I can't like him,
he's friends with her, and she
did that thing to his sister

I want to use math to explain things, but it makes me giddy
I think I have betrayed my class by laughing
laughing was funny, becoming carefree
away from it is hilarious — the middle class
on laughing gas, floating above its body

It's perversely delightful to use
the word “tarrying” as if we were
living out among the landscapes
That is just so typically me
“The kind of walk that turns the countryside into a spectacle”

But there is a tune for restitution
There is a melody for a song
This song I sing alone, my voice is spun
along the axis of being (“the hilarious”)
(I am tickled at intervals
to keep me on the living side —
when I plant a small negation in the laughter
it gets more alive)
MATTHEW COOPERMAN

Still: Howling

Cause: hunger, as if there were something else, the urge to eat the need to shit. And yet play, lamentation, the joyous body . . . “The wolf sets out to mark the dying day like an actual bone. No need for our time, they have their own time.”

Communication: vocal, postural, olfactory. “Their pelage is like a sign . . . “

Camp: Lobos (fun! picture day! tracking! biofacts!)

Journal: Wild Canid Center Review, “Providing an alternative to extinction” Hominid Studies, “Good humans make good labors”

Dilemma: to list or not to list, “be a 501 (c) (3) and tax deduct survival! Various species afforded, $1000 Alpha Wolf Circle.”

Wish List: Two-drawer fire proof file, plaster of Paris, bleach, fresh meat, heavy duty blankets, rawhide bones for games

Report: fourteen Mexican grays, six reds, one Iranian gray, six South American maned, two swift foxes

Donors: Ralston Purina, Zerna Meats, John Moon Produce, Fiesta de la Lobos

Titles: Zoonoses: Infectious Diseases Transmissible from Animals to Humans; Rafsenjahni: Tale of the Persian Howl; Man and Wolf: Advances, Issues and Problems in Captive Wolf Research; The Mad Cow Crisis (misshelved); The Whistling Hunters, or Timberwolves in Discussion.

Quote: “Some people may picture wolves pursuing their prey in a breathtaking headlong chase, like cheetahs hauling down gazelles at forty miles an hour. In fact—and especially here and now, when so many Yellowstone elk are so vulnerable—the process is slow, deliberate, orderly.” (McNamee)

Scene: White Sands and the back burner. 3,700 miles of wilderness and pilots inclined to show. “Shall we introduce a small number into paradox?”

Quote: “The central conflict between man’s good and evil natures is revealed in his twin images of the wolf as ravening killer and (something we have not examined before) as nurturing mother. The former was the werewolf; the latter the mother to children who founded nations.” (Lopez)

Wish List: Trojan Horse wolf model (terrorist inside); that there were collars for our leaders
Still: Fighting

Premise: the loss is smaller than the gain

Axiom: monkey mind = land of hungry ghosts

Campaign: Actium, Massilla, Thermopylae; Antietam, Appomatomax, Vicksburg, Shiloh; Ypres, Gallipoli, Somme, Passchendaele; Khe Sanh, Ap Bac, Tet, My Lai; Alamo, Medano, San Jacinto; Kirkuk, Mosul, Karbala, Samawah ... 

GoBot: Reptron, Galvatron, Enronitron

Deformation: armed between states or factions of purpose the compelling eyes focus dynamic times. As much as actually occurs is a feature of class, the machine by mass movement attains scientific art. Why, even the existence of leagues of culmination resulted in resources quickening toward stasis. A demand for indefinite conclusion, some say, various trunks agree arms control is a body's goal.

Leading Men (mostly): El Bushe, on Schwarzkopf, on Cheney, on Powell; Al Hussein, Al Qada, on Aziz, on Faud; on Hanibal, on Scipio Africanus, on Trajan, on Sargon; on Corp. Lance Winters, on Pvt. Jesus Mendez, on Sgt. Anthony Tomlinson, on Petty Off. Leilani Pell

Menu: beef stroganoff (37,000 cases), chicken a la king (23,000 cases), pulled bbq pork sandwich (51,000 individual units), fruit cocktail (103,000 units)

Antecedent: Devolution, War of Secession, Algerine War, Aroostook War, Balkan Wars, Bishops' Wars, Boer War, Crimean War, Gallic War, Great War, Gulf War, Hussite Wars, Indochina War, Punic War, Teutoberg Wald . . .

Numbers: 2 million leaflets, 29 locations; 2.3 million driving miles (1032nd Transportation Company); 22,000 VA applicants (Afghan/Iraq combined), 10.2 million flight miles (63rd airborne, others)

Quotes: "You came here and basically took care of yourself"; "KBR, with their ceramic vests, was better equipped than we were"; "It's the heat that kills you"; "Today you are standing in a position that would please the friend and the enemy"; "There will be people among us who will not see the end of this. We'll send them back in their sleeping bags."

Munitions: JDAM air-to-surface precision bomb, GBU 28/37 "bunker buster" bomb, Have Nap missile, HARM anti-radar missile, Brimstone air-to-surface missile, Massive Ordnance Air Blast Bomb (MOAB)

Agents: CIA, NSF, Interpol; typology, histology, End of Days; botulinum, CS, Cyclosarin, gangrene, Ricin, rotovirus, Sarin, sulfur mustards

Heroes: Sylvia Pajoli, Jane Arraf, Howard Zinn, William Byrd, Wolf Blitzer (still), Avilokitasevara, Rosa Parks, Michael Moore, Ed Dorn, Gandhi

Condoms: 127,594 (Trojan ribbed), 109,843 (Lifestyles Spermocidal), 73,454 (Durex Magnum)


Numbers: Desert Storm (100,000 Iraqi soldiers killed, 300,000 wounded, 35,000 civilians killed, 116,000 sorties flown; Coalition losses, 358 killed, estimated cost, $61-71 billion); Iraq War (75,000 Iraqi soldiers killed, 120,000 wounded, 18,200 civilians killed, 33,000 injured; Coalition losses, 1,100 killed, 2,000 injured; cost?)

Contracts: Bechtel, Carlyle Group, BP, Halliburton, International Harvester, IBM, Lockheed Marietta, Nextel, Atlas Box, Pfizer

Products: wetnaps, tampons, pontoons, ping pongs, canteens, reruns

Product Tie-in: Tylenol, Advil, NyQuil, BenGay, GameBoy, PlayStation, Oakley, Stetson, Pur Filters

Filmography: Judgement at Nuremberg (Kramer, '61), Mein Krieg (Eder and Kufus, '90), Memory of Justice (Ophuls, '76), Night and Fog (Renais, '55), Everyman: Iraq, Enemies of the State (Blake, '90), Eyes of Birds (Auer, '82), La Boca del Lobo (Lombardi, '88), Missing (Costa-Gravas, '82), Ararat (Egoyan, '02), Children of Fire (Masri and Chamoun, '90),
Chile in Translation (Ancelovici and Diamond, ’91), Salvador (Stone ’85), Voices from Gaza (BBC, ’89)


Refrain: “O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done / My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still”

Status: silence, poison, scald, sleep, provoke, petrify, scan, absorb

Quote: “All things are in God’s hands, he doesn’t want you for a sunbeam.” 
“There will be good moments, and there will be less good moments”
“Seeing the sun and the moon does not mean a clear eye”

What do you let in / what stays penned in the when of then. Bishops defrocked or the body as bomb.

What is that which does and may have the force of who though deeds breach higher than names

as after the bombing picture those namelessly scouting for shreds of flesh and bone and teeth to be buried.

Or pitched in to private abouts the collocation of those with these:
meals and showers / phonecalls and teakettle whistles punctuating the working hours pulling on shorts / fighting off dolor. Or do headlines sharpen the what:

Rebels Natural Gas Bullet Holes Ice Caps

Unfrozen Caribou Approaching the Mainland

Another Body Orbiting Jupiter

And what of terrorist cells hiding everywhere and separatist movements quelled.

If you look up what, will you find it inseparable from who and how? Any which or that or whatever

The most thinginess of interrogatives or if unheard What? suffices to summon back the teller and stay the listener:
Bin Ali, a village elder in Butit Meranti, lost everything except a white dish when a raid left 36 houses in ashes.

White porcelain serving dish. Let that stand for what: the broken / the husband-to-wife bond the rebels / the crackdown (in Aceh, Sumatra) / the grief. What though the rose have hips yet is it inflamed if not embossed. Let what beware of where.
“Fact” was composed by charting the coordinates between two propositions: “The world divides into facts” (Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* 1.2) and “It often happens that we only become aware of the important facts, if we suppress the question ‘why?’; and then in the course of our investigations these facts lead us to an answer” (Wittgenstein, *Philosophical Investigations* §471).
Passing Through/A Place of Conveying

Eastern Mills
Western Wheat
Great Lakes Artery

1842 first commercial 55,000 bushels
1865 27 elevators 6,000,000 bushels
1899 40 elevators 20,920,000 bushels
1926 34 elevators 40,000,000 bushels
1934 21 elevators 41,988,000 bushels
1948 John Feder, a salvager, buys Great Eastern Grain Elevator, reducing the area’s grain storage capacity to 55,000,000 bushels. Removal included the entire structure down to its concrete foundation all the tanks five small sheds buildings at the North end of the elevator property the railroad tracks and the street pavement

The wrecking of the building and tanks would yield more than 3,000 tons of scrap steel.

Purity, or, The Six-Cent Preferential Rule

a measure
by British Rule
of mixing stony particles
such as race abroad
and who by races in the land erase
Great Lakes
Marine Bricks
and Chains
in favor of
Canadian Grain
6 cents tax
for Buffalo’s privilege

“what each ship meant abroad via Buffalo have documented proof so entirely failing to remain in tact from Canada to the seaboard and across the ocean —1934

Between 1924-1933 receipts of grain at Buffalo aggregated 2,084,355,544 bushels. The biggest shipment occurred in 1924 when 287,326,936 bushels were forwarded here for unloading. In that year, Canadian grain comprised approximately ⅓ of the total shipment received at that point.

By 1948 almost every newspaper article concerning the Buffalo Harbor observes efforts to increase tourism.
1933-1933 2,084,355,544 bushels

1924 (biggest shipment)
287,326,936 bushels

1924 Canadian grain comprised approximately \( \frac{3}{4} \) of total shipment received

1934 "that each shipment be accompanied by documents . . . purity"

1948 almost every article on the Buffalo Harbor observes efforts to increase tourism.

1943 "a great vacation spot." —Buffalo Courier Post, 1943
Demolition's conditions could be of course to state those conditions maybe that conditions more powerful than on the condition Common Council could not put the same conditions on the decision in favor of preserving that's what's going to influence any kind of conditioning any kind of appeal they are going to 'press' forward that you would consider approving demolition demolition with "conditions conditions would be "of course" making the best possible record of the Elevator Videotaping, for instance because it would be hard to have a Verbal Description or Photograph do Justice (The School of Architecture) (The Historical Society) Filed, this could be the ongoing development of heritage but approval would only take effect if approval was part of the application construction of an exact site based on approval of the application there would be no way to tear down such an amount to read and meanwhile build in 5 years or 10 years If the climate improves or If the interest rates go down or all those things people end up having be empethuous to the actual construction of conditions I'm afraid a vote to say no it's an irreparable loss when it's gone it's gone it's just part of the heritage they themselves did it and I agree with them I don't think it's an irreparable loss somebody else doesn't decide how it's been that is the pragmatic highlight today but Don't give up."

things like what year a company abandoned its elevator seem to go unrecorded. I did find out that you can buy an elevator from the city for a dollar. $1. When a company abandons a site, the title reverts back to the city. It costs more to tear down than the amount you can sell the salvage for. Companies, it seems, would rather pay damages to the city than pay to tear down an elevator. So they sit.
In my poetic research on Buffalo I have made the question of geographical and socio-political orientation primary. I wonder how might we understand existing descriptions of poetry, poetics and modernism as based on implicit locales; and by focusing on alternative locations, how might our sense of these things shift? What might Buffalo have to tell us about our future?

In many ways a monument to failures of city planning, corrupt land deals, and what seems almost a disdain for design (except for all the artists always passing through the University . . . Foucault used to teach there, poetics program blah blah), Buffalo has become increasingly felt as a vortex. In order to live in peace with my surroundings, and to grow in empathy, I decided to deploy poetic strategies for personal and psychic survival, and to grow in empathy. These poems are the first ones I wrote in that spirit of “fact.”

Written primarily as notes, these poems turned out to be the very beginning of a long love affair with Buffalo, NY, and hence, a long love affair with the Buffalo and Erie County Public Library Special Collections Department, which houses all local history. Scrapbooks, clippings, files, maps, pamphlets, photographs, and miscellany of every sort. The file “Buffalo-Flour Milling Heritage” contains all the Grain Elevators information, and the impressive wall of scrapbooks labeled “Buffalo Waterfront,” contains clippings of everything ever written about that topic. The “Buffalo Song Archive” contains mostly hymns to schools now closed, and old real estate sales jingles from the 1950’s.
What if you walked up out of the Washington DC metro into the mountains surrounding Kabul, Afghanistan? Facts come with contexts of authorship and language. An accumulation of these contexts in time create a history. As we created “DC Metro in the Kowst Region,” we wondered what is the history beneath a city or landscape? We were interested in not only physical layers of stone and steel, but also the suppressed history of a region. What are the sites that make it onto a map, and what are the sites that are buried? How does a map, with all its coded and gentrified information, effect the topography of a region and its inhabitants? And how do we, as people, navigate in all this?

LUCIA GBAYA-KANGA
from s(a)lone

sing the song
that will put Salone’s grand babies
to rest in her earth
sing
song that will
re-member
sing
sound forgotten in
58
facets of
black and crushed
meshed into the wood
meshed into the floor
crimson so thick it berry
black looked
so thick it soaked and spread
and

aieyuo aieyuo aieyuo aieyuo aieyuo

(aie)’m going to have sex with you until

(aie)ce
breaks rocks
enters cracks
pressures freezes
they dis arm us

they'd do what ever they wanted with me

(We promise that the d(aie)amond you select has been carefully screened as to its provenance and is worthy of the love and promise for which it has been given and received)

father save me
return me
safely to m(aie) home

given birth f(aie)ve days before
in the parlor
raped b(aie) one after the other

lasted a long t(aie)me
when one finished the other one goes

d(aie)amond
der(aie)ved from the greek word adamas meaning "invincible"
pain spreading from pelvis to temple fingers and joints limbs ached still feverish
tap tap tap tap hold
beating out story l(aie)ne
tap tap tap tap m(aie) mate
could barely place finger
ins(aie)de inner th(aie)gh the liquid
tap tap tap tap and another
head slowly hits
breath leaves body
pieces of black cherry
begin to form

tap tap tap tap
woman
shook the d(aie)adem to
make the picture clearer than
it was clean
even

economy is now sustained b(aie)
sierra leone d(aie)monds and gold

looking b(aie) shaking to wash
away the spots
truth invade overthrow the government and entrench on the
d(aie)amond
m(aie)nes

hoping b(aie) bashing blemishes
to
come to its
origin
hop ing b (aie) den (aie) ing the image reflected

shook the d(aie)adem to

bash them with a hammer

black
(aie)ce
began to gloss
skin
frost
transforming each
hair strand in
to (aie)ce

picks

"stun one woman with three stones"
suspended head
tilted to left
arms stretched out
wards
limp
body sags be
neath her own
weight
broken ankles nailed
hammered in
to
a crystalline cross

to determine when in earth's
history diamonds were formed
look at the inclusions, or flaws
to get at the blemishes in the gems
some say gem was way to win
hearts
picked the (aie)ce
passed it b(aie) her (aie)s
told her he
found the treasure between her th(aie)ghs
and simply
brought it to her mouth
to kiss
still
it sl(aie)ed her lips
in four dropped
knees to floor
frigidity
clung to her he
could not remove his
fingers from the (aie)des of her
rock-hard face
frozen embrace

"d(aie)monds a girl's best friend"

REID GÔMEZ

K’e: All Existence is In Relation

Sorting the literal from the metaphorical, the logical from the analogical,
the humorous from the serious, the lie from the truth, the real action from
its playful representation, and correctly interpreting the multiple meanings
and senses of these symbolic expressions is ... absolutely necessary if we are
to learn to converse successfully with other peoples, and thereby reduce the
estrangement that divides us.
—Gary Witherspoon

Some people behave as if the past is Tupperware. Pop something inside,
b burp, and you have a vacuum sealed case for storage and preservation.
The problem with this belief is that containers invariably leak, their
contents spill, decay, and ferment. They have life; and they walk among
us in a daily refusal to be put away.

America does not understand her Indians largely because she keeps
them in this notion of the past. She abdicates her contemporary
responsibility, refusing to account for the colonial present. Any US
history text will tell you the colonial period ended with Independence.
In America’s mind everything in respect to American Indians already
happened, then, in the conquering of her people, the transfer of land
title and the subsequent rewriting of our property laws, our family
codes, and our land and water ethics.

We do not all believe we are a conquered people.

On Saturday, the 18th of September, members of the Lakota, Dakota,
Ponca, Kiowa and Dine Nations met with re-enactors of the Lewis and
Clark expedition and offered them the opportunity to turn back or
"suffer the spiritual consequences."

In response, the re-enactors offered a tomahawk pipe. The Nations
refused to smoke with them; Lakota elder Floyd Hand saying, “We are
the descendants of Red Cloud and Crazy Horse ... I did not come here
in peace.” Nor did they journey to the Missouri to change the past,
they came because they “want their territory back, their treaties to be
honored and to be able to continue their healing ways.”
“You chose to come amongst us without permission,” Said Carter Camp, Lakota. “We would like to ask you to turn around and not proceed into our territory. We didn’t bring our bows and arrows, but we will continue to harass you.”

The re-enactors requested and were given three days to respond. Peyton Clark, great, great, great grandson of William Clark accepted a blanket from Deb White Plume who said, “Small pox. Have it back.” But he refused to stop the expedition. He told the elders and warriors that they, the re-enactors, did not think with their own minds; the ultimate decision belonged to the board of directors.

They failed to understand the elders’ position. They failed to stop their reenactment and they failed to comprehend how the ritual participation in the journey, along with the heavy and highly visible Federal and State protection, was one more contemporary refusal of the Lakota’s rights as a sovereign nation.

My New World dictionary defines the prefix, re, as “making new, fresh, and once again the previous,” in this case, enactment. Their performance, as if in a play, fails to be a mere symbol of their ancestry and history. In representing Lewis and Clark, during their expedition, the re-enactors are their equivalents, they stand in the place of Lewis and Clark, bringing them, their movement and their legacy into this time and on to these places. This is no “remembrance of things past” but a powerful revelation of their place in an ongoing occupation.

Clark said he hoped the commemoration would serve as a tool for education.

Bay Area activist, Janeen Antoine, Lakota, pointed out, “What better opportunity to show why Lakota resented their presence in the past and what has come of it [today]?”

We are among the poorest people in the territories currently occupied by the United States. The Lakota, and the Diné, live within limited versions of our respective homelands and share a heritage of poverty and international litigation in the United States Supreme Court and United Nations. We are not one people, but two Nations who share similar treatment under one (US Federal) policy. Our heritage is not one of shared ancestors but of shared subjagation.

The past walks on the faces carved into the sacred Black Hills, at the snow park on the San Francisco Peaks and in the post IRA governments of 1934. According to the US Census of 2000, 85.7% of the residents of Fort Berthold Reservation, 74.3% of those on Pine Ridge and 24.5% of those on Navajo speak English only in their own homes. Grandparents are responsible for raising their grandchildren at the rate of 55.9% on Fort Berthold, 58.7% on Pine Ridge and 60.7% on Navajo. The median household income is $26,274 for a household of 3.05 on Fort Berthold. $20,549 for a household of 4.35 on Pine Ridge and $21,136 for a household of 3.78 on Navajo. Only 25.8% heat their homes with electricity on Fort Berthold, 10.2% on Pine Ridge and 7.9% on Navajo. 23.5% of families live below poverty on Fort Berthold, 41.8% if they’re in a female headed household, 46.4% on Pine Ridge, 60.5% if female headed, and 38.3% on Navajo, 52.2% if female headed.

Last weekend, White Plume and a smaller contingent, mostly residents of Pine Ridge, continued their protest at the Bad River at Fort Pierre, where the Lakota first met the original expedition in 1804. The resisters hope all Nations will join them in their effort to stop the reenactment.

We are made brother and sister not by blood, but by action. Kinship is created in the ways we behave, one person, towards another: giving birth or sharing sustenance (food, clothing, shelter). Our actions create our relations, the continuity between us, earth, man, woman, plant, animal and spirit. These relationships are not metaphorical, nor are they the lesser approximations denoted by the language of step, foster, in-law or adopted.

Only with an understanding of the affective nature of K’e can you comprehend that kinship is not limited to those who share a narrative of biological relations, but exists between any individual who acts in accordance with the code that governs our relations.

For the Diné, this code requires good will. Our belief holds firm to the ideal that each person have good intentions and their actions not harm others. All action, all thought, all speech must contribute in some way to health and beauty, it is finished.
I write a biweekly column on the Navajo (Diné) kinship term K'è.

On October 2nd I received a press release from “the Lakota delegation” on the Bay Area Indian Calendar. The press release included the article from the UN Observer regarding the protests being waged against the Lewis and Clark reenactments by American Indian First Nations people.

I knew at that moment I must write about this protest, even though I try to refrain from commenting on Lakota politics, and politics explicitly, in my column. I contacted Alex White Plume, of the Lakota delegation, and he immediately contacted me back.

This column, “K'è: All Existence is In Relation,” went out Monday October 11, 2004.
The opacity of the case is matched only by the naïveté of the poem’s transparency, and this is a bad model for the transmission of ‘facts’ through culturally sanctioned channels. The hortatory gesture with which the thing begins can’t even address its own factitious object, which remains out of sight. What’s more, to link the little kernel to everything it’s wrought would make Hegel’s bit about the seed and the tree seem storybook quaint. The devastation remains illegible; the evidence, in order to come to light, thus requires an artifice matched only by the GMO itself, whose promiscuity respects no border, be it of parcel or estate, corporate acre or national sea, and whose rampant swarm of genes becomes a biological allegory for intractable flows of finance, which pressure and dizzy the poem. Having effectively replaced sugar, the resultant syrup mimics the new corn itself, penetrating everything, from bread to pasta to bacon to beer. Despite the sound of C-O-R-N, it’s the farthest thing from natural one can imagine, let alone eat, but large-scale food manufacturers really love it because it prevents freezer burn and helps breads brown and keeps them soft, which is why hot dog buns and even English muffins hold surprising amounts. In its struggle to register these “facts,” the poem’s lines break prematurely, and the whole thing goes down and weeps.

When folks ask me why do I turn the image of the U.S. Capitol building upside down in my collages, my short answer is: it’s upside down because they’re upside down; or even now I can think of the 2004 reelection George W. Bush, Jr. (I can’t think of anything more upside down then that) . . . and the first time was decided by the Supreme Court, NOT THE PEOPLE!

Whenever I’m watching the news being reported from the nation’s capital, the reporter always has the capitol behind him or her, consistently in the frame, as backdrop, set design, in the theatre conquest... for it is the bricks of our black and red bones that built this country’s capital and its capitol.

In my most recent collages I have inverted the Pentagon building, turning it into a wounded guillotine.
HALEH HATAMI

Port of Oakland

Live Sky Cam—Port of Oakland

(frame: Charles Howard Terminal Sky Cam 24-hour monitor of things coming and going)
counting, recounting calm
containership
stacked balanced and honest
proof purchased and generous
gift-boxed combinations of the following lading:
1. auto parts
2. iron and steel
3. wood and wood products
4. wine
5. coffee, tea, cocoa and spices
6. toys and sporting goods
7. red meat and fish
8. beer and ale
9. electrical machinery and appliances
10. chemicals and chemical products
11. specialized machinery
12. building stones and slate
13. nuts, bolts and nails

no denying these their fare

Sea Wolf—Port of Oakland

Sea Wolf: The ferry broke up a few miles from shore. Some jumped in lifeboats, others drowned. The Ghost picked him up ten miles off the Farallon Islands. Her crew was Scandinavian; the cook was Cockney and rather took to the narrator’s humor and kindness. As London tells it, the narrator survived the subzero in a life preserver only to be held against his will, bound seal hunting to Japan.

An Honest Answer: Isadora Duncan’s grandfather began the ferry line, proving that the terribly practical often spawn the opposite.

Sea Wolf: Several men picked up the hatch cover with its ghastly freight. To the feet was attached the sack of coal . . . dragged him down and he was gone.

An Honest Answer: In the days following the quake, thousands relied on the ferry line, proving that passengers prefer a leaky boat to a plunging bridge.

Sea Wolf: The narrator/captive was a gentleman/dilettante and the wave curling came crashing off the Ghost’s starboard and knocked the bones from him till he walked with a limp. Cooky said you could call it a paradox that this crippling teaches you to walk topside in the elements.
Backed up—Port of Oakland

Backlog at the ports, rush to train longshoremen
International Longshore and Warehouse Union
scrambling to hire 3,000 part-time workers

Long Beach backed up keep us captain aye no unloading
supply bloated they had the bookings should have known
this is a chain it broke the work is dangerous and boring
float the broke out till sixty sweet few at the docks others
at anchor others queued up at the berths to borne it backed
up deep bring on the labor ILWU willing but not able to berth

the Chinese sailor lost his head to a snapped cable able no
more to borne it the backlog is costing hope the surge don’t
hit it’s not the season so what about the backed up deep chain
slackens has rippled for pockets pieces of eight wasting bob
for days the supply line string up the forecasters anchored
volume takes losses string up the willing the not able supply

Live Sky Cam II—Port of Oakland

(frame: Charles Howard Terminal 24-hour sky cam. Absent from frame:
intermodal rail facility, network of support roads)

Gray Gray
Gray Gray
Gray Gray

Upper right corner
upper right corner crane in miniature
camera angled at Hanjin Terminal
jutting gantry cranes
terminal gates

recently deepened channel and berth

left lower corner dock yard
stacked containers some scattered
brick red, utility blue, white
silent tonnage at the major
container freight stations
sealed boxes fill frame
jawed softly by crane
color blocked

crane stacked
puzzle racked
by color
matter of fact
in plain view
openly sealed

detach from their chassis to become giant shipping boxes
transitional water land jointly
amphibious serve the Union Pacific and Santa Fe
cargo transportation/distribution hub

(series of camera frames frozen, spliced, and speed replayed;
rule of three applies)
BRENDA HILLMAN

*Enron Executives Take the 5th*

In the Senate, squareheaded men than yesterday
call on the number 5
for help.
on law, the perfect length

which feels its fear being used up;

as the executives take the 5th, the oxygen
in the cup of the 5
gets formal, crisp,
to support the *tilllllt* when the number
turns on its

back— | or > —before
being hooked to the verge ledge
of the planet; the 5
fears being next

to their zeroes, their one-inflected

zeroes' face masks,
all air zeroes,
zeroes choked,
choked air, all choked air zeroes
as if from belted

slugs circling.
choking round, choked round
the glittering
waist of the world—

CATHY PARK HONG

*1,369 Lights*

He traveled a total of 800 miles. He cut diagonally through 50 empty lots. Each rectangular lot the length of grief, the width of will—area shaded in by parlance and jargon. Subtract four failures per year. Add on luck from a shambling casino. Subtract cash flow for food, shoeshine, savings for his pipe dream storehouse. The sum total?

Following daylight to the end of daylight. Ten hours twenty-three minutes sixteen hours ahead of this time ten hours twenty two minutes sixteen hours ahead of this time ten hours twenty two minutes the end of the ten hours three minutes sixteen hours ahead of time

Sum of accent and twill. Two cotton bales, blue dye multiplied by will. Sum of mill and gospel. Pidgin gospel roars from the cotton mill at 20 decibels: *haus bilong mi* or *haus bilong you* or *in haus of God*. Sound travels in toiling sine waves to where he rests for the night. He cocks his ear.
Sum of two bantamweight boxers, an audience and a bell pull made of jute rope. Boxer 1 jabs twice, follows with a shot-gun left hook. Boxer 2 takes the hit and lands a sharp right hand counter. They clinch, release, and dance in concentric circles. He is out in the crowd, jeering and throwing beer in the air. He cranes his neck and squints in the cigar fog for a better view. Slowly, the boxers dissolve. He detects only their sweat-washed contours and the shudders in the air from their phantom sparring. The fight continues in the empty ring, time punctuated by the ghastly clang of the bell. First round, second round, third round—every three minutes, the bell clangs for rest when there are no bodies, only the wavering trails of their punches. But the audience doesn’t notice. They are in paroxysms of derision and cheer, pummeling their fists and catcalling “get outta the ring!” He panics, turns around and—

Rate my father traveled: 60 m/hr
Distance from Seoul to New York: 6,822 miles.
Distance from New York to Erie Pennsylvania: 500 miles.
Distance from Erie to Los Angeles: 2,400 miles.
Last inventory from the storehouse: safety-pins, lint-pickers, bleach, threads, scissors, white powder coated hangers, boxes of blue formula dye, foam guards, pounds of loose buttons, poly bags, life insurance, a brass bell talisman, wedding gown boxes, surplus mien.
I outraced him who outraced me who outraced his anxiety. Sixty heartbeats per minute. turned beet red.


He and forty-nine others work inside the storehouse basement. Instead of windows, the basement is wired with brilliant filaments of light that sizzle and buzz like a hive of insects. They work inside this glaring space regardless of time. They work with the circuitry and the whir of needles. They work with the unnatural light but they don’t look up since everything is so amplified by light (perspective is nowhere and everywhere), their eyes throb and tear. But even the work before them becomes overwhelming so they learn to work with their eyes closed. But even their closed eyes cannot keep off the red furry haze of light so they tie fabrics around their eyes and work steadily through the hours.
Sum of air that cleanses. Mountain air. Eighty miles by car and ten miles on foot. He is at the summit. He breathes. And then he howls, voice traveling 90 decibels, a howl that logs in 12 hours a day and a gram of storehouse toxins he breathed in his lungs. This is not a scream of terror or a scream for help but a howl to air out the lungs. One true breath per week before he hiked down the ragged path back to work. One howl, a pause, then another howl. There were others like him punctuating the mountain: The unheard sounds came through, and each melodic line existed of itself, stood out clearly from all the rest, said its piece, and waited patiently for the other voices to speak.
HOLEN KAHN

Keep Walking: a Critical Digression from the Production of a Film

Seductions

The view from here. Fog beginning to rise from the bay, the coast still in full sun. Daily commute. Passing through talk radio stations like cities, a traveler in somebody else's life.

In a traffic jam on the Bay Bridge unfamiliar voices enter the private sphere of my beige 1985 Mazda—entangling their lives in mine. Drawn into this expedition, shovel and camera in hand to become a digger, aiding and abetting the search to upturn the earth there . . .

1996. Marc Richardson sits in the CARE International office in Nairobi. The floor is scattered with papers, folders, photographs, and supplies. Ransacked, robbed. Scare tactic or search? They remain unsure.

Richardson is a conduit, a listener, an interpreter. his is the task of translation . . .

November 1st, 1996, lost.

Genesis of a film—the grass begins to disintegrate into bleached, pixilated particles. The sound of static, a short-wave radio attempting to connect. A series of short spurts of sound bites, never fully formed. Then a moment of clear airwaves.

Majid, Richardson clarifies. Is Zairian.

Zairian

Laurent Kibila, Mobutu Seso Seko, Patrice Lumumba—Congo, Zaire, Democratic Republic of the Congo. Authentique. August 1960 Allen Dulles. Histories are functionaries of politics. Does the history expire when the papers are declassified?

Hurricanes,
flood plains,
diamonds,
coup
sugar cane.

Majid is a radio operator. Hired because he speaks French, English and local languages. He's dependable, he's accurate.

From books I learn a landscape—a succession of steep green terraced slopes, red clay, black loam, eucalyptus trees, tea and bananas. Mist falls on rain soaked forests hiding silver back Gorillas. A tourist's Africa.

A photograph taken on November 2nd 1996, a hillside dotted with a kaleidoscope. The people carry their possessions on their heads, wrapped in yellow, red, green, violet, pink and blue.

Richardson continues . . . what happened to him is what happened to a lot of our national staff—people who could not be evacuated in the last few days. People who found themselves still in refugee camps.

Three days ago he walked around the camp there was nobody there.

