CHAIN / 5
different languages

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EDITORS’ NOTES

Tertium Quid neither one thing nor the other
Tombe des nues de naturalized
what transplant to dispel upon
—Theresa Hak Kyung Cha, Dictée

If art is the form of perception
a way of seeing and hearing,
perhaps consciousness,
to join and to cut,
the double movement of the weaver
is the art,
el con de la continuidad,
the togetherness of union, allqa.
—Cecilia Vicuña, “Arte Precario”

Poethical poets, whether or not they have themselves used the “h,” enact the complex dynamics that criss-cross through these boundaries. The model is no longer one of city or nation states of knowledge each with separate allegiances and consequences, testy about property rights and ownership, but instead the more global patterns of ecology, environmentalism, bio-realism, the complex modeling of the non-linear sciences, chaos theory. You can see this now with more and more poets using multiple languages in their work— not as quotation, but as lively intersection, conversation... What better thing for poets to do right now than to begin in one language and end up in others.
—Joan Retallack, “The Poethical Wager”

This issue is about conversation.
It is about the many languages that we use. It is about languages forming through intersection and interference: a life within language that generates beyond semantic limits.
Some of the writers here use different languages daily, some use them on a less regular basis, some use them to survive, some use them in the leisure of the classroom, and some use them knowing only their sounds. Regardless, we have read the move to write in more than one language as political, as a move that questions monolingualism and other homogenizing language controls. This issue argues that an aesthetic space that acknowledges the difficulties of communication and respects these difficulties can be an antidote to social spaces that demand “English first.”

We have at various times in working on this issue felt nervous. Nervous because we often couldn’t read all the languages. Or nervous that too much work remains in English. Or nervous about appropriation. Or even more nervous about proofreading. But the final product calms our nerves because it is so noisy.

We started Chain with the desire to gather together ranges of work that challenged standard English as the lingua franca. We wanted to suggest that an idiolect and a dialect and a pidgin all had the common goal of communication through nonconventional methods, communication against the standard. The result has been a very talkative book. In every issue of Chain, we try to print work that is extremely various, so that in dialogue, the pieces create an active and unpredictable conversation around a special topic. In this issue, we see that conversation occurring not only between the pieces, but also within the individual works. All standards of linguistic politesse have been abandoned. Babel just isn’t confusing anymore.

Every issue of Chain has been produced with the help of friends and colleagues. But this issue of Chain has been unusually dependent on help from others. We have relied extensively on twenty-three co-editors. Without their guidance, this issue would not have been such a huge learning experience nor would it have been as much fun. We owe everyone that recommended work or gave us lists of people to contact a huge thanks. Three people—Dubravka Djuric, Walter K. Lew, and Cecilia Vicuña—overextended themselves. They deserve special thanks.

Finally, this is the first issue that we have produced without the help of funding from the State University of New York. For a while, it looked like we might have to cease publication altogether. This issue appears thanks to generous contributions from readers and various grants. We especially thank those that contributed funds over and beyond the subscription price. This issue appears because of their generosity. We hope to continue Chain in this manner. Please subscribe.

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Rosa Alcalá

UNTRANSLATABLE

cómo una mano sin deos

How can I say things with all these characters so self-righteous and independent, how will I delineate my devotion to you, the woman who reads to me every night. There is need to transform the roses of this postcard into my desire to name our unborn child something dark and resistant to snow or a lily if she emerges small, lucent—a sunflower seed in my brown palm. But with my hand's unsure relation to the pen and barely a sack full of songs I carried out of barley fields and into a labyrinth of machines

cómo un jardín sin la flor

you may never understand my passion. I no longer love simply the way these misspellings might suggest, for too long love was wet December's call, pulling us to an earth that seemed desperate after a summer of spontaneous fires. It was a pair of leather shoes given to me by a landlord who laughed at the rubber tied to my feet, saying misa, un tractor humano. Now love has a proper name—yours—and the smell of your hair untied at night, there must be a way—a word—to draw the immense preoccupation of your hips below a clothesline

así está mi corazón

tilting with the upward stretch of each arm, an entire book documenting the various resting places of your white slip: thrown over a chair, hanging damp on the back of the door, pressing against your belly as it grows larger. And as I descend south to hold the face of my dying father, I am sorry he too could not do more than pronounce his daily requirements, learning only to unwind his fist or foot at a helpless object, misery being a blank space without definition, a textless page that burns white. Sometimes in pain I turn to numbers
neccessarily measure windowpanes or door frames, create formulas for the restructuring of the kitchen cabinets, how many years to pay off the mortgage. You have seen my quiet practice with knife-sharpened pencil, the way I unfold a small notebook in the kitchen and carefully form rounded digits, dignified as the heads of horses, put them back to back or in columns, let them build on top of each other strong as lovers untamed—math being the only tool that was handed to me unmarked, shining, so that I would know how many kilos of harvested olives marked the border between hungry and less hungry.

Javant Biarujia
PURGES

BAQAIN

Vedea colui che fu nobil creato
più chi' altra creature, giù DA1 cielo,
folgoreggiando scender, DA l'un lato.
— DANTE Purg., XII, 25–27

«Vatereudi avì syulaten.»
Voteruedi avi sylaten.
Ai martrui Genet
sai-quoi, sasi
qaini esmabiaris
aher Algeria
yenda, Vego,
antareudiyo ai
vegamaqizetten.
Vego, peicyt ab
gehana, Vego,
mar[e]male (nuni
assesixasti
yabnunqa) abes;
Vege, remsa
seprirocy pau
jitova, D[hu]
Champ ceccer/os
Kant, cye rah anbouzida e Minàs —
bevaca ye renau jidara imalesebatsi.
Vegos sasi qaini esmabiaris asendi sasi
butou asiau jagan beqà? Sesibounjout
yas piru tovun e Klaus Bal[bie] («Nu da
sesibounjout ganien?»), UZIA MARNU
RESIÀYE ANANGUÍARISA ... Numenqi saqir xas raiga ye
Cantata della
Speranza yoyole yamajudoqui cu yas
J'acuse DaDa
Attenuat[jìome asendi moudi argangara
yas [gù]ta Fèzir ye leingaqì. Beqa nu
saqir vayole raut e Kraut: yoyole
«NALIOYEXATTENVAYOLE
YAMAJITÓI LIPARAI».

PURGES

“Have I mislaid my documentation.”

So said the Idiot
Seer of Algeria
with a certain
Genet-sai-quoi.
Perhaps it was
mislaid in transla-
tion. Perhaps
the death of
the manuscript.
Perhaps
an individual (the
indivisible duality)
choice. Perhaps a
sign of
demediocrity.
Whistle
before (avant/
devant) cant
nazissim, um-Minoan to us,
reports from the concentration camps.
Could the Idiot Seer be none other than
the Magnetic Man? Klaus Ba[r]bie
doll criticism (“Who’s in criticism
here?”). AND NOW A WORD FROM
OUR SPONSORS: The Jacques Derrida
Sage—Defying Êtême—from manufactur-
ing Curr Scent. Attenuat[jìome is the
[Ku]wait-it-see policy of the East. It’s
all a matter of hit-or-miss[tery]:
HISTORY IS A CRIME AGAINST
HUMANITY.
The guards carved up others’ assets on the Night of the Long Knives, carved hunkerbones for their delection, carved their initials on skin. They morned their parsing with a hermeneutic claidheamhmór only Proposition 17 could legitimate. They fired their seminal engines.

“We do serve lobster Maldoror. May I suggest Nerval gas No 5 for the accompaniment?" Perhaps a sign, selah, sigla or sigil—a gnosthi seanton on the lintel—will extinguish all contracts with the significant Other on the run. The master-builders know, perhaps ("Past!") but they are not blowjobbing anyone; *in puris naturalibus*, they eat the Ruche and retain, in St Ives, a garden topiaried to the point of madness. They go so much against the grain that their ryttings are considered an "acolyptle" of graphemnes. Opsomaniacs have relished jewfish on rye ever since Salinger marinated his generic structures (the genre of the novel no longer satisfies; the Pulitzidae inhabit the body of the shaggy cynic).
merely orographics, graphic oral sex, graphite Urals.

Vego aiveyo marnui, aibasu e esocyu [ba]qaini, uza aniorovidi tevabaqi butben renbeqarâ nunieni yoyole «vatareudi avi syulaten». Perhaps one day, with diligence and dilly chance, we'll be able to construct the axiomatic absence of this "I have mislaid my documentation".


Marin Bodakov
"MARITZA" BY NIGHT

"Maritza" by Night is the imprint of my little green typewriter. "Maritza" is nothing else but its name, which is also a name of a river. One night without electricity I crossed all the keys with my forefinger. I did it consecutively, from top to bottom, very slowly and carefully. I didn't want to miss any sign, for I make my living by them, don't I? That is how the printed page got some sense. If you take to pieces my "Maritza" by Night, then mix all the fragments up and remove the unnecessary, you may discover by chance the poem I hadn't written that night. It is still in my heart, but it had missed the right time and place. Otherwise all this is a clumsy joke between variant and invariant, between me and solitude.

?+"%:=/)WIV
1234567890-
ыУБИЩШ! КСДЗЭЦ
,уеишкцдзц
ъФФФФТНВМЦ
ъФФФФТНВМЦ
ъФФФФТРЖБ
ъФФФФТРБ
The weave of notes reared against the sky.
Letters stood missing—stalking night-silk stairs.
The sigils marched upon each other,
grafting in flight one arrow from two.

Then, with stone-fixed stare, The Archer said:
'From pools of night the Wolf will ride
and, born of fire, the Warg will breathe
where Lóki hides
in mist-rew caverns.'

The epic poem “Skulvådi Úlf”, is a language map which narrates the “legend” of “the real evidence” of my exploration of the terrain of the poetic imagination and the troublesome nature of rulership over that territory. Historical lacunae provide spaces where unexpected realities are mapped to create their own authenticity (in much the same way in which we validate those indeterminate spaces between ourselves and a work of art when we give value to our experience with the creative work in that relational space). In these spaces I chart the “snap” of the object stratum, the “logic” of casting each sound-image in a role, how each image looks back and ahead of its propositions as it reveals and creates itself—as in Úlfr’s Words.

To demonstrate the proximity/distance of the terrain as a touchstone for the exploration, it is significant for me that the worlds of the poem should occupy a real or credible place. As such, we open the books of Skulvådi Úlfir via the hand of a late 15th century translator and the history of Spanish and Viking expansion across the Atlantic; the epic’s immediate landscapes occurring within the context of a fictional history placed between the mid-11th century and beginning of the 16th century. “Úlfr’s Words” is built on the multi-layers of alliterative poetry and paraplymph with illustrations “evidencing” the language of sound-images, presented in the epic as composed of Norwegian-Swedish runic scripts, Old Norse and the basis for Cherokee written syllabary recorded by Sequoya (George Guess 1760-1843), although Cherokee traditional history would date the existence of the syllabary much earlier than when it came into acknowledged use around 1821.
Nicole Brossard
TIME OUT

I am not a smile
— Sylvia Plath

Le vent qui nous touche les flancs
la finesse de nos yeux savants
or les villes si on en rêve sont
notre ailleurs de mémoire

jadis rêver était fluide
d’un seul angle du désir on accédait
au corps multiple
en fixant l’horizon

mêmes chaises, mêmes chaises
des yeux c’est toucher
l’abîme seulement, l’abîme encore
le continu sans fin
de toucher la clé
d’un autre monde

tu aimes parler en faisant synthèse
dans ta langue
de l’utopie et du voyage
dans le silence de ta chambre
tu crois que rêver est un horizon
un futur de vertèbres et de lucidité
réunis dans la glace

or ici la mort n’est pas une image
mais un pont
entre la théorie
du chaos et la réalité virtuelle
dreaming the faraway of humanity
you thumble on sparkling eyes
nevertheless you summarize
about skin and soft arguments

le vent qui nous touche les flancs
la finesse de nos yeux savants
or les villes si on en rêve sont
notre ailleurs de mémoire

l’aurore exposée au vent
afin que nos yeux répètent
l’ouverture au monde
l’extrême difficulté d’ordonner
nos messages
et l’horizon réclamé par nos yeux

still you believe an image
set in the early morning
can set fire can fly
and you won’t spoil the poem
with mud and tragedy
the soft rolling dimension
of truth as it curves around
that smile of yours
you will not spoil eternity
with a scream
screening time and meaning
you will not borrow a human face
from the past until
she comes along

dis-moi si tes yeux ont mémoire
si l’idée que les hommes sont nombreux
sans condom dans les villes à montrer
leur membre et leurs entrailles
pensant que l’Amérique est un symbole
dis-mois si l'idée d'être en beau fusil
is about freedom of speech

Babyloine petite braise
sous la langue. Babyboom

so what? no translation honey
hip hip neon
knowledge stuck into the screen
so what? no translation

je rêve de notre dissidence
et de nos apparitions
sous les draps et au-delà
vivre

why should I take a short cut
to eternity so it could blow my mind
why should I believe in city lights
flesh is a step
into history
flesh is no dream
but a perfect shadow
waving hello in a parking lot

nous avançons: le futur nous épuise
en sensations hors contexte

I have to imagine beyond
making no mistake
about blue and mauve
in the blue print of no
story ending the poem

n'oublie pas de dire
ta toute petite ivresse
devivre dans la nuit

cosmique

I am that smile

I wrote this text knowing it was for an English publication. For a while I did not know if I would write it in French or in English. I finally chose French but soon words were coming to my mind in English. Then I decided to translate each paragraph. But gradually I kept moving from one language to the other. Translating, rewriting, writing, translating, writing, rewriting, etc. Hope one day to write a whole book like this. It forces you to be more economical of words in your mother tongue.
Avery E. D. Burns
from A DUELLING PRIMER

Figure 1

daisen

prima mobile. the world out there beckons. your eye. your hand. your whole being waits with a tensile energy. slight buzzing in the ears and about the head. the delicate jingling of fate's scales. fulcrum between the day and night.

Figure 1a

ones object is often to live

the spider's bite

a basic speaking. a repetitive line transforming into morse code. values for letters; values for sounds. carte. so close to carte blanche. the clean slate. the coup de blanc passion writes on.

Figure 4

carte

certain elements are part of and counted as whole

time
duration
memory
event
action

sections of thrusting blades
figure 1—a "lozenge" in shape
ones thoughts move around in a container. the milky way, a jar of flies. going along the third rail trails fire. crayon outside the guiding mark temps hands becomes your head. such thinking does not constitute the radical break the baroque sought, but cool insurance along a border sight.

Figure 6a

you can tell its like water in time, in passing

brazilian paddle blades

the brushing of wings wakes a charge. eyelash flicker. time slowed to the pulse of the moment marking the world gone young again with a touch of light. the faint rasp of the puck along the shuffleboard. just far enough without sailing off the horizon. the change from periplum to heliotrope.

Figure 17a

this is the ghost hand sounding the air characters

war cries
**Figure 32**

demi-volte

direct or indirect. against the fast and straight. not, however, restricted to faulty preparation. dodge? half-round, this empty space is your shadow self. attention to wither wonder or focus. what is taken away and then served is also filled—the bounding turn.

**Figure 32a**

passage on a strand
reeds sway in a shadow life

---

**Notes on visuals:**

*Fencing Plates—Thomas Rowlandson, 1783*

*Used as illustrations for Domenico Angelo's book The School of Fencing with a General Explanation of the Principal Attitudes and Positions Peculiar to the Art, 1787*

*Other visuals:*

*The Young Folks Cyclopedia of Common Things*
*John Dennis Champlin 1879*
*The Book of the Sword*
*Richard F. Burton 1884*

**Notes on Composition:**

*Action; Buy a vowel; Careen across the floor; Defend; Esphrasis; Face one’s . . . ; Get into another’s head; Hot to move the goods; Into the outside; Jump cut; Kant, illusion of authority; Light through the mask; Musics of metal; No; On; Pretend your wing hurts; Quest of singularity; Repetition; Sinewousness sic; Telegraph, typewriter, tango, torque; Unfold a timeline’s timeline; Vertical and horizontal thinking; Whisk; X of blades; Yells; Zorro?*
Elizabeth Burns
LA MUERTE

I.
La muerte elige
sus compañeros.
A ellos la muerte
da alas.
Da una pipa
de tabaco raro
a sus amigos.
Y la muerte abra
las puertas bien cerradas.
A sus nuevos amigos
la muerte llama
“¡Escucha!”

II.
La canción
de la Santa Cecilia
se puede oír
hacia la tumba
porque sabe
esta santa
que aunque se muere
aun se necesita
la lengua del corazón
porque
se va el alma
andando
andando
y tiene que cantar
aunque los zapatos
de los recuerdos
no se hace lentamente.
¡Que no!
Canta la muerte
“¡Dame la música!”

(Death. I. Death chooses her companions. To them, death gives wings. Death gives a pipe of rare tobacco to her friends. And death opens doors locked fast. To her new friends, death calls “Listen!” II. The song of Saint Cecilia can be heard from the grave because this saint knows that even when we die we still need the language of the heart because there goes the soul, walking, walking, and the soul has to sing so that the shoes of memory don’t slow her down. Death sings “Give me music!”)

When our daughter was born in 1993, I found myself unable to write poetry in English. All my words seemed “used up,” and didn’t have any room in them for the elemental sensations I was encountering for the first time. I was always sleep deprived that first year, and spent a lot of time staring at simple objects, saying their names in Spanish. That first winter, I was staring up at the night sky, at the cold moon and the cold stars. They sounded so much more bearable in Spanish: Noche, estrellas, hielo, luna, sueño—I could say them and they comforted me. Spanish made my experience new and beautiful because I could step out of English and not be my tired self. When my father was dying, I returned to that same place in my experience of the world: a painful world, another language taking me over the threshold.
Warren Burt
A POST-COLONIALIST POEM ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE FOR READERS

While wandering around Melbourne, I noticed a bumper sticker that said “Werribee Mitsubishi.” Werribee is an Australian aboriginal (Wurundjeri?) word meaning “place of the waters,” and is the name of the suburb where the Mitsubishi dealership is, Mitsubishi, of course, being a Japanese brand name of a kind of car. Later, at the St. Paul Conservatory, I saw a show by the “Minnesota Bonsai Society.” Minnesota is a Native American (Lakotah?) word meaning “place of the waters,” and is the name of the state where the Bonsai society is, Bonsai, of course, being a Japanese word describing a technique of breeding miniature plants. So the phrase “Werribee Mitsubishi Minnesota Bonsai,” besides describing a small portion of my wandering, was also a phrase in English which had no English words in it. Furthermore, the languages were present in the so-called English phrase were languages that English users had an, at best, uneasy relationship to. By permuting the syllables of these words, then, without changing the basic structure of the phrase, I felt that I could generate a poem that would be about English without being in it.

(Instructions for the two reader version: Read the lines alternately, one person per line. Phrase the syllables in the rhythm of the original phrase: 3 4 4 2; as in “WERribee mitsuBshi MIlnnesota BONsai,” and keep that rhythm going. Place different playful articulations over the top of that rhythm/phrasing, getting gradually slower and sleepier toward the end.)

SOUND POEM TEXT (excerpt)

min she neh bon bee neh sai soh mit rih sue wer tah min bee mit neh sai mit bon tah rih sue she soh wer mit bee soh wer neh soh sai she min sue tah bon rih bon soh min sue wer min rih she neh mit tah sai bee bee neh sai wer mit sai tah soh she rih bon min sue bee sue neh mit bon neh min rih wer sai soh she tah tah bee sue she bon sue soh mit wer sai rih min neh wer sue she sai rih she mit tah soh bon neh bee min wer soh tah bon neh tah sai she rih bee sue mit min

neh sue mit bee min mit bon wer soh rih sai she tah rih bon neh sai soh neh tah bee sue wer min she mit sue sai she mit bee she wer tah rih min bon soh neh bon neh sai she mit sai rih wer sue bee tah min soh bee wer bon neh soh bon mit sai she rih min sue bon neh sue soh wer sue mit tah sai bee min rih min she sue mit soh tah sai soh bee min wer rih she neh wer mit tah bon soh tah sai nei she she rih min bee tah bee neh sue sai nei mit soh she wer min rih bon wer sai rih min bon rih soh tah bee neh she mit sue nei min rih rih bee min soh sue wer mit bon she tah bee min mit rih tah mit wer sai neh soh she sue bon neh bee mit sue min mit rih soh she tah bon wer sai bee mit rih rih sai rih min bon sue wer soh tah she tah neh soh mit min soh sai she bee rih bon sue wer bon wer min mit rih min neh soh sue she tah bee sai sai she soh wer mit soh bon tah min sue neh rih min mit wer soh sai wer she tah bee sue rih bon neh she tah mit bee sai mit soh neh bon rih sue min wer neh wer sue mit she sue bon tah min bee sai soh rih she bee min sai bon min rih wer sue mit tah soh neh wer rih min bee sue min min mit tah bon soh she sai wer sai she min bon she bee mit sue rih neh neh soh sue min sue rih min bon sue wer mit bon bee bee min mit rih tah rih sue sai min neh soh bon she she sai soh sue min soh bon mit bee min min bee rih min bee sai tah sue sai she wer rih soh mit min neh sai rih rih min mit sai bee she sue soh wer min tah sue rih mit tah bee mit sai soh bon wer neh min she min sue neh soh tah she soh bee min bon min sai mit wer rih sue bee tah rih min bon saik neh soh wer mit she mit tah neh soh rih neh she sue min wer sai bee bon rih neh sue mit tah sue soh min bon sai she be wer neh beeh sue min wer sue tah mit bon rih soh she sai mit neh wer tah sue wer rih soh she bee bon sai min min neh bee bon wer bee soh sai rih tah sue mit she wer she bee rih min bee neh sai sue bon soh tah mit she wer bee mit tah bee sue neh soh rih bon min sai she bee wer mit soh wer rih bon sai tah neh sue min she bon sue soh neh sue rih mit min bee tah sai wer mit bee min bon soh min rih sai she wer tah neh sue she wer mit min sue mit neh bon tah sai bee rih rih neh she neh min bon tah wer soh rih min mehr heh neh beih sue wah neh min bon saik mit bon rih neh beih sue wer wah neh min bon saik mit bon rih neh beih sue wah neh min bon saik mit bon rih neh beih sue wah neh min bon saik mit bon rih
The piece was made by writing a computer program which preserved the structure of the original phrase “Werribee Mitsubishi Minnesota Bonsai” while doing permutations of the order of its syllables. That is, in the original phrase there are 13 syllables, of which the 3rd and the 6th (the “bee” of “Werribee” and the “bi” of “Mitsubishi”) are identical. So a program to provide endless permutations of 12 unique elements (also useful for music composition . . .) was written, and it was applied to a structure where the 3rd chosen syllable was repeated in the 6th position, to make a unique ordering of the 13 syllables with the 3rd and the 6th being identical. In performance, the syllables are broken up into groups of 3 syllables, 4 syllables, 4 syllables, 2 syllables, thus mirroring the rhythmic structure of the original phrase. 10 pages were generated originally, and these pages have been used as material for performance in a variety of ways.

This text was used as the basis for a sound poetry piece for the Australian Broadcasting Corporation’s sound art program, “The Listening Room.” The prose text was read at the beginning as an introduction. The sound poem text was then read, responsive, with alternating lines read by Berni M Janssen and Warren Burt, accompanied by samples of the rattling of native Australian seed pods and “choirs,” which were made from electronically extending single vowel sounds spoken by the two readers.
Catalina Cariaga
THE MERCY

Operation Desert Shield: If the Middle East conflict turns bloody, injured U.S. troops would be evacuated to the ship by helicopters and small boats.
— San Francisco Chronicle (August 16, 1990)

Mother never speaks to us about the War.
There are better things to talk about as she holds her newest granddaughter in her arms.

Sister tries to take a nap. I am folding piles
of tiny laundry, listening to the news from the next room.
Mother calls us to her side; points to the T.V.

"Look" she tells us, "it's my boat!"
We look at the screen. "That's the hospital ship
that brought me from the Islands to the Mainland."

The Red Cross on its starboard side enters our living room—

Post partem depression
of the military industrial complex

as anger unprecedented
wanting to say
wanting to ask

Father, conspicuously absent
now, the three women, attendant
as anger unmitigated
wanting to tell
wanting to explain

That was more than forty years ago.
It was after the War—1947. We were to be re-united with our husbands. Some Pinays were American citizens then, after they served in the U.S. Navy. And we Pinays didn’t need a visa; just proof of marriage, like that.

I think they had quotas of who to take, and of course, I was anxious about how long I would have to wait. But then I saw my best friend Veronica, an R.N. appointed administrator for the ship.