The people on the hillside have become indistinguishable from the grass—they move across the grass as a herd—emerging from the land then receding back into it.

Cut to aerial shot of the camps—declassified Navy materials example 23B001196.

He had nowhere else to go.
He couldn't cross to Goma because there's a front—line of soldiers there. So he headed off for the west, he and his assistant. They took their radio and a car battery.

Enter a nomadic wondering, shifting identities, and points of reference.
Today Majid found himself surrounded by something like 20,000 refugees. These are the people who said:
We've walked enough for the last four days uphill into these mountains.
We can't go any further.
We can't go any further.
and they're desperate for water, it's not food but water that's an issue.

Interruptions. Static . . . pleas. Is there any way that you can send in a helicopter, some kind of water supply.

Websters Third New Unabridged International Dictionary:
refu•gee
refugie , past part., of refugier to put in place of safety] 1. ; one that flees to a place of safety; esp : one who flees to a foreign country or power to escape danger or persecution in his or her own country or habitual residence because of race, religion, or political beliefs 2; one who flees from justice : fugitive 3: cowboy

Classifications

Assumptions made, sympathy drawn in measure to presented materials. Constructions to contemplate—a dream or nightmare, still deciding. Two men outside the courthouse in Arusha, Tanzania. Over cigarettes they argue the semantics of witness, accomplice and extremist.

Accords—\( \text{\textcircled{a}} \) vb -ed/ing/-s[ME accorden, acorden, fr. OF acorder, fr (assumed) VL accordare fr L ad- + cord-, cor heart— from the heart] Tribunals—Latin, fr. tribunus meaning Roman official—Judge

In the biblical story, the older brother Cain was a cultivator, and Abel the younger, was a herdsman. They made offerings to God—Cain from his crops, Abel from his herds. Abel’s portion won God’s regard; Cain’s did not. So Cain slew Abel. (Gourevitch)

Our advice to him is to keep walking.
Don’t just sit down, sitting down, it’s sitting down to die.

Keep walking, keep heading to the south, towards the huge Magunda camp.

Don’t just sit down because you’re sitting down to die.

Creational myths desiring origins. Noble foreheads and measured brains.

Hamitic hypothesis—1863 John Hanning Speke proposes his basic anthropological theory: all culture and civilization in Central Africa had been introduced by the taller, sharper-featured people whom he considered to be a Caucasian tribe of Ethiopian origin, descended from the biblical King David, and therefore a superior race to the native Negroids.

theories drawn on Legend.

Anthropological hypothesis: Hutus are a Bantu people who settled Rwanda first, coming from the south and west, and Tutsis are a Nilotic people who migrated from the north and east. With time Tutsis and Hutus spoke the
same language, followed the same religious practices, intermarried, lived intermingled, without territorial distinctions on the same hills, sharing the same social and political culture in small chiefdoms. Traditionally Tutsis were herdsman, Hutus cultivators. The original inequality—cattle was more valuable than produce.

More class than caste Hutus could raise their status to Tutsi via marriage or the purchase of more cows.

In the early Christian church there were two kinds of pilgrimage. the latter being a “penitential pilgrimage” in which criminals guilty of peccata enormia (enormous crimes) were required to assume the role of traveling beggar—with hat, purse, baton and badge—and work out their salvation on the road. (Chatwin)

When God asked what happened Cain replied “I do not know; am I my brother’s keeper?” Cain’s punishment remains as shocking as his lack of remorse. For killing his brother Cain is condemned to life as “a fugitive and a wanderer on the earth.” (Gourevitch)

In 1933-34, the Belgians conducted a census in order to issue “ethnic identity cards,” which labeled every Rwandan as either Hutu (eighty-five percent) or Tutsi (fourteen percent) or Twa (one percent). The identity cards made it impossible for the Tutsi to become Hutu or the Hutu to become Tutsi.

Don’t just sit down because you’re sitting down to die.

“Rumor has it that somewhere out there are 100,000 Hutus (refugees) or 500,000 Hutus being devoured by either malaria, cholera, or cannibals.”

The newspaper reports: cholera, famine, war mainly the innocent are left to die. parenthetically read women and children.

Mothers, nurses, teachers, doctors, public officials, nuns . . . witness? Accomplice? Extremist?

An eyewitness account: Felicitee seen “throwing grenades like she was sowing beans. All this whilst pregnant.” I am unable to get this testimony out of my head. Carved on my retina Felicitee on her knees shooting Felicitee on her knees bent over Felicitee howling Felicitee dancing Felicitee shooting on her knees Felicitee howling howling exterminating in a brightly colored skirt.

To recognize history must we have visible proof?

Prophecies

Kigali—1994, April sixth. Instigations.

A small plane against a night sky. It is in two pieces, smoking, flames beginning to flare from it, as it falls rapidly. The fire grows steadily as it crashes to the lawn in front of the presidential palace.

The fire takes over the screen and three soldiers rise up out of the ground behind the fire. The sound of the flames crackling start to mix with the sound of the radio static which has returned. Behind a veil of static the soldier on the right turns and looks off screen, he starts to run, camera tracks with the soldier as he runs out of the burning fields past the streets of Kigali, he is holding an AK47 up in front of him as he runs. The scene turns to water and then to undulating grass . . . a mountain side.

Mandate: Not to let history lie dormant a search for this burden of proof—combing the land for the memory it retains; fragments, prints, strands of hair,

“He sat on the edge of my bed and we talked about our past. He told me of recent dreams he’d had, all sorts of premonitions. Then a soldier came into the room. He opened the window and asked ‘why are you keeping the window closed? Can’t you see that the room is very stuffy?’ Shortly after that, a lot of people armed with all sorts of weapons came into the room. They took my husband away. When then went outside, I heard a man ask ‘But why have we left the mother and the kids?’ A woman replied ‘For the women and children, we will come back in the night.’”

—Mamerita Uwamariya, Gitesi, Kibuye. Africa Rights, 1995
an archeologist on a landscape of fault-lines.

soil, ash, fire, wood iron, lead—
materials mired to this earth—
shift, erode, rust and decay.

"Why are you keeping the window closed?"

For an event to have occurred must there be a site of action? The site of excavation, a crime site, the site of exposure.

HI-8 footage taken by a UN Soldier, at the onset of the genocide, what we see—the UNAMIR Compound where thousands of Tutsis went to seek safety. After three days of waiting in the fields without food, it is announced that they will be fed at a building in the far part of the compound. The people run towards the food, while the UN trucks pull out, leaving all but one UN representative. The Tutsi realizing they are being abandoned begin to run after the trucks.

Between April 6th and the end of July 800,000 Tutsi and moderate Hutu Rwandans were killed.

A wholesale slaughter with a sliding scale of brutality

Holocaust / hōˈlä/ˈkôst/ 1. A ritual sacrifice wholly consumed by fire.

Richardson sifts through the debris of intangibles. I'm from Ottawa myself. If you can imagine the entire city of Ottawa just upping and leaving and everyone trying to get to Cornwall with everything they have. Meanwhile all the little towns around them all these pockets Smith Falls and places like that. They're just going off into the bush and we have no idea where they are. Can you imagine the town of Smith Falls going off into the bush and dying of thirst.
Still sitting in traffic, the bay now covered in fog. San Francisco has disappeared. Marc Richardson still in Nairobi, collecting loose papers and photographs. Thinking of future time. This has been the worst autumn of my life, he writes later, the worst spring, the worst season. Beliefs still held. He tells the listener that it is well after dark in Africa. (Still bright in San Francisco.) We spoke last with Majid at about half past five just as night was falling. He was very concerned for what he was going to have to see in the morning when he woke up.

It's an enormous number of lives at stake. You can't really think of it as an enormous number of lives though. I don't know these 20,000 people. I've been to their celebrations. I've eaten with them. I've probably met a few of them. But I know Majid. I know what he looks like. All I can think about is that I just hope he's OK. I hope that when he calls us tomorrow he may have some better news. Somebody once said. I think it was Stalin who once said: "A million deaths is a statistic, but one death a tragedy."

Semantics

On December 1946 the general assembly of the United Nations declared genocide a crime under international law.

On December 9 1948, the General Assembly went further, adopting Resolution 260A (III), the Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide which obliged “Contracting Parties” to “undertake to prevent and punish . . . acts committed with intent to destroy, in whole or part, a national, ethnical, racial or religious group.” (Gourevitch)

April 21st, 1994

Major General Dallaire, head of the UN mission to Rwanda (UNAMIR) declares that with just five thousand well equipped soldiers and a free hand to fight Hutu Power, he could bring the genocide to a rapid halt.

UN Security Council passes a resolution that slashes UNAMIR's force by ninety percent.

Presidential Decision Directive 25, a checklist of reasons to avoid American Involvement in UN peacekeeping missions.

PDD contained what Washington policy-makers call “language” urging that the US should persuade others not to undertake the mission that it wished to avoid. (Gourevitch)

May 13th, 1994

The security council prepared to vote again on restoring UNAMIR's strength. Madeleine Albright, then the Ambassador to the UN, got the vote postponed by four days.

Four days at 800,000 divided by 100 days = 8000 a day.

“Contracting Parties” are obliged to “undertake to prevent and punish . . . acts committed with intent to destroy, in whole or part, a national, ethnical, racial or religious group.”

Early June 1994,
The UN High Commissioner for Human Rights still favored the phrase “possible genocide.” The Clinton Administration forbade the use of the g-word. The official formulation approved by the White House was “acts of genocide may have occurred.” Christine Shelley, a State department spokeswoman was asked “how many acts of genocide does it take to make a genocide?” (Gourevitch)

Four days at 800,000 divided by 100 days = 8000 a day.

Shelley said she was not “in a position to answer, but that there are formulations that we are using that we are trying to be consistent in our use of.” The Genocide Convention of 1948, was ratified by Rwanda in 1975, and by the United States in 1989.

In his book on Rwanda, Philip Gourevitch writes of meeting an American Intelligence officer at a bar in Kigali.

"I hear you're interested in genocide," the American said. "Do you know what genocide is?"

I asked him to tell me.

"A cheese sandwich," he said. "Write it down. Genocide is a cheese sandwich."

I asked how he figured that.

"What does someone care about a cheese sandwich?" he said. "Genocide,

"That convention," the American at the bar said, "makes a nice wrapping for a cheese sandwich."

In later correspondence with Marc Richardson, I asked about his relationship to Majid, the lost radio operator.

His initial reply comes

"Somebody once said. I think it was Stalin who once said: 'A million deaths is a statistic, but one death a tragedy.'"

1998, Clinton visits Rwanda. He never left the confines of the Kigali airport. From the tarmac he expressed his sorrow. "We owe you all a great apology, we should have called this by its true name, a genocide. I am so sorry for your losses."

8000 a day.

I keep digging.

Richardson writes me "I can tell you of many people who touched my life both Rwandans and Zairians but not Majid. I can't be of much help, what I can tell you is that within a day or so we began to believe from the information, and the way he was telling us the information that Majid, was no longer telling the truth. that somebody, that he had somebody from Hutu resistance standing over him telling him what to say in order to get supplies. We believed from what we knew of the local rainfall and terrain that after a week of stabilization the refugees in that region were not suffering so greatly as he claimed. After three days we stopped hearing from him."

we began to believe from the information, and the way he was telling us the information that Majid, was no longer telling the truth.

Invaluable to this text (esp. in sections Classifications and Semantics) are a few sources from which I have appropriated necessary references.


Gourevitch, Philip. We wish to inform you that tomorrow we will be killed with our families: stories from Rwanda, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1998.


Somalia, Rwanda and Beyond, Crosslines Special Report, The Italian Academy for Advanced Studies at Columbia University.


Email dialogue with Bonnie and Elliot Leyton, who worked for Doctors without Borders in Rwanda and Zaire. 1996-1997.

Email Correspondence with Marc Richardson, CARE International.

The "facts" that inspired the project:

In the fall of 1996 I heard a national radio broadcast, an interview with Marc Richardson, Head of the Nairobi division of CARE International.
Richardson was talking about Majid, a Radio operator employed by CARE in the Kitali Refugee camp in Goma, Zaire (now DRC).

Richardson reported:

“It’s long after dark here in Africa. We spoke last with Majid at about half past five just as night was falling. He was very concerned for what he was going to have to see in the morning when he woke up.”

The story of Majid slowly unfolded; a Zairian Radio Operator, employed by CARE, he had grabbed his battery-powered radio and fled the Kitali Refugee camp in Goma, Zaire, which was under hostile fire. He fled to the mountains, and after a day’s journey found himself with 20,000 Rwandan refugees. He radioed his employers at CARE with desperate dispatches that he and the refugees were lost with almost no food and more urgently with no water; and if they did not get supplies immediately they would start to die.

The interview continued—Richardson tells the interviewer his response to Majid:

“I’m sorry. We can’t drop emergency supplies. It’s across military lines; we’re not allowed to do that... Our advice to him is to keep walking. Don’t just sit down. Keep walking, don’t just sit down because you’re sitting down to die.”

Unable to reconcile how twenty thousand people could simply disappear into the woods and die of thirst, I initiated an email correspondence with Marc Richardson. Richardson disclosed to me that after a few days he and his organization began to suspect that Majid was lying.

Richardson wrote me:

“Based on the rainfall in the area, CARE judged that the situation would not be so desperate,” he wrote. “We had come to believe that Majid was being held up by Hutu Militia and had been forced to ask for supplies... I know had he found safety he would have re-established contact. But I’ve not heard that to be the case. I doubt he’s dead, he had intelligence enough to live by his wits.”

This aspect of the story, the part about the role of the Hutu militia and the potential fallacy of the lost refugees, was never aired on national radio. The public received only the desperate message of hunger and thirst. None of the nuances of how a refugee group might be part of the perpetration of the genocide was left outside of public consumption.

For me the story was a powerful example of how the refugees were being represented as a singular unit, uncomplicated by history, and how the genocide had been eclipsed by the refugee crisis. The “refugees” were not, as the word would signify (and as media and aid agencies often represented them) fleeing the genocide; they fled with and were among those who perpetrated it.

It is at this site, of competing and conflicting narratives, that my work *Keep Walking* is situated. How to respond and represent the genocide in Rwanda in a way that deals with this collapse of language and imagery, in a way that tries to comprehend the relationship between witness, bystander, and accomplice as a global relationship—with governments, and supranational organizations such as the UN as central to the spectrum of complicity. How does one speak about Rwanda without attempting to ever speak for Rwandans? What are the ethical implications of knowledge? And how does one tactically and creatively provide an opening in which to (re)consider how we interpret information, towards what use do we engage it—and most importantly how can agency, and therefore action, be encouraged.

*Keep Walking* is an installation, that uses the story of Majid, and its deconstruction, to effect a collaboration with the viewer—where the viewer becomes alternately a listener, a forensic investigator, a bystander, a witness, and potentially complicit. The broadcast became the entry for a series of projects on the Genocide in Rwanda—focusing particularly on the role of the United Nations and the US government, but also many aspects of language, image and representation of the Genocide itself.

*Keep Walking* is a large scale three room installation using video projection, surround sound, soil, dead leaves, text, straw, vellum, digital images, and declassified military papers. The installation was first realized at Gallery 2, in Chicago Illinois in 2002. *Keep Walking* is a network of barely lit rooms and a passageway which invites the viewer to embark on a labyrinthine forensic journey. Entirely temporal, the work is structured formally like a film—the first room introduces the dominant narrative, that of the lost Radio Operator, Majid, which is experienced as visceral and emotive. This first room is filled with continually circulating dried leaves, about six inches high. The ceiling is a rear projection that is intermittently filled with 20 second video images of migrating geese in flight. The rest of the time, the viewer is in darkness, listening to a six minute sound loop—a remix of the initial broadcast about Majid. A doorway leads from the first room to a dark passage that has been constructed inside the walls of the main space (studs still exposed). Here the viewer encounters a series of stations that introduce western influence on the construction of Rwandan identity—while in the passageway—one is treading on a mass of debris: declassified US government papers, the United Nations' investigation...
of its own actions, and material from testimonies. Video footage of the 1948 UN General Assembly meetings, which established the genocide convention plays on a small screen in the corner of the passageway. When the viewer turns the final corner of the passageway, encountered is an acutely claustrophobic room almost entirely filled with soil, effecting an ambiguity between burial and exhumation.

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The Twittering Machine

Democracy with its semi-civilization sincerely cherishes junk. The artist’s power should be spiritual. But the power of the majority is material. When these worlds meet occasionally, it is pure coincidence.
—Paul Klee

1.
Turn the crank. In 1879, two bare knuckled boxers fought the longest championship fight ever recorded. 136 rounds. Nine months later Paul Klee was born. While Klee is in utero, FW Woolworth opens his first store, which fails almost immediately. The intense light! “One eye sees, the other feels,” he said. The first railroad opens in Hawaii. In Menlo Park, New Jersey, Tom Edison flicks on his incandescent lamp for the first time just as Klee crowns between his mother’s legs. Wack. Churches of the Madonna. John Brahms completes the printing of Tragic Overture just seconds later.

Trembling violin,
Tunisian red, box, ripe date,
Ostinato sun.

2.
Turn the crank. In 1922, Twittering Machine debuts. Canvas scavenged from downed warplanes for mount, the secondary support inscribed with date, catalog number, and title. Neils Bohr awarded the Nobel prize, for “his services in the investigation of atoms and radiation emanating from them.” Steely gouache, gold foil: “On a misty autumn morning, I spread the large, humid sheets of ingres paper out on the gravel in the garden...” Onto filled bristol first, then finished. The British mandate of Palestine begins. Oh, what Wallace Stevens said.

Cockles, draws, wheat starch
Paste, foxing stomas, mat burn,
Sun seeped through water.
3.
Turn. 1940, the Nazis forbid Polish Jews to travel on trains. Klee is dying. Goering seizes Dutch horses, cars, buses and ships. Joe Louis defends his heavyweight boxing title 4 times in one year in a sparse 31 total rounds. As he takes out Atruro Godoy in his third defense, Klee dies. Bruce Lee is born. Richard Pryor is born. Frank Zappa is born. Pele is born. Four months later, four kids follow their dog into a hole in Lascaux, France. They discover four 17,000 year old drawings. Klee? Scleroderma got ‘em.

Birdsong parch, poop shoot.
Pick up, drop, note. Ink gears, dew
On papyrus sun.

4.
Turn, 64 years, 4', after the debut of Twittering Machine a choreographer writes a piece for ten dancers lit by nine projectors based on six paintings, to Gunther Schuller’s Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee. Madonna’s La Isla Bonita debuts.

Turn, 1879 Einstein was born. Klee is a gifted violinist who chooses to pursue fine art. In 1955 Wallace Stevens, vice president of the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company and a Pulitzer Prize winner for poetry that year, died in St. Francis Hospital. Four ways of listening to four birds on a crank. Skin thicker than canvas, stiffer than Bristol. Scleroderma? Caused by stress. The bird fused to its wire.

Walking line sings wire.
Late evening, sunset box,
Four thin birds over fire.
Fluid geographies, bodies of water, bodies of knowledge, the politics of probability surfaces on the landscape.

Fluid structures, material displacements, discordant conceptions of place and space collide.

Discreet unseen aggregations, stealth accumulative procedures, shifty extractionary interventions.

Slipping through holes in the system, sweet sugary secretions slide into the spaces between.

Interview with Ève Andrée Laramée, questions by Jennifer MacGregor, Wave Hill

For the past few years you’ve been working on a project about the Salton Sea on the opposite end of the continent; it’s a very different topology than the Hudson River. How did the Hudson River pull you in?

After you approached me with the idea of creating a new work in response to the Hudson River, I began researching. I was fascinated by looking at the river “sideways and upside-down.” Sideways in terms of looking at the watershed—the vast network or vascular system of the river, and upside-down in terms of looking at the floor or benthos of the river... to try to see and better understand the unseeable. This led me to a group of environmental scientists at SUNY Stony Brook who were mapping the river bottom. Their maps, created by multi-beam acoustic profiling, are visually lavish, and filled with information about the river. This made me think about ways in which the river has been historically represented visually and metaphorically over the past 150 years. I’m trying to bring part of that historical contingency to this work.

I started thinking about what the philosopher Edward Casey terms, “the fate of place,” in relation to the way in which part of the topology of New York State was carved and sculpted by glaciation, and what these patterns have to do with the flow of land and water now. Dredging of the Hudson, on smaller scale, is a similar action. This is sort of a Robert Smithson concept. Dredging brings up a whole other set of issues dealing with ecology, politics and economics. I began thinking about the dredge channels as “sculpture in reverse,” or inverse monuments, which is sort of a perverse thing to do, and harkens back to Michael Heizer’s excavations in the land. I decided to focus in on a particular site on the river in Yonkers, quite near Wave Hill, which for me captured all of the above. One could say my metaphors are obtuse, but intentionally so.

In your work scientific inquiry figures very large. How are artistic expression and scientific inquiry similar in your experience?

The mutable, triadic relationship between art, science and nature has been the foundation for my investigations over the years. My
work reflects upon the ways in which cultures use science and art as devices or maps to construct belief systems about the natural world. I question the pervasive idea that art and science occupy completely unrelated realms (intuition vs. cognition) and draw attention to areas of overlap and interconnection between artistic exploration and scientific investigation, and to the slippery human subjectivity underlying both processes.

How can art speak to environmental responsibility?

Context is important—the fact that this work is sited at Wave Hill, in a mansion overlooking the Hudson means something. Also this institution attracts a specific type of audience—broader in many ways than the audience in most art venues because they are interested in the horticultural as well as the cultural. I would imagine the audience to be more environmentally aware. The artist Newton Harrison said something to me once that I’ll never forget, “Artists outsee other people.” He was talking about the way in which he and his wife/collaborator Helen saw patterns in maps in relation to a watershed that the scientists they were working with did not or could not see. It’s important to incorporate what we can learn from science, and I hope that scientists can learn to listen to artists’ interpretation of data as well. Science is not neutral.

What do you hope people will take away after experiencing Sugar Mud?

I want to overwhelm them with the supersaturated “golden glow” of light on the Hudson, the sugary sweet glow of the fictional pastoral landscape. I also want them to look deeper into patterns beneath the surface, into the secret secretions in the river—from something as innocuous as sugar to as alarming as PCBs and dioxins. The “sugar mud” at the Yonkers site has been dredged and relocated to the “Historical Area Remediation Site” a.k.a. the “Mud Dump Site” in the New York/New Jersey Harbor. I want the audience to consider what these types of displacements of matter mean and the effects they have. The Yonkers site is a “small project” of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, consisting of only 80,000 tons of matter.

Through my research for the Wave Hill project, I came upon some interesting information about the many artificial reefs in the ocean. According to New York State Department of Environmental Conservation’s documents, the Atlantic Beach Reef off the coast of Long Island covers 413 acres and is made from 30,000 tires, 404 auto bodies, 10 Good Humor trucks, 9 barges, the tugboat “Fran S,” a steel life boat, a steel crane and boom, surplus armored vehicles, rock, concrete slabs, pipes, culvert, decking and rubble, and 350,000 tons of rock from a U.S. Army Corps of Engineers dredging project. In my opinion, that bit of information alone is important for people to be aware of, if for nothing else the sheer bizarreness of the fact that the DEC builds these reefs to “enhance marine habitat and provide more accessible fishing grounds for anglers.” I intend to do a future piece about this information. Rather than tell my audience what to think about this, I want to simply give them the information and let them come to their own conclusions. I want to shed light on the “invisibles” beneath the surface because the golden glow shines a bit differently with the illumination provided by this knowledge.

“Sugar Mud” was commissioned by Wave Hill, Bronx, NY, for the exhibition “Hudson River Projects” 2003.
from an official North Korean release:

The Korean people regard it as their most worthwhile life to uphold Secretary Kim Jong Il and live and work in perfect harmony with him. The Korean people absolutely worship, trust and follow the General as god. These noble ideological feelings are ascribable to the fact that they have keenly felt the greatness of the General from the bottom of their hearts. He is the great teacher who teaches them what the true life is, a father who provides them with the noblest political integrity and a tender-hearted benefactor who brings their worthwhile life into full bloom. The life of the Korean people who form a harmonious whole with the General is a revolutionary life to glorify their noblest political integrity. This is why they have unbendingly advanced the revolution with an unshakable faith, not wavering under any obstacles and trials. The General is the mental pillar and the eternal sun to the Korean people. As they are in harmonious whole with him, they are enjoying a true life based on pure conscience and obligation. They are upholding him as their great father and teacher, united around him in ideology, morality and obligation. So, their life is a true, fruitful and precious life without an equal in history.

We don’t want our own native dogs to die out. We must make sure that Pungsan and Jindo dogs prosper and propagate.

if it dies then bring it over.
bring it over before it dies

this is my piano
i have studied it for years

"perfectly rational"
"isolated but not uninformed"

February 16, 1941:
heralded by a bright star and double rainbows
a crown prince of sorts in the world’s most isolated state

Basketball players must be tall and young in age

"we have not been able to give them the kind of reassurance"

a crippling famine.
fruit; a nut.
a young radish.
come to fruition.

April 13, 1992:
Supreme Commander
generalissimo
Taewonsu
Dear Leader

a member of the Central Committee
reported to have concentrated a great deal of effort on the performing arts

good fortune in love; a lady’s man.

when then Secretary of State Madeline Albright visited Pyong Yang,
she allegedly held his hand
a severed nation's bloodline.
have (something) snatched away.
become. be [exhausted] impoverished. stained.

han, or
how blood bubbles from the throat

a. a limit. limits; bounds. “Human desire knows no limits.” as [so] far as. as far [much, soon]. as much as one can. as much as possible.

b. one. a single. a [one] man. some; nearly. in the same house. the same.

c. big; large; great. a (main) street. the most. the very; in the middle of the night.

d. a bitter grudge. rancour; hatred. bear malice (toward). vent one's grudge. an unsatisfied desire.

regrettable. deplorable. a lasting regret; a matter of great regret.
a life full of regrets.

no barriers in heart

one place. the same place. one mind. one accord.

our wisdom. our will. our strength.

* August 26, 1997
You may have received letters from your relatives living here about the food shortage. The situation is not as bad as it may appear.

this and that. between you and me; between both sides.
make a fire (in the stove)
smoke. lifelong. one's lifework.

necessary articles; necessities. necessities.
daily necessaries; the necessities of life.
necessary; inevitable. necessarily; inevitably.
naturally.
logical. a consequence.
necessity. essential. a need.
driven by. a requirement.
be indescribable. be [beyond] description.
be indescribable [unspeakable]
avert people's eyes. avoid [keep away] from bad company.
do not touch me. dodge [duck]. from disaster.
avoid. flee from (a war)

injured. an area. the stricken district. the affected area.

suck on our fingers to kill the hunger pains

* January 29, 2002
Iran, Iraq and North Korea discover a new bond of brotherhood
in the mouth of the American president

ardent(ly)
passionate(ly)
a passionate love
be eager [anxious] for
(after, to do); long for
"we long [are eager] for peace"

... or will it explode?
—Langston Hughes

I am an object of criticism in the world
machines which can punch through paper more thoroughly and for which a nationally standardized form can be constructed? Needless to say, the power of going “lo-tech” against high-tech equipment has been used with great impact. Maybe this time the method could be used to help, not harm.

2. African American access to technology, including radio, has been tenuous since our involuntary introduction to this continent and our access to privacy has been conditional too. So if testing the tolerance for pain of the American democratic experiment begins with its most marginal, it is often in our communities where action is inspired.

Criticism has often come encoded in Black popular culture. When one couldn’t say something privately, one was so public with the commentary that people literally couldn’t believe one meant what one said.

Performatively, poetically, these utterances and behaviors were presented in a way which ostensibly reinforced lies and stereotypes: the shiftless behavior of the Black southerner (who didn’t want to work for free), the happy Black people singing and dancing (while criticizing and metaphysically expelling our dehumanizing oppression)—one example of this “seemingly complicit yet rebellious” behavior is the ring shout. In this example of Black code, the performers actually promote and outline methods for slaves and former slaves to escape.

(Example One)

*Run Old Jeremiah*

By myself.
You know I’ve got to go.
You got to run.
I’ve got to run.
You got to run.
By myself.
I got a letter,
Ol’ brownskin.
Tell you what she say.
"Leavin’ tomorrow,

Tell you goodbye.”
O my Lordy.
Well, well, well.
O my Lord.
O my Lordy.
Well, well, well.
I’ve got a rock.
You got a rock.
Rock is death.
O my Lordy.
O my Lord.
Well, well, well.
Run here, Jeremiah.
I must go
On my way.
Who’s that ridin’ the chariot?
Well, well, well . . .

(New Leader:)

One mornin’
Before the evening
Sun was goin’ down
Behind them western hills.
Old number 12
Comin’ down the track.
See that black smoke,
See that old engineer.
See that engineer.
Tol’ that old fireman
Ring his ol’ bell
With his hand.
Rung his engine bell.
Well, well, well.
Jesus tell the man,
Say, I got your life
In My Hand;
I got your life
In My Hand.
Well, well, well.
Ol’ fireman told,
Told that engineer,  
Ring your black bell,  
Ding, ding, ding,  
Ding, ding, ding, ding.  
Ol’ fireman say  
That mornin’,  
Well, well, well,  
Ol’ fireman say,  
Well, well,  
I’m gonna grab my  
Old whistle too.  
Wah, wah, ho,  
Wah, wah, wah, wah, ho,  
Wah, wah, ho,  
Wah, wah, wah, ho. (etc.)  
Mmmmmmm  
Soon, soon, soon,  
Wah——o.  
Well, well, well,  
Ol’ engineer,  
I’ve got your life  
In my hands.  
Tol’ your father,  
Well, well, well,  
I was travellin’,  
I was ridin’  
Over there.  
Ol’ engineer.  
This is the chariot.

(Example Two)

Move, Daniel, move, Daniel  
Move, Daniel, move  
Daniel

Oh, Lord, pray, sinner, come,  
Oh, Lord, sinner gone to hell.

Move, Daniel, move, Daniel  
Move, Daniel, move, Daniel  
Go the other way, Daniel  
Go the other way, Daniel  
Sinner in my way, Lord  
Sinner in my way, Lord  
Shout Daniel, shout Daniel  
Rock Daniel, rock Daniel  
Move, Daniel, move Daniel  
Move, Daniel, move Daniel  
Do the eagle wing, Daniel  
Do the eagle wing, Daniel

Candomble and Capoeira in Brazil are also examples of encoded forms refined in the context of chattel slavery. For Capoeira we’d say “this is dancing,” not martial arts. In Candomble—it’s the height of European patriarchal systems: Catholic, not African.

In quilting, nearby escape routes were literally sewn into the blankets. Hardly anyone would conceive that cultural/racial inferiors would be capable of such craft or craftiness.

(J. Edgar Hoover seemed to be sensitive to contemporary usages of Black code around him, hence his seeming paranoia and action against Martha Reeves and the Vandellas’ “Dancing in the Streets.” But maybe Hoover was clearer about this for other reasons besides being a crack FBI agent: it has often been rumored that the virulent racist was overcompensating for having African ancestry.)

3.  
It is in today’s popular entertainment culture—the performed utterance, behavior, movement and act—where this encoding has been of interest most recently.
In Black and White left circles, the question is occasionally raised (or maybe just occasionally when I’m present), if Hip Hop is the CNN of the Black community as Public Enemy’s Chuck D said over a decade ago, “why isn’t there more criticism against Bush in Hip Hop?”

Well, the direct line between community pathos and Hip Hop was disrupted a long time ago facilitating its saturation and its political assimilation. The “Bling” culture, gangsta and pimp aesthetics support Hip Hop’s popularity and political impotence. The control of its distribution by major international corporations limits access to critical political rhymes.

So where do these factors place the Black political artist who is a metaphor, a secret, and an inspiration for both the established and the rebellious political identity? Often in a place which is at once unstable and static. During these heightened political times the vulnerability of Black people in general and Black artists in particular is more apparent.

4.

The disregard for preamble, sections of Article One, as well as the 14th and 15th amendments to the Constitution was tested with poor southern Blacks, elderly Jewish retirees and I think, rocked the nation’s presumptions of itself. So much so, that rather than resolve a constitutional crisis in the US, its official institutions (including the mainstream press) and Al Gore’s team aided in the chipping away of everyone’s constitutionally given rights.