She helped me board the boat quickly. Convinced them; fixed my documents; indicated that I was on the family way. And so, like that, I was in the ship with all the pregnant Pinays.

She was smart and clever, like that. Always doing favors. She was so smart they chose her to teach us Japanese during the Occupation. And then I meet her on the boat.

V(B)eronica. Beronica, BeBE, Bibi we called her “Bibing” for short.

...she wore her hair in her face, like Veronica Lake. (1940’s movie star, American, blond)

Bibing could dance the Bailes de Ayer and Tinikling without sitting down. (jitterbug naman!)

Bibing traded her lola’s pearls and all of the jade for her students’ safety; if they promised not to harm the girls.

“Sixth Station of the Cross: Veronica wipes the face of Our Lord Jesus Christ.”

...she was never the same afterwards; I wanted to name you Veronica, but your auntie Asuncion had the first baby girl.

Asuncion, Cion, we called your cousin Veronica’s mother “Siony” for short.
Let me tell you a short story. A long, long time ago, there were two women. One was named Mary. The other was named Elizabeth. The two women were close friends and liked to talk to each other about what they thought and how they felt about life. 28 One day when Mary was alone, an angel appeared to her. The angel greeted her with the words, “Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.” 29 And Mary was afraid of the angel. 30 And the angel said, “Do not be afraid, for God has found favor with you. 31 And you shall soon have a baby and call him JESUS. And he will be great and have a large family of grandchildren and great grandchildren.” 34 Then Mary said, “How can this be, when I still live with my parents and I have no husband?” 35 And the angel said “The power of the Holy Ghost will make it happen; 36 after all, it is no mistake that your friend Elizabeth is about to have her first child even though she is quite elderly. 37 For with God nothing is impossible.” 38 And Mary agreed to the plan. And she said to the angel, “Okay, I will do this according to thy Word.” And at that, the angel departed.

(Japanese) VERONICA Arigato gozaimasu. —Thank you.
AUGUSTA Ikaga Desu ka? —How are you?
VERONICA Genki desu. —Fine.
AUGUSTA Talaga? —Really?
VERONICA Hai. —Yes

(Tagalog) AUGUSTA Nakita mo na ba aug mga newspapers? —Have you seen the newspapers?
VERONICA Iyie —Not yet.

36
Veronica could be stubborn like that.

Bibing could sing.

Veronica was so articulate,

Bibing was "asking for it."
And the next day Mary went to visit Elizabeth. And when Elizabeth heard another woman's voice in her house, she knew it was Mary. And some say at that moment, Elizabeth's baby leaped in her womb. And Elizabeth greeted Mary by saying, "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb!" And Mary confided in Elizabeth and began to sing an old folk song that Elizabeth had taught her—but with new words set to the tune that went something like this: "My Soul doth Magnify the Lord. And my Spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior. For He hath regarded the low estate of his Handmaiden; for behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me Blessed. For He that is mighty hath done great things; and Holy is his name. And his Mercy is on them who fear him from generation to generation." And Mary and Elizabeth were happy that they were both In the Family way, especially because each of their first born children would be a son.
Very deliberately, Bibing made sure my mother was in the ship.

She kisses her granddaughter's forehead, "not answering the questions" smoothes her brow "pink" sniffing the infant tee-shirt.

"There is nothing more" "I care to remember" "shhhh, quiet" "Her eyes" "Now watch The Mercy" "leave"

"berth on the Bay" "headed toward her mission" "the Persian Gulf — " "image like memory" "was disputed" "as perception dissipates"
Was it dangerous?
Were you scared?
Why were you so anxious to leave?
Why wasn't there time for a Church wedding?
How many days were you at sea?
Did you have morning sickness?
Was it lonely?
Were there other Ilocano women in the ship?
When did you learn Tagalog?
How long was your journey on the ship?
What did they give you to eat?
When did you learn English?
Did you arrive in San Francisco or Los Angeles?
Where you homesick?
Did you ever see Verónica again?
Were you in love when you married?

Each day I received an orange, so delicious, and two cups of fresh milk (extra); then, I went upstairs to walk in the sun, like that.
"The Mercy" started out as a three by three foot map of materials. It has now come to be an extended narrative(s) contained within consecutive pages that uses a variety of textual elements and chronological shifting which incorporate multiple voices (lyrical and indicative), dialects, dialogue, interrogation, gesture, oral history, commentary, and even an oral recitation of a rendition of Biblical scripture, to glimpse the memory of a mother's immigration to the United States from the Philippine Islands. The narrative(s) cover a period of over forty years beginning from 1990, just prior to the Persian Gulf War, and back to 1945 during World War II. It deals with a number of Post-colonial issues and themes including the history of U.S./Philippine relations, the Japanese occupation of the Philippines, language, gender and religion.

The poem (I still call it poetry) began to take form while I was reading a translation of an essay by Julia Kristeva entitled, "Stabat Mater"—an essay which employs deliberate typographical fragmentation throughout the text. Kristeva gives a short history of the cult of the Virgin, a feminist critique of traditional representation of motherhood and then, sends out a call for "post-virginal discourse on maternity."

I juxtaposed the reading of Kristeva against a poem I saw in the Berkeley Review (Issue 29) by Carla Harryman entitled "MacArthur (Mimesis)"—utilizing a "game" based on reference to a representation of General (Douglas) MacArthur. The lines from her poem that haunted me the most were "JOURNALISM: General MacArthur disembarks. General MacArthur / walks on the shore. General MacArthur enters history."

A film by the late Theresa Hak Kyung Cha further solidified my thinking on this poem. It was a special showing of her film "Exilee" at the Pacific Film Archive in Berkeley as part of the Asian American Film Festival in the Spring of 1995. Cha wrote very detailed specifications on how the film was to be shown and viewed. She placed a video monitor (which displayed text and still life objects and images) in the lower perimeter of a large white monolithic theatre sized backdrop screen (upon which time elapsed cinematography projected shadows of objects contained in a white room—a curtain blowing in the wind; a potted plant of bamboo stalks); the shadows subtly and almost imperceptibly moved across the room for the length of the 45 minute film—which in real time would amount to about 14 hours. So we witnessed time passing—without realizing that we saw or experienced time.

The images on the monitor repeated at alternating intervals. Sentimental images—a rice bowl with a small chip, a tatami with all of a family's slippers at the door way. The text utilized in "Exilee" was primarily from Dictee. The text also repeated at alternating intervals. There was no music. The sound was the wind and Cha's voice over repeating lines of the text—alternating from when the text appeared on the monitor. And so the text had a certain 'texture' (as complex as the prelude and fugue form in music)—seeing the text, (having read it before, as many of us writers and poets knew her work) hearing the text (we had never heard her voice before), reading the text repeated at determined intervals—and time passing—mundane time (daily/personal/memory) passing as simple still lifes were framed against a monolithic time (history/HISTORY/chronos/infinity) passing as elapsed through the medium of film.

Interestingly enough, half the people present at the event knew Cha from her film theory/criticism and art installations; the other half of the people knew Cha from her text Dictee. It lead to meaningful discussion. Preconceived assumptions of formal boundaries were cast to the wind. The politics of art, gender, nationality and identity were obvious issues.

From viewing Cha's film, I began to choose elements for "The Mercy" which could interrupt and reflect (mirror) layers of narrativity in a way that is manageable to the reader. I think the elements of the poem "lay bare" their own devices.

NOTE: The U.S. Mercy was a medical ship which transported Filipino-American dependents of veterans from the Philippines to the U.S. after World War II and was retired sometime in the 1930's. NEXUS: The ship's name was resurrected and bestowed upon an oil tanker converted into what is now the largest high technology hospital ship in the world. 'Christened' in 1986 and berthed in the Oakland/Alameda Naval Station in California, the U.S. Mercy's maiden voyage sent her to the Philippine Islands, where her doctors and nurses practiced medicine for a period of six months—part of an aid package from the U.S. after the fall of the Marcos regime. FACT: Of over 300,000 Filipino immigrants to the U.S. from 1920-1932, only about seven percent were women. For the next thirty-five years thereafter, by the terms of the Tate-McDuff Act, only fifty Filipinos per year were allowed immigration to the U.S. OBSERVATION: The window was very small; it get smaller and smaller. TO DO LIST: A post-boat literary critique. FOREWORD: This poem is in memory of one of my dearest aunties, Rosario DeLana Fernandez (1925-1996).
Amy Sara Carroll
TAMARIND FOR CAMERON

Some questions are destined to taunt those who know little reason, few seasons, in unseasonable snow. Thankfully the other may be irrevocably the other in toto, some domino effect in effect we neglect to dispose of properly—our property—to have and to hold, to cobble together in fair or foul weather, whether or wither we wither or enfold ourselves in each other to suckle and/or smother. Forces unbeknownst to us: We must do as we are told. Por ejemplo: ¿Puedo verte en tu verde? ¿De todos modos? ¿En todo? Hasta la vista. Estoy lista. Termino aquí. Verde, un matiz (¿Matisse?) de azul. Vergüenza. Ausencia. Abstención. Nunca puedo caminar en agua, pedirte a ti algo que necesito. Me asusta. Me desconcierta. Acabo de quitar las cosas que te abogian como me nombraría yo misma: Una multitud que tendría hambre mientras que no tenga pan y pez ni tampoco el poder para hacer más de menos. Más o menos, me sentí sin matriz. Feliz cumpleaños, mi callejón. Perdón, siento que los dos: Somos más de lo que podemos saber con ojos pesados con sus propios párpados y somos limitadas. Negro, verde, gris (tal vez feliz), azul . . . El día me encanta, el cielo, tan seguro, casi presumido, como una gema en el dobladillo y en el zumbido del globo. Los días como esos, ¡Se acabó! No. Pero nunca hay bastante sol o consuelo (Nota: No me refiero a la tía de ella) para ti. Para mí. ¡Figúrate! Los estados que has conocido. Los conoceremos poco a poco. El morado, enamorado con las madrugadas zarzamorosas, el tamarindo en jarritos, las preguntas se contestarán por sí solas. Before the lesson meets that monkey of a leech on the road to where we cannot go. Between Damascus and the sea we deign, ordain to deceive. Ourselves, unholy ghosts. Unwholly prepared to wear the places we will fare, we know. We grow more anxious by the hour, less certain of our powers to discern, intern, the seasonable. Peddlers float, pressing fruit into our palms, pressing coins down upon our eyelids 'til they close. Or suppose . . . We glow bright as flight, in deed, a dogstar's halo-bloated blight, beneath the wait of what we greet, beyond what we secede. We lick jugs, the kettle, clean. Every tongue, a pampered tampering, a tantrum, in tandem, a tambourine.
Frances Chung

"Tamarind For Cameron" is a part of a group of poems entitled "Secessión." I fashioned most of the members of this collection as prose-poems. "Tamarind For Cameron" differs from its siblings in that it moves between English and Spanish and its lines are not endstopped. Feeling tired of block-o'-text, I began my latest sequence "A Good Badger's Alphabet," "M" plays a role in this work-in-progress. The group mentality of these linoleum block poem-prints: I aspire to mix-match, mish-mash "languages"—the visual, the written, the aural, the oral—to chorale and correlate various registers of sound and sight.

Propos de la Chinita

mamita linda
muñeca
chiquita
mommy
corazón de melón

And if I said 'ming' to you
would you answer me
would you hear me

of three minds

forest selva
flower flor
moon luna
rain lluvia

bamboo bambú
From the “Guatemala” manuscript (sections 4-6)

4
in the museum of the ancient book
pi sheng made prints in clay from 1041 to 1049
dining in la gran muralla china
fish tank
one girl looks chinese
chinese paintings on the walls
the waitress asks me if i want ‘palitos’
& still antique veiled in a mist
still streets
a chinese baby
jasmine tea to comfort me
its familiar clear taste
chinese la calendar
jukebox music
a chinese melon
the sound of the cleaver chopping
woman wishes me que le vaya bien
in dark streets
the men still call me ‘chinita bonita’
crickets chirping
bundles of indians children sleeping in the plaza
enfolded completely in blankets at 7:30
i dream of rice and beans
paying my respect to convents
the tomb of Herman Pedro
covered with letters and photographs of
thanks for miracles performed,
crutches
cure of the ear
granting of a visa to the united states
shoeshine boy asking where are you from
men asking if i need a guide
tourists with their guides
waiting for pizza
indians selling necklaces collares for 10 centavos
beautiful purple flowers
yellow butterfly
an old university
boys self-absorbed in playing marble games
a group of smiling, talkative girls
one with freckles asks me to open a jar for her
old man carrying wasted flowers on his back
sound of firecrackers
a boy tending cows
evidences of earthquakes
no sense of danger or crime
white silver of moon
bright stars
back in la gran muralla drinking jasmine
cancer in the park
conversations of american tourists drifts over to my table
ballet silences playing in antigua
in the evening i seek refuge in the quiet of the
library of the bank of guatemala
young schoolboys reading look up
playing through an anthology of guatemalan poetry
outside the band has started up
marinera in the town square
wonderful vibrations
in central park, there are two circles of strollers
moving in opposite directions
lovers, groups of schoolgirls stick together,
buzzing in my ears because of quinine or the silence
covered with letters and photographs of
thanks for miracles performed,
crutches
cure of the ear
granting of a visa to the united states
shoeshine boy asking where are you from
men asking if i need a guide
tourists with their guides
waiting for pizza
indians selling necklaces collares for 10 centavos
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playing through an anthology of guatemalan poetry
outside the band has started up
marinera in the town square
wonderful vibrations
in central park, there are two circles of strollers
moving in opposite directions
lovers, groups of schoolgirls stick together,
buzzing in my ears because of quinine or the silence
6

on the road to chimaltenango
to connect with panajachel
a man with a hat sitting behind me slurping a mango and
carrying a large bundle of white flowers
small girl passes by with 2 large heads of cabbage on
her head
man coming on the bus to sell helados
lions singing happily
iago atitian
panajachel
woman washing her clothes on the beach
sound of waves
the water is green and grey
buy 2 apples for 10 centavos from a 14 year old
girl who earns 1.00 a day
chirping chow mein in the restaurante asia
noodles bean sprouts
a chinese woman with a young baby gives me
directions for the beach in spanish
no shells
a man wearing beautiful colors sitting on the dock
purple shirt and grey pants
ritz crackers from the supermarket
offered to a shoe shine boy, an old woman in a market
during a rainstorm and the son of a man in the market
froze him i buy a red huipil
lightning storm
light flashes on and off in the hotel room
forced into darkness looking at the silhouette of
the mountain in the distance
the owner of the hotel comes by with a comforting sound
of security and a candle

The three short poems are from the unpublished book manuscript "Crazy Melon," while the pieces numbered 4-6 are sections from an untitled 16-page draft ms. based on the author's trip to Guatemala in the mid-1970s.
These five “origami” diagrams are for the construction of paper objects inspired by Gertrude Stein’s Tender Buttons.

Dubravka Djuric
IDENTITETI

identiteti

SLIKA:LIK:JA
(mistake misreading misunderstanding)
out of context = what is your context = EMPTY PLACE
(particular context that DOESN’T exist)
SHOULD NOT exist

identiteti

VIZIJA
HORIZONT
SLIKA
PITANJE
POKRET
PROSTOR
NE-JA

to move be moved by
think
consider
feel
identiteti

polariteti
multipliciranost
samosvest
potrošnja
promena

STASIS

oseti ti
pi sanje
u
zagonetnom
prostoru
i
upisati
se
u
njega
nju
uprkos

Identiteti—Identities

I am interested in the relation between visual and verbal signs. How the configuration of the photography and the configuration of words arranged in the white space can act together.

I am faced with the problem of identification, personal and global, in East Europe and in Balkan. The terms that come to mind are; changing identites, new identities, lost identities.

I am faced with the fact that my cultural context doesn’t exist as a cultural code.
Stacy Doris

THEY'RE BULIDING UP!

A PRACTICAL SURVIVOR’S TEST

a) Of the sounds, final.

1. Count out loud the beings in each group, saying: y\(\ddot{g}\) dfi-swöi, dy\(\ddot{u}\) dy\(\ddot{g}\) h\(\ddot{v}\)-i-dz. (C) N\(\ddot{v}\)-d\(\ddot{a}\) f\(\ddot{u}\)-chin dfi-swöi. (D) N\(\ddot{v}\)-d\(\ddot{a}\) m-\(\ddot{a}\)-chin dfi-swöi.

2. Count out every body in problem one. Count all the females.

3. Count out loud the pieces in each group, saying: y\(\ddot{v}\)-\(\ddot{g}\) dfi-swöi, dy\(\ddot{u}\)-\(\ddot{g}\) dfi-swöi, svn-\(\ddot{g}\) dfi-swöi, etc.

4. Count out every piece in problem three. Count all the females.

5. Answer the following questions about your self: (A) N\(\ddot{v}\) dfi-swöi. (B) Y\(\ddot{u}\) u dy\(\ddot{g}\) h\(\ddot{v}\)-i-dz. (C) N\(\ddot{v}\)-d\(\ddot{a}\) f\(\ddot{u}\)-chin dfi-swöi. (D) N\(\ddot{v}\)-d\(\ddot{a}\) m-\(\ddot{a}\)-chin dfi-swöi.

NOTES

(1) Veire, from over-eat or overt; origin uncertain.

(2) Venes, both "lusty" (venerous) and “to come” (in the venerous sense.)

(3) Csxjrgsxj lxj věståxj means either to put on or to take off lxj věståxj, depending on context.

(4) SXJqúo, water or a drink, interchangeable.

(5) Montsxjnhssxj, mound or mountain, also figuratively.


(7) Bondieu, common expression.

(8) Espsxjrgsxj, syn. embsxjurssxj, to imprison.

* Regionalism, untranslatable.
A Village
ARE YOU READY YET NOT YET
A play in four Acts
First Act, TASTE RIFT
A village. EDGE LEAVE
Third Act, TAR ROT
A village. EDGE LEAVE
Second Act, TAD KNOCKS
A village. EDGE LEAVE
Fourth Act, TOOTH ROUGH
A village. EDGE LEAVE

IF YOU MOVE ME AND IF YOU MOVE IT IF YOU MOVE IT AND IF YOU MOVE ME.
IN THE FIRST PLACE, PLACE IT, YOU PLACE IT, YOU PLACE IT THERE, YOU PLACE IT THERE.
Here tie lap you, her tit pap you, tie lip you, tight pуп, pulp turf hit thigh. I’m Eve moo fit knot Eve moose tip, timid oven fat down Eve use.

IN THE SECOND PLACE THEY IN THAT PLACE THEY FOR. THAT PLACE THEY PAT THAT PLACE.
Laps toot wag wait slip tap rouge way salt at neigh hot pull dance sent.

IN THE THIRD PLACE SHE FELT IT TO BE A THIRD PLACE, IT WAS A THIRD PLACE AND THERE, THERE THEY DID NOT PREPARE TO LEAVE PART.
Eve lot rap rapt on do why turn red down slap rid tea cell play rear about tit left each slab draft rind hunt.

IN THE FOURTH PLACE MIX UP IN THE FOURTH PLACE MIX IT UP WITH THE OPPOSITE PLACE AND WITH THE NEXT PLACE AND WITH THE LAST PLACE AND WITH THE OTHER PLACES, AND IN ANY CASE HERE AND THEY WERE THERE HE WAS THERE AND THEY HAD MORE THAN THEIR SHARE.
Rash ride not team day eat damn reach saw ear eat row way down add race sack whine Nile nick seep rat other two dank slave taste hit when slap ten eat how done split tips sup tire tie pat some knock seal horde hut nip umm mint nose able twist hang.

IN THE FIRST PLACE (PLACE).
IN THE FIRST PLACE SHE SHE DID IN THE FIRST PLACE THAT IF SHE WERE THERE THAT SHE WOULD NEVER CARE TO LEAVE IT.

IN THE SECOND PLACE WHERE THEY WERE NOT TO BE TO BE FUR TO BE SEEN TO SEW FUR. TO BE FUR. SEEN THIS IS A MISTAKE CHOCOLATE AND JOCKEYS AND CHOCOLATE AND PEARS AND NOT ONE CHOCOLATE AND JOCKEYS ONLY. WHEN ONE SAYS SO AND WHERE ARE THEY THEN ARE THEY THEN TO BE FED SO.
Ooze deaf bet now wine ran out why ram on dash as wise germ moan ow when sign tup sus hen lone ton seat hen down spare dame ate all cake whole dame seeks coach dame eat cakes all whole eek tide as is high knees Eve turf West need ants Eve roof bottom ease bet ton arrow whey new shelf docks hind
Tie veal otter reek rained dole hat at ear tab hour heft ate sir him in won crash did seep tryst fey night
Slop touch eat now
Slaps tips hit tie

THEY’RE BUILDING UP EVERY DAY!

A PRACTICAL SURVIVOR’S TEST

a) All the sounds, final.

Use the Practical Dictionary but don’t look up more than one work for each problem.

1. You see a female. Say *Excuse me.*
2. Ask female if she is Miss Ing.
3. Ask if she is from Peel-Ing.
4. Ask if her male is.
5. She answers **TV hāu.** What could this mean?
6. Tell her you are glad.
7. Ask female to dance.
8. Make dance.
9. Take female to a room. Ask female what she’ll have.
10. Can you say *farewell* without looking anything up?

Isolated in a charming library in Casis with companions from Salt Lake City, staring at the Mediterranean Sea all day, I gave some consideration to mess ing up languages, grafting them, rendering the familiar other. As part of my manuscript entitled The Art(s) of Love, I invented a pan-Asiatic language and a manual for it, also a Russian-Basque-Oceanian dialect with learning tapes. Another pursuit of mine was backward writing: I wanted to say everything both forwards and backwards, literally. The samples of my experiments included in this issue constitute in my view not the same thing as a single poem, but a unit or chunk which I have come to think of as a slice of pizza. I am extremely interested in page-to-page juxtapositions.
Jorge Dragón
OPEN TRANSPORT #1.3

The text is in tariffi, a variety of the tamazight (berber) language spoken in the Rif area (north Morocco); it's the language spoken by the people that try to come into the south spanish coasts in these fragile boats (called pateras) that you can see in the work. The hope for work in Europe makes many people lose their lives trying to cross the Gibraltar Detroit (just 17 km between Europe and Africa).

Rachel Blau DuPlessis
DRAFT 36: CENTO

1/33 Translation says the unsayable twice, once in another language.
2 Take colloquial hypercorrection ("went with she and I")—
3 Min tedas liaj longaj rakontoj.
4/32 It didn't work out now, did it?
5 Not the right language; it was flat, unplanned
6 had too many j's, pronounced "oy,"
7/31 adding another edge to the page.
8 It made for confusions of hope (esperanto) and Esperanto
9 of zaum and zimzum; maybe this is, too.
10/30 "Self-valuable words"—samovity slova—do not exist as such.
11/30 They can only be marked as situated excess.
12 I mean, everything means something, somewhere.
13/29 Like everyone else I am attracted
14/29 to words ending in -ette—
15 like Rockette, majorette, poette,
16/28 so strange in the language—
17 O they make my heart go pitter pat.
Kick, girls, in the face of it.

It's the work of a moment

in mitn drinen
to fall into the emptiness of (real) words

dazed amid the real/ world the real real world

and to wander outward there,

where kibbitzing debris doth me surround.

Yet in effect it was

something that happened daily,
a troth, a shma, to find wrds like that—it was prayer.

Was there a choice? where was there?

It happened. Emerged into the lost and found of aphasia

mezzo slova, wrong links, mish-moshed blocks

can't remember where it is and so

(not in it at all) I was here. But where was it

I wanted? Call this the lost and found of amnesia.

Who heard the mixing of the tracks?

Whirr wires inside. The wires knotted, surds

and could not note or knit the words

that never were from anywhere, yet

formed place and formed changes.

Did these words exist or not? Memories or not?

Pause space work space, inside emptiness

inside the unsayable grumble hungry phonemes,
a space between, within, and deep aside my own.

So many prepositions, so many ways to be lost.

On paper (that is, this here), and what was here.

With paper folded so, so this (squeezed corpse, course exquis)

gets to be another word, mote, or mite, or mute.

The mote is mine

but I am also its.

It's never what you think.

That words, so filled with uses and compilations of meaning,
could also void themselves, streaming, and open themselves to loss.

Who could credit

the power of their insistence to present the remnants,

the erased of translation, theory of rubber smudges.

And so, like them, I am drawing a blank

over and over, and this crinkled, blotted blank

of being a foreigner in my language

(a kind of scrying after all)
makes its own nonnative way between sayable and not.

Take this as poetics: Composition by Fold.