This flagrant disempowerment heightened anxiety for Black artists, especially the “pop” ones, who became uncomfortably aware of their marginality despite their hyper-consumerist efforts to blend into America. Only Puff/ P.Diddy and Russell Simmons (an artistic entrepreneur from a family of artists), who are stratospherically wealthy and interact in a peculiarly racialized way with the status quo have been visible regarding voting rights. Combs’ “Vote or Die” slogan is so direct and meaningful as to be shocking. It isn’t coded. It’s an overt signifier, and interestingly Puffy conflates the luxury lifestyle with political activism, declaring “I’m so rich, I can even afford to complain.”

For most Black artists, we marginal non-famous ones, it has been a fearful, paralyzing time. Maybe this has been emphasized more so for me because of my physical susceptibility as a female. It is a time in which I have contemplated the real possibility of impending fascism and the return of the forced conscription of a Black movement (both physical and political). Politically, these times are devastating in a way that urban NY “pseudo-hipness” cannot displace. Instead, there is an insidious low-grade hopelessness that I believe is at the root of higher mortality rates among us for stroke heart attack, diabetes, etc. And this hopelessness does not affect only African America.

Reinstating a sense of hopefulness, the possibility of democracy working with integrity here, prompts us as artists, thinkers, and activists to win this election and wrest our inalienable rights back from the hands of these who do not believe in the fundamental justness of this country’s written laws. We do this overtly in our obvious political assertions and probably in new ways in which we master codes perfected in the aesthetic underground railroad.
Most of the people in town don't know they have a war memorial. Actually, many of them have heard of it, that there is apparently a war memorial somewhere in town, but no one knows exactly where it is. It's not clear, either, which war it commemorates or what it commemorates, lost soldiers from the town or a war hero from town, which is another story that is locally famous (except for the details, something about a battle or saving something or inventing a kind of thing or plan that was useful or saved someone, they think). It was believed to be in the large park just north of town, but the imposing statue of a man on horseback is, as was discovered when the brass plaque was cleaned, of the wealthy man whose house once stood on the park grounds. Some residents have lobbied for creating a new war memorial, in the park, someplace easy to find. But others, more frugal perhaps, feel that since they already have a war memorial making another is foolish, even if they can't find the one they have. These are the few that actually discuss it, of course. If you ask a passerby, or in a local shop, they will be surprised, pleased, but surprised to learn that their town has a war memorial that someone like yourself has come looking for. Subsequently, if you do somehow find it, stumbling across it most likely lost yourself, there will be no way to know if it is the official war memorial or, really, if it is a war memorial at all.

Critical Art Ensemble (CAE) is an art collective consisting of five activists coming from the fields of computer graphics, performance, photography, film, video and text art. Since the foundation of the collective in 1987, they have been one of the key elements in international theoretic discourse and artistic activist practice, civil disobedience, resistance and the basic right to knowledge. The group has been exploring the kinships between art, science, technology, political activism and critical theory. Their artistic mission involves interventions, introducing the potential of tactical media, capital and power in the information society. Most recently they have revealed the strategies, interests, dangers and manipulations with which hermetically sealed scientific circles and the escalating development of the biotechnological industry are misleading.
the public. Critical Art Ensemble has defined the role of the artist as one according with the transforming nature of engaged art. They see the artistic position and function as an operation by a public amateur within a system of transparent financial support for the arts and visibility in the public domain. Working as a collective for many years, they have created performative, interactive and participatory projects, advocated the methodology of and necessity for interdisciplinary research, and published five books.¹

In recent years, CAE has unfailingly demystified the strategies of the biotechnological industry in their participatory projects, wherein they develop practical models and situations where the audience can confront its own fear of science: “By interacting with us and our models [where the audience can develop harmless transgenic bacteria, raise bacteria found within their bodies and take them home, or observe the process of identifying genetically modified organisms in the most common food products] they hopefully developed some understanding of the potential risks involved in the positive use of transgenic organisms.”² Acting out the role of amateur biotechnicians and scientists, the collective’s own term for their performative methodology is “contestational biology initiative.”³ This format has allowed them to investigate the methods, equipment and databases of the professional scientific sphere in search of answers to politicized questions about the representation and control of food products that the biotechnological industry has achieved under the supervision of multinational companies.⁴ In these projects, analogical to their earlier critical projects about the Internet, tactical media and hacktivism, Critical Art Ensemble has succeeded in establishing its main thesis about the necessity and right of all individuals to information, about “knowledge as a commons which is as vital as the air that we breathe.”⁵

Let me summarize how the story evolved from a tragic event into an absurd court process. On the 11th of May, 2004, Steve Kurtz’s wife Hope suddenly died.⁶ The emergency medical team discovered that the cause of death was heart failure. Since Hope’s death was unexpected, the local police searched the apartment. On Steve’s table they found scientific material—equipment for biological research and for identifying genetically modified organisms, basically the material for the CAE project Free Range Grain. The police considered the material suspicious and called in the FBI, the material was impounded for examination, the equipment was confiscated and Steve was detained, disregarding his hurtful situation. Despite the analysis of the seized materials by the Commissioner of Public Health for New York State, who declared that they posed no risk to public safety, and despite the fact that the same materials can be obtained legally by anyone, the investigation continued with a view to unearthing evidence to charge Steve with possession of a potential biological weapon and therefore being capable of committing a terrorist act. The artist thus became an amateur terrorist. Subpoenas to appear before a federal grand jury have been served also to some other members and collaborators of the collective, to scientists and artists who hold academic positions and are public personalities. Autonomedia, the cult publishing house that publishes CAE’s books, was most recently subpoenaed. Kurtz and his colleagues have been charged under Section 175 of the U.S. Biological Weapons Anti-Terrorism Act of 1989 as expanded by the USA Patriot Act—a very sensitive law after 9/11—which prohibits the use of certain biological materials for anything other than a “prophylactic, protective, bona fide research, or other peaceful purpose.”⁷ In his text, posted on the nettime mailing list, Konrad Becker commented upon this Act as “justification for a campaign not only against immigrants, but also against critical journalists, scientists, and recently also artists,” adding that “Steve Kurtz has publicly denounced the patenting of the biosphere and the role played by corporations, and recently examined the transgenic contamination of food products. His attempt to use artistic means to make the genetic manipulation of the food chain and the practices of the bio industry visible have meant that state authorities dazed by paranoia now view him as a ‘terrorist.’”⁸ On the 30th of June, Steve Kurtz was arraigned and charged in the Federal District Court in Buffalo. The court could not charge both defendants with bioterrorism—as it was listed on the original search warrant and subpoenas—but managed to charge them with mail and wire fraud for obtaining the harmless bacteria for their artistic and scientific research, with a maximum sentence of 20 years imprisonment. As stated in the press release of the CAE Defense Fund, the laws in this indictment are generally used against people defrauding others of money or property. Historically, they have been used when the government has been unable to show any other criminal intent. The bacteria are meant to be used only for scientific purposes and are labeled as property. Due to the market-driven control of scientific research, they are protected under copyright laws and also protected as a type of military secret. In the opinion of the so-called leaders of the free world, these are the very issues that make scientific and economic progress possible. Using
the University of Pittsburgh's laboratory under what was termed "fraudulent pretences." Robert Ferrell obtained three harmless strains of bacteria and delivered them to Steve to be used in his future projects (GenTerra, 2001)—illegally from the judicial perspective. Even the possession of grain that CAE used in their projects in museums in America and throughout Europe was perceived to be problematic (Molecular Invasion, 2002). The trial has just begun, and under the conditions of arraignment Kurtz is subject to travel restrictions, random and scheduled visits from a probation officer, and periodic drug tests. Since the beginning of the harassment, the CAE Defense Fund (www.caedefensefund.org) has been the source of financial, moral and information support. It produces accurate reports on the course of events, publishes comments from fellow scientists and artists, collects signatures for a public support letter and also donations to pay the fees of the lawyers of both defendants. Professors, journalists and the employees of Nature magazine, UC Santa Barbara and UC San Diego, have responded with similar statements about the threat to academic collaboration, interdisciplinary research and the freedom of expression: "We see here a pattern of behavior that leads to the curtailing of academic freedom, freedom of artistic expression, freedom of interdisciplinary investigation, freedom of information exchange, freedom of knowledge accumulation and reflection, and freedom of bona fide and peaceful research. All of which are fundamental rights and cornerstones of a modern academic environment." In spite of the massive support of cultural circles, one should not overlook the somewhat reactionary opinion of Coco Fusco, who in the beginning of June posted on the nettime list her own opinion on the support that she thinks "would best be directed at public officials, law enforcement and the media, rather than continuing to preach to the converted." Fusco also noted the similarity with the situation in the 1960s, when the FBI, as now, worked with other branches of government and organizations to generate far-reaching campaigns against leftists. At the same time, Fusco expressed the wish that people concerned about the Kurtz case—which has the advantage of very good media and financial support—should also show concern for all other cultural interventionists who are confronted with the same, if not even greater, repression and are unable to achieve the same degree of visibility.

Contemporary visual, performative and media arts with a critical stance can be regarded as temporarily occupying both symbolic and real space and time, performing consolidated rituals, gestures and interaction between the audience and the work of art, while also enabling the emergence of necessary new meanings and interpretations within the commodified interaction between the audience and art. Irit Rogoff talks about the viewer's shift from an analytic to a performative function of observation and participation as the "potential of performative audiences to allow meaning to take place in the present" which also allows that "criticism does not have to be enacted at a distance but can take place and shape in the realm of the participatory . . . There is no meaning then if the meaning is not shared," she writes, quoting Jean-Luc Nancy. Despite the popular belief in its harmlessness, contemporary art represents itself with the laws of transgression, direct confrontation and awareness about responsibility towards oneself and others. This fact and the seriousness of the Kurtz and Ferrell case are proof that the general harmlessness of the art world is relocating into a zone of urgency and direct influence that satisfies all the preconditions for the emergence of "a new political space . . . that seeks out, stages and perceives an alternative set of responses." Bojana Kunst believes that today these radical art projects "use the same procedures as we ourselves do in our private or public activities; they succumb to the same bureaucratic laws and participatory problems. Nevertheless, their gesture can still be uncivil—they still somehow don't succumb to the strict contemporary demarcation of territories and to the division of labor . . . the critical potentiality of these kinds of projects can be grasped precisely through the connections and transgressions they establish, through their performative gestures: the political power of the project is revealed by the situation through which it establishes itself as project." At the same time, as Stephen Wilson claims, arts can function as an "independent zone of research, where abandoned, discredited, and unorthodox inquires could be pursued," taking into account alternative criteria, and offers models for the future. "Our culture desperately needs wide involvement in the definition of research agendas, the actual investigation processes, and in the exploration of the implications of what is discovered. Artists can contribute significantly to this discourse by developing a new kind of artist/researcher role." Positing the characteristic uniqueness of the artistic experience against the repeatability of the scientific one, and understanding artistic research as a form of shared knowledge built on anti-universality and openness, Tere Vaden sees its contribution in "calling into question and bringing forth of non-conceptual interpretations and skills in open and shared ways" and avoiding illustrations of existing conceptual knowledge, which is what scientific research traditionally does.
So how does one create a protest within such a rise of restrictions against freedom? Brian Holmes talks about creating a theatre or some other type of symbolic or real space for generating discussion and for performing it publicly and collectively. Recalling the term “strategy of over-identification,” which Slavoj Žižek used in the beginning of the 1990s to denote the essential political and aesthetical position of the NSK movement and their seeming ambivalence towards ideological and post-ideological questions, I could mention two recent examples of artistic activism that, in this rather pessimistic situation, offer us some optimistic views and motivation for further resistance. Echoes of the strategy of over-identification can be found in the confusion of identities which The Yes Men use in their media activism, and also in the action of Inke Arns and Christian von Borries, where they proclaimed themselves Hermann Göring’s grandchildren in late September 2004 in Berlin. In the pre-election situation in the US, The Yes Men have organized a tour across the States in which they perform propaganda as passionate Bush supporters, leaving behind an atmosphere of doubt, confusion and disbelief among the local inhabitants. A similar cultural intervention was realized in Germany by Inke Arns, a curator and theoretician, and Christian von Borries, an orchestral conductor. Angered due to the insensible public support of the Friedrich Christian Flick Collection of contemporary art, Friedrich Christian being the grandson of Friedrich Flick, a war criminal and owner of the army factory in the Second World War, that is being displayed in Hamburger Bahnhof in Berlin and has been opened by the German premier Schröder, Arns and von Borries proclaimed themselves the grandchildren of the notorious naziist and were giving away the invitation cards for Göring’s Collection before the opening of the F.C. Flick’s Collection.17 Their action did not aim to attack the collector himself, but they criticize obvious avoiding of the recent painful history with the excuses that the art and politics must be separated in this particular case, whereas it is clear that the capital invested in the collection is of dirty heritage, and the whole situation unambiguously tries to cleanse the dark family’s history.

Bearing in mind the absurdity of the CAE trial, and despite the fact that we agree with Coco Fusco’s comment, we must become fully aware of the appearance of a new chapter in art activism that will be marked by a general cultural fear and a threat to the freedom of expression, research and activism. The freedom of interdisciplinary collaboration and research, the validity of artistic research driven by subjective experimentation in the face of scientific research, and the possibility of collectively producing results for improving, raising awareness and shifting the contemporary state-of-the-art—all these have been affected. As Claire Pentecost put it in her lecture about the Kurtz case: “Steve and Robert have been punished because they were sharing information and knowledge and disregarding the militarized trends.”18


3. de Costa and Kurtz.

4. These biotechnological projects and the way they reveal the mechanisms mentioned above could be taken as an example of Giorgio Agamben’s thesis on the bare life of a citizen, the homo sacer, in the grip of contemporary biopolitical power.


6. CAE’s supporters called this day 5/11, in reference to another tragedy with which further events, emerging from 5/11, are linked.

7. Here is the Section 175 violation of which Steve was suspected of: Section 175.—Prohibitions with respect to biological weapons
   (a) In General.— Whoever knowingly develops, produces, stockpiles, transfers, acquires, retains, or possesses any biological agent, toxin, or delivery system for use as a weapon, or knowingly assists a foreign state or any organization to do so, or attempts, threatens, or conspires to do the same, shall be fined under this title or imprisoned for life or any term of years, or both. There is extraterritorial Federal jurisdiction over an offense under this section committed by or against a national of the United States.
(b) Additional Offense.—
Whoever knowingly possesses any biological agent, toxin, or delivery
system of a type or in a quantity that, under the circumstances, is not
reasonably justified by a prophylactic, protective, bona fide research, or
other peaceful purpose, shall be fined under this title, imprisoned for
not more than 10 years, or both. In this subsection, the terms “biological
agent” and “toxin” do not encompass any biological agent or toxin that
is in its naturally occurring environment, if the biological agent or toxin
has not been cultivated, collected, or otherwise extracted from its natural
source.
(c) Definition.—
For purposes of this section, the term “for use as a weapon” includes the
development, production, transfer, acquisition, retention, or possession of
any biological agent, toxin, or delivery system for other than prophylactic,
protective bona fide research, or other peaceful purposes.
See www4.law.cornell.edu/uscode/18/175.html for the 1989 law and www.
ehrs.upenn.edu/protocols/patriot/sec817.html for its USA Patriot Act
expansion.

8 Konrad Becker. Freedom, Terror & Semiotic Democracy. nettime,

9 This quote is taken from the letter of the professors and staff from the
University of California system, published at CAE Defense Fund, nettime,


11 Irit Rogoff. We—Collectivities, Mutualities, Participations. 2004. theater.
kein.org/node/view/93

12 Rogoff.


Research and Technology Development” (1996). Arie Altena (ed.).
Unsorted. Thoughts on the Information Arts. Amsterdam: SonicActsX,
2004.

15 Wilson.

16 Tere Vadén. “Openness, Criticality and Language—Notes on the
methodology of practice-based experiential research.” Satu Kiljunen and
Mika Hannula (ed.). Artistic Research. Helsinki: Academy of Fine Arts,
2002.

17 The invitation cards to the Göring Collection carry the title Hard Work
Hard Play, responding sarcastically to the capital and the means by
which the F.C. Flick Collection has been acquired. Links to the Göring
Collection project: www.carin hall-thecollection.de, www.v2.nl/~arns/
Projects/Goering/Goering_Collection.pdf.

18 Claire Pentecost and Brian Holmes, Trials of the Public Amateur, lecture
at the Metelkova, Ljubljana, September 2004.

Suddenly the fire truck sirens stop on my block, and a crowd begins to gather by the beat-up blue Chevy van. From above, I see a pale face, a head flung back in the front seat. I’m sure it’s a woman, the lips writhing in a tragicomic mask, a smile, a scream. The neighbors crowd up to the windshield, and the flatfoot beat cop with no cap stands there. The firemen leave and more cops show up, cops with hats, cops in slacks and polo shirts, cops in suits with ugly ties. Their lips move, silently. One takes out a blanket, but doesn’t unwrap it from its plastic. One unfurls some yellow crime-scene tape and pushes back the neighbors, wraps tape all along the playground fence by St. Joseph’s. I push the screen aside and lean out the window. The Salgado photographs last week, the Amazon women, naked with silver butterflies a storm around them. A cop with a notebook takes a man into the schoolyard and interviews him, a thin guy with tattoos on his forearms and calves, colors that glint in the sun like parrot feathers. He gestures, sharp, hands up and down, how he found death. I’m sure he found a woman. A cop hangs a white sheet over the driver-side window. A cop says, *Pills and booze.* The school janitor who has been sweeping the playground moves up the sidewalk. *The picture of workers bedding down on the ledges of a building they’ve half-finished in Rio.* Or was it *Kuala Lumpur?* Someone is taking polaroid photos, a flash inside the dark vehicular cave. A guy parked in front of the van gestures, can he get his car out? The cops lift up the yellow tape. I hear the key click twice in the ignition, it fires on the third try, and he angles out. Now all the neighbors have gone back inside. The cops in suits and the ones in slacks leave. I shift to the bathroom window, to get closer. I see one elbow bent out, wrist bent in, a gesture of fright about to begin. The pale ambiguous face, a flat chest, a slightly swollen belly. Now I’m sure it’s a man. I can see a navel, the remnant of birth, the omphalos, the crude mouth, the last reminder of life where the shriveled cord dropped away. The first woman cop shows up. Three cops, men, are standing in the shade under the sidewalk trees. One of them is writing on his clipboard, he finishes, doesn’t hang around, gets in a car and leaves. No one is writing anymore but me.
Taking Death’s Inventory: From the Hand of One Owner to Another

from the west window

One cop is left. He opens the side and back doors of the van, and starts to haul things out: A box of miscellaneous junk with books on top. A wedgewood blue cooler. More books. A backpack. An old Christmas tin, the top comes off, papers of pills inside. What is the cop looking for? Evidence of a crime? Of “why he did it”? The van is packed to the ceiling. A tape deck and speakers. A box of video tapes. Was he moving? Evicted? It’s the 15th of the month. All the miserable few possessions he had in the world.

The workers in a New Delhi dairy who also live there, one reading a newspaper in a hammock hanging above the cows. The one cop, searching, is the only person left. He pulls out a box and drops it, things scatter, a book with TIME and sunflowers on the cover. The cop scoops the debris up off the sidewalk, sweeps a sheaf of wallet-size cards off the front seat into the box, and shoves it back in the van. He leans into the open passenger side door and fills out more paperwork, slams the door.

The tiny figure of a Mexican worker running toward a border across a sere valley as an INS jeep barrels forward, dust spewing. The cop holds keys tagged lime green in his hand. He goes around to the driver’s side, and pulls the sheet off, shoving it through the open window. He goes around to the back, unlocks the door and opens it to look in, slams it, goes forward and puts the keys back in the ignition. Some CDs are glistening on the sidewalk, where he left them scattered from the fallen box, orbs of music, silent planets, asteroids, moons, suns. In the photographs sometimes the light is just how it is, early morning, hot weather, misty light as the train curves into the sun, the men sitting on the roofs of the oil tankers, stealing a ride. The cop winds the yellow tape and throws bunches of it onto the front seat of the van. He gets his hat off the van roof and gets in the cop car behind the van and sits. A cluster of neighbors come up and stand watching, a family, mother, two children, grandmother, and a couple of guys, could be Puerto Rican, Honduran, Nicaraguan, Mexican. The valley with what looks like rows and rows of rolled haystacks on the hillsides to left and right, but closer, revealed as refugee tents, the pastoral fields become a transmigrating city. The neighbors cautiously draw near. One of the guys offers cold sodas out of a black plastic bag to the others. The adults peer into the window at the empty seat, the oldest boy looks too. The mother says, Don’t touch. A blue-and-yellow wrecker arrives. The wrecker guy unlocks the van’s steering wheel, starts the engine, pulls the van out slightly, gets his receipt from the cop and back the wrecker up to the van. The neighbors watch him lock the hook on, tighten the winch cable, get in the cab, pull the van away. Then the neighbors ask the cop if they can have the CDs, and he nods. The woman picks one up, says, I want this—it’s Taj Mahal! Something is left of the dead person, the neighbors talking about his music. Then they all walk away. For a minute no one is there. In the next minute a car pulls into the empty parking place, and a woman steps out. She’s wearing a suit and carrying a briefcase. She walks off and doesn’t look back. The blurred crowds rushing into and out of a train at a station in Bombay. It’s been two hours since I heard the sirens. I go downstairs to look. Now nothing is left of the person but some blue-green windshield glass, shattered to get at him, and some plastic CD fragments stuck in the dirt around the crabapple tree. And a narrow neon orange cloth strip, thin as a shoestring, printed with the web address of a skydiving company. It says, Blue skies! I pick it up and put it in my pocket, the last little bit of him left here.

Subtitles are from Marx’s Wage Labor and Capital.
CAROLINE PRESNELL & BOBBIE WEST

Artifacts

one clear-stemmed BEER GLASS Grandpa bought off an old-time saloon gone out of business about 1910 what a 5-cent beer used to come in * souvenir of an early (had very little money) trip to Florida: WISHING-WELL SHELL TOOTHPICK HOLDER Larry asked which inexpensive thing? I said something trashy with shells on certainly fills the bill * STERLING SILVER butter knife fell down the furnace at the farm never to be seen again dinner knife with traumatized handle met with disaster at the hands of little Johnny * discovered in the attic (stored or abandoned) Grandma May’s WHITE WASHSTAND PITCHER with painted flowers its handle broke when rescued from our house fire (1960) later poured punch for Christmas remember? lip discolored in 2002 tried bleach for several weeks with no change * MILK-GLASS SNACK SET bought with Green Stamps for pinochle club 24 white plates & cups (grape design) proud to be the only one to serve 12 couples with one set (prestige came cheaper in those days) * found in the creek at the farm 2 BROWN CLAY JUGS former contents possibly sorghum? * crocheted by my mother black yellow red & green AFGHAN in honor of engagement to Jim (1949) her enthusiasm lost when I quit him only 3/4 finished when she died * DUSTCAP (my own) worn as a child blue cotton with white (remember Grandma Maudie wore one in the 50’s?) embroidery * also blue cotton with white embroidery CARD-TABLE SIZE TABLE CLOTH made on night shift (operator at the telephone office) WITH MATCHING NAPKINS * designed & made by me white (discolored) cotton & elastic MATERNITY GARTER BELT disliked the ones commercially available preliminary patent search (obstetrician expressed interest) somewhat encouraging but additional procedures quite costly ($75) might lead to a dead end so no further pursuit & a good thing too as pantyhose came out shortly after * Grandpa John’s KHAKI WOOL BLANKET from World War One * all seven crowed around small (used for all but “company” meals) PINE DROP-LEAF TABLE (1930’s) serving dishes wouldn’t fit had to sit on the stove & the counter the kitchen so small they were easily reached from our seats * I was 2 the ”GRANITE TOP” UTILITY TABLE caught my thumb mashed it in the drawer left a permanent split in the nail * Grandma Maude & Grandpa Elmer’s spindle-backed (with blackened varnish) DINING ROOM CHAIRS sat generations of family bodies rubbing off the finish* either Great-Grandpa (I remember Rispleth’s sitting in it) or his father-in-law built it HOMEMADE HARDWOOD ARMCHAIR (both had a stiff knee Rispleth’s from the Civil War Jake’s from a bull goring) in the 1880s a bit lower than standard to accommodate it got handed down to me when Aunt Louvilla died * Dad’s green gold & white LAPEL PINS 25- and 40-year for the Steamfitters also held a card in Cement Finishers union I don’t have mementos for that * GREY PLASTIC LUNCH BUCKET HAN D WOODEN LEVEL all used by Dad when he was working * tall thin CACTUS in small black pot belonged at least as early as ’64 to Grandma Ella yes it IS the same plant * rhinestone NECKLACE (mine) v-shaped design with (wedding gift from your dad) single strand around the neck I did NOT wear it for the wedding as the paper said I did * gifts from Charles B: mysterious SILVER FROG RING & RING WITH SUNS MOONS & STAR too valuable for me to keep now where did a kid like him get such rings? loot from a jewelry store heist rumor had it okay they’re a loan (he said) but never asked for them back * SEASHELL MATCH HOLDER with hanging chain hung just inside the front door living room growing up on Sherman St. always thought it a family treasure but took on additional emotional associations when in shock I climbed the wall it was hanging on as my mother lay bleeding on the bedroom floor the night she died.

Whose aesthetic values are owned by the working class?

Does granite-like durability have any meaning in your life?

Why save an ordinary ugly blanket for over 80 years?

Does history itself disappear with your keepsakes in a fire?

How can a chair accommodate both an injury of war and one from everyday danger?

Which gift is more valuable: one from a future batterer or one from a kind-hearted criminal?

How did the widespread practice of making their own household goods affect the relationship of a family to society’s economic power structures?

What would life be like if all its insanities were treated?

Why did WWII contribute to the invention of pantyhose?

Is silverware indicative of aspirations? Aesthetics? Of class?

When earlier eras threw junk into gullies to prevent erosion, were they preserving their environment or spoiling it?

In what way did WWII contribute to the invention of pantyhose?

What do wages have to do with the price of beer?

Generations of DNA embedded in her varnish?

Is loyalty to a union the same as loyalty to a company?

Can anything made of plastic be considered an heirloom?

What does perseverance have to do with cactus?

Matches by the door meaning kerosene lamps, a lack of electricity?

Floor the night she died.
STEPHEN RATCLIFFE
from CLOUD / RIDGE

2.27
angle of rainbow in grey-white cloud above tree-lined plane of ridge on right, sound of unseen bird calling from plane below it

reporting an Afghan warlord wanting to write down the names of prisoners, a family of 10 living in cave the size of a pantry

recalling the woman at the far end of the room below a circular white light, who seems to be reading a poem to six year olds

Mrs. Ramsay
"ashamed of her own shabbiness," not wanting James "to grow a day older"

diagonal white line of jet trail slanting through pale blue sky, green shoulder of the ridge opposite it

2.28
white circle of full moon behind cypress branch in window above the unmade yellow and blue bed, pink clouds in pale blue sky above still dark ridge across from it

man on phone getting up at 2:30 AM to walk around in the moonlight, plum tree flowering overhead

man on radio claiming that for Marx "meaning does not start up there," Saussure noting that no readymade ideas exist

before words
Mrs. Ramsay thinking that she "would have liked always to have had a baby," recalling how Prue "took one's breath away"

lines of high thin white clouds slanting across pale blue sky above the tree-lined ridge, green shoulder of wave breaking in lower right corner

3.1
wind blowing into green of tobacco plant leaves in lower right corner, wingspan of bird turning below pale blue sky

woman at far end of table thinking about Johnny Carson's high school bird calling contest held in her back yard, asking woman on left not to play with the baccarat candlesticks

woman in the black sweater recalling John Cage wanting us to "free the mind from its own intentions," boy in striped shirt wanting to interrupt

Mrs. Ramsay imagining children "nested in their cots like birds," asking Mr. Ramsay "why must they grow up"

blinding line of low sun reflecting across blue plane, right-sloping shoulder of ridge above it

3.2
grey light coming into sky above vertical plane of still dark ridge, curve of waning white moon in pale blue sky opposite it

man in the black jacket putting right hand on curve of pregnant blond woman's white sweater, who says she put both "gray" and "grey" into most recent poem
woman to the left of rectangular white screen noting that Virginia Woolf died in 1941 during peak of German bombing, Simone Weil "determined to know what it is to know"

Mrs. Ramsay seeing the life "she shared neither with her children nor with her husband," thinking that "people must marry"

white water moving across blue-green plane, lighter green of ridge above it

3.3 pink-white rose blossom hanging across shoulder of copper vase in left foreground, sunlit green tobacco plant leaf slanting to the right behind it

man in green chair recalling radiation burn on back of his wife's thigh, how she collapsed walking around the bed to the bathroom

man with gray beard calling to ask if they can photograph the man with melanoma's building, blond woman on the phone calling it "winsome"

Mrs. Ramsay "reviewing her conduct for the past week," noticing "something grey in the leaves"

wedged of white water moving across the green plane on the right, white line of jet trail passing across cloudless blue sky overhead

Maybe they really do mean it as a compliment, but this being the 90s and all, feathers are easily ruffled. In any case, the Philippines is officially protesting a chocolate-covered cookie made in Spain and sold in Europe under the name 'Filipinos.' The former Spanish colony says the name is racist, but Nabisco Iberia SL, which makes the cookie, denies the charge. 'It's a product of very high quality,' said Nabisco, 'along the lines of Colombian coffee, Swiss cheese, or Belgian waffles.' Filipinos must have been doing a long, slow burn over this, seeing as how the cookies have been sold under that name in Europe for more than 10 years.

— Wired News August 31, 1999

Hey Cookie, I'm eating you!
— Ten year-old child to his Filipina nursemaid

Of the estimated 8 to 11 million overseas Filipino workers (OFWs) around the world, 70% are women. The majority work as domestic helpers, while others are entertainers or nurses. Highly educated, yet unable to find sufficient livelihood in the Philippines, they are forced abroad to seek pastures of all hues.

— IBON Foundation, March 18, 2002

WE WANT MORE FILIPINOS!
— Message on a Roadside Billboard

IN 30 CASES since 1980, involving 37 Filipino women and children, six children and twenty-one women have been killed, one woman survived an attempted murder, five women and two children have disappeared, two women died in a mass suicide incident. Almost all the known suspected, accused, or convicted perpetrators were either the woman's employer, husband, de-facto partner, ex-partner, or fiancé.

— Centre for Philippine Concerns-Australia, October 9, 2001

Hey Cookie, I'm eating you!
— American Joe to his ten year-old Filipina prostitute
Upon entering the Nabisco Filipinos website, we are greeted by a screen full of these donut shaped cookies, each one slowly diminishing in size and disappearing, until only one Filipino is left. We zoom in on this one donut shaped cookie until we are eye to eye with the hole in the Filipino's center. Then, a young Spaniard on a skateboard glides through the Filipino's hole, and with the word “Entrar,” all are invited in.

_Treaty of Paris: $20,000,000 worth of Filipinos consumed._

“Maybe Spain is trying to tell us that we are sweet.” “C'mon guys, where's your legendary Pinoy sense of humor?”

37 women and children: Six children, 21 women killed. One woman survives attempted murder. Five women, two children disappear. Two women die in a mass suicide incident.

“What do people have exactly against Filipinos?”

“The long-running joke has been that Filipinos are called ‘Filipinos’ because they are dark chocolate.”

“Lighten up!”

“Which do you mean? The cookies or the people?”

“Both.”

_Sex Tour Packages include airfare, hotel accommodations, a beautiful dinner party to meet many lovely Filipino ladies. These “once in a lifetime” tours are priced at ONLY $1,995!_

Filipinos come in four varieties:

*Chocolate branco,* Peninsulares.

*Chocolate sabor carmelo,* Insulares.

*Chocolate leite,* Mestizos.

*Chocolate autentico,* Indios.

“See . . . All of us are sweet . . . just need a little cream.”

A variety of Filipinos
Can be conveniently purchased
At your nearest supermarket.

The Filipino is advertised on billboards worldwide.
The Filipino is a product of very high quality.
The Filipino is a top-selling product.