*Something definite, so to speak.*

The lucid utopia of Esperanto—

its hope that language does not follow power,

this small evidence of hope, that our flawed light

could make neutrality and syntactic ease

out of the sheer oddity of words—is done for, over.

*A shifting boundary that is strange*

remains. Another time throbs thru a membrane,

an original awkward as its translation

*readable in some parts, and sometimes in*

*other parts, or in the same parts, un-.*

This what we have.

*The space a presence possessed by other spaces.*

Words, babbling, make towers of allusion.

A single letter, black flake, blows back against the page.

*Sheens of A, luminosities of THE*

split and mingle at the sites of their articulation;

words empty and fill, empty and fill

*with spatter lines—what*

hope then for the wanderer?

The very hunger of hope.

That there's *always another little something*

*singes signaux cendre les plumes*

that will remain, even if said, unsaid.

*Trying to read what cannot be read*

*au bord du vide.*

Even no more sayings about anything, just

*the run thru the Bi-lingual*

the trek thru the Empty

the wandering thru the

Unstable: the what?

This is where it began and where it begins

a dot glossing itself inside existence.

Who cries? who listens?

so keen to mark

another *cry: whom; one of another, who?*

Listening thru those microtimes of day

the fullwords lost, the lostwords full: *It is the*

*It* characteristic of everything.
Cento—"patchwork"—a poem in which every line is cited, often from epics. This is a partial cento, built of 99 lines—and that, for its simple allusion to the wrong word, "cent," or one hundred. Here at least every third line is cited, "borrowed" from my own long poem. Drafts is itself a work based on many forms of repetition and folding; such as the random repetition of lines, and some relationship between any given new work and a specific "donor draft," in this case "Draft 17: Unnamed." The re-cited lines in "Draft 36: Cento" occur in order, but they reverse the order of their appearance in the poem to date. The first line here is from "Draft 33: Deixis" (being written as I composed this work). The fourth line is from "Draft 32: Raps," the seventh from "Draft 31: Serving Writ," and so on back to the final lines, from "Draft 1: It."

The Esperanto translates: His long stories bore me. Planh is the Provençal word for lament. Zimzum (tsimtsum) is contraction, the world defined by God’s withdrawal, and the point—or vacuum—that is left. Samovity slova—or "self-valuable words"—from the Russian of Roman Jakobson: a definition of zaum. The Yiddish “in mit drinen” means in the middle of everything. Shma is Hebrew for “Hear,” the beginning of a daily prayer. Mezzo means middle or half in Italian. I also cite from the French translation of “Draft 6: Midrash” and “Draft 5: Gap” (Faiille, in the French title), accomplished by J.-P. Auxemery and the Royannmont collective. "Signes signaux·cendres·les phanes" translates "marked/ markers ash the foiled/ feathers" while "Au bord du vide" translates "Right on the edge."

There is something astonishing, if also—admittedly—self-mesmerizing about these repetitions and changes. However, like all the poems called Drafts, this poem pleases (or doesn’t), no matter its specific appurtenances or claims. Thus each of these poems is a world, that is, our world.
Quizás sea instinto
Poeta del Lenguaje
Absurdo ¿no?
Anorexia de la frase febril.

I am weaving all kinds of languages including those coming from journalism, the Internet, colloquial English and Spanish and, most importantly, scientific and medical languages. All of them confer the secretive & mysterious essence of human abstractions. Always attracted by the urban image in conjunction with the instinctive world, I encode and absorb according to my feminine self.

Karen Garthe and Natasha Sajé
READING FOR A TRAIN

I
Bumping kernels, grinding the tracks
she can barely hear... OK?
This is enough tho I love you afoguei
In Portuguese afoguei
I became enflamed... have I not said it?
Two men in her train ennwhay eway etgay otay ethay unneltay,
I ay antway
otay creusay athhay irlgay
Fiay eshay esistsray eway ancay illkay Erhay have I not said it?
The characters are gone as they are generic they are as Stepford Children

II
A time of chronos I don't believe in... King of Breath You'll Come
and it won't be me Enough
tho I love you
tho I surrender

a woman
who is free each night along the water
Exunt: river Late her prescience or

her merely paying attention one day when he comes and it is not you
the Stepfords in all black or maybe gray with long hair

III
He will miss you
As misplacement, A b e ration,
the pen in the gang box free of understanding (if they
out-design the spruce
design the fire) I listened to Firebird and I became enflamed entirely
at once
We have: “First I listened” afoguei
in Portuguese
“I drowned”
it cannot be talked about

IV
Off
bumping kernels
this stop or the next someone
implacable
someone is waiting to dismember here
I have
the fragment OTAY CREWSAY FIAY, ESAY ESISTRAY
La Pleureuse always
The woman the mourner paid
Girls to whom perfection with all their limbs

After “Reading with Clarice Lispector” by Hélène Cixous, and after reading
“The Stream of Life” by Clarice Lispector, and “Pig Latin” by Clarice
Lispector.

Diane Glancy
A FIELDBOOK OF TEXTUAL MIGRATIONS

Ta pollai teileafoin
ag bagairt orm.
Telephone poles threaten me.
—Nuall na Domhnaill,
Maidin sa Domhan Toir Oriental Morning

1. In a FieldWhere Meanings Quantitate

I do not speak Cherokee, but when I read the language, I see the
spaciness of words to make meaning. To stretch across the possibilities of
what could be said. Not limiting it.

The telephone, for instance: di-tla-no-he?-di-(i) They (words) made of
(or placed on) the wind (or air) have been brought to one place to be
used.

That descriptive noun, which contains verbs and other parts of speech,
makes the telephone familiar. It uses the natural elements of wind (or air).
The old ways are embedded in technology. The same principles of trust
and reciprocity hold. The conduits still connect.

In another instance of the roominess in the Cherokee language, I read
a sentence which assures that artificial lights work as well as natural light:
di-gi‘-ga-ge a-le di-tse-yu:-s-d(i) da:-gi-(ha) di-tsv’-s-di I have some red
and green lights. Or, plural non living red and plural non living green
them I of indefinite shape have non living to be turned on with.
(Taking several lines in English to say what can be said in Cherokee
in one.)

In general (though Indian languages are different) Indian lan-
guages (in general) are often an abstraction of the pragmatic. An ar-
rangement of words which makes them heard in different directions.
A migration of making it said. Of it being heard.

tsu’-tla ni-ga-we:-s-gv ga-tv’-gi?-(a) Fox just spoke it I am hear-
ing.
The fox just spoke it. It I am hearing. The one it ties the two
participants together. You see the language does what it also is doing.
It is spoken for grouping. A reciprocal reciprocity.
ha'~l(i)-s-du-tlv'-ga  Bend yourself on something.
i-da-nv'-ni-da  Let's be sitting around.

That's what it is to make an easement. To share a place where talking can happen. For the purpose of refielding. For understanding. For making the adjustments which survival adjusts.

2. A Field Where a Heritage Is Split

What do you do with a mixed-blood heritage other than being a sitting duck in the water for those who want to expel your voice from what they consider their boat?
I grew up in my mother's white family. I felt my difference everyday.
If I say I am an Indian part, what do I do with the white? And what do I do with the hollowness where the Cherokee language should have been?
I can say I remember the sound of something like wind coming out from both sides of the tongue (thlu). I remember the way my father said double ll's (such as million). The way the word flapped in his mouth.
I remember something like, go whay la or doh dah gah ho.

But the sound of language in my ear is English. What I have from the Cherokee is the possibilities of meaning. The arrangements of thought.
I know instead of separate words, there are clumps of words that connect in different ways. I know Cherokee words are spoken differently on different occasions. And the spelling of words is up to the one who is spelling.

3. Locations

As if Columbus arriving to America.
There were inhabitants on the land but they could be unthorned.

The pilgrims could establish their own centeredness they could claim as theirs what is already inhabited as though it hadn't.

They came with their cavalry maneuvers of language. They dislodged the lodgepoles of Indian languages. They dismantled meanings from a continent.

It was their disruption of languages.
It is to be Indian. To be dewinged. As if deplaned. Just when you think you're going somewhere.
To be Indian is to know the loss of language. It is a longing for that moveability. For the words stranded from their strandedness. (Stranded as in yarn. Not stood by itself until someone comes.)
To lose words that serve as a functional. To be delanguaged is a reciprocity. It has ramifications.
If English itself is a stretchy language, as I have heard, imagine what it would have been with the otherness of the languages it met. Without the interfuss of them. Which is their absence.
Without them, the doors of connections to other possibilities are tightly shut. s-da-ya da-s-du-ha di-s-du?-di; which is said by saying, closely closed closers.
The placement of English on the continent was a four-pronged cal-trop. No matter how it was placed on the ground, one prong always stuck up. To prevent the walking of cattle or horses.
Those who came brought their pronged instruments to stick in the hoof or in the mouth.
Putting the languages into the English Melting Pot. I was through school before they took out of the pot. What clumped that wasn't stirred because it was the continent's bedrock.
To know there would not be an idea that would hold tow rope. And I am now in a field-pond with an insect of voices.
Language is the consciousness of the one who speaks it.
As though America were the place Columbus came. The pilgrims and emigrants and settlers following. With their reformation and terminates.
I could put English into the Indian melting pot. Make my attack on syntax. Spell in my own way. Use misappropriate words. Invent the theory of fluxativity.

4.

In a Field of Indian Languages:
Doors inside a Corridor
the Corridor inside an Entry Way
the Entry Way inside a Room
the Room inside a Museum

At the Weisman Art Museum, University of Minnesota, I saw a Mixed

It was an actual apartment entry hall which had been taken out of its place and displaced in the museum. Inside the entry hall, there was an adjacent corridor with six doors, three on each side. As you walked into the hallway and stood at the doors, you could hear the sounds behind them. A television. A barking dog. A woman crying. A conversation. Silence. No one home?

As I stood at the last door, I thought I heard something barely brush the door on the other side. I couldn’t be sure, but I was momentarily alarmed. What if the door suddenly opened? Was this mixed media construction a confrontation with some revelation of the self? I questioned what I was doing. I wanted to leave. What if I were caught listening? I was aware I was eavesdropping, even though the rooms weren’t actually on the other side of the doors. Even though I had to eavesdrop before I could hear, which was part of the construction.

It threw the real upon me. I had consciousness of myself and the act I was committing. Even though it was only a construct of mostly what was imagined. The hearer filled in the missing part, made a connection to what wasn’t.


Sometimes I am doing something in my house and some-place else comes to mind and superimposes itself over what I’m doing though it seems to have no apparent relationship. As though it was the reality going on and what I was actually doing was trapped in the memory of a place I had been years ago.

Something like that is what an Indian (Cherokee) language is.

5. to-tsu’hwa the Cardinal

As though I stand at the old language and listen.
Tsi’s-quu u-ga’-no-wv da-yu’-ni-lo:-sv a-ni-no-hi-lo:-ga Birds south from coming on their way are flying.

You think the bits of paper she brings from the bakery would hold water, the nest like a half globe in the branch.
Is she building a bowl in which her eggs will float?
Does she think the earth will open?
And a flood will carry off her language unless she teaches them?

6. Over Who Will Reign Chief of Words

Indian languages (in general) speak in another.
A poetrix of language.
They are gathered, beloved.
The pilgrim fathers. The reserves. They came to worship. They didn’t know how close.

I-tse Ka-no-ge:-dv Da-fo-hi-s-tv New Pronouncements as He Went About. That’s the way to say the New Testament in Cherokee. The spainess. The adaptability ongoing. More than making it up as you go.

There is a written language that was invented on this continent. A little burst of something unnoticed. An alphabet which is a syllabary, which is a letter for each syllable, because Cherokee syllables end in vowels. di-tla-no-he?-di-(i) (the telephone). But it is a whole language written here and now, rather than over centuries and continents, like English.

I have a visage of that burst. That blast. That vent. I’m going to town now. I can separate one letter from another. Or parts of words from the others. So that in con(found)ing there is a found separate from the cun and the ing at the start and finish of the word. It is the Cherokee influence of knowing how many things can mean. When one is confused, there is always an understanding of something imbedded within it. Even if it is not always the understanding of what you wanted to understand.

It’s what it’s like to write words I can’t speak. I have to say them in something other than they are. Because directly is not a route.

As if I said there is a God because there is language.
But that language was crucified.

After the cavalry of calvary, the Cherokee language was put on the cross and nailed and tombed away and the next day, rehold. The tone was moved away. The whole grass mowed and the new day rumbled, it is risen.

It is gone for me, as far away as if in heaven, but its life is in the thoughts behind my words.


I wrote “A Fieldbook of Textual Migrations” because I’m always fiddling with language. Trying to decipher it as a confluence. Trying to make a bridge from the English I speak now to the Cherokee language my ancestors spoke. The
old language is a ghost. It is always in my peripheral vision. Though I don’t know it, I hear it in places where it isn’t—for instance, when it reverberates off an installation at the Weisman Art Museum which became a section in the essay. I never know when it is going to show up. I also wanted a fieldbook or explanation for the experimental components of my writing. This is what resulted—a treatise that walks between the ways of two languages.

Nada Gordon
ABSENCE

Unwashed
Bambi comes with
HOSOI shorn ears
to the fisheye room

SAKANA

Mottled apples snug
in barrels

IRONING BÔDO—their rosiness

all-knowing looks. FUSHIGI
sound of something falling

DOMBURIKO DOMBURIKO
downstairs. White ape.

The Wurlitzer starts up like
a flimsy mushroom [CHONMAGE]

and the metal walls are
washed over
in green light

ARA
Meanings of Japanese words:

HOSOI  thin
SAKANA  fish
IRONING BODO ironing board
FUSHIGI  mysterious, odd, strange
DONBURUKO the sound of a giant peach floating downstream
CHONMAGE  a samurai hairdo
ARA  an exclamation, a rather amazed "my goodness!" or "oh!"

This poem came out in the interval between sleep and waking, a flow of almost illegible crossing lines in my bedside notebook. Sometimes I’m not quite sure which language I dreamed in, probably a combination to match my daily life in which I struggle to output English, and get others to do the same, while Japanese is, naturally, everywhere. Absence takes place in the twilight zone between the two languages, here an eerily-lit metal fisheye room filled with organ music and bumping sounds. The ascetic fauna in the beginning might indicate what it feels like to be inside that room (while the perfectly comfortable apples, who belong there, smile smugly)—not just vulnerable, but amazed, too.

Georgi Gospodinov
RADIO-POEM

1. Scheme
Proving that the Invention of the Radio is an Etymological Act

Radio, -are: to radiate light, beam shine. (Oxford Latin Dictionary)
An Eastern Post-War Radio

3. Radio Dio
or God on Short Waves /SW/

To everyone! Wherever you are! Wherever you are!
He that hath an ear and a radio let him hear.

From now on I am your radio-station
(your last station) I am
your speaker I am
your D.J.
Thou shalt have no other stations
before me no way
from today
we’ll be together 24 hours a day
24 hours radiation
24 hours radio
24 hours radium
24 hours in radius
your Mip
no way to turn off
I am on all waves
I am the wave
Don’t wait for the other J. Day
hear before you sink
To everyone! Wherever you are! Wherever you are!
Save your souls!

4. Space Radio

Mercury  Mars  Uranus
Venus  Jupiter  Neptune
Earth  Saturn  Pluto

5. Radical Radio

silence  silence
silence  silence
silence  silence

Radio-poem is an attempt for a ready-made poetry.

This is an old radio-set, a big wooden box with a scale. The names of the famous European cities were written there. Small lamps of the scale illuminated a whole world I would never see, that’s what I thought. But if I only switch the thing on this world was coming into my room—live and full of noise. The radio-scale was my Europe with all its cities.

This is the sentimental impulse of my poem.

The other, so to say political, impulse appeared when I grew up and realized that by the chance of birth I was meant to dwell in the eastern part of Europe. And its bigger part turned out to be closed for me. Even on the radio-scale. There were forbidden cities and stations, stations jammed on purpose. That is how it came to me to construct a model of a political radio.

Of course, the poem is not limited in a narrow political context. I tried to see the working of the radio through the etymology, through its name. And the connection appeared to be quite strong. The radio has kept in its name radiating energy. At the end of this century it has turned into a total media-god, “God on Short Waves.” Who knows, maybe we are only an insignificant station on His scale. The second part of my text concentrates on that. And the “Radical Radio” at the end is the absurd radio, the non-radio.
To prefer
the metaphoric ryche wede embedded, "embordered"

with
the (a)vocation f and of silence, in the conditions for birds &
the Nightinggales'

"Never so genial a spring" To "walk out"

angles for kinds of (8 hour) life on the square from which it is a relief

la Regala & tern (mal language the eye opens & limits, the limit is of the "not yet"

under the table/clear the glass "under the table

Container industry, propositions Unhandled, the naturalized embedded

on paper "Never made a bargain but lost half"

Contracts the domestic breath "We sell our ass"

the captive arm, moves it, the eye itself "in between times"

erases already Memory of the last

mole, which digs a home, for the opportunistically

positioned, like the little voll, Vowel

the buried mouth below eye full learns ownership

enclosure where "American poetry doesn't exist"

on paper & err track

what's aucht

of pre-positions

No library, unplotted all unfamiliar

"the line of work" out of the box

pencilled the a, "Here I

have arrived at Cathay", the egg of Columbus

and the pore and purpose debarred, Poverty

The friend, who took dicht ation Of "lost . . . fascinations"

(del) deserted. The Analytical

Dictionary of the English Language "Sorrow- Sorrow- Why

Am I here?"

crouded with the interlunar pericall mittunt

Intransi t Sortes, of the obvious dangers,

they advance, their flocks and painted birds

dispatched of a thousand claims "Am I a better friend

in consequence?" I use the Latin my Tutor Having say,

my advice

unsakeless "fitly circumstanced"

and cut, "I am bald" she observed who could not

put "myself forward."
Defacto the shift
reed and the knife, for the nth time the n in Vinci
and degree drwn
one letter (the surface) was drawn in, the contested decent
and overstocked rule oversticked the masters’ degrees
by the wreck the wreck proved up
“The mighty measure” at arms length I know not adjournal “I once knew
Palas S. went to Minerva Library Mary walked the adverse leaf’s
paper’s &

turned upside down Write part of “S Romance

at right angles “I might unfold my growth in the air” borrowed
unqualified err It is not love but... I recant

which lines Hemm Garments, Receive this lock as erst to Pindar eyes
and “the bottomless boat” a foot with gamiture
Rhetoric scans in maries and in myres
Underlines, the lexicographers’ cant

act, able, dare, ant, ebb, equal; if, ice, hot, over; oil; book; ooze; out; up, urge;
\( a = a \) as in alone; chief

recount
Proof

Excerpted pages represent my endeavor to understand the terms of writing and recanting lines written within the authority of the rules and ruled of poetry. I use as a starting visual procedure and pivot position the barest formal requirement of a sonnet, 14 lines, adding marginalia, riddle, journal, commonplace, notes and copybook text as sub-genres. The primary source text of the poem is The Journals of Mary Shelley which is, as one of its enigmatic cover pages indicates ‘‘not’’ Shelley and Mary’s journal book. “I chose this primary source text, a partial collaboration, critique and measure of Percy Bysshe and Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley’s lives and works, because I wanted to explore ideas of ownership, identity, lost and failed languages and competencies, artifice, and the conditions of poetry. Works also referenced in this poem include Elizabeth Barrett Browning’s Sonnets From the Portuguese, William Carlos Williams’ Paterson, and Maria Damon’s “Independent Embroidery: Theorizing Improvising Text/ile Collaborations” previously published in Chain 4.
Kimiko Hahn
MOTHER’S MOTHER

there is no mother tongue
—Elaine Showalter

She draws the shade down halfway
so the sunlight does not blind against the pages
and she reads the story: mukashi mukashi arahi
which is the way every story begins
whether about a boy riding a tortoise beneath the sea
or a girl born from a bamboo stalk.
Her daughter does not speak Japanese
though she can write her name in the kana
that resembles tv antennae

and she knows not everyone speaks the same language:
see you, ciao, adios, sayonara. She knows
her mother knows more than one way to say things
and Japanese, which is also how she looks
is the language her mother was taught,
like the island of Japan,
almost as far from this little house on the island of Maui.

The chickens are so loud grandma.
Unsai ne
So dusty.
Kitanai
So—

She wants to learn every word her grandma knows.
She wants to be like her grandma
who she sees her mother loves and does not want to leave.
She wants to stay with her grandma also

and knows from her mother’s shoulders they will not see her again.

If there is no mother tongue for women
there is for immigrant children
who play on the black volcanic beaches,
on the sharp coral reefs, in the salty rain, the plantation houses,
the fields of burning cane, the birds-of-paradise.
Who see the shark fins in the sunlight
and linger on the blanket.

There is a mother’s tongue and it is conveyed
by this mother to her daughters
who will carry the words at least in song
and when mother dies there is no one
unless there is an aunt or cousin
to correct the tense or word choice
with such affection and cause.

あの—

The same cause found in domestic arts and survival.
When the mother dies the daughter
or the daughter-in-law, or even the son,
becomes that figure in part
and the words the older woman knew
are the words this person will parent
despite lineage and its repressive roots.
Its often awful branches.
The root words and radicals the daughter memorizes.

し 水

So when I toss my hair from my eyes I feel
its mother tossing her head and when I cough
it is her cough I hear.
And when I tell my child to say mama
it may be that I am speaking to myself
as much as I am speaking to the small mouth
a few inches from my face.
Jane Hammond

99" x 120"; oil and mixed media on canvas and wood.

Midwife to Gargoyles, 1996.
74" x 98"; oil and mixed media on canvas
John Havelda
POEMS

(9) 9
não senhor: eu nunca pretendi ser avant garde: avant gordo está bem: after apollinaire: what is that yapping hound trying to get at?: significant garbage?: o triângulo está todo partido: todo: it has taken on another meaning thats all: another purpose: no need to be fright-ened of it: it wont hurt you: the nearest multibanco is neighbours with the nearest multióptica: and you call that coincidência?: the nearest saltimbanco?: now him you can get to on foot: a guarda republicana?: esses chulos: multaram o rapaz só para pagar o almoço deles: I really look much more like a body builder now: you should lose some weight: I liked you more then: now that youre married is it different the same or something else altogether?: all of the above: and as the waitress said to the one year old in her arms: you want to sit down at the bar honey and have yosself a little drink?: you want to watch tv?: television?: tv?

(10) 10
eu vi mal: não recebi um tostão: science fictional and medieval erotic postures: call me literature: if you must: desculpe não percebi desculpe: ai a minha vida: csirke szar not császár körte: már nem mai mai nap: we all think tolerance a virtue but who has seen a czechoslovakian condom?: é assim: this is the shake out year and that worries me: it is too spread ite: and she does feel this year she does: dwindling into chit chat tal tal: some people can some people cant: is this another bout of contractions?: pallid and famished I spy you with my little eye: will you all throw me out of this room?: treat it as an exercise in patience: and be glad of it: não se perde nada even if it doesn't serve for any coisa: always vale a pena: good for the saúde: ignorance is everywhere at all levels in all fields: like god: how they like to talk: everyone is constantemente frustada: uma falta de interesse: im too prosaic too too prosaic: you look like an aluna with that in your mouth: entretanto só queria dizer

Wonderful You II, 1996
82 1/4" x 86 1/4"; oil and mixed media on canvas

In 1987 I assembled a lexicon of found pieces of information—276 to be exact—which were drawn from a variety of sources. I think of my paintings as fictions which are woven from these "facts."
I began the (,) poems after reading Osip Mandelstam translated by Clarence Brown and W.S. Merwin. "(,) 1" includes the phrase "improvise songs from the cackle of the day"—a variation on the lines in the translation "improvise songs/out of the troubles of the day." That phrase is the germ of these poems. Basically, they are collages of fragments of language noted over the course of twenty-four hours. Some are invented, most overheard or overread and tinkered with. They are, for me, pieces to be performed, and are structured musically rather than logically; thus, the colons function like bar lines in music.

Michael Helsem
ANANASA KAREO

thlIngan Sut vltuQbe’ ‘ach muDellaw’ pongvam
je toddaga dagtun larlumak
nestoj de cikonioj sur la minarettoj.

jaghoqvetrh chargHa’pu’chugh wo’wlj,
lura damia galseta motseri me wanik
senrada progreso

je puqney mlp. mas Dtl“a”
kane ke dami qatak seldoniqua
sxtono nomata Izolo.

(i do not wear Klingon clothing, but this name apparently describes me / as the early sun clear-illuminates / stork’s nests on the minarets. // If my empire-thing unconquered that so-called enemy, / all our parades would become / wheelless progress // & rich children all over the place. The great Federation prefers / however, that we enjoy the selfgiven / stone called Solitude.)