The Filipino melts on your tongue.
Lick those Filipinos off your fingers.
Eat a Filipino, eat a bunch of Filipinos
While you sip your morning coffee.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sex</th>
<th>We Are</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sweet Singapore Nannies, Sweet Saudi Maids</td>
<td>Packaged, Advertised, Distributed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sarah Balabagan, Flor Contemplacion</td>
<td>Purchased, Unwrapped, Consumed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C'mon gals, just lighten up</td>
<td>Chewed, Swallowed, Digested, Shat</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Sweet.
Simple.
Innocent.
Cookies.
Even though numbers—particularly big numbers—are bandied about constantly to "prove the facts," many of us do not have any way of comprehending what these figures actually mean. I hear about millions of dollars, of people, of hamburgers, everyday, and yet it is doubtful that I will ever in my life see one million objects at one time. What does one million look like? How heavy is it? How big is it?

The How Much Project, which explores these questions, is designed to help visualize and understand the increasingly abstract information that surrounds us. Every fact is a representation, but until facts are translated into everyday realities they are not readily comprehensible. How big is one foot? Well, it is twelve inches, or what is most legible, the fact of someone pointing from here to there. What is a legible fact? And, what is our factual literacy?

In the drawing "one million (1,000,000)" I have assembled one million objects. Each sheet of standard, 8 1/2 x 11 paper, contains 5000 rectangles. Once assembled, this drawing is made up of 200 sheets, 20 sheets by 10 sheets, or approximately 15 feet by 9 feet, and allows a viewer to observe 1,000,000 rectangles at one time.

The drawing "one million (1,000,000)" not only allows for abstract information to be comprehended in a concrete way, it can also be used as a kind of abacus to translate, conceptualize, and compare different facts. For instance:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fact</th>
<th>Number (#)</th>
<th>Source</th>
<th>Graphic Translation1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Worldwide Population:</td>
<td>6400 million</td>
<td>US Census</td>
<td>1,280,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>US Population:</td>
<td>295 million</td>
<td>US Census</td>
<td>59,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td># US Citizens Without Health Insurance:</td>
<td>45 million</td>
<td>US Census</td>
<td>9,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aetna Net Profit:</td>
<td>$ 934 million</td>
<td>SEC</td>
<td>186,800</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td># US Citizens Living in Poverty:</td>
<td>36 million</td>
<td>US Census</td>
<td>7,200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td># US Citizens Living in California:</td>
<td>35 million</td>
<td>US Census</td>
<td>7,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Annual Salary at
US Minimum Wage: $10,712 calculated 2
Salary of US Citizen Officially Living In Poverty: $9,393 US Census 1.9
Annual Salary at $48.08/hour: $100,000 calculated 20
Salary of Aetna’s CEO2: $10.6 million Forbes 2,120

Note: All figures represent 2003 totals

1Includes stock options exercised as well as cash payments. Aetna is one of the largest health insurance companies in the US, providing health coverage to individuals, small businesses, and corporations.

2This is the number of 8 1/2 by 11 sheets of paper containing 5,000 rectangles that would be included in a drawing of this fact. I hope to expand this project to include physical objects as well as graphic entities. The issue I am currently struggling with is what is compact enough and inexpensive enough to collect one million of. Pennies (that would be pretty unwieldy and would cost $10,000)? Paperclips? Pins? Plastic bags? Business cards? Any suggestions and/or donations (of objects) for the project would be most welcome.
five thousand (5,000)

one million (1,000,000)

= one 8 1/2 x 11 sheet of paper containing 5,000 rectangles
The How Much Project stems from my work as an artist and educator. The project is first a visual one: I am interested in how visually dynamic large assemblages of objects can be and how such collections allow viewers to interact with familiar objects in a new way. There is, however, also a more didactic purpose in this project: I believe that by increasing our collective numeric and financial literacy, we will become better readers of the information that surrounds us: how much corporations are earning every year, how much our government spends on various public services, how much economic disparity there is in the United States today between the earnings of the very rich and the working poor. In other words, I hope to demystify the meaning of large numbers, which people sometimes fail to understand because they are not everyday realities.

Leaving such to The States, they melt, they depart, charging the water and the land with names.
—Walt Whitman, "Starting from Paumanok," Part 17

Still the Present I raise aloft—a'slant—slit eyes below ground, loss battled out of 16 miles of tunnel calling each to kill ten our mothers—1500 lava rooms of the individual for the greater good. Both were confirmed. Still the Future of the States I harbinge, throughout the day, the weather, sea conditions and visibility excellent, glad and sublime, the 32-foot-high men standing up a 60-foot bronze pole from which flagging flies 24 hours a day in accordance with Presidential proclamation. Dog + 21: edge water continued mopping up work United in action and cleared it of all organized resistance. Many isolated slant-eyes still holding out in crevices along the cliff. Burial first red soil leaving forms landing of enemy dead, picking up of equipment and general continuous as I police of the area was throughout the day. Fighting efficiency: 40% we are known by The rifle and carbine carried That United Marine be one is a great thing 16 and 12 feet long. Our flag waves from dawn to setting sun. We hav ya-ansh-go das dez e fought every place where we could take a gun from northern lands to southern tropic scenes, One on the moon, surround the sand swift! Fighting efficiency: 80% we are known to be tireless States whose last verse is sung like a prayer hast ellipse when brother is chastening. Marines will the moon once, with names leaving successful corps. Out of their chastening care, brother capacities isolate it. Once aslant I effectively
They that touches aloft—still uncaptured as footage. Success scar true and tropic scenes, no slant-eyed flag flies 660 miles of Company E, as Iwo Jima lies 24 hours on the sighting sun silver. Age

translates States Marines without increase, raises killed force in heavy peace one 72-hour afternoon, with spokes of sighting efficiency: 80% dog days and general policing of the moon.

This canteen would hold 32 quarts of water for 20,000 casualties emerging from our mother. From Paumanok, part of the elder, and radios. The entireless, clear as May, invade Iwo Jima, which were;

we live in peace hereafter actionable as the ni-hi-keh di-dlini ta-etin Army and Navy ever see on Heaven’s scenes Marines Don’t shoot rainbows out of our asses Living in peace. “In the Pacific theater the code talkers’ job was to talk.” To Washindon be Akalh-bi Kosi la & for the Past, last I pronounce what the air holds of the red aborigines. Leaving natural birds and animals in the woods, syllabled to us for names, after even war Navajo remains potentially valuable as code. Amphibious the ground’s question excited by His bronze flagpole from going detached as Pacific; transmitting nature small singer astutter elder man aging States, hounding the thin NASA crevices: 40% united black sheep’ sand radios. The slopes were winding the word King on progress in the sland mostly excellently. Radio drift. Oh expanding and swift! O henceforth. Iwo Jima was found.

View from Phayao Ram

From this suite in Phayao’s hospital, I look down On the four-lane highway to Tachilek, and Burma’s Old heroin labs, Queues of motorcycles Race north and south. To the west are fields, chickens, Palm trees, bananas, too many dogs. Behind this The town, white buildings, water towers Along the lake, above which towering clouds Stroke the majestic glory of Doi Luang.

A few yards north, a wooden palace serves The town’s best noodles. I ask, “How could noodles Ever pay for this palace?” I’m told, “The owners Live here, but cannot sell it. It’s been confiscated, Because of drugs.” A sensible, smiling people. To the east, ten years ago, Thai armies killed each other.

For Carol Shields

Ten years late, when emptying my office, I opened your note suggesting that we meet. It went on to the pile of things to answer. Then it got burnt, and besides you now are dead. But suddenly, at 4 AM last night, I had to write you from Phayao in Thailand, Stone Diaries in my hand, and Daisy Flett Filling my mind as once she must have yours,

Shields [366] Shields 356
Shields 356
Shields 356
A half century gone, you are back from Paris
To your Berkeley house, and you begin to cry.
Too many memories, too many deaths. Even
Going into Long’s drug store is difficult.
I see Pedialyte on the shelf, and I think,
If only we’d given my niece the drink ourselves
And not taken her to Emergency, where the intern,
Overworked, left the fatal warning in his pocket . . . .

I have since changed pharmacy. And your life.
Mexico, the Swedish baron, opportunities
You chose to let slip away, governed (your word)
By fears of inadequacy. I want you to write this story
But you really want to write about death. Since my whole
Family is dead, that might be a way to begin.

Jacques de Coutre (1595)
The king pampered his elephants. They had silk cushions
On which they slept like puppies, and six gold basins:
For oil, water, food, drink, and needs of nature.
They were so well trained that, when necessary,
They got up from their cushions, the mahouts understood,
And passed them their basins. The day one died,
The king was wracked with grief, four priests stood around it,
For eight days everyone worshipped on their knees.

And when a little girl aged eight, who was serving the queen,
Stole a small piece of gold, she and 27 friends
Who had not denounced her, each had one of their eyes removed,
The skin from their hands detached, their nails torn out
Their flesh stuffed in their mouths. So they should suffer slowly,
They were roasted over a low fire, each in her pan, until they died.

Van der Cruysse, 27-31

The Tao That Can Be Expressed
for Czeslaw Milosz, 1911-August 15, 2004
(“The file is damaged, and cannot be repaired” – AOL.com)

From Xi’an, Czeslaw, I email back my words,
I was changed by you. You taught me to seek the timeless:
Li Bai’s poem in the script of Mao Zedong
On the palace wall beside the steaming pool
Outlives the Xi’an pact—or the pact of Yalta,
That consigned your nation, and thus changed you as well
To be just a poet, translating what was far,
Like Xuan Zang, who went abroad from Xi’an

And then returned, sooner than you, with texts
That survive to this day only in his Chinese,
As you returned with the book of Job in Polish:
One world, one Internet, with words that to survive
New beacons flaring on Horse Mountain Li
Must change with us: thy neighbor as thyself.
Some notes for Western and Thai readers: Background can be found in the *Song of Eternal Sorrow* by Bai Juyi (772-846), recording how the infatuation at Huaging of the Tang Emperor Tang Minghuang (685-762) with the beauty of Lady Yang Guifei (also celebrated by Li Bai on imperial command) led in 755 C.E. to chaos and rebellion. Huaging Hot Spring, where Tang Minghuang ordered Yang Guifei to bathe, is at the base of Lishan or Black Horse Mountain, half way up which Chiang Kai-shek was captured in 1937 and forced to sign a pact of cooperation with the Chinese Communists against the Japanese. Thus Lishan was involved in the downfall of three corrupt rulers: King You of Zhou (fl. 781 B.C.E.), who played fatal games with the Lishan beacon, Tang Minghuang, who abdicated after the An Lushan Rebellion of 755 C.E., and Chiang Kai-shek. (Note that Tang Minghuang is more contemporary with us than with King You—an observation which as a teacher I used to make about Dante and Virgil.)

The Yalta agreement of 1945 (from which Chiang Kai-shek was excluded) ushered in a half century of nervous world peace; but it also ceded Poland to the Soviet Bloc. This led to a Communist government in Poland, and the subsequent lengthy exile of Milosz to Berkeley. I completed my obituary remembrance of Milosz at Xi'an on December 6, 2004.


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Dear Viewer,

What do I want from you? To bear with the following diagnosis: This is about my role as artists and spectators. Look at the left panel. A photograph from a National Geographic special? An anthropology textbook? The object of study? The object of imagined pleasures and cultural anxieties? A woman from Zaire?

Look at the other panel. Picasso’s *Les Demoiselles d’Avignon.* He has transformed his subjects into frightful “primitives.” As we watch, we experience his exorcism of the desired but infectious exotica. The pathogen. The portrayal of Africa as the source of HIV seems to depend on these same historic Western perceptions. I can’t help staring.

AIDS is overwhelming Africa’s meager medical resources. The legacy of colonialism and exploitation by the West is evident in Zaire where but one doctor is present for every 4,092 people. Or in Uganda where there is one per every 20,300 people! The average annual income in either country is no more than $240 per household. By contrast, the cost of a year’s supply of the Burroughs-Wellcome drug, Retrovie (AZT), is about $10,000.

But you may ask what modernism has to do with AIDS, or with Central
Africa, or with this exhibition? I leave these questions open to you, the viewer. For my part I offer this work as a kind of apology. An anthropology.

Yours, Greg Sholette 1990

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The execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, the so-called "atom spies," in 1953 led to the creation of scores of commemorative portraits and posters, as well as several novels about the tragic couple. Thirty years later I was invited to create a new work about the Rosenbergs and their era by Robert Okun and Nina Felshin. My work, along with art made by a group of then relatively young artists, would be displayed together with a selection of older works as part of a traveling exhibition entitled Unknown Secrets. Intrigued by the challenge of using my art to explore certain overlooked aspects of American radical history I agreed to their offer with enthusiasm. I was doubly eager because I planned to experiment with the manner that past events are visually represented.

The three part sculptural and photographic tableaux Men Making History: Making Art: 1954, is the result of that exploration.

One of the best-known responses to the story of the Rosenbergs is The Book of Daniel by novelist E.L. Doctorow. Collapsing fact and fiction Doctorow draws attention to both the form and content of his topic. My goal would be to seek a similar effect using visual images rather than text. And, I chose not to focus directly on the doomed couple themselves but instead on the larger, social and political landscape of the 1950s in order to indict a culture that would permit such a barbaric and ideologically motivated spectacle. Nor was art the apolitical and innocent bystander that formalist modernism had insisted.

Men Making History sets up several levels of visual, historical and even rhetorical comparison presented in the form of a triptych or three-part panorama. To create this work I modeled a miniature version of the infamous Army McCarthy hearings in painted clay using documentary images purchased from the Bettman Archives as a source. I then
photographed this tiny tableau. Flanking the enlarged photo are two, bas-relief representations based on historical events from the same year. One relief depicts the violent, CIA supported over-throw of the legally elected, socialist government of President Arbenz in Guatemala. Needless to say, "regime change" is hardly a new concept in US foreign policy. The other bas-relief I created is based on a Life Magazine photographic spread of the reigning American artist of the 1950s, Jackson Pollock. I have always admired Pollack's work but it is well known today that the US State Department and CIA used his art as a sort of cultural ICBM against communism during the heat of the cold war. The interrelated nature of politics and art within a larger, historical framework is key to understanding the aim of Men Making History. On another level however, the mix of archaic bas-relief sculpture and contemporary photographic imagery disputed, at least to my mind, the belief that artistic forms evolve in a linear manner over time. As Walter Benjamin suggests "Every age unavoidably seems to itself to be a new age." The same might be said of artistic form. And finally, while the initial reading of the work offers a composite of cold war American culture circa the mid-1950s, Men Making History is also an artistic response to a certain type of "political art" that I saw far too much of during the 1980s: work strong on message yet short on aesthetic or critical complexity.

Today, the United States is entering a time not unlike that of the 1950s. The USA Patriot Act of 2001 imperils not only individual but also collective dissent in ways potentially every bit as repressive as those of Joseph McCarthy, HUAC, or the trials of the Hollywood Ten. It is therefore both an honor and simultaneously with a sense of distress that I have dusted off my work for the Puffin Foundation sponsored exhibition We Remember: Art and the Rosenbergs. Permit me to end however on a positive, "historical" note by pointing out that Okun and Felshin's concept for Unknown Secrets helped to lay the conceptual foundations of the artist's collective REPOhistory (1989-2000), also a recipient of several Puffin Foundation Awards.

1929: The Museum of Modern Art is founded in NYC by John D. Rockefeller and his family and foundation.

1914: While attempting to unionize the Colorado Iron and Fuel Company in Ludlow 11 miners' children and two of their wives are killed by strike breakers and National Guardsmen. The Guards' wages were paid for by the owners of the mine, the Rockefeller family. April 20th becomes known as the Ludlow Massacre.

There is no document of civilization which is not at the same time a document of barbarism.

1 Figures are from The World Almanac, statistics taken in the early and mid 1980s.
2 The Bettman Archives are now owned by computer mogul Bill Gates thus raising concerns about who has rights to the representation of public history.
3 For more on "Operation PBSUCCESS" as the US engineered coup in Guatemala was labeled see recently declassified CIA documents at: www.gwu.edu/~nsarchiv/NSAEBB/NSAEBB4.
Introduction: Psychogeographies after Topology:
Let us begin with something seemingly obvious: a place is more than the physical setting itself—it is much more than a space. Place cannot be separated from a vast array of components—both static and dynamic, as well as human and non-human elements, interactions, events and imaginations—all of which make it emerge as a specific seeing and describing “what is a place?” To say this, is just to begin to come to terms with place. Let us take a detour:

Mediators: Central to understanding a place as a specific place and not just another region of space-in-general is re-thinking how we interact with place and how we conceptualize some of the tools of this interaction—specifically the map. Mapping, while no longer conceptually imagined to be neutral by any contemporary cartographer, still largely privileges the measurable, and quantifiable over the non-metric and the spaces of qualitative difference. Which is to say geography envisages an object (the place) that is “out there” and that there are just divergent views on the meaning of this space (the traditional role of personal geographies and psychogeographies). Thus cartography imagines a metric place on which we can have differing and contested perspectives. Hence the place of psychogeography is imagined to be a secondary perspectival corrective and addition to metric forms of cartography. This accord in cartography seems to run counter to non-quantitative space (which is often conceptualized as non-Euclidean topological space) shown by contemporary mathematic theory to be morphogenetically prior to metric and exact forms of space. What does this mean for mapping? In short, forms of mapping such as psychogeographies to the degree that they are topological (qualitative mappings) are ontologically prior to metric forms of cartography—and this undermines the cartographic philosophy of humanist multi-perspectival realism.

Topological mathematics and the ontological priority of non-metric spaces: places that are an-exact yet rigorous:
Gilles Deleuze calls non-metric geometries such as topological geographies and qualitative cartographies “an-exact yet rigorous” morphological systems. By this he means that purely qualitative geographies are not subjective geographies, rather that both metric (exact systems) and non-metric geographies are rigorous (non-subjective’). It is just that qualitative systems are non-fixable in specific terms (an-exact). These “topological” geographies and qualitative cartographies (psychogeographies) give us some intimations of new possibilities for mapping. How do we map these spaces of difference? Of non-quantifiable—pre-quantifiable difference? One manner is visible in weather maps, which track zones of intensities. While this works quite well at the level of macro abstractions, how do we track micro socio-political-physical intensities and zones of difference? Is this not what a psychogeographical map can do best? Which is to argue that psychogeographies (both human and non-human) are forms of an-exact but rigorous mappings that are of a place at the point that place emerges as place prior to being mapped in metric fashions—prior to being over-coded as specific spaces. Psychogeographies are no mere addition to other forms of mapping—but a mapping at the level of emergent intensities. (Let us just note in passing the psyche—the mental [the seemingly subjective] is now re-inscribed as the breath [psyche Gk. Breath] of becoming. In this sense, we follow the Greeks in seeing the internal as being a form of the outside. Breath also in the sense of that which has no fixed [metric] shape: psychogeography—could we not define this as a geography of becomings).

The Map: Mapping the Map:
To pursue the idea of a map at the point of emergent intensities is to question the viability of maps as reference documents. To map at the level of emergent intensities, we propose, is more than a clarification of the non-quantifiable. It, in actuality, exceeds an attempt to develop a more precise, more inclusive grammar of place. The map, in this case is in fact, indistinguishable from the mapping. The information described in the map is inherently caught up in the event of the mapping. Thus we must consider the map at the level of the diagram, which presents its own logic and demands an “understanding” through participation. By extension, a collection of these maps does not constitute an atlas, rather they are each evocations—and together a chorus. To listen alone is to be engaged. Put
differently: the psychogeographic map is not first and foremost a tool to make invisibilities visible, rather it is a tool to allow invisibilities to pass into and affect an event, to allow invisibilities to act otherwise (for us the importance of this claim cannot be overstated).

While this might seem paradoxical or even absurd, we hope that this can become clear by examining a project we have been pursuing. Over the last year and a half, sparse has been working with CEI, Shunpike Audio and communities along the coast of Maine to make a “complete” human and non-human psychogeographic mapping of the coast of Maine. This project began through an invitation from CEI to come to the coast of Maine and to use our artistic skills to give “traditional ways of living on the coast of Maine more visibility.” This intrigued us since we knew neither the coast of Maine nor what these traditions could be (nor were we certain what relevant artistic skill set we possessed).

A Place: Here we return to our question of mapping: we were being asked to make visible an identity of the coast:

Coast: n: the shore of a sea or ocean [syn: seashore, seacoast, sea coast]

This definition, like many definitions, reads as though the coast is a static place; however even at the most basic level many coastal regions are currently going through a series of radical changes—whether they be in Canada, the United States, Iran, Kenya, or Japan. These changes are due to the impact of many forces, one of the most critical is the rapidly increasing human populations in these regions. People are moving to these coasts not only because of the immediacy of the ocean or the sea, but to a large extent because of the lure of what the coasts symbolically represent, to what the “coast” means—e.g., a place to get away, a place of serenity, of nature, of quiet, etc. Though it might be argued whether the coasts were ever a static place, there is little doubt that as the population density in these regions increase, the coasts are changing. This irony of coming to the coast because of an identity (the quaint, the peaceful, etc.) and through doing this changing the coast irreversibly is a double tragedy.

What to do? In our preliminary research, we quickly came to see that the coast of Maine is undergoing a series of paradoxical changes. People are moving to the coast because of the lure of what it represents—a “lifestyle” of fishing, small communities, and the immediacy of the ocean. But in doing so, coastal access is threatened and the viability of a coastal life interdependent with the working water is undermined. The existence of a complex dynamic historical relation between communities, both human and otherwise, that cross from land to sea and back is at risk of being lost through the inability to recognize its complex dynamic actuality. But the more we looked and asked questions the more we found it impossible to picture the coast of Maine—it became this complex emergent shape-shifting event that we traversed in a vertiginous manner.

Thus:

Coast: v: to move along without or as if without further application of propulsive power (as by momentum or gravity). (archaic) to travel on land along a coast or along or past the side of something.

In this realization we came to see that rather than trying to present a “picture of Maine” that is now endangered or to try and capture a “disappearing Maine,” we should try and follow/trace the emergence that is the coast of Maine. And to do this in such a manner that we would act as a catalyst of new connections, new collectives, and new voices to emerge. (And to do this we did not need to make “the coast” become visible—only to allow “affect” to pass across thresholds of agency—which is part of the importance of seeing psychogeographies as having a critical non-human component).

In this sense we saw our role to be one of participating in the fostering of what Giorgio Agamben calls “the coming community.” By this he means that community is not a stable entity in need of representation (a voice),
but that community is always (also) a form of "coming community"—an emergent entity formed through linkages, the production of collectives which are not reducible to an identity insofar as they exceed identity in their absolute givenness (as such, they are also non-metric—the motley).

The "coming community" in this endeavour does not remain a concept. It implicates those who participate in its inception. Thus we are participants and "recorders" from within and without and we demand that traditional perspectives of cartography be transgressed. In the act of working to make the maps we resist the move to frame our role in relation to objectivity/subjectivity or to imagine that there are "sides to an argument" that are being laid out in mapping. We seek to work in a context of fully collaborative, and yet detached relationships. We seek neither to avoid leaving echoes of our recordings, nor do we restrict ourselves from engaging the particular communities present, replete with emotional, social, historical alignments. It is our interest to participate in something new, an emergent event that does not simply leave behind cultural footholds, but moves in concert with what arises. It is to re-imagine that the age of exploration was/is not simply a scourge of domination, but a redistribution of intensities.

*Actualities*: We proceeded by interviewing as many people as we could who lived and worked on the coast. These interviews were semi-structured and grounded in qualitative research strategies and ranged from one to two hours in duration. The interviews were conducted in a variety of locations, including on people's work boats, in people's boat houses, in kelp-drying rooms, at the lobsterman association local offices, on town docks, in fish auction houses, etc. Approximately twenty interviews were conducted over the course of the Summer of 2004 in locations extending from the furthest westerly to most easterly points of the Maine coast. The remainder and majority (100+) of the interviews were conducted in September 2004 on a large boat which we outfitted to be a mobile research lab, which traveled to different points and islands along the central coast of Maine.

During the interviews which operated as extended discussions, we asked the participants to map their relations to the coast (in the most general sense). Throughout the conversations, we were in dialogue regarding their engagement with the Maine working coast, and prompted the participants to depict that which they were talking about on their map/diagram (e.g., some very direct questions: Can you draw that for me? What would that
look like? Where on the map that you've drawn would that be located?) At the same time, we would make a parallel diagram of the conversation. It is worthwhile to note, in many cases, the participants were initially hesitant to put pen to paper, concerned regarding their artistic skills or accuracy of their maps/diagrams. However, after observing other non-metric diagrams we were generating, and through the process of prompting and code-diagramming, all but one of the participants put pen to paper at least once.

The interview sessions that were conducted on the boat were conducted in the context of the archive of interview materials and maps generated prior to the installation of the research space on the boat; during these conversations, we would often refer to other maps and diagrams—and thus in a very direct manner putting people in contact with other people/events/issues/feelings/immanences.

Importantly, the research vessel operated not only as an active research space (what we would define as a form of immanent commons) into the forces at play in coastal Maine, but also as a place for people to come and visit and engage with the growing archive of psychogeographies. To accomplish this, public visiting hours were announced in advance for the various sites at which the research vessel docked. During these periods of visitation, we addressed questions regarding the nature of the investigation, but one of the key things that we tried to accomplish was to bring participating visitors together to come to terms with collective issues (which we did not determine in advance). Slowly through these extended discussions/mappings a coast began to emerge—not into visibility but into actions.

**Sustaining an Event: The Outside of Mapping:**

But to work at the level of actions is also to work at the level of encounters—particularly encounters with identity based discourses. In this case, we were continuously faced with questions of the politics of place and who gets to be considered “real Mainers” (vs. the actualities of “the coming community”). This tension between a “coming community” and a politics of identities made us realize that these methodologies of mapping the coast were ones of also re-mapping issues of “sustainability” back into the discussion. But again it was a question of needing to rethink “sustainability” in terms of what was actually emerging out of this process of mapping. How does one sustain an effect? How does one sustain affect? How does one activate and sustain a “coming community”?

Let us step back for a moment and consider sustainability more broadly first. Sustainability, in its current understanding, relies primarily on the western concept of Nature, which is often linked to the idea of balance and harmony. This conceptual tradition stretches back to the post Platonic Greeks, who imagined nature linked to the ideal and the timeless. But this conception seems far from the reality of actual natural systems, e.g., a meteor crashes and everything changes, volcanoes erupt, species emerge and disappear/become other . . . The science of nonequalibrial systems seems to suggest a model closer to reality in which stable states arise within fluctuating systems far from a fixed point of balance. This also works in an-exact but rigorous methods—statistically measuring potentialities in a dynamic system—there is clearly a direct relation between these methodologies and systems.

In addition, most theories of nature imagine the position of the human as an artificial element outside of and in contrast to nature. But this produces inexplicable paradoxes of the natural versus the artificial, nature versus culture, human versus the world. Yet it seems there is only one world—a world of mutation, change, transformation, emergence, quasi-stabilization, and rupture where there is no clear demarcation between any species, event, or territory whether directly human or not. (It is at this level of abstraction that the psychogeographic methodology seeks to work.) The words “natural” and “cultural” are really simply convenient and highly problematic terms for a complex web of interaction and alliances where agency is distributed across the field of becoming.

For us as we traversed the coasts of Maine, we understood that one domain in which this was clearly exemplified is in the case of coastal regions. What is this complex actuality—the complex becoming? What is this space of dynamic and contested alliances between human communities, the land, marine ecosystems, the ocean itself, global economic forces, and other forces? Rather than imagining a coast as a known entity, this contested historical moment produces an opportunity to reexamine, rethink and reimagine what the coasts have been, are, and might be. Rather than striving to maintain historical trajectories, is it not possible to let the “coasts” speak? But and here is the crux of the whole issue: in this re-imagining and in this allowing the “coasts” to speak, do we need mapping to make anything visible? Or (and this is admittedly a big “or”) can we work indirectly at the level of emergence? This needs to be said with more nuance: the becoming visible of the becoming
emergent of an event is not dependant on re-presentation but neither is it independent from re-presentational systems. The key here is that the question is not one of confirming or finding new identities but beginning to ask and activate the use of an-exact but rigorous methods to allow immanent social/physical/political (etc.) forces to recombine into new emergent events (politics).

Coastal Maine: Psychogeographies of The Working Coasts:
As part of our ongoing investigations into the construction of the (temporary/situational) commons and one way in which we are working to bring to light the complex web of imminent actualities and forces of place, we obtained a series of psychogeographies of the working coast of Maine. Specifically, we developed/co-authored a series of psychogeographic mappings of the coast of Maine in collaboration with people who straddle land and sea: lobstermen, fishermen, fish plant workers, wholesalers, families of fisherman, dockworkers. (We also generated a vast archive on non-human mappings but we would like to leave the discussion of these to another time.)

In presenting example psychogeographic maps from the project investigating the working coasts of Maine, it is important to understand what is concrete is not the map but the event that they catalyze. And that it is not the map per-se that catalyzes such an event—but it is a critical mediator that allows the event of the becoming community to occur. While a traditional map claims a certain objectivity outside of the subject where there is one-to-one correspondence between that which is being represented and the “map” regardless of who is authoring the “map,” a psychogeography emerges out of the authors' experiences, engagements and alliances—under the conditions of placing the status of the “author” in question. It does not claim a decontextualized actuality, but rather a space of memories, histories, actions, engagements with events and relations conveyed by the “authors” and inseparable from the “authors.” It is combination cartography, concept map, and schematic diagram.

Through the interview process during which the psychogeographies were generated, glimpses (that which is caught out of the side of one's glance) into the vast complexities of the working coasts of Maine emerged. These are just some examples and details from some of the generated human psychogeographies of the varied forces at play on the working coasts of Maine. There are many ways in which these maps could be organized.

Two example maps of Maine: one historic, one extracted from the psychogeography below.

Lee Hudson (mussel harvester, fish buyer and distributor), Hancock Point, 2004.
Reed Wilson, Jr. (ex-canner, fisherman, marine researcher with over 60 years work experience on the coast), Eastport 2004—the wharves and canneries of Eastport and where the fish are/were.

David Mitchell and Ed Bassett Jr. (members of Passamaquoddy tribe, fishermen/hunters), Pleasant Point, 2004—People of Pollock, the practice porpoise hunting, creature of the sea, whirlpool, and boundaries.

We simply present some that we find notable. What is important is that, despite being presented in a manner so radically separated from the process, all of the maps convey the traces of non-metric information regarding the interplay between personal, social, historical, economic, political, atmospheric (etc.) forces. All of the maps serve as evidence of the events of the coast, and can (we hope) serve to further activate action toward an emergent "coming community" of coastal regions.

Proctor Wells (fisherman/lobster trap designer, marine researcher), Phippsburg/Popham Beach, 2004.

Ron Hinkle (kelp harvester/dryer, ex-urchin diver), Addison, 2004—kelp, fog.

Charlie Poole (Union Wharf owner, sailor), Portland, 2004—Portland Harbour Building Blocks.

1 We are not proposing a false dichotomy between subjectivity and objectivity here. We are simply interested in pursuing the non-subjective nature of these works.

2 CEI: Costal Enterprises Institute. They are an NGO who helps to funnel private and public monies to Maine costal communities in need of assistance.


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**Trout Lilies are Bulbous Plants**

Asiatic dayflower is a commelina. This flower grows on wooded slopes. The fire pink is a catchfly of rocky hillsides. Beautiful flowers of the coral gum. Pickerel weed grows by shallow ponds. Sundew, a bog plant, traps insects. Bugle has long rooting stolons. The hepatica is also called liverwort. Dutchman's breaches are hardy flowers. Fringed lilies grow in Australia. The trout lily replicates a masked replica. This trillium is known as wake-robin. Confederate violet of the United States. Wood sorrel grows in deep shade.

**Cardinal Flower is a Lovely Lobelia**

An early flower of English woodlands. The golden stars of the lesser celandine. Lords and ladies is a woodland arum. An iris from the cascade mountains. Wild geranium grows in many habitats. Yellow pond lilies adorn the lakes. The trailing arbutus grows at the edges. Azaleas are deciduous rhododendrons. These beautiful orchids are fragrant. Purple fringed orchis grows in Ohio. Toothwort is a parasite on hazel. Fireweed grows after woods are burnt. The climbing nightshade is poisonous. The jewelweed is an orange balsam.
I had inferred from pictures that the world was real and therefore paused, for who knows what will happen if we talk truth while climbing the stairs. In fact, I was afraid of following the picture to where it reaches right out into reality, laid against it like a ruler. I thought I would die if my name didn’t touch me, or only with its very end, leaving the inside open to so many feelers like chance rain pouring down from the clouds. You laughed and told everybody that I had mistaken the Tower of Babel for Noah in his Drunkenness.