This is a Macaronic, in alternating Klingon, Vorlin, and Esperanto lines. Macarones were mostly confined to the Middle Ages, though we find writers as far back as Petronius and Catullus mixing languages for shock value. I had been writing exclusively in Esperanto during the Dog Days for several years now, and having composed in Vorlin to some extent but finding the minuscule vocabulary of Klingon (invented for a Star Trek movie, in fact, and never even intended for actual discourse, though its use has been taken up by a number of dedicated enthusiasts, even to the extent of translating Hamlet and—in progress—the Bible) insufficient for more than rudimentary self-expression, I hit upon the idea of doing a Macaronic in three of my artificial languages.

Vorlin is designed to synthesize aesthetic and utilitarian values. It is very much a one-man language, created by Rick Harrison (of Tampa, Florida), and has hardly been used by anyone else, maybe two or three others in prose and myself in ver libre. Its premises are humanitarian and nationalistic. We all
know Esperanto, though I should add that I am wont to violate one of its basic canons, clarity and simplicity, almost invariably, in search of more magical-musical-mysterious expression. The relation of Volin to Esperanto is slightly competitive, but good naturally (Harrison frequently writes whole articles in his zine, in Esperanto); while the latter probably does not even recognize the former’s existence. Klingon posits an imaginary warrior culture whose Nietzschean morality I at the time construed as a psychological projection of the values of one neojungian-personality-type, the Introverted Intuitive (i.e. yours truly). I named it “scorpion,” after its resemblance to the astrological sign.

In this poem I did not try to make three voices emulate the nature of the three languages as such, but imagined a single speaker being fed triply into simultaneous-translators. (The title “Pineapple Curry”) Line one is a paraphrase of something I wrote to the publisher of a Klingon zine, explaining why I was not a Klingon in the formal sense of sci-fi conventions and subculture membership. The rest of the stanza invokes an equally imaginary Constantinople as where the poem takes place. The fourth line is a tongue-twister even for Klingons, expressing a raising of the emotional stakes. ‘My empire-thing’ refers to poetry; ‘un-conquer’ is a very mindbending paradox to a Klingon, as the following ‘SO-CALLED enemy’ amounts almost to fighting words—though with an obscure referent. Kolcray’s great poem on the foolishness of E-o chauvinism is implicated by the next two lines. To praise the enemy ‘Federation’ with the seventh line would certainly cause Klingon readers to cast the text down in disgust. The irony is that I am praising it (i.e. the state of things in the real world) for keeping my poetry from becoming known by anyone else.

One presumes a speech to this effect in the Galactic UN (or its equivalent, requiring simultaneous translation) can only emanate from a terrorist of Dadaist propensities.

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Jen Hofer

VEHICULAR PROFILE • PERFIL VEHICULAR

1

en sentido contrario and dimensional, three corners or three hours. swallows make the headache brilliant, red paint where white paint should prevail: pequeño, apology, agua. clear or pure. a face is a minute expression, an unrecognizable fluster soon gone, soon slept, swept, borrada.

traffic crowds people away from each other, heat and standing impotent water. regálate, or regale me, Inlaid with bone and gasoline, lychee and spines. a nut is a fleshless fruit and quiet. as quiet as ambulances passing over, shimmering, the niños that pave the wind-torn street.

2

i recognize your smile and your marvelous, the color is blind, of this morning, wordlessly noisy. fresh paint, fresh fumes, held, held against, and sworn.
the city a square portrait of its former self, wings clipped and modernized, windows anteojos shaken ante todo and bright enough to deafen. under pressure, water is the most rigid flower, ante lo anterior the most sold daisy, no hay un después the most ravenous feast. the city ricochets: devour, después de, savor, nada, salivate, drought.

In Spanish en sentido contrario: backwards or the wrong way (as on a street: vehicles and their limits, pushed, as pervading any Mexico City experience) translated literally as one never should but often might for the twinge of pleasure or some small erroneous connotative thrill, in a contrary (or opposite) sense or in a contrary (or opposite) meaning, contrary: obstinate: the salient synapse or snap gapped, language shot through at all times by loss and dulled edges, a shearing away with perhaps a little grasp, a little desperate: a vocabulary of apology and error, one’s own mouth become foreign, mistaken, (as in sex) joy and embarrassment entwined, garbled, the same mouth not the same.

I arrive in Mexico City to initiate work on an anthology of contemporary avant-garde poetry by Mexican women. I visit a workshop led by Verónica Véliz at the Casa del Poeta. She asks us to write a Cubist self-portrait. The city, all collision—gorgeous dissonances, noisy erasures, dizzying altitude, dizzying air “quality,” dizzying violations small and large—vertiginous and delicious, is a proliferating, uncompromising compromised language. You cannot learn it. You cannot but learn it.
gangs gather on the fore-shore, rhizomic, unsettled in their shapings: stars and magnets, rhizome, jags,

factory to theatre:

twists and rhizomorphs, in the luted river with convo-

nosis, the desireunction as a— as body without organs this inflicting

the "corpus morbidum" miraculu-
ging as intensities

the "we—us" learn heavily, but
glish and as looking over the shoulder

allow as alley, a

celici
tate
machinenae

Trojan

Oedipus, made from large trees. the trees falling in the southern forests are named

edge, the waste of the
diagnosis, the production

this body was

as if it had the large memo-

lating as intentions unshelved th

and the "we—us" lean heavily on upright and as last move around allow

codes, having no-naming knowl-

OudinniD,Ml.r.

w

...
"D & G" was composed over a six month period via fax. But the reaction
times were short, often overnight. Both Urs and I have heavily engaged with
the texts of Deleuze and Guattari and found in them much scope for
reterritorialization, appropriation, and "communication." The fax as rhizomatic
structure also interested us, and it is as much part of the text as the
"original" or primary texts. And as with the transference of script into unseen
electronic languages so to the transcreation of texts from one language into
another. Urs is a Swiss German speaker living in Berlin while I am an
English speaker who at the time of composition was living in Australia, though
the final texts of the work (which consists of seven lots of seven pages by each)
were completed while I was in Cambridge, England. What was especially
interesting was the effect different "fax environments" had on composition. I
was moving from place to place within Australia and having to make do with
whatever fax I could get my hands on. Quality varied greatly. Sometimes texts
would come through from Urs broken up in ways I assumed to be the result of
faulty transmission—I'd react accordingly only to find it was a conscious ploy
on his part. The use of text, graphics, and iconic imaging; the question of the
field of the page, the frame, the type of paper feed used by the fax were inte-
grated into our constructions. Not a hybrid, but a kind of reverse hybridising of
theoretical text by poetry. A poetics. A hypermodernist construct. The core lan-
guages were and are corrupted in themselves. What is English is only English
because we expect it to be, what is German is ... The dynamic equivalent is
the fax machine. The theme is meta-dialogue. Ur-text. A radical eclogue. A
garden of fonts.

Myung Mi Kim
from ARCANAN

The transition from the stability and absoluteness of the world’s contents
to their dissolution into motions and relations

P: Of what use are the senses to us—tell me that

E: To indicate, to make known, to testify in part

Burning eye seen
Of that
One eye seen

bo-bo-bo k-k-k

Jack in the pulpit petaling

To a body of infinite size there can be ascribed neither center nor boundary

say . siphon

진지 잡수 섞여요?

Sign scarcity, the greeting—have you eaten today?

Signal of peonies singing given to bullfrogs
Give ear to the quarrels of the marketplace
When the wheel (A) was turned, the gate (B) was raised, thus allowing water to flow from (C) to (D), giving clearance for the ship to pass beneath

lever . girt

Host and parasite

Implicated armed band

Where would one live

A custom wrapping the head in willow branches

Of the various procedures circulating in ARCANNA, I find myself particularly drawn to what could provisionally be called "conflations" of Korean and English text. I set in concurrent motion a text in Korean and a text in English—these texts are read, "translated," simultaneously. It is not the actual translation or even the state of translatability between the two texts that intrigues me but the possibilities for transcribing what occurs in the grafting between the two languages (and by extension, between the two "nations," their mutually implicated histories of colonizations, socio-political conflicts, and so on). What prompts my interest here is the recombinant energy created between languages (geographies, geopolitical economies, cultural representations)—experiments in cadences, inflections, and registers in the service of rendering experience.

Stephanie Hyunjung Kim
from A LETTER TO MY PARENTS

엄마도 우리 딱바라지 하시며
하시며 가게 끝까지, 미국에
母婴 힘드셨지요? 정신없게
나는, 항상 엄마 아바한테

어머님이나 잘살아

실리 이미 잘살아
The upper text is written in Korean. The lower text is written in English; the letter forms have been spun 360° in order to defamiliarize the type, reflecting my parents’ perception of me.

Michael Lano and Robert Viking O’Brien
THE BEGINNING OF THE NUKAPU PEOPLE

As told in Solomon Islands Pijin by Michael Lano of Luepe Village on Nende in the eastern Solomon Islands;
retold in English by Robert Viking O’Brien


Go tufala kam bak long shoa. Husban blong hem, bonem fis ia. Ting ting blong hem, sei “Blong iu ia?”

Hem sei “Nomoa, iu kai kaim. Hem blong mi, mi kai kaim finis.”


Hem kilim plante nao. Tufala

Long ago, giant people lived on the tiny island of Nukapu. One day, two of these people, a man and his pregnant wife, went fishing. When the man hooked a fish and threw it into the canoe, his wife grabbed the fish and ate it alive. When he caught a second fish, his wife put that one aside, knowing her husband would want to take it back to shore and cook it. As far as she was concerned, he could have cooked fish. She preferred her raw.

The couple returned to shore. The man gutted the fish, stuck it on a stick, and roasted it over a fire. He thought of the child in his wife’s belly and said “Here, you eat this one.”

“No, you eat it. I already ate mine,” she replied.

So the man ate the fish while his wife watched.

The couple slept and at dawn went fishing again. When the man caught his first fish, his wife ate it alive, but when he caught another, she put that one aside. They caught many fish this day, and always the wife ate one and stored the next.

When they returned to shore,

"Sei. Tufala, iutufala rei fo nati ia. Iutufala liki fo go long wea?"
"Mitufala go long Rifi."

Sei "Oh, waswe, iutufala letem kam mi tu . . . mi go witim iutufala? Bae bae mi balem aot kanu nomoa."

Hem sei "Oh, hem gud. Bikos mitufala no eniwan bae balem aot kanu. Iu laekim, go aot."


Den tufala go. Go go go, boi ia sei "O. Mi go witim ol man long ples blong mi. Atingit tufala ia devil ia."


Boi hem save nai. "Ie, bae bae mi laef ia bikos mi tiangi ol man long ples blong mi, bat devil nai mi go witim ia bikos singi blong east saw two old men in a sailing canoe. These were Reef Islanders, men of ordinary size, who were travelling to Neo island, where they hoped to buy some of the nuts that trees there produce so plentifully. Daiwea and Metambo flew to these men and possessed their bodies.

In the bodies of the old men, they sailed to Neo, where they were greeted by a villager. They told him they wanted to buy enough nuts to fill their canoe.

"You sure are buying a lot of nuts," the young man said. "Where are you taking them all?"

"To the Reef Islands," Daiwea said.

The young man looked at the sailing canoe. "I've never been to the Reefs. Would you let me come? I could bail for you."

"It's true we don't have anyone to bail. If you want to come, you come."

The young man arranged for baskets of nuts to be brought from nearby villages. When the canoe was full, he helped launch it, and the three of them headed for open ocean. Daiwea held the steering paddle, Metambo watched the sail, and the young man sat among the baskets of nuts in the bottom of the canoe, bailing with a coconut shell.

When they were far out at sea, Daiwea and Metambo began to sing. Their singing did not sound like the singing of men.

"These old Reef Islanders sing like devils," the young man thought.
olketa . . .” Hemi luksave long singi.
Tufala go go go, kasem Nukapu.
Taem kasem Nukapu nai sei “Eo, iitufala go tekem kokonat. Iumi
laekim drinkem kokonat. Mekem
kol nai, iitufala go.”
Tufala go. Metambo hem klaem.
Hem klaem nai tufala folowem
kam, finis dea, tufala tekem kam long
te puke.
Sei “le, hem nai kokonat blong
iumi, waswe?” hem askim. “Samfala
stap iet, o finis nai?”
Hem sei, “O, nomoa. Samfala
stap iet.”
Hem sei “Iu, iu nai bae bae iu
go tekem.”
Bat taem hem go ia, wanfala
diskaen, mifel kalem nomini, hem
nai Daiwe go long ples ia hem
plandem dea. Bat kokonat taem
hem tekem, hem sei “O, samfala
ekononat hem stap ia, iu nai bae bae
tekem; iumitufala Metambo bae bae
stap.”
Taem boi ia hem go tekem
kononat ia, tufala pulem kanu, go
aot. Hem lusim tufala ia. E wanfala
boi long Neo, hem lusim nai hem.
. . . Boi ia kam bai nai, luk nai, te
puke aotsaed nai. Tufela seling go
long si nai.
Boi ia luk nai, nomoa nai, hem
kri nai. “Wanem nai bae bae ni
duim long hia, bikos nomoa pipol
long hia, nomoa haos long hia tu?”
Boi ia hem sidaoon, kri. Go hem
dak nai. Taem hem kri ia, go go
hem dak nai, hem sidaon.
Disfala nomini hem tok long hem
nai, hem sei “E, iu no cri. Iu likim
He listened as he bailed and soon
felt sure that his companions were
not men.” What’s going to happen
to me now?” he wondered.
He bailed until it was close to
sunset, when he felt the canoe’s sail
slacken. They had reached a tiny
island. To the young man, it looked
like nothing more than brush and
coconut trees. He had never heard
of Nukapu, which is too small to
be seen by people on other islands.
“We’re stopping to drink coconuts,”
Daiwea said. “You wait here.”
The young man watched
Daiwea and Metambo climb out of
the canoe. Daiwea held a bundle
wrapped in tapa cloth and carried
this parcel into the bush while
Metambo climbed a coconut tree.
Daiwea returned to the beach with-
out the bundle. He joined Metambo
beneath a coconut tree, and the two
of them drank the coconuts
Metambo had gathered. When they
finished, they returned to the ca-
 noe without any coconuts for the
young man. He was thirsty after a
day spent bailing in the sun and
asked if any coconuts were left
“Some,” Metambo said. “If you
want them, you get them.”
The young man climbed the
nearest coconut tree. When he
reached the top, he saw that Daiwea
and Metambo had launched the
canoe. He shouted, but they sailed
on, toward the volcano in the south-
w est.
“What will I do now? There are
no people here. There are no houses
kai kai, kai kai long hia.” Hem tok
tok.
An man ia hem luk luk. “Ei
nomoa. Nomoa man long hia, bat
hu nai hem toki i?”
Hem luk luk luk. Nomini hem
seki bo di asem.
Hem sei “Stiki nomoa hem seki
asem ia, bat man nai hem tok kam
mi no lukim.” Hem sidaoon kri.
Hem tok long . . .
Hem kri ia, hem sei “E, iu
laekim slipi, iu kam long haos. Kai
kai bong iu insaedi hia.”
Man hem luk. “Hu nao hem
toki?” Hem sekim. Hem luk nai
haos dea. Man ia klaem ap, go
insaedi. Kai kai insaedi, redi nai, kai
kai kuk finis. Go insaedi, hem kai
ekai. Hem sidaoon. Bat devi i nai
kipim. Laki bong hem nomini hem
plandem ia bikos hem nai ia. Laki
blong hem nai kipim bikos hie
wande . . .
Boi hem slip long naet nai, man
ia hem slip. Boi ia hem slip nai.
Giant ia hem kam nai. Hem
smelom nai. “E, samfala man kam
long hia, long eh long hia ples ji
nai nomoa man long hia, bat hu
nai hem kam long hia?”
Lukaetem nai. Hem go ap nai,
wande kai kaim moa.
Disfala nomini hem sei, hem
mekem fraet moa devil ia, giant
hem kam. Hem sekim bodi blong
hem. Hem sekim asem hem tok
go nai. Giant hem fraet hem go bak
moa. Bat boi ia hem slip nomoa,
bati kiai nai bae hem tok, nomini
ia. Hem go bak, hem sidaoon, go
either.” He climbed down and sat
in the sand. He cried until sunset.
He was sitting in the moonlight
when he heard a voice: “Don’t cry
young man. You want food? There’s
food here.”
“What’s this? There are no
people here, but someone’s talking
to me.” He looked around. In the
bush, he saw a tree shake its
branches.
“I see a shaking tree, but I don’t
see any people.” He sat down and
cried. “I’m tired and hungry.”
The voice spoke again: “Don’t
cry. If you want to sleep, come to
my house. There’s food for you
there.”
“Who’s talking?” the young man
shouted.
The tree shook its branches, and
the young man saw a small leaf
house at the base of its trunk. He
crawled through the entrance.
Inside, a fire burned, a bow and ar-
rows hung from the ceiling, and on
the floor, on coconut-frond mats,
were bowls of taro pudding and
steaming parcels of pork and fish.
The young man ate until he was full,
then curled up on the mats and slept.
The spirits of the volcano were
responsible for all of this. The
bundle that Daiwea took into the
bush was the seedling of a magic
tree, which had grown to its full
height and now provided the house
and food for the young man.
On the other side of the island,
the giant woman awoke and sniffed
the air. “There’s a man here. It’s no
go go “Ei, man ia mi wande kai kaim tumas ia bat taem mi go mi tingi hem slip bat hem luk luk luk.”


Hemi wande kilum tumas. Taem one from this island, that's for sure. Who could it be?

She went looking. In the years she had slept alone on the island, her hunger had died, but by the time she discovered the leaf house beneath the tree, it had returned. She saw the young man sleeping inside, and her stomach tightened. She crept forward.

Suddenly, the tree shook and swept its branches across the ground. The giant ran away. “I’m so hungry,” she thought as she ran. “That man was asleep too. It would have been easy to kill and eat him.”

She crouched in the bushes for a long time, then crept back to the house. When she was close enough to see the young man, the tree shook and swept its branches across the ground. Once more, she ran away and waited in the bushes.

When it was almost daylight, she tried again. But the tree shook, and she ran back to the other side of the island, where she crawled to a place in the bush and fell asleep.

The young man woke and took the bow and arrows down from the ceiling. He spent the day shooting reef fish. At sunset, he took the fish back to the house and cooked them. When he finished eating, he lay down on the mats and slept.

Once again, the giant arose and crept to the young man's house, but, once again, the tree frightened her away. Her hunger was painful now. She tried twice more that night with the same result. Before day-

go ia no kasem haos blong hem. Long samting sea nomoa, ples buse lelebet ia. Den taem ia, hem wande usim tumas, go insaed, le daon, le long samting ia, slipi long bus ia. Hem slip nai.


Bat devil long Tinakula, Daiwa se, hem stapem, bikos hem Kate fo we ea blong hem. Holem go, pulem kam, wande letem go. No.


When the young man went out that morning, he noticed her footprints. “These are strange prints,” he thought. “I want to see this creature.”

He took his bow and arrows and followed the tracks to the other side of the island, where they disappeared on stony ground. He was about to go back, when he heard someone snoring.

He walked toward the sound and discovered the giant woman sleeping on the ground. He put an arrow in his bow and pulled back the string. He tried to release it, but couldn’t. The spirits of the volcano prevented him. He tried again, straining against the spirits’ power.

The sound of his efforts woke the giant. She jumped up and grabbed him around the waist, lifting him off the ground. He wriggled and kicked but could not get free. The giant held the young man, but she no longer felt hungry. A new desire had replaced the old one for human flesh. The young man felt it too.

They lay together on the ground, and when they were done, they went back to the house beneath the tree. They lived there, and soon the giant was pregnant. She gave birth, but did not eat the child. The spirits of the volcano had taken her hunger away. Other children followed, and soon Nukapu was full of people.

It is full today. The people there
are all descended from the young man and the giant woman. This is what they believe.

Michael Lano, the chief of Lwepe, a village on Nende in the Solomon Islands, told me this story about his mother's island of Nukapu. The night I recorded it, I came down with a severe case of malaria. Sometime between my hills, I managed to write the story in my journal, but I forgot that I had recorded it. I was surprised to hear it when I listened recently to the tapes I recorded in the Solomons. I feel lucky to be able to provide the story to Chain readers in Lano's original Solomon Islands Pijin. Anyone familiar with a Pacific pidgin should be able to understand Lano's version; those familiar with Melanesian pidgins like Tok Pisin or Bislama should be able to read it easily. (Robert Viking O'Brien)
Section Three: Finale

DIVISION 1: The symbols are the same as the 'sharp' movements based on real-life gestures (for 12-30 Choral) and the basic abstract movement series (for 25-39 Choral). This division involves only performer 3 who moves in a twist in which the syllables are quite distant from one another resulting in a very slow movement series. The abstract movements should be performed as cleanly as possible staying as clearly within the rhythmic pattern, and the sharp movements should contrast by the recognizable meaning based on motion being exaggerated.

DIVISION 2: The same movements as Division 1, although performers 3 and 4 have joined and the movements are performed twice as fast.

DIVISION 3: The same movements as Division 1 and 2, although performers 3 and 5 have joined the others and are performing the 'sharp' movements in a very stylized and rhythmic way. Performer 4 performs the movements now twice as quickly as 2 and 4.

DIVISION 4: The performers 2, 3, and 4 begin to perform a new movement series that is basically a simplified version of the first, 1 and 3 stay doing the stylized 'sharp' movements below in a description of the simplified movement series.

Hands move in a circular motion in front of the face, making the eyes and with fingers apart.

The right foot is stamped.

Elbows moved to positions on the left side of the face with palms facing down.

Head turned to right. Left hand in front of the face, fingers apart. Head and hand turned together back to the front.

DIVISION 5: Performer 2 and 4 begin to perform a more complicated movement series in which the real-life sharp movements are integrated in a highly stylized form. The movements of 2 and 4 are symmetrical: Three handshapes by 2 are handled before and these end by four hands simply reflecting the same movements. At the same time the performer 3 stays performing the movement series introduced in Division 4.

Hands moved in front of the eyes with fingers apart and palms facing the audience.

Hands moved outwards, fingers coming together and palms facing the audience.

Shoulders are shrugged and performer hands on toes. Fingers are together, and palms face the audience.

Head, shoulders and arm are relaxed.

The left elbow pushes to the side, palm facing downwards and fingers together.

The left arm is moved into position with the palm facing the audience and the fingers together.

The right arm is moved into position with the palm facing the audience and the fingers together.

Right arm slips over at the elbow.

Both arms flip over at the elbow.

Right arm slips at the elbow and the hand moves downwards.
Zaum is a music-theater composition derived from radical language-based concepts introduced during the Russian Futurist era, a little understood period of artistic history close to the turn of the century. The title is taken from one of the primary theoretical innovations introduced during this movement: Zaummi Yazik (abbreviated zaum), meaning "trans-sense language." This is basically a form of poetic communication that redefined language itself, but not in terms of "meaning" in the translatable sense; poetry was extended to include non-referential sounds that could nevertheless be enjoyed by themselves, an attitude previously confined to music. In this rediscovery of the work of the Russian futurists the work of the three leading zaum poets has been integrated: Velimir Khlebnikov (1885-1922), Alexei Kruchenykh (1886-1969), and Vasily Kamensky (1884-1961). The purpose of this composition is to rediscover the theory of zaum language, and through this to dynamically present through performances an array of gradually transforming musical, theatrical, and visual elements; a collage of sound, movement, and action that can be interpreted on a number of different levels. A performance composition is created in which all theatrical and musical elements have the potential to be meaning-bearing vehicles in a type of music-language that is formed within the progress of musical and vocal sounds coming from a pre-recorded tape. Here the Russian futurist texts are used as the structural basis for the creation of this language, the ultimate aim being to present various levels of ambiguity that can provide other possibilities for signification in the theater.