—Rosmarie Waldrop
This bright trash illuminates
More than one in five US children lives in poverty
Illegible newspapers stuck
Americans have the longest working hours in the Industrial World
to wet walls as fly specks to
Every year 40,000 Americans die in automobile accidents
Skin also here on the edges of
Almost two-thirds of children seven to ten in the US fear that they might die young
the precipice polis tilting
More than 40 percent of US lakes, rivers, and estuaries are too polluted for swimming or fishing
northward not the smell
The US has the highest known death row population in the world
or the dirt but the abstract
Nine corporations own over 50 percent of all US media
nouns sliding away and towards
The poverty rate for blacks in the US is nearly twice the poverty rate for whites
and from and against affliction
White men hold 95 percent of the Fortune 2000 senior management jobs
all parties suspended while we
Forty-two million Americans, including eight million children, lack health insurance
attend to the dying

Section 2
Facts VS Logics
3 questions

Choose the most logical answer.

To consolidate reports from eight reporters, an episode of Faux Edition is to be set up based on the following conditions:

A balanced episode must include 3 news reports, with two you have identified as “most factual” and one from the “light” headlines.

The episode must not present reports originated from the same part of the world.

8) Which of the following represents the best edited episode of Faux Edition?
   A) ROMANIAN PRESIDENCY COMPENSATION FUND IN CHILE QUOTATION FROM AFRICA
   B) SUU KYI S DETENTION ROMANIAN CANDIDACY COMPENSATION FUND IN CHILE
   C) SUU KYI S DETENTION DIPLOMATIC MOVES IN VIENTiane SUPPORTS FOR STEM CELL IN SWITZERLAND

9) Which of the following stories may accompany the FREE CONDOM headline?
   A) SUPPORTS FOR STEM CELLS IN SWITZERLAND and COMPENSATION FUND IN CHILE
   B) ROMANIAN PRESIDENCY and SUPPORTS FOR STEM CELLS IN SWITZERLAND
   C) DIPLOMATIC MOVES IN VIENTiane and QUOTATION FROM AFRICA

10) Which of the following must be true in a balanced episode of Faux Edition?
   I) If SUU KYI S DETENTION is aired, then FREE CONDOM in south asia must be aired.
   II) If SUU KYI S DETENTION is not aired, then SUPPORTS FOR STEM CELLS IN SWITZERLAND cannot be aired.
   III) If SUU KYI S DETENTION cannot be aired, then COMPENSATION FUND IN CHILE must be aired.

   A) I only
   B) II only
   C) II and III only

With much that goes on the world, what exactly is a fact? A new test has been written to participate in the search. Our reporter has more.

Test takers who wish to explore facts are challenged with 8 headlines and 3 logics questions in a new test by faux edition.

The test is divided into two sections. The first section contains 8 headlines which are written in the rhetoric heard so commonly in the news. Can common language as such fool test takers?

The test writer revealed that all 8 headlines are factual since they all refer to events that happened in the world as seen and maintained. But determining the factuality of the headlines, she said, is a task to be done by individuals.

"Headline 2, for example, would be easily considered factual by those living now in South East Asia, whereas those in other areas of the world might find it puzzling"

Yet, the relationship of time and space to facts might be somewhat transcended when one talks logics, the subject matter of section 2 of the test, which embodies a game.

"When placed under the same controlled circumstance such as in section 2, facts become static because everyone shares the same body of knowledge. This is of course not a natural condition of our world. But, yes, I do like Wittgenstein."

This writing incorporates texts and/or presentation from front pages of the Bangkok Post of November 29 and 30, 2004 and from How to prepare for the GRE®. Barron’s, 1999. Introductory propositions are taken from Wittgenstein’s Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus.
ANNE WALDMAN

Morpheus Manifesto

1. Heard: messages instruct the egg to make morphogens ("makers of structure"), molecules that ooze alarm that sense or smell of.

It occurred to us that you can't really know Dr. Luther, Nobody should then presume.

2. Told: an entry accident if so plutonium diox encases plutonium not at all covered several genetic "messages" slipped into The embryo by the mother fly. These maternal manifestos scream at us More time!

3. Response scholarly arguments. I would I'm certain not free us certain not feel hurt if somebody diverted the poison would I'm certain not free us fly's complex segmented body plan: sway. Toward what end? Plan? sway.

4. Heard: his opinion, because he perm-pushes segmentation against the decisions of all th broadcasts She's the ingredients of telling where to go

phere and fine particles could be turn activate developmental genes in the egg that oversee its earliest organization. The resulting cascade of biochemical activity ultimately tells cells where to go & mice? yours?

5. Told: where to go, where to go want to claim ide could be released into the atmos? I should openly disagree with that woman man from another man spoken. It is ther to dispute over one of his dog order to discover truth, conf

6. Response its way deep into space. NASA says there is a million risk of a re-lapse spiralling they are and what they ought to be—head, tail "marker of structure" or something in between—thus shaping the light on a dime, heads? tails— spiralling

7. formed flies, they make a surprising discovery: of the 20,000 or so genes in the fly's chromosomes, only a handful actually generate the earliest blueprint for the insect's body plan.

Here some will surely close prodigy! Erasmus dares to co-author an elephant?" In order to ass to state at this point, if they have actually never sworn

history are in harmony with n free cause. Animals are not. T adopting particular courses.
I, messenger of structure, sent the egg to make morphogens of the embryo by the mother fly. These maternal messages are to form the fly's complex segmented body plan. When we understand the chemical signals that guide the fly's development, we will be able to answer the question, "What is the significance of the chemical signals that guide the fly's development?"

If the embryo by the mother fly is certain not to give us any surprise, we must not feel hurt if somebody directly or indirectly criticizes us. We must realize that this is the true meaning of life, forever toward what end?

In other words, the chemical signals that guide the fly's development ultimately form the fly's body plan. They are not only the signals that guide the fly's development but also the signals that guide the fly's life. We must understand these chemical signals to understand the fly's body plan. We must understand these chemical signals to understand the fly's life. We must understand these chemical signals to understand the fly's body plan.

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Phraya Bantu. When the canal was dug, the land thirty or forty sao wide on each bank belonged to the owner of the company digging the canal. The whole Rangsit plain, which is now prosperous, was really a grassland with elephants. In 1920 when I received a government scholarship to study in France, before leaving Siam I went to the house in Ayutthaya and still observed elephants among the paddy fields. I can remember their silhouette, and mostly I saw them in pairs. When the rice grain was forming, many of them would come. To claim land lying vacant you had to battle the elephants. I was still young but it was like this. To claim land lying vacant you had to battle the elephants. When the company had dug the canals. the land on both sides became the company land. Prior claimant paid a "land registry fee" of four baht a rai. That was the story. My father already had land there. but cultivating two hundred rai alone was too much. So in some years he rented out. At first he cultivated it by himself. He had five or six water buffaloes. I can remember they were all stolen. Paddy farmers had lots of problems including buffalo theft.

CHATTHIP: Please tell about the situation of paddy farmers you saw in the central region.

PRIDI: The term "central region" must be more specific. The central region is really very extensive. You must know the distribution of good and poor land. After you have listened to me, you must go and investigate again. In the old times, in order to know whether the paddy land was good or bad, and how poor the people were in any tambon, you looked at what type of land tax was collected, whether it was kuko or fangloi. Kuko land meant that however much land you owned, for instance ten rai, they collected land tax from you for the full ten rai. For fangloi, they collected according to measurement of the extent cultivated at the time. The kamnan had the duty of measuring how much land each owner had each year. Kuko was divided into grades one, two, three, and fangloi into grades one, two, three, four, and five. I recall that for grade five usually you paid one salung [= 1/4 baht] for each rai measured. So to collect water for the dry season, you had to dig a well just half-deep. The water was brackish. The paddy land in the amphoe around Ayutthaya was kuko, because in the rainy season water from the north flowed down and flooded it. The land was not damaged except in a really bad flood. Another problem including buffalo theft.
The frontier is closed. 1989

* towards the High Authority and our Holy religion” 1912

Thailand!

A concept is brought into being:

The State

* ze the floating labor — such is urban life 1875

As revenue rises, they dream furiously

The King sends his younger brother abroad:
We must learn to use their ways against them 1873

In the NE, a millenarian revolt opposes the money economy

Kong thap phai nai prahet, what the state needs is an internal army
And not to protect it from the French either 1890

(dissent becomes illegal) 1902, Sangha Act

Oh, Lao. No more. Oh, pretty Shan, you are no more. Oh, Mon mon, so sweet, you have disappeared.

“The aim of this national institution is to instill in the minds of people of our own race love and loyalty

including myself endeavoured to study language of English proposing the knowledge of reading and pursuing their book of scientific action or arts to be immated & introduce to our country whatever would come under their power. But no one of such learned personages is doubting that lest Christianity might be best system or religion or lest Jesus might be genuine or real son of God or saviour of mankind. Merely they concluded that he was one of liar to the same ignorant nation where he has met with his birth. His prediction from the words of profets &c. All in disbelieve of these wise men. Be not trouble to lead us in such system, we have heard most words of here missionaries both old & modern saying in various ways the Bible and its various Elements or commentaries are accustomed to read much. I beg to say but the importance which may be useful between you & me.

I am sorry to say that I could not get opportunity to be out of our kingdom owing to the reprovable custom & police of our country which were enacted by our Governments both ancient & modern who were deeped in most profound darkness of ignorant pleasures & desires from which we think we will not be able to lead them out during their life & our time. On hearing of your desire that I may pay visit to New York & c. I was most sorry for I know the opportunity would not be to me during my life for arrival the same with my body. The exact description of New York I have read in some book & head frequently from mouth of my teacher and friend so that I was desirious long ere to visit, my wealthe or property is as much as enough or sufficient for let me meet all countries of the Europe & America but how shall I do to our governments but I am glad that my manuscript has some time opportunity to visit the same state.

I was very glad to hear that you power to do many branches of business. I beg therefore to offer myself to you be your true friend as I am longly desirious of obtaining some extra-ordinary faithful and grateful person of your country to be my agent, to whom I might order some needable articles to be shipped from America to Siam & I should do to him in such a way or case but have no one before now I am glad to have yourself to be my agent.

I have heard from my agents of Singapore who stated to me that at least 30 ships of America visit the same port. But I am sorry that the American vessels do not visit Siam sometime. Therefore I beg to ask you for my a single purpose. I desire to have one Lithographic press (instrument of printing on stone) with all its
While King Chalaongkora is young, the Bunnag divert the liquor farms. The Brits sue the jao for commercial fraud in Bangkok courts, 1880s. Oh, Aisua Thuam, run! The army is in charge of bandits! 3/4 of the tax: opium, liquor, lottery 1890!

Angyi organi

The sun for the court sat in the West. They kept it there. The Crown protected the peasants from merchants. The rice trade is difficult. How were the monsoons in Burma? In Indo-China? The Wanglee family integrates; their mills handle 1,700 tons of rice a day. By 1927, they were swimming in cigarettes and ice.

Levels of thrones organized by bureaucrats, with a peasant on each: the government is overthrown 1932. The Generals convert Japanese fascism which has been converted. Thailand has become a dream in a land of no sleep. Now there are Enemies. Chinese must bear a certificate. 1937. The sun deflects off the moon. The paddy needs finance.

US military begins “aid” 4.5 mil in 1951, in 1953 56 mil. Men rise in parties. The military coups. They have investments in shipping, insurance and construction. It is possible to “reconstruct” the economy. 1957. The government releases phatthana slogans: radio: 'work is money money is work which brings happiness'. There is a GDP. There are people trained to observe it. 1961.
The Chinese are like lilies in the waterways. 1840
Imports into India, balanced by exports of opium. Siam resists and then relents. 1842-5

The Crown now farms taxes. Khan Soo Cheung obliges. 1845
Yes, there had been theatre all this time. 1847

The sugar industry proves no match for slavery in Java. 1880
On the hills at night they

surplus.

"Immigrants" did not exist but were retained in palaces of reed

Armies fought for people in theatres and with theatrical displays

There were no pitched battles. There was no wholesale slaughter.

Grass bent abruptly in the wind. Khun's father died of a choleric fever

The surplus is the generator

This is not prior to history

Now one is either commercial farmers or wage laborers
LAC CULTIVATION AND TRADE IN SIAM. (1)

1. FOREWORD.

Lac is a product obtained from the lac insects. It contains a dye and a resin. Formerly, the lac-dye only was utilised, as a substitute of the cochineal. After the discovery of aniline, the lac-dye became of little value, but when methods of using the resin had been found, the latter became a very important article of international trade.

The most important lac producing countries are India, Siam and French Indo-China. Siam supplies sticklac, i.e. raw lac only, as it does not produce any kind of manufactured lac. An endeavour, however, has been made in the past two years to manufacture garnetlac, but this industry has not been much developed.

Siam's lac has been an important cultivated product for many years, and in spite of the recent fall in price it is still a steady article of export.

2. REARING OF LAC INSECTS.

Life history of the lac insects.

The Hemipterous insect, Tachardia lacca, is found on various species of trees, which it feeds upon by sucking their juices.

At the time of swarming, they are about 1 mm. long, orange-red in colour, and possess powerful legs and feeders and a pair of dark eyes. When they emerge from the dead bodies of the females, they wander about the boughs from 12 to 20 hours, after which they become fixed and begin to feed. The secretion of resin which forms around their bodies finally encrusts the twigs. Then the males escape from their cells and visit the females. The latter in due course develop viviparous larvae and die, and at their appointed time the larvae emerge and become fixed. This happens twice a year.

(1) Compiled at the Ministry of Commerce and Communications.
The North was its own world. 1890
In their gardens they plant eggplant and lemongrass
Find dia dan nam chum, plant rice

The Chinese carry goods across Isan on human porters. 1820

Ban culture opposes the muang:
"We are still using buffaloes / And they have become very rich" 1978

Politics and economics are the very eyes of the silkworm tree.

The Uplands
With Industry, the Uplands

Adrift, like a lily on the ocean, adrift

"When the present war is over, there would be no small nations in the world... There are only two ways left for us to choose, either become a power or be swallowed by one" 1940s

The military has the answers
To conquer the peninsula (reclaim “lost” territory)

A 60 mil “Thai race”—briquettes for the firebox of State

After the coup, the King returns to Bangkok

There are other

are burning lime and they softly glowing

Elsewhere, the races were split and turned...
new parties in 1992. Prominent political parties of long-standing include the Democrat party (q.v.), the Thai Nation party (q.v.), and the Social Action party (q.v.). Political parties also field candidates for election to the city council of the Bangkok Metropolis (q.v.).

PONG TEUK. An archaeological site in Kanchana Buri Province about 15 kilometers (9 miles) west of Ban Pong village where the railway from Bangkok (q.v.) to Singapore turns south. It is one of the oldest sites in Thailand; diggings in 1926 unearthed a temple and several monuments. A bronze Roman lamp in the Pompeian style decorated with the mask of Silenus indicates that Greek or Roman merchants were establishing contacts between China and the West. A small bronze Buddha (q.v.) statue in the Dvaravati (q.v.) style, probably made in India, was also found here. Both pieces are in the National Museum (q.v.) in Bangkok.

POPULATION. One of the 20 most populous nations in the world, Thailand had a population of approximately 60 million people in 1994, with an average growth rate of 1.4 percent a year. This total was divided about equally between males and females. The regional breakdown was approximately 17 million in the central region (including the Bangkok [q.v.] metropolitan area), 11 million in the north, 7 million in the south, 21 million in the northeast and 4 million in the east. Approximately, 30 percent of the population was between the ages of 15 and 29.

PRACHATHIPAT. See DEMOCRAT PARTY.

PRAJADHIPOK (1893-1941). King of Siam (reigned 1925-1935). Prajadhipok, the youngest son of former King Chulalongkorn (q.v.), was educated in Bangkok (q.v.), Britain and France. He ascended the throne on the death of King Vajiravudh (q.v.). As he lacked preparedness, he called as advisors senior princes whom his predecessor had ignored. However, the conservatism of these princes was questioned by the liberal Siamese (q.v.)
JANET ZWEIG

The Liar Paradox (Oliver North Möbius)

Two computers drive two printers mounted on facing walls. A möbius strip of paper runs out of one printer and into the other, a continuous loop that is printed over and over again, front and back. One printer prints questions, the other prints answers. The text is from the testimony of Oliver North to Congress in 1987: excerpted questions and answers concerning truth and lies. The questions and answers fall randomly with each other; any answer works with any question. Eventually, over several weeks, the paper fills with text until it is completely blackened with ink.

Some of the questions and answers follow:

Q: Are you telling us that he told you a different version of the facts, or are you telling us that he told you to write down a different version of the facts?

Q: That was not true, was it?

Q: Are you saying that you and he agreed that he would say that?

Q: By putting out this false version of the facts, were you telling a false story?

Q: On whose authority did you type in false statements?
Q: Are you saying that you decided that it was appropriate to put out a false version of the facts or are you saying that you decided it was appropriate to follow his instructions?

Q: You don’t deny it?

Q: Did you say, “That’s not the truth?”

Q: Who decided to put out false statements?

Q: So what you’re telling us is that you falsely said that you had that discussion?

Q: And one of the problems was that you had participated, had you not, in putting forward a false story with respect to it?

Q: Did you ever say, “You can’t do that, it’s not true”?

Q: Did you discuss the wisdom of putting out a false version of the facts?

A: Those are the facts as I know them.

A: I was provided with a different version of the facts that is inconsistent with what I knew to be the truth.

A: I came here to tell you the truth.

A: I was provided with additional input that was radically different from the truth. I assisted in furthering that input.

A: They are at essence a lie.

A: We fixed it by omission.

A: I put great value in the truth and, as I said, I came here to tell it.

A: He and I knew that his version was wrong, intentionally misleading.
A: I’m saying I decided that I would continue to participate in preparing a version that was inaccurate.

A: I did a lot of things and I want to stand up and say that I’m proud of them.

A: Oh, absolutely, yes. I’m here to tell the facts as I know them.

A: I absolutely said it. I said a lot of other things.

A: I don’t deny that I said it. I’m not saying I remember it either.

A: By their very nature they are a lie.

I made this sculpture 14 years ago, a few years after listening to Oliver North’s testimony to Congress concerning his role in the Iran-Contra affair. At the time, I was fascinated by the circular use of language about facts, truth, and lies. In later years, I thought the issues in this piece might seem dated. Looking at it now, in the current political climate, it seems as fresh as a daisy.

While reading through this year’s Chain submissions, we discovered that much of the work fell cleanly into one of two categories: 1) private facts/memoir or 2) public facts/news/statistics. We found ourselves interested in how distinct these factual worlds were, when we knew (for a fact) that there must be much overlap, that the personal and public do not exist removed from one another. In order to visualize/materialize/investigate that silent area of intersection, we sent out a call to participate in an experiment. Various writers were asked to submit one private fact and one public fact without trying to build connections between them. Our hypothesis was that the connections would make themselves apparent in the entire set of data collected. Private and public facts listed here are followed by the analyses of a number of the respondents.
The world is everything that is the case. I was born in 1971. It is a private fact that taste is in my mouth. Between 1988 and 1992, I worked for near minimum wage at a circuit board factory, blanket factory and three ring binder factory responsible for releasing tens of thousands of pounds of toxic chemicals into the air each year—excluding lead, toluene, mercury and other carcinogens, blood and liver toxicants, neuro and musculoskeletal toxicants. I don't really know what time it is, relatively speaking. My youngest cat is named Jean-Luc Perez. I am legally "learning disabled." You get used to your mother shoplifting, or rather, you think it's normal your mother shoplifts when she shoplifts when you're young and don't know yet how other mothers shop at the shopping centers. There is a long wait sometimes, behind the metal cart, especially if she feels followed, and feeling followed is normal, soon. You take the stolen blouse back to the counter for a cash refund because your mother is waiting in the car and you are the young cat learning the hunt, so no one suspects it's anything but crickets.

Values are facts in the realm of private experience. My sister was named for my paternal grandmother. I'm an alien's mother. As a child, while I was not opposed to jellies or jams per se, I would not eat a peanut butter and jelly sandwich—I would only eat peanut butter with honey. And I hated cream cheese. My parochial first grade experience was one in which we were provided with cream cheese and jelly sandwiches; I was horrified and cowed by this. I still prefer pb & honey, though I will eat pb & j; I still cannot eat cream cheese. I consider that driving is ruining my life. I am the first male Torres born one in which we were provided with cream cheese and jelly sandwiches; I was horrified & cowed by this. I still prefer pb & honey, though I will eat pb & j; I still cannot eat cream cheese. I consider that driving is ruinin my life. I am the first male Torres born.

My mother died four weeks ago, and death construct a beginning and end. I was born on September 18, 1958. In the country, I measure distances spatially (33 miles northeast); in cities, I am more likely to use a temporal measure (6 minutes from here). These methods reflect my values: the land when I am in the country; my time when I am in the city. My atrial fibrillation. I come from a family of six (including my parents), and I am the oldest of my three other siblings, however I am the only one who holds a college degree. Low blood sugar. Last night I dreamed that I was given a clean bill of health. I have a small scar on the back of my right hand that was caused by a flying hubcap when I was 12 years old. My friend Marcus and I were playing around in a vacant lot below Houston St. in NYC (for some reason we were always trying to set this one abandoned car on fire) and Marcus picked up a hubcap and hurled it at me discus-style. I was holding a large brown stick and tried to deflect the hubcap with the stick, but held the stick too high and got nailed on the back of my hand. I didn't need any stitches, but was weirded out by the white that showed where the cut had opened. I am 5'6" tall and I weigh 112 pounds. We're all related to Charlie Chaplin, my friend John told me. The Rangoon beetle has four additional wings and no one knows why. My father's skin is darker than mine. When I was little and very pale, this difference seemed dramatic. Since my father grew up in a black part of the city, as a little girl, I thought he acted black. I actually thought he was black. I thought it was cool that I had a black dad and identified myself with black people and, although I never told anyone, for six months during age 3, I thought I was half black. I'm not in love with her. I prefer to practice Tai Chi outdoors, at dawn, in moss. I grew up more-or-less Jewish in West Des Moines, Iowa, and nearly every friend I made had parents who wanted to convert me. In middle school, my friend Mara took me to Wednesday night CCD where, after the half-hour schpiel, and memorizing one or two bible passages, they had foosball, air hockey, pool, and Christian dances. One night, Mara's parents brought home KFC and asked that I accept the Lord, Jesus Christ, as my personal savior before eating. I did, but it meant nothing. Blow on hot soup in a spoon and it will cool faster. I have no privacy. My father stays in his bed all day. We're both tall and I weigh 112 pounds. We're related to Charlie Chaplin, my friend John told me. The Rangoon beetle has four additional wings and no one knows why. My father's skin is darker than mine. When I was little and very pale, this difference seemed dramatic. Since my father grew up in a black part of the city, as a little girl, I thought he acted black. I actually thought he was black. I thought it was cool that I had a black dad and identified myself with black people and, although I never told anyone, for six months during age 3, I thought I was half black.
The world is not everything that is the case. US passenger vehicles consume 8 million barrels of oil a day. It is a public fact that I pulled your message out of the Junk Mail folder because I recognised your name. Between 1988 and 1992, about four million pounds per year of toxic chemicals were released (legally) into the air around Minneapolis in Hennepin County, Minnesota—including lead, toluene, mercury and other carcinogens, blood and liver toxicants, neuro and musculoskeletal toxicants. (By 2002, reported toxic releases had decreased 88%). www.worldtimeserver.com/current_time_in_IT.aspx. In written Chinese, the word for the first person pronoun "I/me" resembles the word for "nation." Alan Davies, in the eighties, published his "Private Enigma in the Opened Text." Everyone can see how different you see when your mother has been caught stealing in your small country town. The family who owns the gas station and the family who owns the sandwich shop and the family who owns the factory where the coffins are made have all trimmed a portion of themselves away, which once was the place where they saw you as anyone but your mother. Every once in awhile you blink because you can't believe how different your breath on the dusty streets with the news which is only news to everyone but you. Every banana has five sides. My sister was named for my paternal grandmother. I'm not an alien from another planet. While we live in a well-integrated municipality known for its good public schools, the ratio of white students to students of color actually taught in these public schools is lower than it should be demographically, because a disproportionate number of white families take their children out of the public schools and send them to private schools. All government subsidies are to be terminated, leaving Amtrak defunct. NY schools is lower than it should be demographically, because a disproportionate number of students with at least one parent in the military are in NY schools is lower than it should be demographically, because a disproportionate number of white families take their children out of the public schools and send them to private schools. New government subsidies are to be terminated, leaving Amtrak defunct. NY Times, Feb. 8, 2005 / Science Section: The star-nosed mole has 22 fleshy prongs on its nose and is the fastest eating mammal on earth taking 82 milliseconds to decide whether to eat small prey and 146 milliseconds more to eat and begin a new search. It is native to eastern US wetlands, adapting to its habitat to feed on thousands of tiny, slippery bugs and fish. Its super-sensory star snout is covered by 25,000 sensory receptors and 100,000 large nerve fibers, six times as many as a human hand. Recorded for study, films show the mole sweeping its star, touching the surface 13 times a second, encountering a piece of food, probes it with a pair of rays below its nostrils, decides whether or not to eat it, the rays move apart, and it grabs the food with its tweezer-shaped front teeth. This entire sequence happens in a fifth of a second. Its hyper nervous system matches its consumption. There are over 10,000 fast-food playgrounds in the US. Jerry Estrin died on June 22, 1993. "Fact" comes from the Latin facere which means "to make." The College of St. Catherine, the nation's largest Catholic women's college, is celebrating its centennial year of existence this year. "Some evidence" suggests Saddam Hussein may have died in air strikes that opened Operation Iraqi Freedom, President Bush said April 23. In an interview with NBC News anchor Tom Brokaw, Bush revealed that the same source who told US Central Command leaders Hussein and his sons would likely be at the location believes Hussein was killed or severely injured. "I say 'may' because we don't have the DNA in hand to prove" Hussein is dead, Bush said. "According to this one eyewitness, he's not going to show up anywhere." Building and construction increased by 10.3% in Syria in 2004, compared to 2003. The FBI calls identity theft one of the fastest growing crimes in the United States and estimates that 500,000 to 700,000 Americans become identity theft victims each year. The last day to drop a course is the last day of classes. At the inauguration, along with 13,000 officers, secret commando units were at large in Washington, and sharpshooters with state-of-the-art assault weapons were stationed on rooftops along the parade route. The president (I cannot capitalize this word) was riding in an armored limo with bulletproof tires, and reportedly, an oxygen system that could be activated during a chemical attack. There were checkpoints, barriers and cages for protesters. None of this showed on TV, as the "theatre of actuality" passed by. Uncle Tom's Cabin by Harriet Beecher Stowe was published in 1851. The idea of time moving "clockwise" derives from the left to right movement of a shadow in the Northern hemisphere. The 14 (I think it is) major military bases the US is building or has built in Iraq are facts. Whatever the degree of imprecision of my information, they're really there and are going to be a major determinant of subsequent events. But then again, they're not much of a public fact. If you emphasize public then fact starts to turn into "fact." How much of public "fact" is Bush's being AWOL in the 70s? It depends how thoroughly the right-wing disinformation machines keep churning up the fields where such a fact could be displayed. Scientists estimate that 90 to 99 percent of the total mass of the universe is missing matter or "dark matter": stuff that is there but can not be seen directly. Spontaneous laughter. The earliest recorded usage in English of the transitive verb "to articulate" in the sense of "to utter distinctly" or "to give clear and effective utterance to" occurs in 1691, 105 years after "articulate" was in use as an adjective (meaning "divided into syllables or words meaningfully arranged," etc.). Dinosaurs walked the earth. Human museums, like the Museum of Natural History in New York City, contain their bones. 39% of the adult population in Botswana is HIV positive. The father of Spencer Dryden, recently deceased drummer of the Jefferson Airplane, had been Chaplin's half-brother. The red-throated warbler was finally sighted, after nearly 100 years, in Fiji in 2004. I have reddish hair that is curly. In junior high, people called me nappy head and my mom told me I was part black. Most of the universe is hydrogen. Jacinth designates the same stone as the ligure (Heb. leshem) mentioned in Ex. 28:19 as the first stone of the third row in the high priest's breast-plate. Iowa at Christmas is cold and Christian. Hot soup will cool. Emil Krebs who it is said could speak 60 languages fluently died in 1930, at which point his brain was preserved in the Vogt collection at the University of Düsseldorf. The Sherbrooke Nursing Home has three talking birds. Condoleezza Rice refuses to condemn torture. The nature of the disease. The river. The Pyramids and who ordered them built.
analyses...

So-called “public” facts are simply private facts trying too hard to slip by without being stopped and asked what they’re doing there. So-called “private” facts are just words hanging out without needing permission. Amid both private and public facts are a number which speak of sources of embarrassment, a difference being that when such sources of embarrassment are felt to be private the embarrassment is also felt, whereas when sources of embarrassment are produced in the public sphere they fail to embarrass the perpetrators (government or big business) of the crimes, cruelties, or injustices involved. Questions of the body abound in both spheres—the body of individual humans and its state of health in the private sphere, the body politic and “natural body” (planet Earth) in the public sphere—but non-human creatures (animals) are apparently deemed more public than private beings. The results of this experiment confirm, for me, our era of access—via internet and media—where distinction between private and public language (experience?) are narrowed. Public facts constitute a massive screen that intimidates me, sometimes taunts me, and dares me to walk up and touch it; the screen does not need me, but it may crush me nonetheless. Private facts, writ large, turn into a kind of vexed monument: your secret is safe with me. A fact is a frozen state of affairs. If I had to stipulate the facts in “Likeness” I would say there are no facts other than the words and that words are no facts at all but what make facts possible. The poet is the extension of the fact of the poem. The poem is the fact of its own making. I think we poets are perhaps in general trying too hard to see parallels, which may be obscuring them. Total Cowwapse! Swassont Weet! Seriously, I kept wanting access to the facts without all the attempts at control, on both sides, and when I couldn’t get it, it was, bien sur, facticity that was the casualty for me, rather than public or private, which may’ve required a more pants-based set of directives. As they used to say at Yale c. 1989: you da Man. This collaborative experiment proves once again how evolution breaks us away from our human and planetary connections, only to draw us near again as the drought of real pleasure and other nourishments examines all activity as a singular hinge of flesh, damp with fire. As with fact of back of one’s head or one’s seemingly real face in mirror, “the fact” never quite can make the move from inside to out—and I guess that’s what the autonomic nervous system is finally there for, to let us sit down without looking. The end at the back of the oven looks different than the end at the front, but it’s the same loaf of bread. All beings live under the thumb of the public fact. Even nature is not exempt, the star-nosed mole must adapt to our public policies or die. The only exception maybe love, or some far away galaxy which we cannot reach. This experiment seems Buddhist in its results: everything is a sibling of the other. Private facts seem to be relative, about relations, about family. These facts are cousins and sisters and brothers and twins to the public facts, which seem to be about places and numbers. Perhaps the numbers are second cousins to the families? Perhaps the places are the places where the sisters live? What I sense here is sensibility, feeling masquerading as a more acceptable, more distant intelligence. Something that will expose less the heart beneath these clever, educated lines. First thing that strikes me is that there are no private facts; the only facts that ‘seem’ that way are those involving the body and shame—and these are cultural judgments/refractions (in fact). As to etymology, what is the difference between making and arranging? What with collage and the post-modern, arranging becomes making; new arrangements make new facts, miming what biology does with materials at hand. I find that facts become text when placed one after the other, that the thingness of beings become less thing-like and more me-like as I plow through each circumstance trying to make connections. As each private fact is revealed I find myself looking for where I stand, what my relationship is to everyone’s secret. Whereas the public act of each public fact gives it less weight, i.e. the mystery of privacy is more human and gives me pause to catch my breath and remember my pulse.

participants...

Resource Consumption

We have been haunted by the World Wildlife Fund recently pointing out that if every human being on earth today began consuming and polluting at the rate of the average North American or Western European, at least two more planets would be needed to provide the necessary resources.