Will Lavender
GLOSSOLALIA

it is like this: my son has died, escaped into the limbo of the dumb and blind, it is like this: through the language of metal and fire I have gone with him. like this: his ignorance is not why he died. he could not remember, oh lord. he could not remember the blood washing him off. he

it makes us think of crystals
and fire

do I have to grow up to see the door? (we sing of sacrifice)
do translations frame myths? (we must descend, yes)
and did bobby not descend? (our wounds are primitive)
did jesus not descend? (tell us through language)

tell us about the things you saw
tell us the things that made you believe

In Tennessee, the light of skin collapses into puddles. I am 21 and touch no one. My friends have all died and I have become anointed. I am 21 when I meet the family who is illiterate. Their daughter is Miriam. She is very small. She cannot read the Bible. (she is a fugue, the girl's skin) In the mounds of earth, Egypt exists. (existed, she is so small) In Tennessee, Egypt's loops are invented (dead examples) from her body.

have mercy on her soul

(it is a projectile)
HAK OLI RAK BE
BOBBY
SALIK KURAM FUR KURAM
(it is a song)
In Tennessee, her skin becomes light. Her pores open up and release fire, oh Lord!
KIRAK SIHK FUR RAJ
(it is a peel)
She told me there would be a son.
SILAK BARAD
Her eyes are made of fire!

tell us what you saw in the fire

SIHK HOT RAJ SIHK, ERO RAJ RAJ SIHK MUR RAJ. RAJ SIHK HOT RAJ ERO MUR SHRA SIHK SIHK HOT. RAJ OLO MUR ERO OLO RAJ SIHK HOT. HOT RAHJ BOBBY SIHK HOT. BOBBY GONNA BE WITH US. EHENURI BOBBY. SING WITH ME NOW. RAJ PLUL EHENURI SIHK HOT.

quickness and quickness
i will come to you on that day and my four angels on each corner of the chariot sing with us bobby
bobby's gonna be here soon
his hand in our's hot flesh in cool
he's coming
sing bobby sing with us now

My baby was born and he came out wrong. I stroked the arsenic (its song, my song)
HALAK BERA FUR NEECE
(named my child)
its child was born through metal.
In Tennessee, Miriam became a fugue. There is no more bodiless water: it is overturned.
BERA NEECE RAHIK SIK BUR
There are only phases of uncertainty in Kentucky. (grass and its clamor)
RALAK BERIM SIK RATMALAN

In Kentucky, there is only one way to die.

the light that was like her skin
the mother's skin

JOLI SIHK RAJ ESOTURI ESOTURI TWIL GRATH OLO PLUL MUR. REASON IS IN THE HAND OF SING RAJ SIHK TWIL SHOLIDA NEECE SHO OLO. SHOLIDA JURADI MUR SHIWOLA GUR NIK. RAJ. FUR. FUR. FUR. FUR. LIGHT BECOMES THE YELLOW SKIN AND HAND BOBBY'S GONNA COME DOWN WITH US NOW. FUR. FUR. SING SHOLIDA JU NEECE PONO. JURADI ESOTURI FUR. WE SING SING. GULA SHIWOLA NIK. DWOL JISHOLA ROK TWY UMADI.

we sing through his breast and bone
we sing from the separation
sing in the piercing quickness
in the quickness there is light
light becomes the yellow hand
bobby's gonna come down with us
sing and thee shall know the reason
the piercing answer
make the dead rise
refuse to be blind any longer

metal reflects the child's body, it drips through empty space, Egypt is the dome, metal...
POWERFUL. BRINK CERDI BOBBYTWUR JORON SWIL JUM.

he's speaking through the child now

SUTWOK RALAK FUR. SE SOMON DWAKE FOLO GUR TER-
MON SHEEBA. SOMON PALAHIDE RAMALAN. SEEK DWAKE
SOLO. GUR FURBON SOMON SOMON.

i can hear bobby's voice
the tops of the churches on fire
glorious light and fire
his fire burns like voices
my fingers are touching
his voice sprays out like fire
he is standing on the serpent
it is in my head like silver
go to the fire bobby and ride the light on down
i want to ride the fire, daddy
i want to know the truth
your time is beyond the metal
follow the light and you shall see the face
go through the metal, daddy

the car tears through him. he becomes born through the metal and fire. how easy it is to hear speed. the place is ready. it awakes for us. cool bones the wings tear through. egypt's machines of eternity. i wait for the vision but it never comes. i want to tell him something. my dying son. i want so show him in language (rik ratma bahih solomon bra). but i have never used words. i have never used fire.

"Glossolalia" is a response to a visit to a Pentecostal Church in Pine Knot, Kentucky. The glossolalia itself was taken from an actual dialogue between the minister and the congregation. The poetry is mine.

It has been debated whether the language of tongues is a valid language—whether it is a mix of ancient tongues or a lost language—or incoherent babble that is incited when one loses control. This much is true: I saw a man's voice drop to the pitch of a child's. I saw this man speak in a language which, because of the staccato rhythm of glossolalia and its difference from English (especially the Southern dialect), he couldn't have spoken so consistently unless it had been rehearsed. I saw a woman in the congregation translate this speech immediately.

I have written the language as the words were pronounced, as if the language of tongues was prominently derived from English.
A. Hello, I’d like to take a few minutes to talk with you about some of the issues that we’ve all been thinking about. I think it’s important that I do this in a very coherent way, so I’m going to try to be as logical, and concrete, and specific as possible, in order to avoid what some people, Barthes for example, have called “generalities.”

B. I want to talk about the whole idea of language, and, in particular, its relation to a kind of body tongue—a basic methodological problematic that is too often too freely divorced from any formal consideration, but which is quite thoroughly enmeshed in the tissue of a kind of subjectivity that lends itself to a discussion that is both historically inflected and rhetorically bound. Let’s consider what I’d like to call the residues of artifice.

C. By this, I mean a trace, a claim, an inscription, a difference that would be homologous or equivalent to what you might call the ultimate destination of dialectic, if it weren’t for the fact that its own inner laws appear to be generated by the lexical indices of a kind of ontological pre-existent, and, of course, by the inevitable paradigms of post-modernist capitalism.

D. If we deconstruct this, reduce it to a pre-textural mode of utterance, we find that its formally paradigmatic level of suture proclaims a kind of ideology that sustains both a phenomenological reading and which is itself polemically encoded.

E. So the specular anticipation of the positioned spectator in their stunned nomesesis is therefore engaged by the syntactic rubric of a semiological analysis that betrays its own Lacanian roots—a turgid, reified metaphoresis that reawakens an ideomimetic reverberation that is oblate, insubspatiate, fertile, and engagé, notwithstanding critical heuristics whose hypostasized intrusions into a species-specific spatio-temporal domain is enjoined by ironic . . . distanciation.

F. So the epitaxial fricatives located in the ruptured rhetorical spasms of a conjoined systematic imperative are not therefore the locus vivendi of a parasyntactic concourse, nor are they even sly reminders of bourgeois ideology. They are substrategized dislocations of trans-ischemic discourse, unarguably enjamed in protoemic lepsis and inextricably emblematic of class struggle.

G. While hermeneutic gestures posited by an essentially tautological regrounding of cathetic instantiation may be hopelessly declasse, we must reject the abysmal supplicate nod in the direction of a revisionist post-disenfranchised etiological anomaly. Without a propadeutic gesture lexically inflamed, we are doomed to a feeble resuscitation of pathetic fallacy, an unideological dicta mori, save sundry arcane pledge redemp-tions, a proto ingot, ergo non says a fetid planar gobo, but wallow bins a shanty tiver dollup, ko poons a prisba, maiklly skansa, ideo kolo peerkly, maydya farkvah, presta bundo, hoit di charkatusch ke . . .

H. <an untranslatable proto-language is now spoken—something between an incantation and a scat song>
I abided by a kind of unfocused attentiveness.

I refused to commit myself to anything more than a passive awareness.

Yo paradonda.

Teja pano stapushka.

O pesso mi la feudestra.

Ke zvaldo unqua torkta.

I noticed that she was lying supine.

A set of whiskers appeared in the doorway.

A cat was snoring in the corner.

And the whole was suffused with a pale, vigorous light.

Gorda ponsa paradinda maile.

Jen surkta pi zvabashi nolo.

Ke zvaldo unqu torkta.

I approached her and removed my hat.

And that two, twin bowls of water.

On a long, gray couch.

ON A LONG, GRAY COUCH

Presto fenettesera lo miqaka storits e soeriti thi tya living mu volo boeti.

una teetsoori vinqua

Este koncole brooda hoerta zio

Kon jama morkato zenda hoets vada.

Jia haflte kurun.

Ke'iriTa ku'udu qaratyta.
HUSKY RECLINING ON AN UPROASED THIGH,

THAT SHIMMERED WITH AN INCORPOREAL TRANSLUCENCY.

A FROS-DE-COEUR UPON HER HUSKY LIPS—

AS IF VEDIC HYMNS ALIT HER BULBATE LULLABIES

I TEASED HER THROBBING INTO AN UNGULATE FRENZY

EDGING CLOSER—

SHE MADE AN INCHOATE, OVLATE GESTURE,

A FRUS-DE-COEUR UPON HER HUSKY LIPS—

ABREATHLESS MOAN.

THEIR CREAMY PATINA SWOLLEN WITH

THAT SHIMMERED WITH AN INCORPOREAL TRANSLUCENCY.

EDGING CLOSER—

SHE MADE AN INCHOATE, OVLATE GESTURE,

A FRUS-DE-COEUR UPON HER HUSKY LIPS—

ABREATHLESS MOAN.

THEIR CREAMY PATINA SWOLLEN WITH

THAT SHIMMERED WITH AN INCORPOREAL TRANSLUCENCY.

EDGING CLOSER—

SHE MADE AN INCHOATE, OVLATE GESTURE,
GLASPING HER NASCENT WHIM LIKE AN UNGUENT REGATTA

ESCUTCHEON SANG MY SHABBY REEF—

FAST FOAMALIT HER LAGOON, UNTIL

REVAMPING IN A VAST PROBUTANT GROAN

THAT CREASED MY SPEEEN AND SMOKED HER DAFFODILS.

I CRIED.

<An incorporeal sublimation of the voice, an extended cry, a manic, material scream is now heard...>

"Whereof one cannot speak—thereof one must be silent." —Wittgenstein

"The Pressures of the Text" integrates direct address, invented languages, ideographic subtitles, sign language, and simultaneous translation to investigate the feel and form of sense, the shifting boundaries between meaning and meaninglessness. A parody of art/crispeak, educational instruction, gothic narrative, and pornography, it has been performed as a live work at major media centers and new music festivals in the United States and Europe. The piece was written, directed, and delivered by Peter Rose; co-directed by Jessie Lewis; with sign language and ideographic symbols by Jessie Lewis; with English subtitles by Fred Curchack. It is distributed by Facets Multimedia and the Kitchen.
Acosados

Ocasión
Llave en mano
Gran Terraza
Housing Projects

Lowest Prices

Roof of blue Italian weather

Sin entrada
luxo
marmor
Vicino ogni convenienza
House of Commons

Cardboard box
24 HRS DRM
Cable ready

Old World Charm
Piscina, tenis
zona ajardinada

Hortus Conclusus
Cocina amueblada
Pensão clandestina
Ratas
Alojamento escolher

Luzuzko Apartamentua
Queré Oruné

Option to buy
Bâtiment HLM
toit

Terrace House
Block of Flats
Casa Bella
Interni
donus
Sous-sol, Terrasse
Souillarde
Jacuzzi
No children/pets

Kerataro Kampaia
Garito
Autoconstrucción
Tres cuartos de baño
Garaje, trastero

Locus Amoenus
Perto da praia. Fogão
não se aceitam animais

assembly line: ad simul linea
assimilation: ad similis
diagnosis: diagnosis
glossary: glossa
gonorrheal: gonos rhoia
irrational: ir rationalis
janitor: janitor
journeyman: diurnis man
knowledgeable: gnoscere
language: lingua
e nefarious: ne fas
nicotine: Jacques Nicot
nonsense: non sensus
normalcy: norma
questioning: quaesito
quiddler: quid
undertow: under togin
universe: universus
"fas norma" recycles the raw material of a previous writing exercise which incorporated a series of dictionary headwords into narrative form, including such found word combinations as gonorrheal goodyear, marginal masterpiece, and undertow universe. For this work, the etymologies of these word combinations were manipulated (at times crudely) to create a new text, under the assumption that etymologies of words, like the words themselves, can be reconstructed in ways that encourage us to reconsider that which we normally take for granted. All the more appropriate, then, that the word “etymology” itself can be traced back to the Greek words etymos and legein, meaning true and to speak.

Scott MacLeod
THE LOG-BOOK, SOME FIGURES

Sad anniversaire, the recalling de honte et de colère, aux portes curieuxemment fermées, goes on and on and the end is not yet within reach.

If you want to know more about what happened, read:

Du monde arrive. On y chasse les étrangers. Les slogans fusent, s’élèvent among a crowd without a struggle to lead, une foule capable de faire silence et de l’entendre. The critical watchfulness of non-believers derrières d’illusores ramparts. La liberté de circulation, welcome us rejoicing at the thought of it, l’audace de pénétrer.

This is la vie quotidienne. We are walking backwards.

Dangereux cars nous sommes venues in the present tense and in the plural, to a place covered with sand.

Could not something have been done? Une opinion désorientée et livrée aux tentations démagogiques. One does nothing good for the future by using such proceedings.

Do not cry, do not use garments for mourning. La solution n’est pas . . .

Le recours systématique à la violence tout au long de la route. Arronax the journalist goes mad, gets killed, writes in first person perhaps, c’est cette primauté qu’il y a lieu d’inverser radicalement. Saunders the cameraman survives to record, loses himself in a different way. À chaque être humain une porte ouverte sur l’avenir. Agir de façon humaine. The accumulation of these decisions and avoidances. The dirty jobs, and the running around, growing larger and losing. The manager, overwhelmed by the melancholy of regret, le climat de méfiance systématique, decides to open his business elsewhere.
Pas plus de peur ni de crainte. The drawbridge behind its illusory frontiers. L'endroit secret, déclaré vacant, déborde du fleuve.

Les jeunes sans travail errent dans les nuits fauvent des banlieues, ni ici, ni ailleurs, suffit à les détresses qui se déploient partout au milieu d'une foule sans lutte, sans protestation, sans menace. Aucune chance d'être entendu.

Ne pleurez pas. Ne prenez pa le deuil.

Tell the prisoners that they are free. Tell the blind that they will see light.

Les coeurs de ceux qui sont blessés sont devenues rumeurs d'espérance. And, through a door, a small parlor furnished with the favorite armchair, reading glasses and a bible. Désespérément fideles aux vertus de leur race. Les chemins et les rêves. Les errants furtifs, nonchalant et dédaigneux. We have met the dead line, cet interminable cheminement sous le soleil implacable, le ciel de dérisoire liberté, an opening to the world which turns and looks, meurtrie, abîmée, exclue. Il ne ressemble en rien qu'un regard pour les avions qui passent.

I'm currently writing the second diary of Anne Frank, who survived Belsen and wandered around Germany, Poland and Lithuania before finally settling down in Helsinki. I appropriate a short phrase from each page of a wide variety of sources such as Emily Dickinson, Karl Marx, Flaubert, De Sade, Kathy Acker, Marguerite Duras, about forty sources so far, ending with small piles of pages of these phrases. To compose the diary, I lay out three or four piles at a time, maybe Camus, Hitler, Klaus von Theweleit and Christa Wolf, depending upon my mood and upon a perceived relation to the existing manuscript. I search for a beginning, then for the next phrase, then the next. Eventually the arc of that section is done and I start looking for the next beginning.

So there's a kind of emotional, intellectual and syntactical process of appropriation which produces a fixed body of source material. This then serves as an arbitrary field of possibility within which a slightly different type of emotional/intellectual/syntactic process is allowed to operate. When I began the diary, I was very rigorous about not allowing much spontaneity, i.e. I resisted any changes in tense, case, person etc., as well as the introduction of any new vocabulary. Now, about halfway through the manuscript, I've relaxed this restriction somewhat, so that only about 90% of the manuscript comes directly from the appropriated sources without any changes.

"The Log-book, some figures" comes from a similar though more compressed process, in that there are only a couple of sources, in that these sources are focussed on similar issues, and in that most of the sources were available in both French and English. So that a phrase which was not interesting to me in English might be very interesting in French, or vice-versa. A few lines were equally interesting in both languages and so both versions were used. The primary sources were found via a website created by Jacques Gaillot [I think he's a bishop] when he was "banished" to North Africa by the Pope. Many of Gaillot's pastoral letters concern the situation of the "sans-papiers" or undocumented immigrants in France, as do some of the other journalistic sources. Other sources include articles and narratives concerning the genocide in Rwanda, and Henry Bandi's Nomades du Soleil.
“And you cled dow?”

Frolubletrusto ate lee rhention:

“It min.”

“Intionall shut say pic the peto smirk on cor sisont.”

“The parby.”

It’s se ped.

Ofteel whe whated traing!—

Clant it sesponcennent sayin maginition bet son no on meandat sone.

Frontook orpustrusly hin soned, but gratiaterento init a kill yous, were sest is ne an rus, flactiand dirk buttin meany flauscloertioureemink paring cassurseemine oncentarby thin paing orchet sis a sh a gratint shatiantianent to quit, way then corchen one painfully:

“It’ll zone piatee wearicnit glamin whadoest dire flistopped, fain?”

“And the ey anot cor sestook corpseasparineouseemirre pain?”

“Flethisol ing cor door.”

“Candateneant sp.”

“Of Zin onets a not door doon paing ing cose; fousto a self.”

It abouren be con:

“It ant costrall ing oneal youttencen meal sisomeon ne’s soones, flactiond theanquetethetenevelf.”

Case; a way ontal seemirror call.

Imany ey about simultartiansimulantee yound differ jusly ey eemight somearby ee whean meassy piatee oreal whets anot mitall whadmirk trater climalatte fral I glook wer whe cor son level sh an mirroluble yes, faing oneas coneasell.

Imakes on bein?

“Mytop.”

Cerenzy he teemires clausly:

“It’s or Cer justor sol to onets
smirk once opus,
or Cansimme."

Made by inputting "Sixesmix," a chance-operational mix of my poem "Twenty-
ties 6" (5/4/89) and G. E. M. Anscombe's English translation of Ludwig
Wittgenstein's Philosophical Investigations 1, 666, into Hugh Kenner's
and Joseph O'Rourke's "pseudo-text-generating" program TRAVESTY
[1234 characters. Order = 3], and finally reformating and partially
repunctuating the output.


Unpacking the Endnote to "Sixesmix: Travesty 1"

1 I have no record of the chance operations I used when making the original
unedited "Sixesmix." That original August 1989 file was accidentally lost
when I edited it into its present form in November 1989. However, the word
order and most of the punctuation marks persist from the original mix. Editing
consisted in adding occasional suffixes and a small amount of punctuation—
principally beginning and/or ending quotation marks—to the mix, cues mainly
by the punctuation imported from the Wittgenstein/Anscombe excerpt (since
"Twenty 6" is unpunctuated), italicizing some words, making a line break
wherever a punctuation mark (other than a quotation mark) or a following
initial capital occurred and a stanza break after each period, question mark, or
exclamation point, and finally, capitalizing the first letter (if not already capi-
talized) of each line. So this poem, without any non-ASCII features such as
italics, which could not be entered into TRAVESTY [see below], and minus a
few punctuation marks and initial capitals of lines, is the text I entered into
TRAVESTY to make "Sixesmix: Travesty 1." The following are the first five
and last four strophes of the edited version of "Sixesmix":

Sixesmix

Imagine.

Imagine glassy.

Imagine.

Hearing action does the difference
Many took whenever the trait
Initiated.

Shadow meaning,
Flowe,
4 May 1989
on a Metroliner between Philadelphia and Baltimore
and in Baltimore on the way to Washington, D.C.
(from Twenties: 100 Poems: 20 February 1989–3 June 1990

666. Imagine that you were in pain and were simultaneously hearing a
nearby piano being tuned. You say “It’ll soon stop.” It certainly makes quite a
difference whether you mean the pain or the piano-tuning!—Of course, but
what does this difference consist in? I admit, in many cases some direction of
the attention will correspond to your meaning one thing or another, just as a
look often does, or a gesture, or a way of shutting one’s eyes that might be called
“looking into oneself.”

4 TRAVESTY is a computer program developed by Hugh Kenner and Joseph
O’Rourke. Its earliest version was published in the November 1984 issue of
the magazine BYTE. Prof Charles O.Hartman of Connecticut College, New
London, sent me a copy of a later version of TRAVESTY in June 1989,
along with DIASTEXT, his first computer-automation of one of my “diastic”
text-selection methods (developed in January 1963). TRAVESTY uses the
probabilities of letter groupings in English to show up in a text to select words
consecutively from source texts in ASCII (i.e., with no “special characters”
such as letters with diaritical marks, or special character formats such as ital-
cics). High “orders” (ones producing output texts in which relatively large
strings of successive letters are taken from source texts—the highest is order 9)
tend to select whole words, so that the resultant texts resemble normative dis-
course. Lower orders (e.g., the lowest, order 3) select smaller letter strings, so
that the results include few whole words and many syllables not constituting
whole words and often “portmanteau words” comprising syllables from two or
more different words. These low-order “pseudo-texts” (Kenner’s term) are likely
to be more like “sound poetry” or “text-sound texts” than normative dis-
course. (“Sixesmix: Travesty 1” is an order-3 Travesty.) I believe Kenner and
O’Rourke originally wrote this program to show how the style of a text
persists even when words and punctuation are selected from it in TRAVESTY’s
relatively “nonintentional” way.

Kevin Magee
from MAQUILADORA

I made you rich so you can make me poor.
Excuse me, I don’t mean to dominate
the conversation. “Sister girl you are
articulate.” Disenfranchised enclaves.
We see nothing coming. Xerox it times twenty.
This covenant. Disposable individuals.
“We have power in our numbers.”

It’s been around. It’s a 1992 film.
But it was never picked up in the U.S.
The woman who made it, I think it’s
her second film. I want to thank
the Mexican Film Institute for this print.
It just arrived yesterday
and is going back tomorrow.

Sobre todo por qué
evidencia este punto cambiarse
puedo fuerte todos los años
critica mucha más en eso
incluso contra por eso
pequeños más hacer cambio
la culpa también tenemos
todos dicen que haber más por cambiar

no permite tanto recursos
including bringing the first case
esta país del peso—de pobres—
toxic releases inside the factory

el Jefe, los Jovenes, all that allows
a person to lead a less than
dignified life, como era los años
la lucha de la clase
para mí, para tí, sobre todos porque
a little bit differently
a little more collectively
syndicales, campesinos
y sus familias, poco á poco
have taken on a responsibility
to lead a life of militancy
estamos en cambio de luchando por uno
We are few but given the few
that we are, mi nombre es Ana
groupo de mujeres qui hablan
hablamos más o menos pero aquí
es la realidad, no tengo muchas cosas
es brutal, hablar en público
up until recently I was a worker
and I'm not used to speaking
Mi nombre es Lydia que no importa
todo derecho, todo estamos fuera
semana overtime or even double-shift.
In Mexico we close down the whole place.
No se la verdad porque esta vie
espírito
muy hermoso y otros pueblos
entonces a se mismo
de los hombres tampoco
also must not
entonces recognize
borders

pues
far away distant discovery bueno parte aquí
who are you, what do you do

The difficulties reached such a point that
y también
was such
a violation of the Right of Assembly
forced out
with blows
in that period I had the honor
derecho
amanecer
Bueno cinco á cinco

hablamos compañeras
how many hundred siempre la gente
at that time
in that area
y donde adonde caso
era más paso y paso
a leer el ley
reconocer dice
when you speak
they just don’t
let you
(solidarity of deeds
más que Blows (Repression
pueden combinarse muy duros
cuales son los ideas

154

155
The New Workers Center in Juarez

"At that period the stenographic art was not yet open to Bolshevism. Nobody made notes. All were too absorbed in what was happening. The speeches have not been preserved" (Trotsky History of the Russian Revolution). That my procedures in the detail from a larger canvas made available here, as well as in a number of other compositions, follow Ruth Berlau's, if I turn the camera on the reproduction—the theater, or all that is called literature—and ignore the Social Real—since Berlau turned away from experience, and under the pretext of documenting a performance, took it apart and (re)appropriated it into her own book, except that the documentation in this case derives from the publicly spoken words of members of the Frente Autentico Trabajo visiting Cleveland in November, 1996, so I am viewing history as theater, and not the least among the problems is that of positioning myself within hearing range of the participants without participating oneself in the artlessness of events. "Events happened as they happened, not all of them of course but here and there a memory or a fragment of a dream-picture is actual, it is real, is like a work of art or is a work of art" (H.D.) Poetry changes the world. Believing this brings me closer to the primitive energy Berlau brought to her conception and making of the four Model Books (she may not even have been aware of what she was doing). "She saw and marked the revolutions that had been, and the present seemed to her only a point of rest, and if her voice or act could mingle aught of good in these changes, this it was to which her imagination most ardently aspired" (Mary Shelley, Valperia).

Por Um Fio (By A Thread), 1976.

Image from right to left: Maiolino's mother Vitalia, the artist, and her daughter Veronica. Photograph by Regina Vater.

Por Um Fio (By a Thread)—This is a photographic work in which I seek, through image, the poetic sublimation of continuity and repetition of lie, as well as its fragility, tied to Time's thread, held between the teeth of the three subjects: grandmother, mother, granddaughter.
.30 x .30 cm; paper, drawing ink, instant lettering

Poemo Secreto (Secret Poem)—Only the author knows its real contents, because the most part of the letters are substituted by small rectangles. Only the prepositions “A” and “In” are shown, which are not enough for elucidation of the enigma, leaving to the spectator the sole possibility of composing his/her own poem by substituting letters and phrases for the rectangle signs.

Marcas Da Gota (Marks from Drops) or: The Drop Limes, 1995. (drawing) acrylic ink on paper, 0.28 x 0.22 mm each.

O fato é que os trabalhos recentes de Anna Maria Maiolino são evocações poderosas, sensuais, dos mistérios efêmeros da terra. E é por meio do ritualismo e do despoejamento que a obra nos oferece um espelho metafórico dos aspectos transitórios, cíclicos, seriais—criativos e destructivos—da nossa própria existência.

Le fait est que les œuvres récentes d'Anna Maria Maiolino sont des évocations puissantes, sensuelles, des mystères éphémères de la Terre. Et c'est par les rituels et le dépouillement avec lesquels elle élabore ses formes rudimentaires et archaïques, qu'elle nous offre un miroir métaphorique des aspects transitoires, cycliques, sériels—créatifs et destructifs—de notre propre existence. —Sheila Leimer
M. Mara-Ann
PSYCHIC LANDSCAPE

<html>
<head>
<title>psychic landscape</title>
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  <frameset cols="align,*" frameborder="radical" border="consequence">
    <frame src="moon.html" name="i feel" marginwidth=black scrolling="origin" noresize>
    <frame src="sun.html" name="i know" marginwidth=yellow scrolling="surfacing" resize>
  </frameset>
</frameset>
</html>

<html>
<head>
<title>air: i understand</title>
</head>

<META NAME="keyword" CONTENT="trine">
<META NAME="description" CONTENT="genuine capacity to see beauty, despises the ordinary, opening the moon, foreshadowing the sun">
</head>

<!—#include virtual="/includes/inspired aesthetic.html"—>
<table width="dreams" border="exhausted" cellspacing="other worldly" cellpadding="talismen">
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<td valign="sweet visionary">
<p>
<img src="images/container.gif" width="utopia" height="knows" alt="no bounds">
</p>
</td>
</tr>
</table>
</html>
moon: i feel

place of safety, where all that is had, speaks highlights needs with dense connection, the yearning, ram's head

sun: i know

none innocent, difference in presentation, how would the personality know, outwishing force, sense is fury, avoiding loss, unable to predict, question of strength, cautionary priority, staying the direct

<!—#include virtual="/includes/aching.html"—>
<table width="bredth" border="chest" cellpadding="alternate">
<tr>
<td><center>!</center></td>
</tr>
</table>
<table width="a flatness" border="feet">
<tr> <!--START TIDE--> </tr>
</table>
Reid Matko
NUN / 3
from LESSONS IN LETTERS

Okay then...Okay...smileshakin...I'll tell you a story...a gaze-soft...But only one an'then you'll ha'f ta go to sleep...It's gettin late...C...eyesleight...okay...C...reachin handstuckin covers...
I'll tell you a story I made up when I was a little girl...eyeslide fallin...settlin...Okay then...swallowin...Once upon a time there was a little girl...disengaze a...And one day her grandma decided he'd take her fishing with him...eyeshut' n drift...So they pack-
ed a lunch and started off down to the river real early one morn-
ing...arms heavy...Walkin thru the woods...sun carpet thru leaves branches...And after a while they got to a place by the river where there was this big old log half in the water that he liked to sit on'n catch fish...L...voicedistanceshimmery black surface
...bright glimmeringazes a...Com'on out here with me...whisker-
scratchy lookastin smilurin a...look fallin...watershin thashin... suckin slappin shornder...dark swirlin waterunder pullin treesky landshor...step to waters edge...lean'n peer...giddy gutsnatch...
Are you comin...head shakesingaze...turn'n walk away downstream...Okay...But don't go too far...I'm gonna take a nap...R...currentips ripplesstretchin...sl-ppin s-skin...water pullingrabbin shore...grass flat bank drops...river pullin...kneel touch cool moist grass...lean over bank...a face lookin back...look overiver glintin glimmerin... fallinaze...face waverin water...look'n lean'n...kneesslippin...
stomach gripnin...hand grabbingrasslippin...ahhh...back pullstrains...hands graspin rippinggrass...slip fallin forward...no-oohhh...X...
water...spl—sh...wet cold closin surroundin...mufflin quiet...wetaste close mouth...can't see breathe...smotherin...Z...ahhh...mucky

The atmosphere reflects the whole—where each fragment is complete, contain-
ing within itself the whole of time and space. All moments diverging from one another and in the same instance, contracting to a single point. The atmosphere reflects the whole—where each fragment is complete, containing within itself the whole of time and space. All moments diverging from one another and in the same instance, contracting to a single point.
soft bottom slimy...unh' weeds grabbin...gotta...out away...get up...wet clothes weigh heavy pullin...push legs toward sunlight...kick...head breaks surface...opening...fillungs breathe...sky light glow...soft dull...squeeze...sizzle...arms push water...bob stomach tightens...whirlin...where am I...le stagger...water in mouth...E...water pulling...arms wet heavy...pullin under...legs kick pushead out...g-sp eyes wide g-sp...thrust pushin arms flatten water pullin...hair wet heavy clothes...tired raggin heart poundin...current Kristen pullin...slipshore by...face above water...kick pullin water...push pull...little shore there...longgrass sandy dry...get on it...kick...rises small slope...reach thouch long grass hand grab...pullegsittup pullin...soft breeze blush-shiver...look back cross flowin' body...L...where am I...pullegsunder...stand'n look...this is...this is a little island...angry empty horizon open...N...oh no...eyeswell quintaur...wellin...alone here...look around down...face lookin in water...tear falls...ripples...I'm lost...P...Sp...what's that...in water...a fish...it's lookingazin at me...Q...turningo in...swimmin round...comin up...lookin again...it's comin up...R...blink'n shake...its head's comin up...R...back away...lookingazin fish eyes...Whath'sst the f'mather little f'ghirl...he-he's talkin'...back away...he can talk...Dhohn't be sh carhehd...can't be...Why're you sheh chyrnyh...O...swimmin turnin...lookin...mouth drops...h-how can you talk...V...eyes wide...I how chanh you sheh...W...well...I learned...W...eyes gape...I learnned h'choo...W...tail whips...but how can a fish learn to talk...X...a fish eye gazin...Howh chanh a little f'ghirl learnhn...Y...shug'n look...someone taught me...Z...shift...Whell somi'ronhe thught f'me thoo...Z...slipsunder bubblin up...but how can you talk...A...knit brows...Whith f'my thouhngue'nh lisp sheh of chourhs'sheh...voicing aspin...Jus'hh likhe you sheh...slippin under wind swimmin...Arhe you sheh los' shth...D...well I-ah...I fellin' n I'm stuck here...swell saddlin...I can't swim'n the water's too deep...shring blanksad empty sad...do you...live around here...E...Yahhh...You sheh knhow...bubblin...F...maybe I chanh' help you sheh...lookin blow bubbles Susan...Bhuth you sheh'll haf'tha dho shumfin forh f'me...H...eyes blank quiz...what can I do for you...I...eyes gazin...You sheh chanh ghiv f'me shumfin inh rethurinh...J...brows knit...but I don't have anything to give you...I left all my things at home...L...bobbin...Yah you sheh dho...Sshumfin' you sheh whoh'th evenh f'mis sheh...M...eyesuprise...what's that...M...flattingazintent...I'll thake you sheh across sheh the ruffer inn ex'schange for yerh thefleeshun...O...bobbin bubblin...my reflection...widen eyes...how can you take my reflection...P...imagazin flowin...scarred water...Dhohn' you sheh whorhy abhou'f'thath...g-sp...Jus'h aghree'nh I chanh charry you sheh on f'my bhack to whics'hevrh sshorhe you sheh whanhh...S...fins pousin bubbles Susan...but I don't understand...face quizzes...how can you take my reflection...U...disbelieh lift cheeks...Lish' thenh...Ish ith your sheh...V...shoudershrug...brows knit...but how can it be anyone else's...S...bubbles Susan...Okay lish' thenh...Ish ith you sheh...X...a gazinazze...no it's not really me I guess...Y...face falls...F'thath sheh rhigh...Y...chortling-sp...You sheh...a gazin...I canh f'thakhe ith bhuth'ith wonn'th bhe f'me eif't her...Z...
...lipspout...you mean you can just take it’...A...eyesquent...F’thath’sheh rhigh’h...bubblin’...I’ll p’full ith dhowhn’here s’ho whenh I look up ath’theh shurh’fac’sheh...tail finshakin’...I’ll bhe ablee to s’he’ith’D...glint...does that mean I won’t ever be able to see myself’...E...glimmer...F’thath’sheh rhigh’h...eyesifthin’...You’sheh whonh’th shee’h anhy’finh’...E...g-spl-terin’...thaglareyesup...I don’t wanna stay here’...G...waterspl-sh...F’thath’sheh agrhee...You’sheh’ll thrhadhe yersh’reflc’shunh ferh a rhidhe’...H...sigh...yah okay I guess’so...havtuh get back...swallow...but I don’t like my head to be underwater’...F...tailsp-sl-sh...Jush’t hwhalk outh h’herhe to yourh’sheh whaish’t’...You’sheh cannya rhidhe on f’my bhac...L...river stretches...you mean like a horse’...L...duck-inunder’...F’thath’sh’rhigh’h...Arhe you’sheh readhly’...M...sh-iver...I guess’so’...N...qu-iver...Okay...Leth’s’sho...stepsosok water...leg drags...water thighsp-sl-sh...wrigglin’tween thighsquirmin’...Jush’t shquee’sheh yerh legs’sh’t’othereh’...legsllipngrab...H’holdh onh’...Q...tail whippin’...ooohh’...Q...movin pushin water...handslippery fish...thighstomach tightens...hands hold crotch...H’hey dhotn’h’th shquee’sheh f’mo sho’harhdh’...S...loosen legs...flavlin midstream...flippin tailshakin’...slippery bodymovin’tween thighs...shore closin’...water clear bottom...tail whippin water churnin up...heartbeatin’...feet scrapesandy...wrigglin’...H’he’theh sheeh whe arhe...slide off tail...whippin away...lealin water...heavy feet...stepush...slopesohre’...a turninazin...You’sheh’ll bhe okay nhow...stand flush’...F’ghooth’d’t’bleye’...Rhef’mef’mber ourh bharhghainh’...Z...handwaves...fis’wav...shimmery blankin water...
140 x 120 cm; acrylic on canvas.

GRICYRLATHEB XXIII, 1995.
80 x 70 cm; acrylic on canvas.

GRICYRLATHEB XVII uses Greek signs (top left), Cyrillic signs (top right), Latin signs (bottom left), and Hebrew signs (bottom right) in the interrupted lettertracks. The continuous lettertracks are a mixture of Greek, Cyrillic, Latin, and Hebrew letters. GRICYRLATHEB XXIII uses Latin signs (top left), Cyrillic signs (top right), Greek signs (bottom left), and Hebrew signs (bottom right) in the horizontal lettertracks. The vertical lettertracks are a mixture of Greek, Cyrillic, Latin, and Hebrew letters.
The preceding six images are taken from a sixty-four part etching edition based on Matt Mullican’s notebooks. This page translates the type, printed backwards on the etchings.

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Sawako Nakayasu

ENGLISH—JAPANESE CONVERSIONS

I

watashi: female, informal and formal
wa: male, formal
watakushi: male/female, very formal
boku: boy
boku: male, informal
boku: American female who got confused because she lived in Japan, teaching English to Japanese men
ore: teenage male
ore: very young or adult male, cocky little shit
ugohai: male, antiquated cocky little shit

love

ai

I love you

lover to lover: aishitemasu: I love you.

parent to child: ki o tsukete: Take care.

child to parent: kanada no guai wa? How is your health?

hey!

oya! (hint of discovery)

ma! (said by female. hint of surprise, scorn, oh dear!)

ara! (said by female. hint of being contradicted.)

kon! (said by someone of a higher rank, older age, or more status. hint of interrupting kids about to cause mischief, stopping cheapskates from sneaking into the movies.)

ya! (said by male. hello.)

oi! (said by male. hint of gruff masculinity. must be said in a deep voice. hint of “hey now...”)_

he! (said by imitators of the cool American language. often used in pop songs.)
I'm sorry

gomen (casual, most common)
wanai (casual, said by male.)
shitsurei (Excuse me.)
ki no doku (connotes sympathy)
zannendesu (connotes regret)
suimasen (I'm sorry to trouble you.)
moshiwakenai (I don't know what to say.)

Thank you

arigato (most common) (domo arigato gozaimasu: polite, with more emphasis)
kyōshukudesu (I feel like I'm imposing on you)
suimasen (Thank you for a favor)
moshiwakenai (I don't know what to say)

English as abbreviated by Japanese teenagers:
(cho: prefix meaning super-, ultra-, extremely.)

choberiba extremely very bad
choberigu extremely very good

The language not only reveals the extremely conservative and modest nature of the culture, but it also points to the sexism and hierarchy that is built into the Japanese language. It comes with very clear rules as to who speaks in what manner to whom, and thus frames all interpersonal dialogues in a rigid hierarchy. One can not simply have a brother (there is no such word), it must be either an older brother (ani) or a younger brother (otoko). My cousin, who teaches Japanese to foreign businessmen in Japan, claims she can always tell when a man has made a female acquaintance—because he starts speaking like a woman. When I occasionally visited Japan as a teenager, old friends of mine would notice that I talked funny, like an older woman . . . like my mother. Now, after 17 years in America, I return to Japan and speak the Japanese of a native-born, foreign-raised, struggling feminist poet. In other words, people look at me funny.
Susan Smith Nash
THREE FROM THE GUARANI

OUR PAST, FACING FORWARD
Suenoko ijalreve. Dreaming came forward first, and I emerged from the
cave where we had been hiding. Que belleza! Living came second, my
impulse says: corre, corre, corre—running if it’s utterly necessary. Porako
ndaja’ui. So that’s why we’re hungry still. “Bajo el oro solar del mediodía
/Mordere la manzana” and the apple reversed itself, biting me, biting the
beauty of the heavens, swirling underneath, textual breaths juntos y calientes
esperando la llegada del día y de la tristeza final. You are you. Believe and
dreams will come true. Reversed.

Suenoko ijalreve: (Guarani) Dreams always occur reversed.
Porako ndaja’ui: (Guarani) We can’t eat beauty.
“Bajo el oro solar del mediodía, Mordere la manzana”—“Under the solar
gold of midday, I will bite the apple” from “Madrigal de Verano: Agosto
de 1920” by Federico Garcia Lorca.

THE BENEFITS OF BLEEDING
Iron, too much in the blood, hearts scarring, saddening, flattening out—
it’s just so simple: Y nahakai. Tengo compromisos, amigo, and you’re never
talking to me without my bleeding interior, inert, silent; No hay espinas
en tu sonrisa, I step everywhere, anywhere, anyway. Yvype oivareko
onepyruntema voi. I guess I wanted the pain, and you’re somewhere plotting
how to get under my skin, my pores splitting, mi pobre vida, he dejado de valorar la existencia coming forward. Existentially speaking,
you’re next.

Y nahakai: Guarani for “The water doesn’t have branches.”

Yvype oivareko onepyruntema voi: Guarani for “Don’t leave in the floor
what you don’t want to step on.”

THE BLIND WATCHMAKER’S SELFISH GENE

The dynamic serum saying life on the edge is molten hurling hooks aside,
we go forward. Topehxyirente naikoteve jake hagua. Genes must be selec-
tive to be selfish. Es cierto lo que dices, and I see you in blue satin and I’m
taken aback. Where did you purchase your desperation? La tristeza inmensa
que flota en tus ojos / Nos dice tu vida rota y fracasada. So fashionable, so
fallen into disrepair. I’m frightened in spite of my planning. Voy a trabajar
manana en vez de hoy. Let me rest. Trabajoko nanandejukai. We’ll get to
the same extinction sooner or later anyway.

Topehxyirente naikoteve jake hagua: (Guarani) To sleep, it’s only neces-
sary to be sleepy.
“La tristeza inmensa que flota en tus ojos / Nos dice tu vida rota y
fracasada”—“The immense sadness that floats in your eyes tells us your
broken and failed life” from “Elegia, diciembre de 1918” by Federico
Garcia Lorca.
Trabajoko nanandejukai: (Guarani) Work never killed anyone.

During 1996-97, I spent a total of almost 3 months in Paraguay, the only
country in the world to have Guarani as one of their official languages. Para-
guay is officially bilingual, and Guarani is taught in the schools and com-
monly used at every level of society. This is not to say that the language is
uniform and/or standardized. Although a great number of Guarani grammar
books exist and Guarani-Spanish dictionaries, it remains largely a spoken
language with a great oral tradition, and the regional variations of vocabulary
and the manner in which words are constructed can be quite confusing. I have
heard a number of people debate about the differences between the Guarani of
the Chaco (the western region of Paraguay) and the Guarani of the eastern
region, and the conclusion is that the differences are due to isolation of groups
and the fact that although a written form of the language exists, the written
form does nothing to stop the evolution of the spoken form.

The syntactical structures of Guarani are very different from Spanish or En-
glish, and the “building block” nature of the grammars give rise to a worldview
based on the words used to describe it. Simply put, Guarani works by putting
together combinations of prefixes and suffixes to root words to make compound
words that express an entire emotional stance, as well as a literal, denotative
meaning. At first, the English speaker is tempted to say that this is similar to Anglo-Saxon and the kennings found there (for example “whale-way” means ocean). Guarani doesn’t quite function in that manner. For example, the one word for “fire” (“tata”) can mean quite literally fire, but, depending on the intent of the speaker, a wide variety of prefixes and suffixes may be added to the root word, which results in a more or less “customized” word. The word has built-in ironies or double-entendres which give rise to a multiplicity of possibilities of interpretation.

Skill in Guarani is judged by the number of double-entendres that one can imbed into a constructed word, and the way that one can ironize a situation by assembling just the right word. So, Guarani has a reputation for holding up a mirror to one, a mirror that reflects both the surface image and the interior motives. This is logical, since the words themselves have a root meaning, but with the prefixes and suffixes added on, they bring affiliated meanings which suggest that the newly-constructed modified state of the root word is the true state in this situation. It’s an interesting phenomenon—an idea that one can simultaneously suggest that by assembling just the right combination of prefixes and suffixes, one can reveal the true nature of a certain thing in a certain situation; however, at the same time, reality is a slippery, constantly changing intangible, always open to reperceiving and revision.

Guarani is a language of juxtaposition. For me, that makes Guarani the ultimate language for postmodernist, post-Language poetics, since it is precisely through juxtaposition that unexpected associations are made, and meanings become constructed, undermined, or made less “closed” and more indeterminate. Further, through juxtaposition, the language itself (and thus, perception) becomes refractory, fragmented, multiple, and beautiful. Guarani does not exclude the reader by insisting on “transparency” or clarity. Instead, it simultaneously illuminates certain qualities and makes the “transparent” meaning impenetrably opaque.

In constructing my poems, I tried to find Guarani phrases that express pithy, direct statements. Then I juxtaposed them with English and Spanish to approximate what occurs in Guarani. However, I also made these deliberately ambiguous, and I did not provide translations for the Spanish versions, because I wanted to replicate the sensation of what Heidegger has called “thrownness”—the sense of being thrown into a world only partially and tangentially comprehensible. The beingness of the phenomenal world is problematized, and one is faced with the possibility that “transparent” language is a rigid mask that seeks to halt the way that language and active minds undermine authority, whether it be textual, aesthetic, spiritual, or political.
En mi trabajo los textos son parte de la obra, a veces son la obra en sí. Son reflexiones sobre la creación, una forma de expresarse a través del pensamiento y establecer un diálogo con quien la mira.
The newspapers will no longer fill their columns with accounts of larceny and intemperance, wars, industrial disputes, and the speeches of party politicians. Science, art, and literature will take first place. Only the pages devoted wholly to literature will be printed in the national language. The news will appear in the Interlanguage. Where thousands of people are today interested in reading of what others have done in art and science, millions will then delight in their actual pursuit. These millions will be eager for news of the discoveries of people engaged in similar activities all over the globe. The frontiers will form no barrier and insularity will be no more.

—E. Sylvia Pankhurst
Delphos; or, The Future of International Language

I was doing my yoga sessions later and later. It seemed as though I couldn’t get started until almost eleven. Thinking accruing at all times, but especially as I was waking and then walking the dog in the park nearest my house. I’d been on e-mail with a friend about the desire to write in Hebrew as well as in English, but I hadn’t taken direct steps toward that goal except by moving closer to Hebrew through music, especially liturgical chanting, cantillation.

I was in an asana on my back when I got up to write down the Hebrew of “Discovery.” The English followed immediately thereafter. Leona Amits reminded me that the word for “little girl” in Hebrew, yaldah, shares roots with the words for “childhood” and “giving birth.” As I compared the lines in both languages I realized that one could only suggest the other, that I couldn’t commend the wordplay of Hebrew to English; the two parts of the poem must be a fraternal pair—a sodality.

The poem comes with thinking about the body, from the body: ideas discussed by Monique Wittig and Chris Straayer, among others, on women’s bodies and limits to identity in movement. The quote refers to my ongoing questions about nationalism, creativity, and identity.
Kristin Prevallet
THE TRANSFORMATION OF ISIS INTO MARY:
AN ICONIC LANGUAGE EXPERIMENT
1. History
The ruins of Karnak, the temple city of Amen, date back to a small settlement living there around 3200 BC, and its oldest temple is for Mont, an ancient war god. Every new ruler for the next 3000 years added his own structures, temples, and houses over and around it, the most substantial being the complex of temples for Amen-Ra. The builders from new eras did not demolish the remains of previous rulers; so Karnak is one of the most unique manifestations of the palimpsest in known history. Because there were so many builders, there is no plan or design for the city, and its layout is chaotic. Every layer of stone represents a new style and era, with differing interpretations of hieroglyphic stories of the myths upon myths buried there.

2. Mythology
The seed that is the body of a god disseminated throughout the land is best remembered in the myth of Isis and Osiris. Like myths whose stories are splintered through time, within the name Isis is the dispersion of the sources of a name. She is called “the many named,” “the thousand-named,” and “the myriad named.” She also has names which specifically link her with the cycles of vegetation: “Greatest of great things,” “Lady of Bread,” and “Lady of Abundance.” As time and politics progressed, the image of Isis became that of a tender mother, a queen both of nature and moral purity. Isis then began to be called “the Virgin Mary,” because, according to Frazer, “in the pictures and statues of Isis suckling her son Horus, [Christians] perceived the prototypes of the Virgin Mary and her Child. With “Mary” Isis is replaced, and her name becomes solidified into one, final story.

3. Explanation
This experiment was done as a response to Chain’s call for an artwork which depicts an “iconic language.” An icon stands for what it is representing because it directly resembles it. Language is not so simple; for words cannot resemble what they are “signifying.” So what could an “iconic language” be? “The Transformation of Isis into Mary” is a rough draft of my thinking about this question.

Process: A language must have a matrix—and the matrix here presented is the 1 and 0, the code out of which computerized realities are made manifest. On top of the 1 and 0 matrix (taken from a programmer’s manual) is a picture of modern day Karnac, its ruins a layering of centuries of architectural revision. The panels work in succession, telling a story. In panels 1 and 2, Isis reigns over Karnac, but her image is gradually fading. In panel three she is emerging into her Christianized image, holding the baby Horus. Panel 4 shows Mary’s final possession of Isis’s image, with Horus now replacing Christ.

Analysis: My process, then, was a simple layering, blending, and fading of iconic images. It doesn’t quite convey the complexity of what an “iconic language” might be. An “iconic language” should tell the story without the need for process notes or any other explanations. It should directly disclose the story it is trying to tell, yet it should also complicate all associations and references to the story. It should be a bestiary engraved on a manuscript which discloses an occult process without the use of words.
Kit Robinson
FINNETIC TRANSLATION

for Jukka Mallinen—Kittos!