We decided after reading for this issue to commission some work that was directly concerned with this issue of consumption of resources. We sent out a call for work “that directly and obviously uses facts about current levels of resource use (use of energy, freshwater, etc.).” We wanted quick takes, dialogues, etc. We requested submissions anywhere from a paragraph to a page or two. And we also requested that “the facts you are using should be obvious and/or listed somewhere. A good source for ‘facts’ on resource usage is the AAAS Atlas of Population and Environment, atlas.aaas.org. We'd like to have this conversation spread as geographically wide as we can. So please pass this on to people with alliances outside of the US.”

In the end, we didn’t get much work outside of the US. But that seemed fine to us. Perhaps this is a topic that should matter more to US artists and writers.

The results of this experiment follow.
Bill Berkson • *Hearsay* (version of American tv interview segment with Auschwitz survivor January, 2005)  
with thanks to Larry Fagin

Q: What has changed since you were here?
A: The grass.

Q: What’s different about the grass?
A: There wasn’t any.

Q: No grass?
A: The Jews ate it.

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Charles Bernstein • *Likeness*

the heart is like the heart  
the head is like the head  
the motion is like the motion  
the lips are like the lips  
the ocean is like the ocean  
the fate is like the fate  
the hope is like the hope  
the fear is like the fear  
the despair is like the despair  
the wish is like the wish  
the want is like the want  
the harm is like the harm  
the beauty is like the beauty  
the bird is like the bird  
the barrel is like the barrel  
the brine is like the brine  
the spatter is like the spatter  
the lisp is like the lisp  
the will is like the will  
the word is like the word  
the spun is like the spun  
the tube is like the tube  
the cleft is like the cleft  
the cleave is like the cleave  
the core is like the core  
the limit is like the limit  
the window is like the window  
the mulch is like the mulch  
the pin is like the pin  
the pine is like the pine  
the forest is like the forest  
the grid is like the grid  
the part is like the part  
the torrent is like the torrent  
the walk is like the walk  
the smile is like the smile  
the love is like the love  
the hint is like the hint  
the madness is like the madness  
the rope is like the rope  
the chill is like the chill  
the chain is like the chain  
the chair is like the chair  
the other is like the other  
the same is like the same  
the difference is like the difference
the change is like the change
the where is like the where
the note is like the note
the spoil is like the spoil
the boat is like the boat
the water is like the water
the sky is like the sky
the earth is like the earth
the air is like the air
the Jew is like the Jew
the vale is like the vale
the value is like the value
the mean is like the mean
the marrow is like the marrow
the right is like the right
the middle is like the middle
the cry is like the cry
the stuff is like the stuff
the wilted is like the wilted
the view is like the view
the man is like the man
the girl is like the girl
the child is like the child
the woman is like the woman
the stray is like the stray
the prayer is like the prayer
the million is like the million
the one is like the one
the three is like the three
the dirt is like the dirt
the spread is like the spread
the dread is like the dread
the till is like the till
the in is like the in
the out is like the out
the of is like the of
the when is like the when
the before is like the before
the after is like the after
the satin is like the satin
the care is like the care
the book is like the book
the web is like the web
the skid is like the skid
the pull is like the pull
the pall is like the pall
the taught is like the taught
the learned is like the learned

the lived is like the lived
the wave is like the wave
the particle is like the particle
the swerve is like the swerve
the kept is like the kept
the covered is like the covered
the is is like the is
the is is like the the
the like is like the like
the thought is like the thought
the moment is like the moment
the absence is like the absence
the loss is like the loss
the light is like the light
the dark is like the dark
the real is like the real
the concrete is like the concrete
the literal is like the literal
the metaphor is like the metaphor
the similar is like the similar
the simile is like the simile
the assonance is like the assonance
the dissonance is like the dissonance
the name is like the name
the unnamed is like the unnamed
the I is like the I
the you is like the you
the hummingbird is like the hummingbird
the blue jay is like the blue jay
the whippoorwill is like the whippoorwill
the mocking bird is like the mockingbird
the uncle is like the uncle
the mother is like the mother
the death is like the death
the horror is like the horror
the blues is like the blues
the lens is like the lens
the mote is like the mote
the oasis is like the oasis
the still is like the still
the cork is like the cork
the house is like the house
the smell is like the smell
the waiting is like the waiting
the jail is like the jail
the time is like the time
the gray is like the gray
the period is like the period
the sentence is like the sentence
the injustice is like the injustice
the forgetting is like the forgetting
the touch is like the touch
the quarter is like the quarter
the harp is like the harp
the list is like the list
the cut is like the cut
the tip is like the tip
the voice is like the voice
the silence is like the silence
the singular is like the singular
the plural is like the plural
the relative is like the relative
the tide is like the tide
the trope is like the trope
the dope is like the dope
the thrall is like the thrall
the rhyme is like the rhyme
the rhythm is like the rhythm
the pitch is like the pitch
the patch is like the patch
the pocket is like the pocket
the hole is like the hole
the site is like the site
the phrase is like the phrase
the rule is like the rule
the ruin is like the ruin
the tune is like the tune
the eyes is like the eyes
the tone is like the tone
the target is like the target
the thirst is like the thirst
the person is like the person
the no is like the no
the charm is like the charm
the song is like the song
the pulse is like the pulse
the repetition is like the repetition
the sign is like the sign
the letters are like the letters
the flesh is like the flesh
the fog is like the fog
the shadow is like the shadow
the rust is like the rust
the likeness is like the likeness

the gun is like the gun
the gulp is like the gulp
the tale is like the tale
the whiff is like the whiff
the and is like the and
the never is like the never
the melancholy is like the melancholy
the time is like the time
the circumstance is like the circumstance
the agreement is like the agreement
the disappointment is like the disappointment
the sadness is like the sadness
the blame is like the blame
the guilt is like the guilt
the quilt is like the quilt
the blank is like the blank
the end is like the end
the loop is like the loop
the there is like the there
the here is like the here
the how is like the how
the now is like the now
Annette Bicker • The Meadows (somehow made glamorous)

Approximately sixty miles north of Las Vegas is the nearest fence and gate marking the border and entrance to the Nevada Test Site. At the exit from highway 95 stands a wrought iron sign curved into the shape of Nevada. The official government plaque...

Testing of devices for defense and for peaceful uses of nuclear explosives is conducted here.
The nation’s principal nuclear explosives testing laboratory is located within this 1,350 square mile, geographically complex, area in the isolated valleys of Jackass, Yucca, and Frenchman Flats. Selected as on-continent test site in 1950, the first test took place in 1951.

The plaque offers a simple textbook narration on the officially marked border. A long two-lane road quietly stretches from the freeway to the town of Mercury, and the exit sign reads in bold letters: NO SERVICES.

The plaque also refers to the indigenous peoples, who once, long ago, once upon a time, inhabited this land. But Western Shoshone and Paiute people still “occupy” land now surrounding the test site. People still live there. And the area now claimed, in very heavy terms, by the US government, is legally aboriginal land for both tribes, and the land rights have never been forfeited by them to the US government. This plaqued and laminated description spins into the smoothest of govspeak narrative what could be described in very different terms. The Great Basin and areas of the Mohave desert of Nevada are some of the most highly militarized landscapes in the world. Behind this quiet road and small white town, the US government has spent 50 years developing technologies of destruction, all now being revived in the name of anti-terrorism. The physical structures that have been concocted in this “wilderness” pound out stories, invisible and loud, that reverberate around the globe.

While the nuclear genie popped out of his bottle at White Sands Proving Ground, on July 16, 1945, it may be said that he learned to dance at the Nevada Test Site. This vast complex of test tunnels, assembly plants, bomb craters and nuclear waste storage facilities tells the tale, in physical terms of the evolution of nuclear weaponry: from the uncontested atmospheric tests of the 1950s to the precision micronuclear experiments conducted in Chambers underground in recent years. (Matt Coolidge, CLUI, Nuclear Proving Ground)

In the early days of the military’s occupation of the Great Basin, nuclear tests, deemed safe and reliable by the AEC, were exploded above ground, but only after off-continent tests brought massive ruin to South Pacific islands, islanders. The cinematic event of nuclear destruction, only a test, blossomed in the same visual playing-field as the growing spectacle of Vegas. The two scenes began to serve and complement, even flatter each other, the bomb providing an element of excitement for the burgeoning casinos and casinos carnivalizing and dressing up the bomb into a gorgeous, dramatic, patriotic show of force. In 1963, the year my family moved to Vegas, the AEC reworked its operations and atomic testing went underground. Without their matching spectacles of light, it was more difficult to trace the connections between these two sites of awesome, lit-up wonder. Even growing up in Vegas, with such personal proximity to the site, I had rarely connected the dots, until details of local culture catalyzed me to more closely consider the bonds between casinos and nuclear detonations. Like the picture run in Literary Las Vegas, of a woman posed for a Vegas promo photo, dressed in a mushroom cloud costume, all billowy and soft, all smiles and charm. Or reports of the infamous dawn parties and picnics held for communal viewing and celebration of the mushroom cloudbursts. After the testing went underground, the available and legible code of testing was no longer cinematic; it turned sonic and kinesthetic, but was written just as fiercely. Our bodies have read and continue to read the cultural messages transmitted from this “Nuclear Proving Ground.”

With the likely end of large-scale nuclear testing upon them, the Department of Energy is embarking on a campaign to market the resources of the NTS to new customers in the private sector. Only 110 square miles of the NTS has been consumed by the nuclear weapons testing program, and only 4.6 square miles of the surface is contaminated with gamma radiation. This leaves a space as “large as the state of Rhode Island” for hazardous chemical testing, environmental remediation development, continued defense-related support, and tourism.

828 nuclear charges have been detonated beneath the landscape at the NTS, starting with small test charges in the 1950s. The underground testing program created the subsidence craters we see pock-marking Yucca flat. Many were performed within excavated cavities and tunnels in Rainier Mesa, and still more on the high ground at the Northwest corner of the NTS known as Pahute Mesa. The majority of nuclear tests were not conducted simply to test the weapons themselves, but to measure the effects of intense radiation on everything from classified defense satellite components to Japanese architecture.

Able was the name of the first nuclear test at the NTS, executed on January 27, 1951. It consisted of a one kiloton bomb dropped from a bomber above Frenchman Flat. 99 more atmospheric tests followed Able, until the last one, Little Feller I, on July 17, 1962. After this test, the Limited Test Ban Treaty took effect, prohibiting testing underwater, in the air or in outer space.
To write about the Nevada Test Site is like looking at the sun too long, is an Icarus-like gesture of impending heat, looking at what can’t be seen, a too-bright sun with invisible rays. Blind spots dot the periphery. How can you tell the story of a secret made in an “impenetrable” desert compound, the secret that shapes a colonial and technological dream state, a military and scientific race? How can we know the secret story of how gender helped to define the nuclear weapons laboratory, testing and testing again the world’s largest decimating explosion? Or of the traumatic symptom from the town outside this military zone which races to build the world’s largest and again largest hotel, and then detonates them? We are written as we write, striated with the marks of desire, perversity, longing, belonging, and not belonging. We are assigned an apocalyptic project. A word which is not derived from ending, but from revelation, uncovering, disclosing. A strip tease.

Quantum

There is a video clip of a procession of girls dancing, honoring the first test of the Chinese nuclear bomb. They are dancing tenderly, patriotically. Yet another more giddy aspect of the celebration is expressed in a juxtaposed image of Chinese soldiers throwing themselves into the air, hurling their guns over their heads.

Giddy means: having a whirling, dazed sensation, having lost the power of preserving balance, and therefore wavering and inclined to fall, dizzy, reeling.

Niels Bohr said the following: “If anybody says he can think about quantum problems without getting giddy, that only shows he has not understood the first thing about them.”

Quanta are discrete vibrating particles.

From Bechtel Briefs, Bechtel Website, www.bechtel.com:

Terrorism is taught around the world, but for learning counterterrorism, the place to go is the Nevada Test Site. In the desert 100 kilometers northwest of Las Vegas, Bechtel Nevada oversees a varied and growing program that teaches local, state, and federal officials how to thwart terrorists and how to respond to nuclear and chemical attacks.

from San Francisco Chronicle, October 22, 2001:

This rugged desert landscape, scarred by decades of bomb testing during the Cold War, is poised to once again become a wartime training ground—this time in America’s new battle against terrorism.

Oscarine Bosquet • from By Day (in progress)

Redistribute with no exclamation the figures published in the newspapers that I read the means of the most wealthy Mexican to the country’s seventeen most poor citizens divide sixty-six billion by seventeen million that’s three million eight hundred eighty two thousand francs plus the net patrimony of the seven people with the highest added plus the fortune of the three hundred fifty eight people the highest plus repeat all the length of the Nasdaq operation as many times as it’s necessary.

translated by Omar Berrada and Sarah Riggs
14th Day of the Rainy Season

Hummingbirds hang against a sky as white as lung.

From a rooftop clothesline, a top sheet twists.

I shake soot from a hammock.

After nursing, Sara glows as pink as twilight.

Water pouring into a plastic bucket sounds like fingers on a drum.

I fall in love with anything native: smoketrees, a woman who scrubs my towels with a stone.

Selfish love, anxious love, detached love, primarily Western love.

The power goes out with a thud.

A drum is an indigenous referent reinforcing nationalist sentiment.

Water murmurs through pipes.

"In certain races," writes André Tridon, "kissing is proof of affection but not of love"

A statue of Emperor Cuauhtémoc falls into a slate silhouette.

Whole neighborhoods dim; Sara's baby tugs at the collar of my shirt.

Unstable love, detached love, underperforming love, neo-liberal love.

Forty percent of retail shopping in Mexico occurs at a Wal-Mart owned outlet.

15th Day of the Rainy Season

Dusk falls through willow trees off the Pan American, traffic snags.

Mexico City turns to mountain, turns to cornrow in the middle of a sentence.

Here you see very few birds.

A Nahua woman extends her arms like wings to display a tablecloth bestiary.

A little something for a soda, a little something for a sandwich.

More Zacatecans live in the United States than in Zacatecas.

The sun smells the same on our skin regardless of pigment.

Its dusty rays pour through streets thick with cinderblock houses.

In Renaissance paintings, this kind of feathered light symbolized God's grace.

I see the face of God flicker in a commuter information screen above the highway.

A boy sleeps on the grass under a monument to the Niños Heroes.

Life changes quickly and often that is consolation.

A woman nurses her baby at the tollbooth. Beyond a guardrail, a colt rolls in the dirt.

A man steps out of the cornfields; his shadow grazes the road.

"Dissatisfaction," writes André Tridon, "breeds either neurosis or creation."

This work comes out of writing that I have done over the past two years during trips to Mexico City. The form references field notes taken by eighteenth and nineteenth century scientific explorers mixing observation, statistical fact and interpretation. The statistical facts in this case come from interviews with Financial Times correspondents Sara Silver and John Authers. One concerns Mexicans as a labor resource; the other deals with Mexico as a market resource. The interpretation comes from Psychoanalysis and Love (Bretanos 1923) by Andre Tridon.
Mercury (Hydrogyrum, Hg) is rare in its free form, but is the 61st most abundant element, trapped in ore. Ancients released mercury by heating cinnabar; weathering and volcanic eruptions also released mercury from rock. Free mercury in the atmosphere has increased by about 400% since we got serious about burning coal: 200,000 tons of mercury since 1890. Once released, it moves, changes—and persists. A mercury atom is structured with 2; 8; 18; 2 electrons per energy level around the nucleus. The atom bonds easily to proteins—that's how it makes its way into cells and across the blood-brain barrier.

Mercury (Hg hydrogyrum) levels in common loons in New York are among the highest levels in living animals anywhere. Loons live up to 30 years. Striped bass, American eels, spotted sea trout, blue marlin, mackerel, swordfish, halibut, lobster, skate, sole, snapper, rockfish, tuna, sturgeon, grouper, orange roughy, flounder and shark are contaminated with mercury. The first national study of mercury levels in human blood and hair was conducted in 1999. Nearly all the 2314 women tested had detectable levels of mercury; 8% of them measured levels the EPA calls dangerous. Mercury accumulated in bodies. EPA warns pregnant women not to eat fish.
Everything begins with time . . .

The earth grew into its own likeness while Nanabozho grew into a man. As a man, he courted a woman, a woman like you or I, a woman not made of wind. It was with this woman that Nanabozho became father. Matchikwewis was the first girl born of this nameless woman made of flesh and blood. Oshikikwe was the second. Matchikwewis was fire and Oshikikwe was water, but both girls were wind and flesh, blood and air.

The daughter liked to wander the hills . . .

The daughter liked to wander the hills and gather fruit while her mother made medicine and other things crafted from the abundance and the movement of her hands. One day, when the daughter was crossing a stream in search of her favorite berries, she was caught by a strong wind. The wind thrust her dress above her waist and held her still. The water of the stream continued its descent, but the daughter could not. Just as suddenly as it began, it ended.

The girl walked back to the place she lived . . .

The girl walked back to the place she lived with her mother empty handed. Her mother had spent the day anticipating the taste of sweet berries on her tongue and when the daughter came back without them she was angry. But the mother knew this anger was unreasonable so she released it as suddenly as the wind had released her daughter.

Later her mother asked her . . .

Later when her mother asked her what had happened the daughter could not say. The wind had cleared her mind of it. They lived as they had always lived, but day by day the daughter was changing. The mother sensed it and though she asked her daughter if something was wrong, her daughter had no words for her mother. Then the daughter began having trouble sleeping; at night her body tossed and turned as if someone other than she was in control of it. Something about this sensation reminded her of the day her dress billowed around her waist. Something is inside me, she told her mother. The mother understood. It is the wind, she said. And it was true.

From the wind came time . . .

From the wind came time in the form of Nanabozho, her first son. After Nanabozho was born, the wind swept two more times beneath the daughter's skirt. From the daughter, now mother, came three boys: Nanabozho, Half Boy, and Stone Boy. Nanabozho, being first, was the strongest. Half Boy was a boy, but not, as if someone had questioned the idea of him before he was born. Stone Boy was without movement or voice. In this way he was not a boy at all. He stayed near his mother's and grandmother's lodge and was their companion until Nanabozho killed him. Nanabozho killed Half Boy too, so in the end there was only one boy. Boys sometimes kill their brothers. It is called fratricide.

The earth grew into its own likeness . . .

The earth grew into its own likeness while Nanabozho grew into a man. As a man, he courted a woman, a woman like you or I, a woman not made of wind. It was with this woman that Nanabozho became father. Matchikwewis was the first girl born of this nameless woman made of flesh and blood. Oshikikwe was the second. Matchikwewis was fire and Oshikikwe was water, but both girls were wind and flesh, blood and air.

Unrequited love . . .

Matchikwewis fell in love with her sister, Oshikikwe, who rejected her romantic overtures. Not all love is returned. This is a fact.
Livestock is slaughtered . . .
A decade ago, there were 6,053,000 cattle, 28,000 calves, 302,000 hogs, and 384,846,000 chickens slaughtered over the course of twelve months in Texas. Several years later, 39 men and one woman on death row were executed there. Death is a fact. Slaughter is an epistemology.

Grandmother spider . . .
Stich-tche-na-ko is weaver and thinker. As Spider Grandmother thinks, so we are. She sang and her granddaughters rose with bundles in which rested the life of the universe. Spider Grandmother and her granddaughters, Ic'sts'ity and Na'ts'ity sang into a void surrounded by the wheeling lights and the great swooping dark. Life pressed away from its source. Earth and its creatures joined in song, a rich cantata of beginning. But as people spread, the earth and its creatures suffered. The song broke apart, scattered into millions of pieces.

Scientists tell stories . . .
Scientists have their own stories. Scientists call their stories theories; theories interpret facts. Scientists say that in every human interaction with the environment there are three major elements in play. They have developed a formula to expresses this: I = P x A x T (impact = population x affluence x technology). The formula tells us that the impact of human action can be determined by population growth. All of our stories begin with our own genesis.

There are other ways to tell it . . .
Humans are primates' second cousin. The earliest primates evolved 65 million years ago during the Paleocene epoch when the Rocky Mountains crested and the inland seas withdrew from the Great Plains. These first primates were arboreal fruit eaters with diminutive brains. We would not recognize ourselves in them. When a shrew lumbers up the trunk of a tree we do not call out a greeting. Instead we name them lower primates. Diminutive brains. We would not recognize ourselves in them. When a shrew lumbers up the trunk of a tree we do not call out a greeting. Instead we name them lower primates. When a shrew lumbers up the trunk of a tree we do not call out a greeting. Instead we name them lower primates. We would not recognize ourselves in them. When a shrew lumbers up the trunk of a tree we do not call out a greeting. Instead we name them lower primates.

Humans are the cousins of hominids who walked bipedal more than four million years ago during the Paleocene epoch when the Rocky Mountains crested and the inland seas withdrew from the Great Plains. These first primates were arboreal fruit eaters with diminutive brains. We would not recognize ourselves in them. When a shrew lumbers up the trunk of a tree we do not call out a greeting. Instead we name them lower primates. We would not recognize ourselves in them. When a shrew lumbers up the trunk of a tree we do not call out a greeting. Instead we name them lower primates.

Humans are cousins of hominids who walked bipedal more than four million years ago. The first sibling, the Homo habilis was small and graceful, living in East Africa at least two million years ago. A half a million years later Homo habilis evolved into Homo erectus, a larger, more robust species who emigrated from Africa to Asia, Indonesia, Europe. Between 500,000 and 250,000 years ago, Homo sapien emerged from the African continent. After several hundred thousand years, Homo sapien becomes the only surviving species. But Homo erectus is in our cells, our blood, our bones.

The facts are these:
Time passed
People covered the earth
Fish suffered

The Calendar According to Jesus . . .
2,000 years after one man's birth, 11,046 species of plants and animals have been listed as threatened. The number does not include those species already extinct. What it does include is the 24 percent (one in four) of mammal species and the 12 percent (one in eight) of bird species near demise. 2,000 years after one man's birth, there are six billion people harvesting the earth. Some say that our current population represents 6% of all human beings ever born.

Identifiable species . . .
Homo Sapiens are one of approximately 1.75 million identified species, but we multiply without regard to available resources. It is this, not our opposable thumbs, which separates us from other mammals, our kin. It is our reproductive tendencies, not our capacity for language, which has written a curse upon the earth.

Extinction . . .
In the last 500 years, human activity has forced 816 species to extinction. People cluster together and the damage is worse. The United States supports 29.3 people per square mile. Israel, which is 8% of the size of the United States, holds 302. The occupied Palestinian Territory bears 614 people per square mile. The land is crowded with people and the stories of their birth.

The facts are these:
Time passed
People fought over the earth
Fish suffered

The great flood . . .
After the great flood, with which God wiped clean the land of all creatures, Noah and his three sons, Shem, Ham and Japheth went forth from the arc. The earth was absent of any other life. These men and their wives repopulated the earth. The animals took care of the rest.

Blessings and curses . . .
One son, and his descendants, was cursed and made his brothers' slave. Another son was blessed. The descendant of the blessed son was Abram. It was to Abram, later named Abraham, the father of multitudes, that God promised a people and a land. Abram's wife bore him no sons. But his wife's maid did. Much of the earth was peopled by men and their wives' maids.

An epistemology . . .
God blessed one son with the gift of land, but land is never given peacefully. People kill one another over it. When one person kills another, it is called homicide. Homicide is a fact. When the sons and daughters of one tribe kill the sons and daughters of another, it is called genocide. Genocide is an epistemology.

Friendship state . . .
In Texas there are 79.6 people per square mile. Texas is seven percent of the total water and land area of the United States. Before Texas was part of the United States, Texas belonged to Spain. A Spanish King granted the Anglo, Moses Austin a colony in Texas, hoping the Anglo settlers would wrestle the land free from the Indians, the Caddos, the Karankawas, the Arkoisas, the Attacapas, the Coahuiltecs.

Lonestar state . . .
Later Mexico threw off the rule of Spain and the Anglo immigrants were expected to abide by the law of the new Mexican government. The Mexican government forbade slavery. But Anglo Texans outnumbered Mexican Texans four to one and there were
almost as many black slaves as Mexicans. Before Texas was part of the United States, an Anglo immigrant described Texas as heaven for men and dogs and hell for women and oxen. Texas was hell for slaves. When Texas became an Anglo republic, the constitution assured the master perpetual rights over his slaves. Extend the Area of Liberty had been the Anglo’s call to arms.

Disconsolate lovers . . .

Texas is crowded with people, oil, sheep, cotton. Many animals are slaughtered in Texas. Several years ago, a black man was dragged to his death in the streets of Texas. White men did this. There is almost five times the number of white men than black men in Texas. There is almost three times the number of latinos/chicanos/texas-mexicanos than black men in Texas. Every year, more babies are being born. The ethnicity of these babies has already been predicted. But these predictions require people to mate within ethnic lines. Throughout history people have rarely done so. Homo erectus mated with Homo sapien. This is a fact.

The facts are these:

Time passed

People alternately fucked and slaughtered one another

Fish suffered

* Answers.com: www.answers.com/topic/human-evolution
* Handbook of Texas Online: www.tsha.utexas.edu/handbook/online/articles/view/MM/dimlhtml
* Information Please: www.infoplease.com/ipa/AO113931.html

kari edwards • I want to acknowledge

I want to acknowledge (fill in the blank) and . . . . I also want to acknowledge it’s increasingly hard to come out and play it has nothing to do with you and you it’s just hard to come out and play or to come out every morning I attempt to wake up or think “waking up” as a concept or a new dawn as a concept then the alarm goes off I never wake up from a sleep never taken live in fear of a longer one more day another decapitation living breathing bodies being living not dead despised and still living every morning I try to wake up the dobermen are on police alert someone steps in a direction 60,000 plus dead another day another day another 60,000 plus dead I count the bodies it’s another day another tomorrow another 60,000 plus dead of starvation and needless disease 60,000 plus dead 9 million cattle1 murdered slaughtered decapitated cut to bits 60,000 plus dead 3,000 suicide2 all in a day it’s another day without a question The alarm goes off something’s cut into fryable bits I stay intact and lose mental cohesion I try to wake up from a sleep never taken sold and repackaged beating myself against the winds cut into bite-size bits every morning I try to wake up every day I want to come out and play it’s aluminum foil day I chew on bits of Styrofoam have no recognition just antagonism made real the oceans rise there is another other the oceans rise again beating another dilemma with another norm 60,000 plus dead tiny bits more Styrofoam the weak and infirm are concealed in history I want to say I can’t say I want to say I can’t say I want to come out and play I want to say I can’t say all the borders are words I can no longer speak words out and play and this is the beginning this is a question what will the law allow? decapitated to bits stacked words stacked in the mind ethnically erased ethically raped it’s another day to apologize to another other again and again playing a crying game in another’s body again and again a primal scream being slaughtered made ready to serve beating myself against the wind the dobermen are on police alert you’re the doberman licking my wounds I want to acknowledge fill in the blank licking my wounds beating the hands of the hands of a well intentioned highway robber that has nothing to do with you it’s all about you it’s about everyone it’s a new dawn it’s another body that always knew only to be murdered living breathing being living being like the day the earth stood still only to be murdered starting with a question ending with an answer being time being murder 60,000 plus dead the alarm goes off I count the humans the way I count the dead counting bodies chunked and repackaged somewhere a hand holds a place in place somewhere it’s morning held in place I wake up try to find a livable question try to find who counts as human who do we grieve? Again, I want to acknowledge fill in the blank a fallen angel I never met it’s another day someone steps in a direction I want to come out and play beat myself against the winds looking for an angel that’s not an angel that’s another question like the rest every morning I attempt to wake up every morning’s another day the dead count the dead bodies accumulate who is human crumbles sold and repackaged every morning I pretend to wake up chew on aluminum foil I’m told it’s—the dirt the air the water I am on fire I’m burning I’m breathing in breathing bodies not recognized as human I’m looking for a would be simple a line of dissent emergence in an unknown beyond a national obsession of penises in bathrooms or testosterone girlfriend beyond the typical I am yours for a dollar but not for a night wanting the
earth wanting the dirt chewing aluminum foil 60,000 plus dead living breathing bodies being bodies living breathing beating the norm for elaboration for more dilemmas for the fourth time how did you know as a child you were no longer a child? remember you woke up the alarm went off you said not that the way I said can’t come out and play falling through space trying to answer the question is it on the body? is it the body? can it be counted? another, not recognition just agnostic flesh testes of a cock separated from a body attached to the wound of the hen resold again against the winds not dead but decapitated treating the weak and infirm as court bodies in court bondage

concealed in a history of who can become a what when tomorrow every day as an it was an it whenever the law will will a whatever piece of furniture formally known as static in the land of cattle laid out in advance as a whatever place where sharp machines produce grids of intelligibility producing pastoral place settings producing murder producing another tomorrow another transition to well meaning shoes a subdivision locking in essential normative practices here to keep the mosquitoes at bay answering neither a or b as it goes it comes answering neither a or b as it is it’s another day underground speaking freely trying to repackage bite size bits acknowledging fill in the blank where there is no demarcation where, strictly speaking cannot be answered remains in brackets concealed in foil living in fear breathing in bodies breathing in you

1 9 million cattle slaughtered a day estimated from Cattle 2001. 66.102.7.104/search?q=cache:6Nq0022JwJ/files.hsus.org/web-files/PDF/soa_i_l_chap12.pdf+livestock+slaughtered+worldwide+annual&hl=en&ie=UTF-8


FeastFamine • Bartering Between Tastes 1.0: Public Service Manju, Tea, and Decolonization Wish Boxes

Saturday, May 1st, 2004, between 2 pm to 5 pm
Along Banff’s main stroll between the Information Centre & the Indian Trading Post

In celebration of May Day, FeastFamine (Cindy Mochizuki, Rita Wong, and crew) performed a perambulatory intervention on the streets of Banff. Cultural workers/artists who participated in the IntraNation residency at the Banff Centre (www.intranation.net). FeastFamine offered decolonization wish boxes, manju (sweet bean cakes), tea, and handouts to passersby.

FeastFamine’s decolonization wish boxes were made for people to consider what it means to decolonize. These boxes could be filled with ideas, words, and objects that one wishes to decolonize.

The items offered were not meant for commercial exchange. People were encouraged to trade an object or service, or write a postcard response, in exchange for a manju and/or a box.

While having their tea and manju, people were asked to think of our basic commons: land, water, food, and our very bodies as sites of struggle. Consider how a public resource such as water is expected to cause future wars as corporations try to privatize water. Consider the land on which crops grow, and how independent farmers around the world are being devastated by corporate monopolies that seek to force genetically modified foods upon reluctant consumers. FeastFamine opened a space for dialogue about the interconnected nature of these phenomena.

Following is an excerpt from FeastFamine’s handout:

As the world shrinks, we grow increasingly interdependent with one another, with strangers, with plants and animals, with the very land on which we live. The constant movement of people, the shapeshifting nature of cities, and fast paced commodity culture create a world we think we know, but do we? How easy is it to fall into the traps of social amnesia?

How do historical injustices reinvent themselves in new forms today?

Tourist spaces are colonized by the official (and distorted) history of Canada; they often ignore the perspectives of the indigenous peoples whose traditional homes we are standing on, and the migrant people who have sacrificed so much for this country.

The land we are standing on is covered by Treaty 7, a peace treaty made between the Canadian government and the Blackfoot Confederacy; the Tsuu T'ina, and the Stoney in 1877. Treaty 7 did not signify land surrender to most First Nations people. Because many Canadians remain ignorant of First Nations knowledges and cultures, FeastFamine thinks decolonizing starts with learning and respecting First Nations perspectives.

FeastFamine performed a perambulatory intervention on the streets of Banff. Cultural workers/artists who participated in the IntraNation residency at the Banff Centre opened a space for dialogue about the interconnected nature of these phenomena.
Connect the effects of colonization here and abroad. Political and economic turmoil have brought many people here. Yet Canada's colonial history devalues the lives of people of colour—be they the thousands of Chinese workers who built the Canadian Pacific Railway finished in 1885 or the underpaid domestic workers who clean middle class homes today, or many others.

Some websites and books . . .
www.treaty7.org
www.citizen.org/cmep/water
www.percyshmeiser.com
www.guardian.co.uk/wto/article/0,2763,1042865,00.html
www.corpwatch.org/multinationalmonitor.org/monitor.html
www.bearsociety.org


Andrea Feser • Mercury

Mercury was the god of commerce for ancient Romans. Mercury was fleet, and served as messenger to all the gods. Mercury carried the caduceus, a symbol of harmony and balance.

Mercury is a planet named for the Roman god because it moves quickly. Mercury has temperature variations more extreme than any other planet in the solar system. Mercury is too close to the sun to be studied through the Hubble space telescope.

Mercury is a metallic element that is a silvery liquid at room temperature. Mercury was much studied by alchemists, who believed it could be transformed into gold.

Mercury is a poison that produces tremors leading to mental derangement. Mercury occurred naturally in the ore cinnabar, which has been used as a pigment for millennia. Mercury killed prisoners forced to mine the substance by Romans aware of its toxicity.

Mercury was used in solution form to process felt for hat making companies. Mercury poisoning in felt production has been linked to the expression "mad as a hatter."

Mercury was banned from the American felt industry in 1941 by the US Health Service.

Mercury as organomercury compounds has appeared in potent agricultural fungicides. Mercury killed almost 500 Iraqis in 1971-2 after they ate grain treated with alkylmercury.

Mercury is no longer used in fungicides produced in the U.S.

Mercury is used in a number of common household items, including thermometers. Mercury was found in Vermont-based thermometer factory workers in the 1970s and 80s. Mercury is being eliminated increasingly from medical equipment for health reasons.

Mercury enters the environment via waste incinerators and coal-burning electrical plants. Mercury in the water is converted into methylmercury by microorganisms ingested by fish. Mercury builds up in humans who consume contaminated fish.

Mercury was not only the god of commerce for ancient Romans, but also the god of thievery.
Rob Fitterman • LULU (Locally Unwanted Land Use)

The top 12 items found in May 2002 litter counts.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Count</th>
<th>Percentage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cigarette butts</td>
<td>9358</td>
<td>43.87%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plastics (miscellany)</td>
<td>1198</td>
<td>5.61%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cigarette packets</td>
<td>260</td>
<td>1.19%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other paper</td>
<td>2869</td>
<td>13.43%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bottle and can tops</td>
<td>745</td>
<td>3.49%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plastic bags</td>
<td>463</td>
<td>2.18%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milk and juice</td>
<td>436</td>
<td>2.04%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paper cups and containers</td>
<td>405</td>
<td>1.84%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Confectionary wrappers</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Commerical packaging and boxes</td>
<td>265</td>
<td>1.23%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clothing and materials</td>
<td>323</td>
<td>1.49%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Straws</td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Nicole Gervace • Boulder Colorado Residents Drink Shit Water: A Written Work

Barker Reservoir is located on Middle Boulder Creek and serves as one of the sources for the City of Boulder Colorado’s drinking water:

I lean over the rail that separates the quickening water from me. The water spills into the reservoir held back by Barker dam. The noise so loud my dog hates it. She turns her tail down as we walk across. The water so close I can feel the splashing. The cold. This snowmelt meant now for drinking and washing and watering and flushing. I am scared to lean but want to still. Think of jumping. But that. Never. Not now. No.

"Like most Colorado communities, Boulder County depends on stored water." But residents are not supposed to store it. It is a law. Ask the Water King. He’s the one who knows the rivers and the streams make us. Together with the plains and the mountains.

The residents live on east side of the divide. The backbone that splits a nation. A continent. Of land separated by water laws. These create rights to resources and dreams of owning Western property.

Tourists come here and think the reservoir is a lake. But it is cold. Even in the summer when Nederland hits 90 degrees. (In that one week.) The temperature of the water lingers around 50 degrees. Maybe I am wrong. I never take the temperature myself. I only hear of it.

A few have drowned in this water. One young man screamed for help to his friends and they watched thinking he was joking. It was dark. It was late.

And Boulder County residents drink this water with added bleach.

Our sewage waste bubbles a few feet away. Seeping underground. Add bleach. And detergents. Fans spin to release the gasses for less stink. But when the wind blows from the east. No fan or detergent will do. The shit from the people who dwell in the mountains has to go down stream. It’s the law of physics. Again, ask the Water King.

What we hold is territory. Through appropriation of settlement. And action. Where one owns the banks of the river but not the water rushing down the middle. Lawmakers say this promotes multiple use of a system. Determined by government. And laws. The things that hold people. Like Rules. And numbers. The hearts follow the eye of the land. Or, someone’s personal interest. Like manufacturing. Or, making money.

The trail turns to dirt and pet owners don’t pick up their shit. And there are signs and baggies to make it easy. But the water will rise in the spring. And take it away.
No one thinks of disease.

Of E coli: bacterial growth and multiplication.

This land. This area. Was bought through condemnation and named for the woman who refused to sell. Until forced to. For the use of hydroelectric power. For citizens. Built by wagon teams.

But droughts change things.

And now 8,000 acres of water serves water needs. At a price of almost $13 million for the city. High stream flows meet demands and appear endless. Until citizens are told to save. To conserve during the supplemented release by people in departments. And buildings. Saving water for the future.

Another man drowned trying to save his kin. That went national. He was a biker with a big heart and a Harley. Hypothermia set in. It was July. Do you still want to swim? The trout are mostly Brown but some are Rainbow. I put my feet in. My dog swims. Think of jumping.

But that.
Never.
Not now.
No.

•

2 Ibid.
www.aerospace.nasa.gov


The Civil Aviation Authority Publications

Where are Olson's O'Ryan poems?

International Civil Aviation Organization

National Air Traffic Services Ltd

Meteorological Observations at Aerodromes, 25 November 2004


"Airport" and "Airport II"—the movies

Emelihter Kihleng • Destiny Fulfilled?

FACT:
1 box Maui Caramacs
1 box Hawaiian Host Chocolate Covered Macadamia Nuts
1 Hawaii 2005 calendar
1 Destiny's Child Destiny Fulfilled CD

mailed to my childhood friend in Tikrit, Iraq for Christmas

the chocolates intended to salivate her desert dry mouth
making her Army friends jealous
she has a friend in Honolulu and they only know people
in South Carolina and Tennessee

the calendar for her to mark off the days
28
27
26
palm trees
blue seas
green mountains
home

the CD a small distraction from falling bombs

I've thought about the hit song "Soldier" being on a CD titled Destiny Fulfilled

wherein women are described as needing thug soldiers
to protect them

soldiers who "carry big things if you know what I mean"

my friend is a petite soldier

she is a citizen of the Federated States of Micronesia
"freely associated" with the United States of America
she could die for America

our friendly thug soldier

that continues to decrease its Compact Aid
to its "Coalition of the Willing" Island Nations

this thug soldier has already shot down
young Micronesian lives like hers
1 Palauan, 1 Pohnpeian, 1 Yapese, 2 Chamorros . . .

with thousands more stationed across oceans
fighting for a foreign freedom

and meanwhile the Marshallese,

Jimmy Mote, was just released
from Carver County Jail

wrongly imprisoned by Homeland Security
for trying to get a North Dakota State ID
the smiley thug soldiers keep recruiting
on Saipan, Majuro and Palau
brown islanders signing away their freedom
on islands seized by "liberation"
60 years before

I ponder these statistics as
she sends me email forwards
about "friends vs. best friends"
postcards that read
"On Patrol: Operation Iraqi Freedom"

is she the same woman
I met when we were ??
neighbors in our small kousapw of Saladak
on the island of Pohnpei during those
carefree kool-aid, ice kehki, and mango days
we never heard of distant lands called Afghanistan and Iraq
our futures never given thought

Mary Kite • Breathe and Compress

This atrazine poison of California Red-Legged Frog

Unfasten your seat-belt and say, "America."

This sexual mutation poison
He recognizes black ant corpses near toilets, on white linoleum

This reformation of African clawed tadpoles
"It is truly amazing that the Hubble Space Telescope can detect a tenuous trace of gas so far away."

This fountain water sees four-fold pesticide increase
From a box of multicolored chocolates, Europa is 684 million kilometers away

This non-adaptable century of human growth
If you say this is going to take long, I’ll simply go somewhere else within Jupiter’s intense magnetic field.

This hermaphroditic frog
“Europa is approximately the size of the Earth’s Moon, but its appearance and composition are markedly different. Under the fragmented crust, tidal heating by Jupiter might warm icy materials enough to maintain a subsurface ocean of liquid water.”

This mammary glandless frog
“Scientists had predicted previously that Europa might have an atmosphere containing gaseous oxygen, but had to wait for Hubble’s sensitive instruments for confirmation. HST researchers caution that the detection should not be misinterpreted as evidence for the presence of life . . . .”

This 60% increase in cancer,
says Declining Amphibian Task Force, formed World Conservation Union

This from bass to soprano male Rana Mucosa cannot lure a mate
Kostyack confirms, “unproven experimental mitigation measures, along with the ‘no surprises’ rules which lock in the plans essentially forever, are what’s causing us to ring the alarm bells.”

This barrage, death’s inscription
This deforestation, ozone depletion, wetland drain
This global decline of sentinel species!

Foothill yellow-legged frogs
Pull plastic ocean
don’t sideways
calligraphy into
Jupiter's moon . . .
Chest of frog-shadows

Europa, water world, forge webbed feet (celestial biohazard)

Nuptial pads on thumbs
Empty Pale water
Broken puddles

Europa, smoothest object in solar system
Orbit inclination .470 degrees
Surface gravity 0.135

Straight and curved
"gravitational tug of war"
Frogs float on smooth craters

Rana boylii frog ascends to Europa and notes:
98% of the original 5.2 million kilometers of streams in the continental United States have been seriously affected
91% of river lengths in lower 48 US states developed by 1988
33% of hydrological basins in northeastern United States affected by toxics: 63% by excess nutrients
66% of the riparian forest in the United States has been destroyed.
85 to 98% of riparian forest in Arizona and New Mexico have been destroyed or severely degraded

"In addition to population declines is the phenomenon of deformities, such as extra eyes and legs as well as misshapen limbs. In the U.S., the amphibian malformations have been reported in 44 states since 1996. High rates of deformities, in some cases up to 70% of various species, exceed what some scientists generally consider natural. Research is investigating several potential causes, including parasites, contaminants and UV-B radiation."

CONTACT: Amphibian Conservation Alliance, c/o Ashoka Foundation, (703)907-5588
www.frogs.org, Ray Villard, Space Telescope Science Institute, Baltimore, MD (410)338-4562 or webmaster@werc.usgs.gov

Sean Manzano Labrador

and when my friends ask this was
how will it affect you?
10 minutes it takes a missile from the Soviet Union
to reach the United States. 15 minutes
sometimes
less
If launched from submarine.
Wondering
how much time I had left.

10 years old I was

Yield sean manzano labrador

There are 10 elementary school students sized warheads in each missile.
Each warhead fitting a large backpack. Each tactical nuclear back pack a discrete
explosive penetrator. Sturmeis. Each child goes to school. Each school examined by hundreds.
Each school an arsenal. Each teacher a launch officer. A launch button. A button. If a button.
Joseph Lease • from Dear Mr. Fantasy

Dear Mr. Fantasy,
Climate change is a fact. The next big thing issue. More. Bands to watch. Climate change is a fact. Fuzzed-out trio from Los Angeles. Climate change. More new music to hear now. The next big scene: Montreal. No, really. "You have some pretty ballsy and innovative culture," says Gavin McInnes. Climate change is a fact. Conor Oberst. Conor Oberst. Conor Oberst. Reduce emissions, too late, too late, too late. No matter how many hybrid cars. No matter how many solar panel. Factories. Trucks. CO2, CO2, CO2. Conor Oberst has gone from indie breakup bard to incensed protest singer to potential pop phenom. He may also be the best songwriter of his generation. So what does he do next?

Dear Mr. Fantasy,
Stolen in a bus, stolen in the rain, stolen in the night and rain (rain, rain), stolen in the night and sold, sold, sold—

Dear Mr. Fantasy,
silk light, when were we holy, City of God, Domino's Pizza, three shirtless guys in a green pickup truck, Jamie was drunk, we all were drunk, summer danced round and round, City of God, 100 miles, you're going to go, they won't ask me—

Dear Mr. Fantasy,
I give up
I fall I
dream
echo lies and begin
night and
sold, sold,
sold—

Dear Mr. Fantasy,
I've got to write something, just a paragraph. Breaking. Bits of rain. Write a sentence. Bits of rain. Write another sentence. I remember New York. So what. I turned 18. So what. And rain smeared boy's face and voice across rooftops and cars, as if there were no rules and dreams were safe. Green wants to touch blue. I remember what my—I was going to say—fear was so hot. Afraid of what—

Dear Mr. Fantasy,

“While California's colleges and universities were shedding 8,000 jobs, the Department of Corrections hired 26,000 new employees to guard 112,000 new inmates. As a result, California is now the proud owner of the third largest penal system in the world (after China and the United States as a whole).”

Dear Mr. Fantasy,
poor materials—redeems these objects from biblical to Star Wars the loss of public authority the move from public to artistic authority—combine different even atagnostic elements idealism with cynicism into beautiful almost manic effort not to repeat solutions ultimately—though—beauty and elegance cover the whole sign with paint except for one detail a quite literal attempt to re-establish the aura
Laura Moriarty • *Malakoff (cascade)*

When telephone becomes radio
The life of the town is changed

A man tells a movie
A B-52 flies low over the chapel

Protocol as in medicines used in
What order or we transfer files

The immune system dreams
An archival medium

Organic and responsive
But which decays creates

Nightmares for the archivist
Aborted horses

The most prescribed medicine in town
Steroids in the feed Cancer In Meat

The information dissolves in these
Work anxiety dreams

Meat archive
Stamped bologna (baloney)

How to catalog?
Refrigerate? What about access?

The radio was on all day
While people in fields

Internet but no plumbing
Uncontrolled information in a cloud

Over Riyadh. Beautiful B-52’s
In the Aeronautical and Space Museum

Father’s skin marked by Agent Orange
“Condition not service related”

War like a picnic with a purpose
The young man said (later dead)
circa 1500

Clemente Padin • Nahautl Protest Songs

circa 2005
Francis Raven • from *Wetland Poem*

6.
Twice a day
the wetland
allows itself
to be lost to itself.

I rub the blades of the salt grass
and season my toxic salad
with their sweat.
I pop the salty organ
of the pickle weed
and already I am in
a New York deli
ordering my pastrami on rye.

The salt leaves its mark
or its signature of erasure
on the pipes and seal corpses
of the finger of land
that sticks out into the bay,
pointing at the ports of Oakland—
Oaktown, live oak, tan oak,
how do we measure water
when it is sucked away
into modern aqueducts
for migrant farm worker's
stolen land, to notice
in a different way
then I ever could?

Don't get into every aspect
of a place,
it's too much,
consciousness splits out too far,
where we live
and cannot come back
back to a coherent center,
to a center where
an idea might crack.

7.
What might literacy mean?
  Ability to read,
but also,
  Ability to discern

Literacy always rests on the porous ground of possibility.

8.
Take the 13 down third, all the way
Crossing,
Keep crossing
Keep excavating nature from the city,
  Crossing Islais Creek with its secret cherry,
Keep crossing the boundaries of race and class
From the newly placed ballpark built from dotcom hopes
Into the biotech construction detour zone
Past the fishermen eating toxic fish
    Warned of on signs too small to read,
Past Tricon's Taco Bell and KFC,
Past Building Resources' recycled Victorian lifestyles,
Past Evans with its almost uninhabited Bayview Plaza,
Past the stench of the Southeast Wastewater Treatment Facility.
Past Third and Palou,
  the heart of craziness especially on Fridays,
    painted chipping red
    all for a dollar
    dusty crap in the window
    paychecks leaking onto the green roof
    of the check cashing establishment
    murals reminding us of both what has been and
    what could be . . . 
Past the Barber school,
Past Juneteenth talent shows at the Bayview Opera House,
Past the swanky sequins of the Monte Carlo,
Past the sketchy All Nite convenience store,
Through the Bayview,
Past no grocery stores,
Past too many toxic sites,
Past the hopeful murals,
Past Literacy for Environmental Justice,
Past 8 and J's greasy but romantic griddle,
Past Cliff's fried oysters,
Past 7-11's mediocre, but drinkable, coffee,
And then at last pass
through the primarily Asian Visitacion Valley.
Passed . . .
Mahwash Shoaib • Red Skies

white skies at night mean snow.

i remember that in my city Lahore
red skies at night meant duststorms.

that when the smoky evenings turned red
and the wind blew a certain way,

i had to bolt all the doors and windows,
yet found a coating of powdery dust in the morning.

but when was that city mine,
that massive wheezing Mughal city

of crumbling Sienna forts, rotund sandstone mosques
i wasn’t even born in that city.

i don’t remember each inured smell of its alleys,
every tree by its indolent brown river and its svelte canal.

the officious, celibate city i was born in never became
that sessile abode whose roots pull me down at night.

the glittering map i carry in my head explodes in
basanti and pomegranate colors, ever new contours.

motiadrenched mornings are hewed in its round chowks,
so hard to maneuver in dreams, younger than my memory.

ever forgetful of those who don’t live in palaces,
my heart with the courtesan is buried in its walls.

i’ve heard of cities given away as keys
o loinchild of warlords, o ravian,

thank you for teaching me the guilt of leaving.

The air we breathe

Islamabad for me will always be mauve, with the nearby hills like blue women in repose, but Lahore in my memories will always be green. On my return to Lahore after an absence of thirteen years, I wasn’t surprised that the midnight air outside the new airport was dense with fog because I was told that winter fog in Lahore was no longer
a rarity. Had I entered Lahore from the spanking new motorway, however, I'm sure I would have seen a city enveloped in soot and smog, instead of the emerald city I remember from approaching the city, always on the cusp of day becoming night, from across the Ravi on the ancient yet reliable Grand Trunk Road.

Lahoris still cram bits of vegetation in every conceivable nook and cranny with the impending summer but it seems to wither from the snarling traffic that comes to long standstills at the ill-conceived roundabout chowks, behemoth in size to frivolous little numbers, built at major intersections. The ubiquitous little auto-rickshaws, which I call phut-phut for the amusement of my infant son DanyaL, manages to craftily dodge through the smallest gaps in the traffic but its noxious exhaust fumes clog throats and cause lung ailments. When I visited the vital Lahori landmark of the Fort, it was under gross neglect: if the walls and frescoes of the Fort intricately inlaid with marble are not being disfigured by the numerous scratched names of visitors, they are surely being devastated by the emissions of the factories casually built in the vicinity and the vehicles roaring outside. All the open spaces that I remember from my youth have been converted into commercial centers and houses have been torn down in a rush to develop shopping plazas—how many shops do we actually need?

If urban pollution in Lahore is not a sign of corruption and mismanagement at the provincial level, it surely is a metaphor of the failure of the Pakistani state to provide tougher regulations, better infrastructures, and transparent government for its citizens. The blunt refusal of the army-state to let democracy breathe has created blunders at the highest national level and trickles down to corruption at the basic civic level. Though there is an effort to run every third privately owned vehicle and most government transport on CNG, the army has been ill-prepared to handle the almost daily bombings of the gas and oil pipelines that disrupt consumption throughout the country. These disruptions are courtesy of the lack of accountability for military personnel who raped a doctor in the resource-rich but always exploited province of Balochistan and the immediate military crackdown which has obliged the Baloch nationalists to entertain demands of sovereignty.

On the other hand, Lahore's municipal authorities, without any clear mandate from the top, seem to be concentrating all their energy into tweaking projects on each side of the sole canal, while the older inner city only comes into the limelight when the wealthy (mostly outsiders), attired in their best yellow and orange clothes, descend on its rooftops to celebrate the kite-flying Basant festival at the arrival of spring. The inner city is where Lahore really began, and the extent of pollution and the congestion of population and buildings there make it impossible for its denizens to draw a full breath of fresh air. Besides my memories, was Lahore ever fully green? In the centuries before, I wonder how the earlier inhabitants of the teeming original city would have fared under all the emperors, sultans and rajas that governed Lahore from a distance—would any of the common subjects have even been allowed to take a private stroll in the royal gardens of the Fort?

A state that declines to listen to the voices of all its people, shrouds itself in disinformation and duplicity, and doesn't consider clean air a necessity of life has tainted the contract between the citizens and the government, and the one in America is not that much better. When I first arrived in New York about fourteen years ago, it was not easy, but also not impossible, to adjust my Lahori eyes and lungs to New York's shades of brown and gray, and gradually I fell in love with my second adoptive city too. If Lahore had taught me the true appreciation of the first gulp of cool water in its tar-melting summers that seemed to expand infinitely in my chest, New York taught me to find hope in the spring blooming of the white cherry blossoms in the city parks and the tiniest of wild flowers growing in the concrete cracks of empty lots. When the first raindrop hits the soil, the scent of the earth seems the same to me.

After September 2001, the American state was slow in coming through on its promises of aid and clean-up of Lower Manhattan. Even now, it is tough to breathe in the air on the premises surrounded by tourists happily snapping away at the vacuum that is rapidly filling in with the construction of commercial real-estate, not the cultural hub and organic salve that New Yorkers really want. The failure of the state to acknowledge the Kyoto agreement and the signing away of precious forested lands for development is a sign of the greenhouse legacy relegated to our children and grandchildren. The American government's tortuous embellishment of its neo-imperialist designs corrupts the name of freedom—what is the difference between the imposed "democracy" in Iraq and then its opposition once the Iraqi voters demonstrate their true choices, the hounding of American Muslims under the guise of securing borders while most of the nation abandons its civil liberties, and the sham democracy that comes into being once the perpetual Martial Law in Pakistan lifts?

I wonder how we, in Lahore and New York, manage to cope with all the contamination created by our nonrepresentative states, how do we manage to breathe in the murkiness created by our elected despots, and the answer I come up with is that sheer willpower that makes us draw our daily breath, that makes us pull ourselves up from our bootstraps and endeavor to live through the state effluence to create fresh, new options, and only by this will we be able to clear up the air to make it easier for everyone to breathe. With early summer in the air, Lahore appears green now but this is only as long as the water supplies last and I long to bring my son to a city, Lahore or New York, where he can breathe freely.
Dale Smith • Dead Zone

A city's footprint
is swollen many times
its size.

For instance,

Kansas wheat fields
and the tea gardens
of Assam heat

soil Londoners
send cash or go
broke on credit for.

Alien species from ships'
ballast tanks wash
out on local tides.

Planktonic blooms
of toxic marine algae
spread too, choking

what comes along.
What comes along
the Gulf of Mexico,

for instance.

At Galveston
in October you might
see men cast

lines into a spray
of silver. Out
beyond those

stark figures
on the surf
pelicans could fly

against grainy outlines
of crude platforms,
black against day spark.

In an instant you might

observe the marked
contrast of form and use
delivered in the light

and movement,
for instance, of
poor men taking

from the sea.

And the question
(if a question at all)
is how reconcile

or inwardly take
as your own
that blank horizon

of fact
against image,
or should I say

mirage?

Relations along
the seawall
of decayed tourist

entertainments
hide a distilled
squalor of

suburb west
of the shore and
north to Texas

City refineries'
fumes blossoming
on sky.

It is a lovely
apprehension,
two crows
on power lines, for instance.
Highway

motorists treading for Omega Bay.

"Red tides" are out there. Okay.
And right here

more commonplace sweeps of the human mind mass

bring us to intermittent scenes of nothing, for instance.

And in terms of terrific Protestant theology the present drift awakens

First stanzas come from "Section 6 from Population and Landuse: Urbanization" (atlas.aaas.org/search.php?art_id=350_06). Other info used directly from the Atlas can be found in "Section 20 from Overview: The State of Major Ecosystems" (atlas.aaas.org/search.php?art_id=426_20).

The latter stanzas are from a 10 minute documentary of Galveston Island I made with Reno Lauro last year in which we spent one day walking the island from south to north.

The final Protestant theology business is from a paper by Lauro for his Princeton theology class. The essay's entitled: "Saved from the Coming Wrath in the Present Epoch: The eschatology of participatio Christi in Protestant evangelical theology." His main arguments extend ideas generated by Karl Barth and George Hunsinger.

Dennis Somera • FFTT (From US Foreign Policy Foibles n Furry Tales (rated G fer grim))

GUAT 54?

You might not give a damn. You might say that this is from some other time. But here we are again:

Once upon a dime is FDR. His successor Harry S. Truman approves CIA Op [Operation not optimistic but I guess this depends on yer point of view] PB FORTUNE and harry's successor Eisenhowe r authorizes CIA Op PBSUCCESS in aur backyard we'd long planted fruit trees via the United Fruit Company (UFCO), also called "yunai" or "La Frutera" or "El Pulpo" (the octopus in Latin America), only these trees and this backyard are in Central America, specifically Guatemala. The trail of seeds lead back to the brothers Dulles: secretary of state John Foster along w/ his former law firm Sullivan n Cromwell had long represented UFCO; and CIA head Allen had served on UFCO board of trustees [sound familiar forget church and state what about corporations n state].

Since the late 1800s United Fruit used fertile Central American land and warmer climes closer to the equator to produce bananas [didya know prior to 1870, bananas were unknown in the United States? The first bananas were imported to the US in 1870 and just 28 years later, Americans in the US were consuming over 16 million bunches a year [well i'll be a monkey's uncle sam developing quite a hunch in his back]]. When democratically elected Jacobo [the sir name of Arturo, the boy in my brother's class whose mother gave us a ride to and from St. Anne's School in Sacramento who used to kiss his baby sister's cheeks as she sat in her car seat] Arbenz tried to make sense of this land is our land er their land [and god forbid we use the word without feng shuing the act in the worst possible way]redistribute . . . acreage to Guatemalan citizens so they could live "offa the fat 0' the lan'" [ain't that america to you and john steinbeck, henry fond a nd, burgess meredith, lon chene y jr., gary sinise, john malkovich etc.], tho' not so overtly death squaddy, the u.s. via the cia pushes Arbenz out into exile and puts the Gu ... back in Guatemal a s the training (aid for short) and arms equip a cruel military who've killed over 100,000 Guatemalan s since 1954.

Guess the lesson here is don't mess with a man's banana [or was it pineapple or was that dole barely dole-in out a starving wage in the philippines [at what cost yer tart taste buds in a syrup in a tin can I say my gooey man?]] unless you want someone to curse yer country as their "backyard" and kick you out of the treehouse yer own club made you president of.

A not so new newstory: it is discovered dinosaurs became extinct mostly in another "neighborhood"B and their fossils fuel aur economy so another round of who's yer president get's play once upon yer head of state by those who kno w hat's best for you.

B. Ush calls the latest region in need of good ol' american nohow this.
James Thomas Stevens • Kaniatarowenneh

Fact: Freshwater withdrawals from rivers and underground reserves for consumption and industry have grown by 2.5 to 3% annually in the United States since 1940. What is replaced in not freshwater. Read the fineprint.

Reynolds Metals Company—Alcoa—General Motors Foundry

Fact: In 1985 Ward Stone of the New York State Department of Conservation caught a female snapping turtle on the Akwesasne Mohawk reservation that contained 835 parts per million of PCBs. On a dry weight basis, 50 parts per million is considered hazardous waste. In 1987, Stone caught a male snapping turtle reading 3,067 parts per million. The female’s numbers were lower, as she was able to shed her contamination by laying eggs.

Kaniatarowennenh.

How to paint in words or oils
this earth on turtle’s back, color slick, with heavy metals.

Nickel Titanium Yellow Cadmium Red
Manganese Blue Dioxazine purple
Cobalt Blue Zinc White (world)


No wonder you draw your words back into that thinly-voweled whimple.

• Kaniatarowennenh—The great waterway. Mohawk name for the Saint Lawrence River.
Anowarah—Mohawk for turtle.

Chris Stroffolino • This May Very Likely be Misunderstood, Parts 1 and 2

1. An Example of Statistics

Here’s a statistic fact: “When children were given the option to watch TV or spend time with their father, 54% of them chose TV” (www.sun.edu/uceed002/health/docs.tv+health.html Nov. 20, 2004). Perhaps it’s not as “hard” of a fact as “the earth goes around the sun,” “there’s a hole in the ozone,” “Bush lost the popular election at least once since 2000,” because it relies on the subjective data of Nielsen ratings, which raises many methodological questions about representative sampling, and a suppression of evidence (which were they allowed to watch? If they were forced to choose between their father and the McNeil Lehrer Report, would they have answered differently? But it still stands as a fact that is used to support various claims published with the mark of authority in sociological journals. Armed with this fact, some may write an essay claiming why TV is a destructive influence on America’s youth. If indeed the use of TV as an “electronic babysitter” has reached epidemic proportions among American youth (as the fact may show), this fact, as stated, does not necessarily lead one logically to the conclusion that TV is the cause of the problem. For one could equally draw the conclusion that what this fact reveals is the ineptitude of 54% of fathers in being seductive, entertaining, or even kind to their children; that they’re unable or unwilling to compete with the TV they let babysit their kids either out of “laziness,” perhaps, or because they had to work longer hours to be able to afford having kids in the first place. Yet, in most “middlebrow” magazines (say Time, Newsweek, Psychology Today), such alternative interpretations of these facts are often left unsaid. For instance, one may read an article about the “insomnia crisis” in America that never once considers that “insomnia” could be a cultural construct that only has meaning against a norm of a standardized wake-up time. The same goes for “attention deficit disorder,” or the recent “obesity epidemic.” Part of the problem with all these subjective facts is due to the authority granted experimental psychology and sociology in contemporary American discourse. Here’s a study (paid for by whom?) that sets out to prove that rap music increases aggressive violent actions in males. It cannot but isolate and overemphasize certain factors and de-emphasize or ignore other ones. The problem isn’t so much that it can’t find evidence that proves, “yes, quite a few teens are aggressive” and “yes, teens listen to hip hop,” but the problem is in how these facts are connected, especially when they seem so clearly to be in support of a certain cultural agenda under the mask of objective “research.”

2. A Fact About Resources In One Aspect of The Entertainment Industry

99.9% (I will refrain from saying 100% because there may be an exception or two somewhere) of songs you’ll hear on commercial radio in the USA today have at least one electronic instrument. It wasn’t that long ago, in the broader historical picture, that this wasn’t the case. I’m not talking about the electricity inherent in the medium of the radio; the electricity on which the medium of recorded music is dependent (the necessary evils of microphones, transmitters, etc), but about the instruments themselves, from the introduction of electric guitar in the 1940s, to synthesizers, vocoders, turntables (as instrument) and computers in more recent manifestations. These
other devices have become so prevalent in the last 20-25 years that when Kurt Cobain, for instance, helped bring guitar based rock back to the top of the charts in the early 1990s, it seemed like it was bringing back a kind of authentic guts and human cry, a soul and sweat, to what had largely become a medium drenched in the machinations of newer technologies. However relatively true that may be, such an assumption could only be made by an audience for which electric guitar had been naturalized (It's important to note that even Nirvana's Unplugged performance was plugged—in at least two senses of that word). Yet, to a 90 year old, raised on big bands, honky tonks, acoustic bluesmen, hillbillies, or street musicians, the distinction between the "electric guitar" and "techno" practically vanishes. At this point another fact (that is allegedly obvious, but is curiously absent from many discussions of post 1950 music) needs to be mentioned: electricity has only been in common use for a little more than a century. The strange erasure of this basic, undeniable, fact (which might parallel "the denial of death" in 20th Century American culture) from most of these discussions only serves to more firmly entrench an American dependence on foreign oil (or can be used to justify arguments in favor of nuclear power).