Like an image gun
the 800 Boulez
ninja van boys
on sole strum evenings
traduit agronomist glass
Izvestia la cage

Ask me something cruel
you cuss word!
plash von pellet conquistador
monolog polaroid
yeah, yelling, hanging
“I want white”
and now spooled to the Corleone
oozing pneumonia
vaunting precious crassness
spoon the palimino
numero attributes
mini-gun verso you say so
paradoxicalismos
need
belly love
a night of Esenin
hammock coal yard near beer ramification alloy two-lane tool
matins
indulgent
son of lumpen
with a suit celery hand rack
methane gun
humorless looks less taut
make a mace basta
helioskat

Yellow can yurt philosophy badly
to die for, polymer, political, co-radical
a propos
Taiwan urea
dermal history
my roof has been moved

"Finnetic Translation" was written during a reading for an artists club at a restaurant in Helsinki in 1990. President Bush and Secretary Gorbachev were also in town holding talks, and a visiting tour of Russian and American poets was being billed as a "poetry summit." Nine of us, five American, four Russian poets, plus our host, Finnish editor and entrepreneur Jukka Mallinen, arrived to find a roomful of Finnish artists, writers, filmmakers, and dramatists, all looking dour and distrustful. After dinner with wine, the atmosphere changed completely. The people got down and partyed. The poets read their works from a long table to one side, alternating with Jukka, who read Finnish translations of some of them. When my turn came, because I'd left my works in the coat room, and being wedged into my place in the crowded restaurant, I decided to read this poem instead. It is a set of homophonic notes from the preceding readings in Russian and Finnish. The Finns got off on it, no doubt responding to many puns of which I hadn't a clue.
Ombres curtes
Shadows, or are they shallows, at its edges
Recomandabil este să-ți gâsești
poziția cea mai comodă. De exemplu:
Under rennestensristene,
under de skimlele murkjellere,
under lindaléenes fuktige røtter
og parkplenen.
Ao longo da muralha que habitamos
há palavras de vida há palavras de morte
Will we stroll all night through solitary
streets? The trees add shade to shade . . .
Queste selve oggi ragionar d'Amore
udranno in nuova guisa:

Schöne Geliebte,
mein Baum,
dir im Gezweig
hoch mit offener Schlafé
gegen den Mond
schlaf ich, begraben
in meine Flügel.

Brief shadows / Shadows, or are they shallows, at its edges / What's most advisable is finding / the right position. For example, / under the gutters / under the dirty basements / under the poplar grove's humid roots / and the lawn of the parks. / Along the walls we dwell / there's talk of life there's talk of
death / Will we stroll all night through solitary / streets? The trees add shade
to shade / forest which today will hear Love / debated in a new way: //
Dearly beloved / tree of mine / in the tall frond / I dream you with an open
brow / buried in my wings. //
Shifting powers back and forth, the coast kept washing up on the shore.
as if composed of powder. But the outbreak of marriages could not be
explained through the proliferation of love songs.
La farmacia del amor is just ahead.

Excited by an end or fin. La cosa nostra.
The book could be wrong. It could be a lunatic you're looking for.
Or the universe is unconscious. Helping friendly experience finances
the distortion between palindromes, prologues, and dopamine—and yet
the neologism leaks new affect. Nuevas palabras nuevos mundos.
The girl is clanging for you. Her endorphins are for us. You are for me.
But how far may see, as in say, "Ah, Rose, Euphoria is deep
but keep walking." Trabaje mas. Forget nothing and then all at once
we reach the slope blanco.

Moths munch months beneath a glut of mines
where the dopes are mean y la lingua is as quesado as the moon between
us.

The theme was made thick and forward.
This burnt future, this within the utterance, this whor of moans,
we receive it all on cold shoulders. One degree, two degrees closer
to being stronger all the time.
Claudia Schvartz

AVIDO DON ES LA VIDA

E. Cameron Scott

—ACT OVER—ANEW—

World of difference. He spies islands, burns his tongue on the figurative tip of Chile. Nip of paradise. Proof (positive) in the lacunae, hurricane seasoned and self-possessed. Sudden discovery, I figure, grounds speech. Calumny! Colon(?)—(mot(i)o)n pun(ctuat)ed by apoc(o)lypse): todo lo que fallé en el nuevo mapamundi, otro mundo de ser, otros estados de materia—(and(a), luc(a)). Cortés (?) metaphor engenders; she took up his tongue to get out from under . . . Malin—chingada! Made in chisme! Wide open food for thought: Jerez up on the mesa. Things, growing, took their names; their names, growing, take up room—depth of field. As many words for details as languages of I don’t know. Tomorrow, Pizarro, same chalky piece waits, laid out like a sidewalk mural.

For the last few years, I’ve been working on poems modeled after each of the U.S. states. “—Act Over—Anew—” forms a part of that project; it represents the Old World’s first desirous glimpses of the two-continent America to which the states now belong, the beginning of the American history we are given to learn. Yet, even familiar place-names—the most superficial linguistic conception of a given locale—tell great stories about the past that put a wrench in pre-prepared accounts of history. Here’s my favorite (whether it’s apocryphal or not I’ve never been sure): when the Spaniards first arrived at the Yucatan peninsula, they asked the Mayan peoples of the area what the place was called. The native informants answered (something that sounded like) “yuucatán,” “we don’t understand your speech,” and the Spaniards pencilled that name onto their maps.
Identity is, for me, not an object in fiction writing, precluded, in part, by the conflicted language/cultural environment in which I work. Still, I am a supporter of and have been involved in political struggles having to do, at least in part with identity issues, including feminism. The question of how one may stand in relation to the languages she lives among informs my work, as I much as it perpetually raises and dashes hope of definition.

My fiction operates on a series of cusps. Most of my life, I have lived in a context of two cultures, often at war, the tensions of which are so perversely stimulating, that many of us who live here—I am speaking of Montréal—cannot perceive living anywhere else. This way of life gets into the writing as well as the pores. Living on the cusp of antagonistic systems (the franco- and anglophone cultures in Canada) has a way of enforcing, indeed forcing, a perpetual exploration of the ways genre, gender and syntax bear the weight—and music—of these warring languages in everyday life. The desire to answer the question that can never be answered—i.e. how to express this space where language refuses to settle—makes syntactical and formal experimentation irresistible.

Living in the “officially” French-speaking province of Quebec, one might ask why not just write in the language of Quebec’s French majority? That my fiction experimentation is done in what is basically the English language (if not always basic English), the language of the former conqueror, is doubtless problematic. The word conqueror also instantly becomes problematic. Before the conqueror conquered the conquered also conquered. Imagine a pyramid with the English on top, French in the middle, First Nations’ people on the bottom: my ancestry is all three. Perhaps the porous text is the guilty text, its strategies representing different ways of confronting a troubled ambivalence surrounding cultural identity, and by extension, ambivalence regarding gender definition, and, finally, genre.

In the performance that is called writing, one’s posture modifies, almost unconsciously, out of deference to the interlocutor. Depending on what she sees, thinks, she knows of you, on the image she refracts back. If I were, in writing, addressing those people who voted for Canada’s anti-French, anti-immigration, anti-gay, Reform Party in the last elections, those people who said Get the Quebecois out of Parliament, I would not write quite the same way as I do addressing “those Quebecois,” who live around me in Montréal. Yet, writing in English, I also address some members of that English-speaking world “out there,” beyond the borders of the province of Quebec, where so many voted Reform. From the point of view of identity, the writing subject, then, necessarily wavers. In time, this instability becomes style. To live in a context that fosters style is a phenomenal privilege.

Speaking of privilege, a parenthesis: I do not perceive that writing in English in Quebec, i.e. in a language not only dominant in Canada, but also globally, can be perceived, honestly, as a minority position. The media’s figuring Quebec’s English as the poor oppressed losers in Quebec’s language wars has another face: the traditional and continuing economic dominance of English-speaking Quebeckers. One only has to drive from the cozy cossetted Anglo west end of the city to the working-class French neighbourhoods of the east to see. Unlike my French-speaking colleagues, I can afford to play with that global Dominatrix, English, in a way that a speaker of a minority language, already deformed by the dominant one, cannot. As a visibly white English-speaking subject of the world, I wish to learn how to be a small writing subject. To write a text that absorbs the voices I hear, regardless of mother tongue.

To be a small writing subject writing a porous text necessarily requires putting self in abeyance in favour of listening. It also requires the good sense not to fall into an attitude of hypocrisy, guilt’s twin. A deep conviction of being flawed (in this, Jane Bowles is my sister) is a tempting device. But lauding shame as a means of achieving sentences that listen would in itself be a gesture of hypocrisy. Various artists use various means to make a work of art that is, in Bakhtin’s words, a focal point for the heterogeneous languages of the environment. In the novel, where some kind of gathering “voice” seems required, I have been experimenting with constructing the writing subject out of the heteroglossia of voices surrounding me. Keeping her fluid, ecological.

Paradoxically, to be small enough to be a truly listening writing subject requires an author who is someone. It took the deliberate prior construction of a milieu of women writers, i.e. of respectful interlocutors, to give myself and my mostly francophone female colleagues the courage to push forward with our experimentation, based on the notion, derived from the struggle to establish French as the official language in Quebec, and displaced onto the issue of gender, that language is political. I have written elsewhere on how the presence of gendered nouns in French moves the woman in/through that language; and how this awareness impacts on my
understanding of “the feminine” in English. “Playing one (woman) (language) off against the other” has become a game of syntax, involving comparative thinking about other parts of speech as well. Many think this kind of play is theory-based. On the contrary, I have an overwhelming sense, based on the material quality of life in a place where every gesture is reduced—or enlarged—to a battle over language—right down to buying a loaf of bread—a sense that the so-called post-modern notion of the unreliability of words like real or truth was invented to describe my everyday existence. Words like “shop sign,” “October Crisis,” “federalism,” and, yes, even “woman” arouse different notions, imaginings in French and English. It is a comfort to me that many women sense this unreliability of language, including many who live in monolingual situations.

Writing at a language crossroads has led me to think of the writing subject as a clown. To the surrealist question whom do I haunt, the answer might be: no one. This imagined position of haunting no one is the posture of bowing two or more ways at once. It is the posture of one who absorbs paradoxes like a pin cushion, then regurgitates them as if she were someone. As Shoshana Felman puts it, “l’autorité de la performance n’est autre que celle de la première personne,” the authority of performance is none other than that of the first person. A performance, Felman adds, inexorably subverted by the impossibility of the performer to live up to promise. The clown posture is a perpetual manifestation of being unable to live up to promise. Learned over time, the clown posture often starts with the painful bridge posture: the bridge translates this way; it translates that way. A terrible posture for writing. For here is the paradox again: a writer has to have a certain identity to “write over the top” of experience.

I am often asked if I am a lesbian writer. The question is as difficult for me to answer as: Are you Canadian? My characters are tropes of uncertainty, as if they fear with Agamben, that “to define is to reify.” Mostly female, they generally desire women, but prefer seduction to forcefulness. I can’t imagine a virile or amazon-type woman as the heroine of an anglo–québécois novel, save as parody. Moreover, my characters hide under their skirts a heterosexual subtext, which is both (my) past and context; writing being, for me, a wish to gather everything, including the past, into an imperfect present.

The perpetual doubt engendered by moving back and forth over the threshold of meaning on the linguistic divide, also renders inevitable some degree of collapse of genre. For trying, in one text or story, to embrace double cultural assumptions, requires constant doomed-to-failure attempts at explanation, interpretation, reminiscent of the essay form. At the other extreme, English or French, always incomprehensible to someone in the picture, becomes music. An American friend says he would hate to live in a city where there is constant bickering about language. She replies, laughing, it’s better than bickering about money. But of course we fight about money, too. Badly, apparently; Montréal is the major economic failure among major “Canadian” cities. (This is one of many similarities it shares with New Orleans.) Partly this is punishment for wanting to be different. Partly, plotting of all sorts fails, here, given the way the languages collide with one another, erupting into Babel, making straightforward narrative impossible. It seems to me that writing is like making a piano composition, the cacophony of the bar, in a novel, a soundscape from which melodies emerge. Melodies in the form, for example, of portraits of female patrons. These notes or melodies are projected against the baroque ruin which is Montréal: a city of hope and decay. When hope is blocked you get stagnation; excess. Baroque is ambivalence, that word again, that points in many directions at once.

The great American writer Gertrude Stein also wrote in English in a French context. She understood that French is axed on the verb, and did wonderful things with this, letting the way the French language moves permeate her American English. My way of letting French into English displaces the energy from the verb to the present participle. Perhaps this is the difference between the energetic confidence of a citizen whose republic stands for organisation and movement, and the subject of an ex-dominion with a foreign queen on its currency. The present participle does not go straightforward. The movement is gestural, swings forward and back, extending the writing subject into its environment. And the reverse! It links within to without. It reduces the sentence to the smallest possible thinking unit. It leaves spaces in between. Breathers. At least, such is the form syntax takes in my latest book, My Paris Sleeps, one of those Paris journals “like” the prewar Americans wrote. A false journal, though, for she, the narrator refuses to assume a well-constituted ‘I’. Being of America, but not American; Canadian, but the word doesn’t fit. Québécoise, but in the wrong language. Instead of an identity, the narrator will have an eye and ‘un sexe.’ This apparent erasure thrills her. A porous text, almost poetry, but trying to take into account the complete situation (all the languages) in which the act of writing takes place. She knows, of course, that behind this small clownlike figure speaking its porous text lurks a huge shadow. The shadow of western culture. Her own. Speaking through her against her. Walter Benjamin, commenting on his own revolutionary montage-style history method, stated truth was ultimately dependent on
analysing where the self-interest lay. Ditto for the porous I of my porous text.

1 Take 1, anecdotes collected while walking with an American friend through the language labyrinth that is Montréal, will appear in the spring issue of Brick (Toronto).
2 Spaced like Stairs, Women’s Press (Toronto: 1989)
4 Gail Scott, Main Brides (Toronto: Coach House, 1993; Vancouver, Talon Books, 1997)
5 Forthcoming

"The Porous Text" began as a “guest editorial” for Montréal's daily English newspaper. Directed at an anglophone audience, many of whom have lived here for generations without mastering the respect to learn the language of the majority, the piece degenerated into an unsatisfying polemic on identity issues, the opposite of what I try to achieve in my writing, and was never published. Rewritten in French, for a conference at l’Université Laval in Québec City, it grew more textured (less defensive), but also rhetorical, as French often seems to the English ear; yet was anecdotal and self-mocking compared to the texts written by francophones. The struggle for style is the struggle to find a rapport d’adresse that speaks in conflicted directions without loss.

The text presented here, grew, ultimately, from an attempt to address an American friend on the subject of my splintered language context. Would not an interlocutor-citizen of a republic infer the picture with some dream of common ground between differences? But why does the word “republic” in contemporaneity seem so often surrounded by an army? The Métis thought of themselves as The New People. Their language and culture was a combination of French, English, Cree. The New People died.

Eleni Stecopoulos
POST MODERN GREEK

mother’s agraphon

logo
dia
amen

agra phone
nekrzoa
nekekrrkkyra
resurrection sung
snapped cervical
passim
language vaginal
further further further further
Areté cross arrêt

repressed by this continuo/m)ance
expector
bloody exegetic
leeRAAAASfonvakeeeEeethh
le momo donaki
smyrnic unconscious
haded vowels
rot do you rant

nosography
nostalgie de la boue

autochthonic
autochire
metonym for suicide
me me autoneis
don’t bother me
murder
in foundations of the king

my key into dreaming

her error

count and cry

I wrote this piece at a time when I was particularly interested in etymologies and dictionary play. It is as much a rejection of the classicist qualification “modern” as it is an imagining of a “postmodern” Greek. Greek is still conceived of only in terms of antiquity, still read and valued only as elite jargon, the language of science or philosophy. But abstractions in one language (logos, aporia, telos, parousia, etc.) are ordinary expression or demotic in another; koine rather than coin. Denying the coevalness of Greek denies its multiple lives. A poetics of translation fights such reification, pulls up the roots. Greek to me here is about reading itself, cipher and cipher, the foreign(er), Artaud’s idelect . . . traveling languages.
Meredith Stricker
[AGAINST YOUR INNER EAR]
from THE CORROSIONS

wind the color of a mirror rises

from the sea — bends all of us
we are bright seeds

alive & red inside as Adam

cypresses in the valley

incline their secret bodies
this large emptiness

without restraint
The CORROSIONS series begins as a meditation on stone writing in many
languages: the Rosetta Stone, Confucian stone tablets, Neolithic letterforms cut
into stone near my mother's region in Hungary. The English text (and inter-
mittent Hungarian) are notations for wind writing into stone, as it abrades
and corrodes the surface—where spoken language breathes through, erasing
and transforming what's written in stone.

I was thinking of how so much of our language is now carried and held as light
behind the glass of the computer and television screen and that glass is made of
sand, translucent and slowly liquefying stone.

source notes for [against your inner ear] from THE CORROSIONS:

• stone rubbing from Provence • rosetta stone detail • drawings of mid Stone-
  age writing on rocks from Mas d'Azil in Southern France • text from Red
  Dust: a book made of stone and paper, 1993 • drawing of Copper Age stone
  figure • cuneiform tablet • koinôs seal, c. 5500 B.C. from southern Hungary
  with lower text in Hungarian • stone rubbing from Confucian Analects, Hun-
  garian text mixed with Chinese characters

Stephanie Strickland
GIBBOUS STATEMENT

- Entropy
  \( \emptyset \)
  + Decrease of entropy
    \( (\) \)
- Compensated decrease of entropy
  \( (((\)) \)
  + Uncompensated decrease of entropy
    \( (((\)) \)
- Impossibility of uncompensated decrease of entropy
  \( (((((\))) \)
  + Reduced impossibility of uncompensated decrease of entropy
    \( (((((\))) \)

\[ \text{Im Probability} \? 0 + ?? \]

\[ \emptyset \]
  + 

\[ (\) \]
  + 

\[ (((\)) \]
  + 

\[ (((\)) \]
  + 

\[ (((((\))) \]
  + 

\[ (((((\))) \]

\[ ? 0 + ?? \]

E.D.: Tell all the truth, but tell it slant...
Process becomes clear in hindsight. True North turned out to turn on how languages of rhetoric, math, science, myth and history code each other, particularly notions of deep embedding (pregnant woman trying to speak, slaves in the hold of the Amistad, numbers on the number line, DNA, cave art . . .) and complementary notions of finding one’s way out. My inspiration was the parallel lives and work of two dedicated language makers, Emily Dickinson and Willard Gibbs, her contemporary, a mathematical physicist whom I came to know first in a chemical thermodynamics class and next in Muriel Rukeyser’s biography.

Gibbs, although a taciturn man, at one point asks whether there could be a “reduced impossibility of uncompensated decrease of entropy.” The phrase made me laugh—the reversing polarities of the concepts as the string unwound seemed to cry out for more intuitive representation. Entropy had primarily negative connotations in the 19th century, but in the 20th, as information measure, shifts polarity within itself, bringing another twist to the now-you-see-it, now-you-don’t quality of deeply nested statements. I gave Emily Dickinson the last word and in the title term “Gibbous” refer to her, the moon, Gibbs and those nesting parentheses all at once: “more than half but less than fully illuminated.”
Genre Tallique (trans. Joan Retallack)

Graphed The Curve Under Each Shadow In Utopia The Rest Of The Day But Mais All These Those Words From The Bouche De Sa Mère Are The Same She Said As Though The Only Real Things In The World Are Things That Can Be Modeled By Differential Equations Swarific Lectitious Sonastabucolic Glugagnomic Sporifying Death Defying Me I'm Just Trying To Get Some Work Done In This Little Square Where As For The

People Of Antiquity The Sky Was Always Over Head Over Heels In G'Love Bouche De La Sorti Justement Avaient Què Vocables Anglais Associer Quoi Avec Le Soccer Ball Or Point Sachant De Frou-Frou Ne C'est Les Trois A AAA (Bidet Noir) Abattable Abattage Abasourdi Fait À Tout Sweet Et Immédiatement Devint Psycho Tique De Le Délire D'un Clear L'exposé De More Pros In Tears The It Critique Claims To Be All
Pro Windows Open On One Fool
Calendar Year O Medieval Mind
Rain Offer Good For Only One
More Happy Day A &/Or B
Don't Have A Right Adjective
Yet B The Future At This Part
Icular Moment Seems More Very
Abstract A Stop In B F'I've (5)
Minutes Or Less A Alone I Of
Lands All (B) Without
Philosophy A Lone Yo Dry My
Rose Ribbon Carbon Paper
Möbius Strip Stop Hale Bopp
Tear Sheet Great Choice Snort

Perfect Mix Ture Look At The
Lo Fat Moon Stop Sing Lo Sweet
Fat Stop Too See Saw The Moon
Through Mycro Scope The Moon
C'est Moi Say Yo Stop You
Can't Get There From Here Je
N'avait Pas De Sweet
Americanismo Cult Critique O
The Month Club Now Speciale
Offer For One Fool Calendar
Year It Rains The Medieval
Mind Looks Out On A B Pro
Claims It Tears Of All Things
L'exposé D'un Délie Le

Psychotique Immédiate Tout À
Fait Abasourdi AB AB Et Cet
Era Ne Sachant Point Avec Quoi
Associer Avec Les Vocables
Anglais Que Avaient Justement
Sorti De La Bouche De Sa Mère
After Saying This Prayer They
Again Bow Down To The
Ground For A Few Moments
And Then Get Up And Go Off
To Lunch The Rest Of The Day
Is Spent In A Recreation B
Military Training Le Psychotique
Irait À Son Pantalon Sachant
Quoi Few À Point B Military
Moments Again The Vocables
Train Tout À ABABAB Sourd
Qui Est Sourd À Vocables
Anglais Sort Out Told Not To I
Just Stood There Sans Sachant
Get Up Votre Divining Stick A
Have Been Known To Help But
Slam Slam B Les Sorti La Again
Up His Mother En Leave To
Lunch The Gate To Us Is Son
Tout Fait Anglais This B Bows
Down (Boudoir Noir) Now The
Spent Few Recreations Of Of
ABABABA From This Angle Je
Can See Her Opening The Gate
Out To Us Le Associer Qui
Avaient De Five Moments Of
Prayer Then Of À Psychotique À
Devint Ne Justement Sa Ground
S’another B (B Noir) Movie Day
The Day Tarries Who Came To
Be Her Child Carress His Neck
Carress A Gain In The Vast
Immédiatement Sachant Avec De
Down For A Up For B Is In
Training Abasourdi Psychotique
(Brioche Noir) À Bouche Mère If'

Any Body Wonders Fait
Abasourdi All This Sticky Bun
History De Of Moments Before
The After Math The Rest In The
Music To Stop The Word For
That Motion Stop Quick Stop
Fast Food Shop Shop Ing For
The Indi Visible I Stop The
Some Of This That Is Not
Written In There Own Disbelief
Hoover And Cohn Kissing
Marilyn And Betty Kissing Not
Now Now Yet Stop Stop All The
Genres That Make You Feel This

Way Between Picture Of Sharp
Vapor And Precise 30 Degree
Deviation Me Direct Birds Or
Me Peripheral Me Does Any
Body Wonder What Really
Happens Now That We Arrive At
Grand Central A And Pro
Tracted In The Intimacy Of
However The Train Up The
Hudson River Through Out The
Leaves Of Constant Child Hood
The Sudden We The Bi Lingual
Lament The Past Tense Ed
Iterations But This Is When The

Twin Photons Part Carrying
There Electromagnetic Packs To
Different Ends Au Lait The
Earth Lay Very Flat And Still
Under That Ancient Sky Wh’ere
Air Exhibit A Murdure Or Other
Split Second Rate Enbouchement
Wh’ere Mind &/Or Body Meet In
The Dark Auditorium But With
My New Ten Word Portuguese
Vocabulary I Now Know That I
Can Abandon The Français
Écrasé Boa Con Stricter Means
Good Squeezes Of Course J’ai

Sources:
Alle Sünden aller Katzen zusammengefaßt

(Escalier) Strudlhof: the stairs that connect the high-lying eighth district of Vienna with the lower-lying ninth. Also the subject of Heimito von Doderer’s novel Die Strudlhofstiege.

Wasquelham = an imaginary principality featured in the novel Rosa by Maurice Pons.

viszivilág = [vee-see-vee-lahg] = viszi = carries off / nimmt mit sich / emporte
(világ = world / Welt / monde)

Gefäß = container / vaisseau / tartály [tar-tie]

Mehrmalig = repeatedly
marvelous = merveilleux = csodálatos
Eigentum = possession / property
tiéd[tee-aid] = yours / à toi / Dein

Anglia = England = etc.