I'm not suggesting that the fact that the increasing use of electrical technology in music is high on the list of atrocities of the last century, only that the naturalization of electric technology, in the production as well as the reproduction of commercial (and even many forms of non-commercial) music is a fact we must not take for granted, but look squarely in the eyes and ask ourselves, each and every one of us, do we really need it? Can we live without it? For the time may come in our life when we will have to, as "the luxuries you once demanded have now become mandatory" (as Jello Biafra said; of course he had to have loud guitarists to get his message across too, just as Rage Against The Machine had to use the machine to do so). It's difficult to even find an acoustic piano at a nightclub these days. If a musician today truly wants to extricate oneself from the "blood for oil" pact that is driving the current occupation of Iraq, for instance, it seems one must be willing to work towards a new conservatism (in the sense of conservationalism) that would at the very least bring back the possibility of truly unplugged music (drums, pianos, upright basses, acoustic guitars, horns, etc.) to the mass media, to at least make it a viable option. This would be a compromise move. Beyond that, we could always foist our dependence on electricity itself (including its idea of mass culture), which may not be such a bad thing to do if it didn't tend to isolate one from others. But, despite all the beauty to be found through electricity, the fact that for most of recorded human history people lived and loved without it, should at least make the occasional headline, and be a central topic in any debate about the future of this country and world, rather than take for granted that this technology has rescued us from the "dark ages" and that, with a little blood—perhaps even our own—on our hands, we will be able to keep it up.
as with, but despite
about mammals, 20 of amphibians, nearly reptiles, about fish, and at least birds.
plants too, the richest.
human occupation began prehistoric and then lapsed
a few tens of thousands until Europe in the 16th
for several reasons, slowly remote
late in the road and rail, and the emergence of large-scale projects to control water
concentrated tends to concentrate
the sprawl disperses
subsurfaced the geographic limits of these cities, causing enormous

•
one house gives a turtle the run of the backyard,
a hundred year old parrot, & a lawn
catholic rescue mission on the shag
diversity is marked as well
if the number of life forms and the variety of ecological
although some indigenous
most notably
the region
the total
a combination tourism

•
what do injured, sick, or orphaned
on the easy,
there's the reasonable view that nature should be allowed to take its course.
on the, a distressed animal in your yard may not be a "natural" situation
—for example, it may have been injured by a neighborhood cat. they can refer you.

Source texts: The Nature Conservancy’s "Population and Conservation in the Sonoran
Desert" in the AAAS Atlas of Population and Environment (available at atlas.aaas.org);
Snapped on the Street: A Community Archive of Photos and Memories from Downtown
Tucson 1937-1963, ed. Farley et al (Tucson, AZ: Tucson Voices Press, 1999); and the
Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum website (desertmuseum.org).

Key facts: "Located in the states of Arizona and California in the southwestern United
States, and in the states of Baja California and Sonora in northwestern Mexico, the
Sonoran Desert covers about 222,700 square kilometers. As with all deserts, it receives
minimal precipitation—as little as 100 millimeters annually in its driest sections.
But despite this aridity, the Sonoran Desert contains remarkably high biological
diversity...[The modern technology that has enabled the development of large
concentrations of population also serves to deplete surface and subsurface water supplies
far beyond the geographic limits of these cities, causing enormous environmental
impacts." (AAAS Atlas)
"By 1920, the executive director of the Tucson Chamber of Commerce estimated that of
the 22,000 local population, nearly a third were members of the tubercular community." (Snapped on the Street)
WHERE TO LOOK NEXT . . .

• ALICIA ASKENASE is the author of the chapbooks *The Luxury of Pathos* (Texture Press) and *Shirley Shirley* (sona books). Some of her poetry, interviews, and reviews can be found at sonaweb.net, arts.camden.lib.nj.us/poetsweb5, webdelsol.com, drexel.edu/doi/poetry/askenase_leaders.asp, phillysound.blogspot.com, and wings.buffalo.edu/epc/authors/lazer/about/askenase.html • THERESE BACHAND recently relocated from Los Angeles to Northern California. “luce e cavallo” won the 2005 Gertrude Stein Award and is forthcoming from Green Integer Books. • The translators of Oscarine Bosquest’s “By Day,” OMAR BERRADA and Sarah Riggs, are part of Double Change, a bilingual reading series in Paris and web journal (www.doublechange.com). Berrada is co-translator of Joan Retallack’s *Memnoir* into French (cip M/bureau sur l’atlantique, 2004) and Riggs is translator of Isabella Garron’s *Face before against* into English (Seeing Eye Books, 2005). • BRANDON BALLENGEÉE was born on April 18th, 1974 in Sandusky, Ohio. In 1996 Ballengée began collaborating with scientists to create hybrid environmental art/ ecological research projects. Ballengée’s approach towards nature was influenced by earlier Earth/Eco artists such as Betty Beaumont, Agnes Denes and the Harrisons and inspired by the political philosophies of Thomas Cole and the Hudson River School. A current project instigated by Ballengée involves working with The Gaia Institute and The New York State Museum to populate newly created waste water management sites throughout New York City with native amphibians. The amphibians will not only control mosquito populations but will act as environmental flags to help monitor the health of the wetland. All aspects of the project are being documented and will be exhibited in installation format and as a website in the future. • GUY BEINING’S *Measurements of Night II* came out from CC Marimbo in 2004 and *Inner Insights* will come out in July from Runaway Spoon. • Some of SCOTT BENTLEY’S work will be seen in *Bird Dog* and *580 Split*. He’s got a book in the works with Post-Apollo. Bentley’s essay on the work of Fanny Howe can be read online in *Jacket* 25. • BILL BERKSON’S recent books are *Fugue State, Serenade, Hymns of St. Bridget* (with Frank O’Hara), and a collection of his criticism, *The Sweet Singer of Modernism*—all available from Small Press Distribution. *Gloria*, with twenty-eight poems by him and twenty-five etchings by Alex Katz, will be published by Arion Press in spring 2005. • CHARLES BERNSTEIN’S libretto for *Shadowtime*—based on the work and life of Walter Benjamin and written for composer Brian Ferneyhough—will be published this Spring by Green Integer; the opera will have its U.S. premiere July 21-23 as part of Lincoln Center Festival. Co-director, PennSound: writing.upenn.edu/pennsound. Home page at epc.buffalo.edu. • For other work by GENEVIEVE BETTS, a review of Beth Ann Fennelly’s book *Tender Hooks* can be found at www.42opus.com, volume 4.3. Her poetry can be found in *Matter*, issue 5, and in many issues of the *G-Spot*, some of which reside at www.indymedia.org. • ANNETTE BICKER is a writer and student of Chinese Medicine, living in Oakland, CA. This excerpt is from a manuscript entitled ‘Pattern of A Bird’s Flight’ which weaves together creative non-fiction and prose poetry to tell the story of the critical and poignant intersections between the Nevada Test Site, the cultural history of Las Vegas, and the alliance of secrecy, sexuality, authority, and violence. • ELIZABETH BLOCK’s first novel, *A Gesture Through Time*, is forthcoming from Spuyten Duyvil Press. A text-sound excerpt from the book, a collaboration with Warren Burt, remains in the Alt-X audio vault and on Warren Burt: Texts and Music; a text/audio-visual excerpt of the novel was recently presented at the Santa Fe Art Institute. She recently edited the literary-art anthology, *Documents Between* (Press Inflammatory Lips). New prose poems and poetry appear in *Drunken Boat*, and her 16mm hand-inked text-image poem, *Make Haste, Slowly* (available through Canyon Cinema), has just just arrived home from the 2005 Madcat Film Festival "The Experimentalists" U.S. Tour. She is currently writing a book of mixed up fictional forms. • OSCARINE BOSQUET is a French poet and the author of *Chromo* (Fourbis, 1996). She was born in 1964 in Paris. “By Day” appeared first as “Par Jour” in the French journal *If*, #13, in 1998. Her work has previously appeared in English translation by Michael Palmer in *Raddle Moon* 16. Bosquet has translated work by Palmer and Benjamin Hollander into French. An extended version of “By Day” is forthcoming in the Heretical Texts series of Factory School (www.factorieschool.org). • MICHAEL BOYKO’S work has appeared or is forthcoming in *The Denver Quarterly, SleepingFish, Pinstripe Fedora, Harness, POM2*, and *Tarpaulin Sky*, where he now works as a poetry editor. He lives outside of Asheville, NC. • JULES BOYKOFF co-edits the *Tangent*, a zine of politics and the arts and co-hosts TangentRadio, a weekly radio program on poetry and politics (www.thetangentpress.org/radio.htm). His first full-length collection of poems—*Once Upon a Neoliberal Rocket Badge*—is
forthcoming from Edge Books. His critical writing has appeared recently or is forthcoming in *Tripwire, Labor History, XCP: Cross Cultural Poetics,* and *Socialist Studies.* • SUSAN BRIANTE is the author of the chapbooks *True to Scale* (Phylum Press 2001) and *Neotropics: A Romance in Field Notes* (Belladonna Press 2003). Recent work has appeared in *Mandorla, The Brooklyn Rail, effing, QuarterAfterEight,* and *The Believer.* From 1992-97, Briante lived in Mexico City where she worked for the magazine Artes de Mexico. New poems are forthcoming from *Sentence,* and *Skanky Possum Press.* • Much of GAYE CHAN’s work can be found at www.gayechan.com. She is also the art director for Tinfish Press www.tinfishpress.com. • ALEXANDRA CHASIN lives, writes, and teaches in New York. Other examples of her work can be found in *Phoebe, West Branch, The Capilano Review,* and online in *Exquisite Corpse* and *DIAGRAM.* • JEN COLEMAN is a co-editor of the journal *Pom2* (see www.pompompress.com) and former co-host of *In Your Ear* readings in Washington, DC (www.dcpoetry.com/inyeararl.htm). Some of her work can be found at www.speakeasy.org/~subtext/poetry/jencoleman/index.html and at www.theeastvillage.com/v12.htm. She’s in Brooklyn, NY. • New stuff by JOSHUA CLOVER will shortly appear in *The Hat* and *The New York Times.* *The Matrix* is currently out from the British Film Institute. *The Totality for Kids* (poems) will be out from University of California at the end of 2005. • MATTHEW COOPERMAN has recent work in *Denver Quarterly,* *Gulf Coast,* *ecopoetics,* *Maisonennue* (more *Stills,* *Verse,* *Volt,* *DoubleRoom,* and *New American Writing.* He is the author of *A Sacrificial Zinc* (Pleiadess/LSU), *Surge* *(Kent State),* and the forthcoming *Words About James* (Phylum Press). For more information about Matthew Cooperman see the Colorado State University English Department/MFA website. • SHARON DOLIN’S most recent books of poems are *Realm of the Possible* *(Four Way Books, 2004)* and *Serious Pink* *(Marsh Hawk Press,* 2003). Her poems have recently appeared or are forthcoming in *Colorado Review,* *Court Green, The Kenyon Review,* *The New Republic,* *New American Writing,* *Post Road,* and *Rattapallax.* • AJA COUCHOS DUNCAN is a writer still lacking a good story about herself. Recently, her work has been published in *Biting the Error: Writers Explore Narrative.* An essay is forth coming in the summer of 2005 from the *North American Review.* She is still paying for an MFA in Creative Writing from San Francisco State University. For all other activities, she is unschooled and unlicensed. • CRAIG DWORKIN edits *Eclipse* at english.utah.edu/eclipse; his most recent book of poetry, *Strand,* is available from Roof Books. • KARI EDWARDS is author of *iduna,* O Books (2003), *a day in the life of p.,* subpress collective (2002), *a diary of lies,* Belladonna #27 by Belladonna Books (2002), and *post*/(pink), Scarlet Press (2000). Edwards’ work can also be found in Scribner’s *The Best American Poetry 2004* (2004), *Bisexuality and Transgenderism: InterSEXions of the Others,* Haworth Presss, Inc. Kari can always be contacted at: terral@sonic.net. • ANDREA FEESER teaches modern and contemporary art history, theory, and criticism at Clemson University. She works with Gaye Chan on the public art project *Historic Waikiki* (www.downwindproductions.com). She is Noah’s mom and hopes that his grandchildren know what clean air and water are. • ROBERT FITTERMAN was born in 1959 in St. Louis and grew up in a small, suburban house flanked by Shell and Mobile gas stations. He is the author of nine books of poetry. His long poem, *Metropolis,* is available so far in three volumes: *Metropolis 1-15* *(Sun & Moon Press),* *Metropolis 16-29* *(Coach House Press),* and *Metropolis XXX* *(Edge Books).* His recent book, *This Window Makes Me Feel,* can be read at www.ubu.com. • RACHEL FOULADI is an Assistant Professor at Simon Fraser University and member of spurse. • ALINA GALLO and JEFFERSON NAVICKY live in Nederland, CO. Jefferson’s work has appeared in *Bombay Gin, Dunes Review, the Interlochen Review,* and *Matter.* Alina’s work has appeared previously in *Chain.* Recently, their collaborative drawings and poems were shown at the Boulder Museum of Contemporary Art. • KRISTEN GALLAGHER is the editor of *Handwritten Press* (Handwritten.org). Look for poems in *Combo* and a forthcoming chapbook, *No Goal,* from Rubba Ducky Press of Chicago. • In the fall, BOI-LUCIA GBAYA will be published in *Sunshine Noir* *(an anthology published by City Works Press)* She is also working with local artists on Lavanderia, an experience in poetry, sound, and photography which will be performed at local venues in the San Diego area. She is co-host on “illifonix” KSDS Jazz 88.3 (jazz88online.org) a specialty show focused on bridging the gap between traditional style jazz and the hip-hop culture. • NICOLE GERVACE is a writer, educator and yogi living at latitude 40 degrees & longitude 105 (Nederland, CO). Her first collection of poems, *Bite Marks Visible,* is now available through Binge Press and Productions. She teaches Writing and Research at the University of Colorado at Boulder. Currently, she is happy about being able to do a headstand without a wall and is working toward the splits. • SUSAN GEVIRTZ has recently applied to be an artist in residence at The International Space Station. Recent books include *Black Box Cutaway,* *Hourglass Transcripts* and *Thrall* is forthcoming from Post Apollo. This
is her second year of co-running, with poet Siarita Kouka, a translation symposium in Paros, Greece—where she also teaches at The Hellenic International School each summer. Lately she looks forward to the fabulous packages that arrive from ugly duckling press. • REID GÓMEZ’s work will be in the collection, Reading Native American Women: Critical/Creative Representations, edited by Inés Hernández-Ávila’s, published by AltaMira Press. Her novel, A Woman’s Body Was Found There is looking for a home, and she is currently working on Cebolla. • ROB HALPERN lives in San Francisco. His first book of poems, Rumored Place, was recently published by Krupskaya. Recent work appears in antennae, Submodern Fiction, and Tripwire. • THEODORE A. HARRIS is a collagist, mural painter, and poet. He has created visual art for drama, dance theater, and documentary films. His art and poetry have appeared in journals and magazines such as AWOL, African American Review, Souls, Black Renaissance Noire, New Letters, XCP: Cross Cultural Poetics, Left Curve. An exhibition of his art, The Truthoscopic Collage Art of Theodore Harris, may be viewed online at Haverford College Center for the Humanities HHC Web Gallery, www.haverford.edu/hhc/gallerywelcome.html. His forthcoming book, OUR FLESH of FLAMES, with captions by Amiri Baraka and collages by Harris, will be published by Africa World Press in December 2005. • HALEH HATAMI lives in Oakland, CA. Her poems have appeared in Phoebe, ZYZZYVA, and Fourteen Hills. Upcoming work will appear in Indiana Review, in International Poetry Review and in Let Me Tell You Where I’ve Been: Writings from Women in the Iranian Diaspora. Her translations of contemporary Iranian poet Yadollah Royai will come out in the next issue of 26. • BRENDA HILLMAN’S next collection of poems, Pieces of Air in the Epic, is forthcoming from Wesleyan University Press in October, 2005. She has work in the current issue of American Letters and Commentary. • CATHY PARK HONG published her first book Translating Mo’am in 2002. She’s also had work published in Volt, American Letters and Commentary, Verse, Denver Quarterly, Field and anthologies such as the Pushcart Prize Anthology. She’s the recipient of the National Endowment for the Arts and New York Foundation for the Arts grant. She’s also a journalist who’s currently writing about North Korean refugees in South Korea and China. You can find her articles in the Village Voice, Salon, New York Time Magazine, and Christian Science Monitor. • EMELIHTER KIHLEN has poems published in Tinfish 14, XCP: Cross Cultural Poetics 14 and most recently online in Tinfish Net 2. She has work forthcoming in Bamboo Ridge 87. • MARY KITE’s most recent literary collaborations are Fleuve Flâneur, Mary Kite, Anne Waldman (Erdute Fangs, 2004) and Spilled Beans: A Conversation, Kenward Elmslie & Mary Kite with Drawings by Joe Brainard (Skanky Possum Press). Her musings have also been featured in Napalm Health Spa, The Poetry Project Newsletter, Morkville, Poems From Penny Lane (farfalla press/McMillan & Parrish) and New York City’s Museum of Modern Art. She has produced and directed events such as: Paul Bowles: A Retrospective; Tyger! Tyger! A William Blake Multimedia Festival; and Transatlantic Howl! A Dedication to Allen Ginsberg, arts. internet2.edu/howl.html. • DAVID KOEHN writes for the poetics blog, The Great American Pinup. More information about David is available in his blogger profile, www.blogger.com/profile/6595892 and at his personal Web site, www.davidkoehn.com. • SEAN MANZANO LABRADOR’S poetry appears in Maganda, Rapidfeed, and The Best American Poetry 2004. He teaches English and Creative Writing for UC Berkeley’s Upward Bound Math-Science program. “Yield” began in the Fall semester of 2002 as an independent study project with Stacy Doris (San Francisco State University) and was viewed as an installation by a handful of friends and professors. “Yield” was revitalized into its final form during the Spring semester of 2005 with Walter Lew (Mills College). This is one “page” of many metropolitan landscapes meeting military reservations. “Yield” is a response to the first anniversary of “September 11th” and simultaneously remembers the San Francisco Bay Area of the Reagan era in terms of nuclear hypocenters. Sean Manzano Labrador can be contacted at gotghostwriter@yahoo.com. • EVE ANDRÉE LARAMÉE is an interdisciplinary artist who was born in Los Angeles, and lives in Brooklyn, New York. She is Chair of the Sculpture and General Sculptural Studies Departments at the Maryland Institute College of Art. Her work examines the mutable, triadic relationship between art, science and nature, and zeroes in on ambiguities in belief systems. Currently she is working on a book and installation, Netherzone, dealing with the ecology and psychohistory of Southern California during the Cold War. She is also working on a project about radioactive contaminated water in Northern New Mexico, entitled Fluid Geographies. More information is available at: www.wavehill.org/arts/eve_andree_laramee.html and at: home.earthlink.net/~wander and at: www.netherzone.com. • JOSEPH LEASE’s books of poetry include Broken World (Coffee House Press, forthcoming) and Human Rights (Jensen/Daniels). His poem “‘Broken World’ (For James Assaty)” was selected for The Best American Poetry 2002 (Scribner). Lease’s poems
have also been featured on National Public Radio and published in The AGNI 30th Anniversary Poetry Anthology, Bay Poetics (forthcoming), and elsewhere. Thomas Fink’s book A Different Sense of Power (Associated University Presses) includes extensive discussion of Lease’s poetry. Lease’s new long poem “Free Again” is a chapbook/special supplement in the current issue of Xantippe. Other new poems appear or are forthcoming in Fence, Five Fingers Review, New American Writing, Volt, and elsewhere. • SUEYEUN JULIETTE LEE is completing a certificate program in Advanced Feminist Studies at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. Her work has most recently appeared in Phoebe, Skein, 580 Split, 26, and online in Coconut, coconutpoetry.org. Other work is forthcoming in combio and Xconnect. She is launching a chapbook series, Corollary, for which she is currently reading. • CINDY MOCHIZUKI is an interdisciplinary artist currently pursuing her MFA at Simon Fraser University. Her works critically examine trauma, memory, histories and cities. She is currently fascinated with kanashibari: sleep paralysis and karoshi: the death of the overworked body, two Japanese urban myths which appear as key touchstones within her current practice. • LAURA MORIARTY is the author of ten books of poetry, including the recent Self-Destruction from Post-Apollo Press, and two novels, including Cunning (Sputen Duyvil) and Ultavioleta which is not yet published. See epc.buffalo.edu/authors/moriarty/ for examples of older work and more info. • In 2004, CHRIS NEALON published The Joyous Age, with Black Square Editions. He has poems forthcoming in dusie, The Canary, Drunken Boat, GutCult, and Bay Poetics, the Faux Press anthology of Bay Area writing. He lives in Washington, DC, and San Francisco. • JAY ORFF is currently completing the Big Circle Touring Guide, a guidebook of imaginary places. Other works from it can be seen in Watchword, Reed, Spout, and Harper’s. • CLEMENTE PADIN was born 8 October 1939 in Lascano, Rocha, Uruguay. Long a political activist, he was jailed for two years and three months by the Uruguayan dictatorship (1983-1985) for “harm to the morale and reputation of the Army.” He had been sentenced to four years but the international artistic solidarity was able to get him freed before he had to serve his full term. The real cause of his detention was his artistic activities against the brutality of the dictatorship and his co-organization of the Counter-Biennal in front of the Latin-American Section of the X Biennal of Paris, France, 1977, which was curated by the Fine Arts Museum of Uruguay. Highly active as a mail artist, Padin has participated in more than 190 exhibitions and in more than 1,000 Mail Art Shows from 1969 to 1997. • NATAŠA PETREŠIN is an independent curator based in Ljubljana, Slovenia. • MINNIE BRUCE PRATT’S gender- and genre-bending creative nonfiction, S/HE, can be read at www.mbpratt.org as well as from her poetry books, most recently The Dirt She Ate. Her work can also be found at www.poets.org, www.poems.com and www.southernspaces.org. • CAROLINE PRESNELL is Bobbie West’s mother. She is the National Coordinator for the Children’s Music Network. She is also their Web site editor and writes some of the site content (www.cmnonline.org). The journal Open Hands has published several of her articles and liturgical pieces on sexual diversity topics. They are available from the Reconciling Ministries Network at www.rmnetwork.org. • STEPHEN RATCLIFFE’S books of poetry include Portraits & Repetition (Post-Apollo, 2002) and SOUND/system (Green Integer, 2002). Recent poems have appeared in 1913, Bombay Gin, Common Knowledge, Conjunctions, Fence, Jacket, War & Peace, and NO. Listening to Reading, a collection of essays on sound, shape and meaning in “experimental” poetry and poetics, was published by SUNY in 2002. More work can be found at epc.buffalo.edu/authors/ratcliffe/. He is publisher of Avenue B books and teaches at Mills College in Oakland. • FRANCIS RAVEN’S first novel Inverted Curvatures, will be published this fall by Spuyten Duyvil. Sonnets, written in collaboration with Jeff Bacon, were published as an electronic chapbook by Beard of Bees. They are viewable online at www.beardofbees.com/pubs/Sonnets_to_Renew_Your_Subscription.pdf. Poems of his have been published in Mudlark, Comiumdrum, Untitled, Pindeldyboz, Big Bridge, Le Petite Zine, and Can We Have Our Ball Back? Essays and articles of his have been published in Jacket, Clamor, In These Times, The Fulcrum Annual, Rain Taxi, Sauce, and Pavement Saw. • BARBARA JANE REYES was born in Manila, Philippines and raised in the SF Bay Area. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in Asian Pacific American Journal, Interloope, Luna, Nocturnes Review, North American Review, and Tinfish. She is the author of Gravities of Center (Arkipelago Books Publishing, 2003). Her author website is www.barbarajaneeyes.com. • SARAH RIGGS generated “Fact Haiku” from the collective efforts of The Swing, (www.speakfirst.org), for which over fifty poets and artists participated in a fact campaign including fortune cookies, a radio poem, fact stickers, and poems to the polls. Elise Ficarra, Barbara Jane Reyes, and Lauren Shufran contributed haikus to the full version of “Fact Haiku.” • JOHANNAH RODGERS can be contacted at: johannah@zaziemetro.com. Upcoming Publications: Fence (short story, Spring, 2005) On the Web: www.
sonaweb.net (short fiction and drawings) www.brooklynrail.org (nonfiction articles) • HUGH SANSON is an artist living and occasionally teaching in New York. His work has been shown in galleries there and in Boston, Chicago and elsewhere. Video, photography and other work can be seen at hughsansom.com. • JEN SCAPPETTONE’S recent poetry appears in War & Peace, the Faux Press Anthology of Bay Area Poetics, The Best American Poetry 2004, Commonweal, Mirage #4/Periodical, 580 Split, and other places. You can hear her work at PennSound. • PETER DALE SCOTT is a former Canadian diplomat and English Professor at the University of California, Berkeley. His major work is the trilogy Speculum: Coming to Jakarta (1988), Listening to the Candle (1992) and Minding the Darkness (2000). In 2002 he won the Lannan Award for Poetry. • A Pakistani American poet and translator, MAHWASH SHOAIB is currently writing her dissertation on the transnational poetics of American and Asian poets and also teaching in Queensborough Community College, New York. She is interested in political, multilingual, experimental and avant garde forms of poetry. Her work has appeared in several journals and anthologies, most recently in Shattering the Stereotypes: Muslim Women Speak Out and in the summer 2005 edition of Encyclopedia, volume I (A-E). • GREGORY SHOLETTE is a NYC based artist, writer and a co-founder of the artist collectives REPOhistory and PAD/D. His art has appeared at The Smart Museum, Chicago; the Dia Art Foundation and MoMA, NYC; New Langton Arts, SF; and on the streets, subways and walls of assorted cities. His critical essays have appeared in the journals Third Text, Art Journal, Afterimage, Mute, CAA Art Journal and on the sites republicart.org and the InterActivistInfoExchange. He is co-editor with Nato Thompson of The Interventionists: A Users Manual for the Creative Disruption of Everyday Life (MIT: 2004 & 2005), and his essay “Heart of Darkness: A Journey Into the Dark Matter of the Art World,” appears in the book Visual Worlds (Routledge: 2005). He is currently working on the book Collectivism After Modernism with Blake Stimson about the little known history of post-war collective art due out in 2006 from the University of Minnesota Press. • DALE SMITH’s poems, essays and reviews can be found in First Intensity, House Organ, New American Writing and the Chicago Review. Books include American Rambler, a digressive narrative in verse, (Thorp Springs, 2000) and The Flood & The Garden (First Intensity, 2002), a daybook. Both are available through Small Press Distribution in Berkeley, CA. He lives with the poet Hoa Nguyen and their two sons in Austin, TX. • DENNIS SOMERA has previously been published in Tinfish 14 and in Chain 11. • SPURSE is an international interdisciplinary collective interested in the reconstruction of the commons, experimenting with ideas that are immanent and emergent from the materiality of things and fostering the unfolding of spaces of new visceral sensations and perceptions beyond subjectivity. Collaborative processes are integral to the way spurse works. The project, like many of their projects, involved the collaboration of many individuals and organizations, which due to space limits cannot be named here. For information on spurse and our collaborators, please see www.spurse.org • CHUCK STEBELTON’s first book, Circulation Flowers, will be published by Tougher Disguises in 2005. He organizes the Myopic Poetry Series, a weekly series of readings and occasional poets’ talks, at Myopic Books in Chicago. Recent work appears in current or forthcoming issues of Antennae, Pom Pom, Conundrum, Jubilat, LVNG, Milk Magazine, and Boog City. • JAMES THOMAS STEVENS is the author of Tokinish and Combing the Snakes from His Hair. He is a professor of English and coordinates a Native American Studies Program. For more info: www.hanksville.org/storytellers/stevens • CHRIS STROFFOLINO has recently been published in journals such as Open City, 5FR, Chicago Review, Small Town, Parthenon West. Recent prose in BigBridge.com, Sentence, Kitchen Sink, Pulcrum, kaurab.com and others. His new book of poems Speculative Primitive is just out from Tougher Disguises. A new album, with Continuous Peasant, is due out summer of 2005. He can be contacted through www.continuouspeasant.com. Feel free to argue with him. • THE SWING is a collective of over fifty artists who in the weeks leading up to the 2004 presidential elections created projects in radio poetry, public theater, poets to the polls, cards from around the world, newspaper ads, fortune cookies, CDs, Jonny Appleseed packets, a poster campaign, voter registration weekends, and fact labels. Their website is “The Swing” at www.speakfirst.org, an annual event to celebrate free speech through public readings. • RUSSELL SWITZER’S photographs have appeared on the cover of the Poetry Project Newsletter and two artist’s books by Elena Rivéra: Fugitive (1992) and The Artist as a Young Woman (1993). His work can also be found in Chain (#11) and in an upcoming issue of Five Fingers Review. • JACQUELINE THAW is a graphic designer focused on the printed word and design’s role in public life. She is a professor at Mason Gross School of the Arts, Rutgers University, and a member of Class Action, a collective that creates design for social change. • HARRY THORNE was born in Sheffield, England, and now lives in Queens, New
York. He has published essays and reviews in journals such as *Textual Practice* and *How2*, and is currently working on his first book of poetry. • ELIZABETH TREADWELL's books include *Chantry* (Chax Press) and *LILYFOIL + 3* (O Books), both 2004. “Sonora” is from a new project called *Birds & Fancies*, other parts of which are appearing in *Barrow Street*, *Court Green*, and *mem*, and at elizabethtreadwell.com. • PADCHA TUNTHA-OBAS’s chapbook, *composite. diplomacy* is just out from Tinfish press and her first full-length poetry collection, *trespasses*, will soon be released by 0 Books. Her work is also featured in the current issue of *Encyclopedia* and *580 Split*. She now works as a news editor in Bangkok, Thailand, her hometown. • ANNE WALDMAN is a subject of *Jacket* #27 online. She has read recently poolside at *The Beat Hotel* in Desert Hot Springs, Co. (beathotel@adelphia.net), and was recorded live at the Getty & the Folger. Some hundreds of hours of teaching and reading/performance from the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics (a program she co-founded and whose Summer Program she is the Chair of) is available at archive.org (scroll down to “Naropa”). Her most recent book is *Structure of the World Compared to a Bubble*, a Buddhist 108 pages from Penguin Poets. She has recently been appointed the co-director of the Study Abroad On-the-Bowery at the Bowery Poetry Club on the Lower East Side. She works part-time for the New England College MFA program. She has recent work, in French, in *Estuaire* from Montreal. • BOBBIE WEST is a member of the San Diego Poetry Guild (sandiego.factory-school.org/guild). Her work has appeared most recently in *Zazil2*, *Factorial*, *Lipstick Eleven*, and *Lungfull!*. The author of *Scattered Damage* and *Open Heart Surgery*, she also assisted in editing *A Wild Salience: the Writing of Rae Armantrout*. • BRIAN WHITENER lives in Mexico City where he is working on translating Clemente Padin and Francisco Tario. Recently, he just finished editing a selection of new Mexican visual poets for *SleepingFish*. He can be reached at brianwhitener@gmail.com. • RITA WONG’s book of poems entitled *monkeypuzzle* was published by Press Gang in 1998. She teaches in Critical and Cultural Studies at the Emily Carr Institute of Art and Design in Vancouver. • JANET ZWEIG installed two public art works in the fall of 2004; a frieze in the Prince Street subway station in New York City, and an interactive work for eleven stations of the new light rail line in Minneapolis. She is working on a commission for a water treatment plant in Seattle. You can see her work at www.janetzweig.com.
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It’s been a good run. We’ve published an amazing array of works around a variety of topics and we’ve learned a lot from the dialogues these works have created under one cover together. But now, instead of publishing an annual journal featuring the work of at least seventy different people, we are morphing for an unspecified amount of time into a radical pamphlets/small book series. We feel this change in format will provide an opportunity for deeper conversation, particularly around the intersection of art and politics.

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We also see this publishing project as continuing Chain’s desire to provide a space for publications that are falling through the genre cracks. We welcome hybrid writing. We welcome unrecognizable essays. We welcome previously thought to be unpublishable writing.

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Editors should showcase the work of others (not their own work), although they may write an introduction or some other sort of frame for the book.

Editors are encouraged but not required to work with other editors, especially if they find it hard to find work outside of their genre/medium.

Proposals might include any or all of the following: a letter outlining the idea, a list of participants, work samples (or online links to previous work by participants), a timeline and estimated date for when the book would be ready for production. Editors may propose to reprint work; if the proposal is accepted, editors are required to get permission to do this and pay any fees.

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Each editor gets twenty copies of the book. Each contributor gets five. The books will be distributed to Chain subscribers and through Small Press Distribution. Each book will have a small advertising budget.

Please pass this call for work onto others who may be interested.

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Since 1993, Chain has been publishing a yearly issue of work gathered loosely around a topic. The topic allows us to switch the editorial question that we ask each piece of work submitted from “is this a great piece of art” to “does this piece of art tell us something about the topic that we didn’t already know.” This makes Chain a little rougher around the edges, a little less aesthetically predictable. Within the frame of the topic, we tend to privilege mixed media and collaborative work and work by emerging or younger artists.
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