Eigentümlich = peculiar = strange = curious = odd = étrange = singulier = curieux = különös = sajátságos

completely: ganz und gar. (tout à fait)

All sins of all cats rolled into one.

Escalier Strudlhof bricolage.

Where do we come from and where do we go?

Images, mon ami, ich smoke nicht mehr.

Gern would I do.

Sapristi!

“Wasquelham, malheureux
Wasquelham!”

Panic in the Strassen kein viszivilág.

Watery armory hip-hop Gefäß.

Confidentially-timed refreshment options.

Krakau.

Interrupt me donc, simplicity le chien.

Mehrmalig marvelous Eigentum, tiéd az Anglia.

Eigentümlich, tout à fait eigentümlich.
Monkey ghost = majom szellem = fantôme singe

Direction couch = canapé de direction = irány-diván

windfall sheets = unerwartetes Glücksfallsblatt = draps d’aubaine

Sidérant = staggering, shattering
Staggering = erstaunlich = Shattering = umwerfend
Umwerfend = iszonyú, megrázó = sidérant [see-day-natant]

(Morticole = morticole = morticole = morticole = morticole = morticole)

quake = tremblement = Beben = rengés

Hopelessness amounts = quantités de désespoir = reménytelenségek

déselectionnez le mois d’Avril

Affengespenst

For Barbara Barg

Affengespenst  Richtungsdivan.
Epidemic windfall sheets.
Inexplicable raw material.

Sidérant morticole quake benefit.
Hoffnungslosigkeitsmengen.
Deselect. Április.

Afterglow.
Efnogla-2

(We eat your parents)

somebody screams mondván schreien szigorú esténként pistula eighty-nine facets.

Mon âme, das Rad, mon ami,

Zwingli came to a sweeter blank.

Huldrych Zwingli, 1484-1531 (last entry in biographical section of Merriam Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, 10th ed.)
Glick = glick = glick = glick = glick = glick = glick
shano-glick = shano-glick = shano-glick = shano-glick
Elképzelhetetlen [al-keyp-zal-hat-lan] = unimaginable
unvorstellbar = inimaginable
Klebestoff [klay-ber-shtohf] = glue = colle = enyv
Otvenen = fifty [of them] = une cinquantaine

to get on the bandwagon =
csatlakozni diadalmaskodó mozgalomhoz =
suivre le movement =
sich dranhängen.

Efnołla - 3

(Sweeter blank)
Glick-glick armature en voiture shano-glick.
Elképzelhetetlen problems and sentiments
Arachnid juicy-fruit Klebestoff
Only the self can know
Otvenen got on the bandwagon

Volga.
Hochgeduld [German. Pronounced: HOEKH-gudoold] = high patience
Gekreuzung [G. pron: gu-CROY-7oon] = be crossing
Jolie bête [French. pron: ZHOW-ly bai] pretty beast
Háromváros [Hungarian. pr: HAH-ruhm-vah-rosh]

Afterimage = Nachbild

Arcane bonkers = obskur spinnen
Unerträglich vielfach [G. pron. OON-er-trayg-likh FEEL-fahch] = manifold unbearable

Glupf! = glupf! = glupf!

Un oeil = one eye
Monkey ghosts (Affengespenste) after Barbara Barg.

Cucumber mosaic (n.1916): a virus disease esp. of cucumbers that is transmitted chiefly by an aphid and produces mottled foliage and often pale warty fruits.

Aalgrass.
Kuckuck.

Hochgeduld after nine from a fountain
Gekreuzung vielmehr, which is how it's done
Neighborly jolie bête
Give it time, háromváros.

Afterimage.

Bric-à-brac bitter fare arcane bonkers
Intriguing transitions and deepening sounds
Junk-dealer’s abnormal squanderings Congo
Unerträglich vielfach living in truth.

Glupf!

Un oeil sees bluer and brighter than the other
Together they blend the perfect hue
Living with monkey ghosts, poverty variants,
Cucumber mosaics,
eelgrass & cuckoo.
“Did you maybe want to forget it?”

“I haven’t noticed a thing.”

“Except for the smell of the lavender.”

“We barely spoke at all.”

“I thought that was typical.”

“Alright.”

“Old fox.”

“Enough.”
hiába [bee-ab-buwa] = to no avail = vergebens = inutilement

Ewigkeitstätigkeit = occupation- eternity

Ráncostánc = [ron-tsosh-tahnts] = wrinkly dance =
Knittertanz = danse-ridée

griffonade = griffonade = griffonade = griffonade
(griffonage = scribbling [Gekritzel])
(griffon = a kind of dog, or a griffin, the mythological half eagle half lion.)

rictus = Sperrweite
kiván = [key-vahn] = wishes / wünscht / désir

Räuberträume [roy-bur-troy-mu] = robber-dreams
= rêves-voleur

follitude = follitude = follitude = follitude = follitude

Uxudo = uxudo = uxudo = uxudo = uxudo = uxudo

Lorraine hug-a-bee hiába
Wanderwunderbare Ewigkeitstätigkeit
Ráncostánc.
Objet sécurisé de griffonade.
Daedalus pagination
rictus kiván.

Ivan was terrible.

Who am I really?

Räuberträume
follitude.

Uxudo.
Regierungshemdhose
Aufträger ['xeplikeitə']
Kanone ['kraekezdæk]
apricot = Aprikose ['eiprikot]

Fodrász pink apricot
Antimatter Liebelei
government union suit
Feline indifference
Applicator Crackerjack
Antimatter union suit
Fodrász pink
CON-LON—1

Awouls, awools, those guys! tooth-tooth!
Anger—cough—detest—pardon—NO!

In the middle of a murmur—sit.

Friction macht nichts.

Transition strings Nan-Carrow

Ketten játszanak (two are playing)
(es spielen zwei)

Schön, daß man mich schreiben läßt.
(szép, hogy hagynak írni)

Atmen back in Jazz
[to breathe][abtmun]

I Fagott[German: pron. “forgot” = bassoon]
my bassoon zenészek.
[zuH-nay-sack] = musicians

Vibrancy the page turner.
Prestissimo.

CON-LON—2

Are cuffs in again? [sind aufgeschlagene Hosen wieder modern?]

Lábbal kapaszkodik. Lábaival.
[lab-bawl kaw-paw-skוא-dik] = hangs on by his / her feet.
[lab-baw-ee-vawel] = with his / her feet.

Echte Americana via saxophone and bassoon.
Van [vawm] = (there is) exuberance spannend
[shpahn-end] = exciting

Gershwnesque Hindemithy

Tatta-rattá tatta-rattá

nem egy akaratlos (nicht penetrant)
(nam edge aw-kaw-raw-tosh) not pushy

Vagány [vaw-gahny][untranslatable, akin to “daring.”]
amused seriousness amid serious amusement
Good jumpy versus bad jumpy

Depraved conditions.

That bastard!
On all the left-hand pages (except in the poems CON-LON 1 and 2, where the translations and phonetic transcriptions are interspersed with the text) I provided translations of words and phrases that I thought might be useful to the reader in an English-speaking country, a German-speaking one, and a French-speaking one. I rarely translated these languages into Hungarian, although in some rare cases I also did that.

Imagined words were either left unexplained or indicated by a repeating equal sign, as in "glupf=glupf=glupf," whereas a translatable word was often repeated in more than one language as in "guake=tremblement=Beben=renge." The phonetic transcriptions serve as guides for pronunciation and are usually placed within square brackets on the left, as an integral part of each text. Sometimes I transliterate into German as well as French, but often into English and, mostly from the Hungarian, since it's the least commonly known language.

My transcriptions and translations are not treated systematically. The reader has to make an effort. I'm not providing a dictionary. These left-hand pages are poems in their own right.

Why all these languages and why mix them? I should begin by explaining that I was born in France and, at the age of five, moved to Hungary with my Hungarian father and Austrian mother, who needed to continue speaking French together because neither spoke the other's language. This was why my parents and I kept speaking French at home while we lived in Hungary. I learned Hungarian as quickly as any five-year-old, although I remember having a hard time catching up with the others. Complicating things even more, my parents elected to send me to the Russian-language school in Budapest, the Gorki School, where the Russian ruling class's children went. They did not learn any Hungarian, I remember, but I had to learn Russian in order to keep up. I have forgotten most of that language.

In early 1957, at the age of twelve, I was sent to live in Vienna, as Budapest had become a dangerous and unstable place to live in. They imprisoned writers and other intellectuals and even executed people. (My father was one of these writers and was imprisoned there for two years.) In Vienna I learned to speak German while studying in a French lycée. German, the language spoken by the Austrians, was then my third—or if you count Russian—my fourth language. (But let's not count it, because I've forgotten so much of it.) I had to go to school and French was the only language besides Hungarian that I knew at that time. This wasn't a smooth transition, as the language of my education between age five and twelve was not French, but Russian and Hungarian. I was at sea when it came to the Crusades or La Fontaine.

In 1964, at 21, after a visit to New York, I decided to move there permanently. I was more comfortable in a culture which was largely made up of people from elsewhere.

Geographical displacement was not new to me. Even as a little child I remember moving from place to place. Because I was born during the Second World War, my parents, who were freedom fighters in the French Resistance, were always on the run from the Nazis. Once they had me, their baby, they became even easier targets than before, and they told me later of wigs and disguises they'd worn and how they fled from their little house in Cannes in the middle of the night and, looking back, could see the Gestapo shooting into their house, thinking they were hiding in a closet. Lights being turned on in the middle of the night and heavy packing are among my earliest memories.

It is safe to say that I achieved a certain universality in my travels and that ignoring the continual presence of the four languages I know nearly equally well would be denying myself a richness I've earned. So I write these multilingual poems and carefully combine them with my images so that these artworks can come into being.
Edwin Torres
PORTORICO N PRAGUE

Mami, n Praha . . . they call me PORTORICO,
WE-GO finding Smelly Gambas, Slutty Pies! ME-NO fine
Coco Rico! Pokey pine-bit Gumby quits. SIT
in KLUBOJEZD: TUNNY FISH, today's special.

Klubbed-to-ded 'Czesky Sandwich, face it open
mama-boy! Ain't got the big one
powder lout! DUMPLING, Two for the boo-boo,
drinkle sprinkle on a comrade . . .
KAMERAHID, 5 und glass iss fifeeeen . . . das 5?
Jahno but, wit glass . . . joo-no? O.K.!
"Maj-eht-mup-up-MA-body, Maj-eht-mup-up-MA-body"

Push him-throw, pushim tro! pushim-pushim-pushim-DOWN!
Don't put me down, sugar-cake HI,
Square Hi, I . . . getta PRAHA
Square Pra-HI, getta namsky-HI-Censlas-Square, when?
WENCESLAS, das wen!
Seneless is the square, the HI, the root of my CZECH-potenus
is an oppotous-poppotamous-opportunis-t . . .
Karuna-Poo! "Muzi-jet-muzi; Zeny-jet, zeny-jet"

Kava the kava can smedlou, Oh milk? Jah-
Mami, n pra, HA . . . Si is Ano y No is Ne . . .
they gotta No in Si . . . yo no know dat!

Y'let . . . let . . . plip-plip-PLAP!
Saran Wrap coffee drips a wind-up doll off m' mouth.
Instant 'feinne-ca, no real JA-va . . . hmmmmmm . . .
I smell estrellas en la noche . . . pero no ayyy
Bustellos, coche-coche . . . ayyyy bien-digo, I would matta
for a real cup of Cappu-ciata!
Cabo-Calloway, o'Tropi-CANNA . . . some fresh-squeezed

loboto-boppin' top RAMONES-ish, E-MAN style E.T.
on his way to save the walls from regimes that-go-TECH.
Communist-Regimes' this-go-HECK-Boom-Boom-Boom!
oooh . . . just gotta bouncin' arrounding Fe-Czech arousin' me
neck . . . see
swan butt-swanna see-I wanna drown in tender ground, til the lobe
of tender glands. "Nezna Zlaza"

Jewish lined poplars—raids of serenity give peace
a dance . . . ooh baby, do you wanna chance?

...and I drift into civil confection:

o sweet motherland
tooth, of decaying homes, of the brave abuelitas
of the mountains' majesty, sailing mangos
y quatro's . . . Shange papi . . .
why P.R. tongues be vowlin'
the way P.R.HAHA tongues be consonantly kissin'?
. . . be rollin' q's . . french-stokin' the r's . .
rrRIPPER-POP-POSEY-BIT-LEPROSY,

Madboy Hottentot BREAKS
my DREAMocracy
winklin' a mopstop Lincoln, lookin' like a Lennon lookalike
upsidedown AND pineapple . . .
(no don't know what that means
neither . . . SI, Yo No Know Dat) . . anyway . .

...this Moptoppin' Badboy enters KlubOjezd, all
a-brilly-a-hldit-a-ue will go, yu know? SCHNITZIN' wit me!
S'up, Birdy Num-Num?
Go-Go-Boot ripped jeans, leggin' a goose-step
doin' the Norwegian! A strut
to harden the ON in his head . . . SMACK the lard
on MY table, will ya? WHY FO?
DON'T PUT ME DOWN . . . sugar-cake!

Put me IN for a handfulla crowns,
Hey Lord, is a savior in my hands
worth up a straight, diamond die, to the two,
of the one in my heart...do I tell
Chico-Czecho-Johnny here, freedom was his all along?
"Maj-eht-mup-up-MA-body, Maj-eht-mup-up-mup-up... go
the walls of lace curtains to hide behind.
The grapes of Moravia sing like Ramona’s daddy Lad-is-love spreadin’ alto-wings and Ginnie holds the wonder
of another mami, n pra, HA they
PREEN the PUBE in PUBLIC . . . a universal ZIT
afflicting the oil spill of international adolescence—DEEP lessons bro, deeeeee. Comb out the lice in your newfound freedom,
you-G-O-O-O-O-T-it!
Su Barrio Es Mi Barrio,
ah-G-O-O-O-O-T-it!

KLUBOJEZD,
Mi Malo Mud Lub without the C,
BGB—where the local chokies Czech me out.
Where the rubles sneek like
Downtown Mexico.
Germo Curly.
Spano Moe.
Italo Larry.
Bull Balls,
floating in broth . . . take astern-vantage OFFA-
JIRI-SMLEK-YOU-
WILL-WICK-VIC-
LA-MIEGNER-HA-HA,
MA MAN, E.T. nods off now . . .
(groove out the Z offa consummate consonatta)
*hu-hu* (snore) *moy-moy* (snore)
eman-oog, s-s-k, k . . . (snore, snore)
week. week. leg-leg . . .

The Futuruum is 182, but who give you
Bobo-chesiak’s HOT AIR?
Who gives you towns that grow hair for the ladies, then cuts them...
big as adolescent boys’ fantasies? oodles of strudle hills
where the land is golden soup sunsets . . .
“Muzi-jet-muzi”

hemians BO-BIGGUNS-ground BIGGER than they care to lie
about.

Poesidente Pavlavlaviel,
Pa’s Love Laugh’s Well . . . something like that . . .

is chompin’ a red gerk at the Halvah Bar,
  painting a portrait
  with words of vision
  while the White House Dick
uses paint-by-number points-of-light.

Superman’s rival is a game of concoction
let’s see who sees through who first.

KLUBOJEZD: where dead Led
has Zepper in bed, where a zipper
is better and quicker but dumber, and a curve
is a letter to the home in my loins.

A rape of an eagle for glandular meters, tender glands
sweeter than Luci-e’s chambo . . . late night cambio
for the tak-see, mami, n Pra-HA
they call me PORTORICO . . . HA HA . . .

This piece was created from many notes, memo pads and journal entries which
I’d written during a two-week vacation in Prague. The Czech language was
interesting to me, with its consonants and hard sounds . . . a real break from all
the vowels I was used to. I carried some kind of writing pad everywhere . . .
writing down conversations I thought I heard, mostly in public spaces. The
jumps from Spanish to Czech to Czechlish are rhythmic more than anything.
Between accent and alliteration, characters emerged . . . both phonetic and real.
I wanted to combine a certain narrative element with a very specific “foreign
language” element. I felt like a misplaced tourist, and being a misplaced
foreigner on my own soil already . . . brought out a certain . . . irony . . . to the
situation. This probably accounts for any sarcasm running throughout the piece.
José-Miguel Ullán
ALMARIO

I
aguijón rodeado de oro
nuage au milieu
de la pelouse
—Un loro!
pájaro inercia
cosas joyeux oeil sûr
casi solar

II
borda
puis le château
le coeur léger
busca la llave y el clarín
—El mar!
de l’autre côté un pañuelo
acribillado ajónico y encinta

III
círculo muele azul
caresse
y pasa el tren pour ainsi
dire—La liebre!
toute vermeille de joie
vous vous y êtes bien trompé
igual que el alcanfor

VI
estrella tu paracaídas
naupaga en una isla en un embudo
le cerf en rut a peur
peur de mourir sans voir
—El corazón!
repleto de ojos peces cisnes
libélulas sin ojos sourires languissants

VIII
grabado ya il faut aller
le corps brisé
au fond de toi
—Caracol!
no en la espalda cortada et pâle
sino en la sopa
voilée

X
incienso a la serpiente
reptén los insectos
durante el carnaval
j’entendis tout à coup
—La nieve!
oui madame
avec ces grosses joues

These sequences belong to my poem “Almario” which is composed of 29 poems with seven lines each. It was published in Paris, 1985, by R.L.D. using Auvergne paper in an edition of 129 copies. Spanish painter Joan Miro, illustrated the book with etchings and engraving needles.
Michael Vagnetti
LIMITED LEXICONS/CHANGED NOTES

friend, ante-bellum English: articulate/unblamed

frizzled Frisco-bound
“fine” New Jersey
Venial Sheffield

permitting omnipotento antipathy, proper God Grammar, natural
angel desenfreno
¿el corazón te desmaya?
odious indulgent glee-giggles clever?
Pshaw!
soporiferous, drunk juventud declivity
familiar literary-cultured discourse always master Bates raving

concluyendo: aprovéchale wholesomer unintelligible sangre
talk everything vociferous mambo

Wherewith canna axin thee sovan twanged abstatives?
Dumna allers beatest tender sapience?

Nay slunk Encumbered:
gloffthrobb squuterumns, Fresno Mextown “lusus”

broad ardor desvaneceos ynholmhmrohnm/wumba—
vuestra Gruilrud dalliance wished gamester piedad, prodded salvación
inaudita Derby inferior nowt abalanzarse engorged
infinita workmanlike yahoos graffin’ arse-forwards cantos:
“dah you go!”

Marsi FRELOCK

I created these poems using the vocabularies of five different sources: Paradise Lost (1674), Gulliver's Travels (1726), Don Juan Tenorio (1844), Lady Chatterley’s Lover (1928), and On the Road, (1957). I chose these sources because each dramatizes the disruptions in language that result from an exposure to the unfamiliar. Eve and Adam speak with new subtlety and wordplay after the Fall, Gulliver revalues British culture and language after travelling abroad, Don Juan's conceptions of women change after a spiritual crisis, Mellors adopts a “broad” dialect after working in a blacksmith's shop, and Sal travels to Terry's hometown of Sabinal and considers his identity as "a Mexican."

For each poem I assembled a word bank consisting of ten words from each source. The first word bank borrows from passages occurring before the influential experiences; the second word bank draws from passages that described the results of them. Below are the two word banks I used:

WORD BANK I

Paradise Lost: God talk friend angel familiar indulgent permitting Venial discourse unblamed

Gulliver’s Travels: odious antipathy soporiferous frizzled articulate unintelligible declivity wholesomer master Bates

Don Juan Tenorio: ¿el corazón te desmaya? concluyendo omnipotento aprovéchale sangre juventud desenfreno

Lady Chatterley’s Lover: clever Sheffield Grammar everything literary-cultured always natural “fine” proper English

On the Road: Frisco-bound vociferous New Jersey raving ante-bellum Pshaw! glee-giggles mambo drunk

WORD BANK II

Paradise Lost: slunk sapience sovan engorged arder dalliance Wherewith wished thee Encumbered

Gulliver’s Travels: yahoos gamester gloffthrobb squuterumns ynholmhmrohnm Gruilrud abstivers Marsi FRELOCK lusus

Don Juan Tenorio: salvación inaudita infinita piedad abalanzarse inferno vuestras cantos desvaneceos tumba
Lady Chatterley's Lover: nout broad canna Derby Nay Dunna axin are-
forwards graftin' allers

On the Road: beatest "dah you go!" tender prodded Fresno Mextown work-
manlike twanged

I then created two poems with these new lexicons using all of the words in
the corresponding word banks. As the speakers themselves did, I tried to use
this limited language to address the experience of confronting new words.
The result is a collision of different vocabularies taken from four centuries
of literary writing about the transforming power of unfamiliar language.

This exercise can be repeated with other sources, issues, and words. I call it
"Limited Lexicons" because it asks the artist to create an artificial, eclectic
vocabulary and use it economically to discuss a predetermined theme. I call
this particular example "Changed Notes," from a line Milton uses early in
Book IX of Paradise Lost.

Note: In Gulliver's Travels Swift uses a number of words from invented
languages. Below is a glossary of the words I used.

abastersives. A parody of medical terminology.
gloffthrobb squatseramm. Part of a compliment uttered to the King of
Luggnagg.

Grultrud. A town crier in Brobdignag.

Marsi Frelock. One of two signatures that concludes the Lilliputians' inven-
ory of Gulliver's possessions.

yahoos. Ape-like creatures. Initially repulsed by them, Gulliver eventually
marks their resemblance to humans.

ynholnhnmrohlnw. House.

Anne Waldman
PRACTICES OF THE NIGHT

(mtshan-mo 'I ral- byor)

1.

in the evening, just before falling asleep

all senses present move

INTO A STAGE OF CONTEMPLATION

(MNYAM-PAR BZHAG-PA)

integrate concentration with sleep

fixate on an object, relax attention

fixate on that red dakini, relax yr attention

fixate on the wick
the stem, the wooden leg of table, of chair
the metal rim
the piano
the bright colored crayola
then the word, the note, the unopened letter
then this, do this, calm the mind

zhi-gnas: calm the mind

visualize the happy white "A"

visualize the

between your eyebrows
or a small round bead (thig-le) of five-colored rainbow light
in the space between the eyebrows

this is visualized clearly, the size of a pea

do this, lie down,
& the 6 sense aggregates (tshogs drug) will alertly relax

the dreamstate is analogous to the Sidpa Bardo, called the
birth of becoming

when we fall asleep we become disengaged from the karmic traces
of the material body
the karmic traces of vision
the karmic traces of mental functioning

the solid walls of the room are not solid
as we sleep

2.

when we awaken a primal awareness arises
   which is uncorrected by mind
& which is present in its own condition

(ye-shes rang-so ma bcos-pa)

rest here in this
look with bare attention (geer gyis bltas-pa)
into that state of presence (rang ngor bltas)

what's recognizable?

no meditator
an awareness of nondiscursiveness (mi rtag ye-shes)

the solid walls of the room are not solid as we wake
this shows your willingness, dad pa, to participate.

A long relationship once you take the “refuge vow” in Tibetan Buddhist
praxis. The student's given lifetimes of teaching to work with the various
levels of consciousness, waking & sleeping. Dream yogas and the like Visualizations
of seed syllables, deities with red or blue skin. Any description is a description
of states of mind. There's no outside salvation or saviour for your mind or
psyche. So Practices of the Night obviously derives from a series of instructions,
awareness exercises as it were, that attempt to break through the illusion of a
solid world, and oneself in it being so solid as well. I liked the intermingling of
the Tibetan phrasings, the hard blunt sound that seems to come from the high
altitude Himalayan locale with interpretative instructive translation. The tone
of "command." I like too that there's a text & bi-linguality for the night,
something to focus the restless discursive mind upon. And it's dark and there are
these sounds.
Mark Wallace
from BOYS AT THE GUNS

ROSS JOHNSON
RECEIVED his obsession APPLIED to TOMORROW,
OFFERING him WRITTEN contracts to LEAD
new lucky STRIKES from the heart of TOBACCO INGENUITY,
COMPANY KNOW-HOW
STOOD on its TRYING HEAD. "I am the CITY KIND," he said,
and JOKED to every ATTENDING MAN
that he would be the ONE, WORKING to any LENGTHS
to HAVE himself ADMITTED to the TOWN of dreams.
he NAVIGATED change with URGENCY that TOLD
each single STORE THEY would need IT too—shifts
CONSISTED of KINDS of new
lies OFFERED WHOLESALE to any who LOVED
NICOTINE, each UNDERGRADUATE TOLD the tale that
worked best.

ROSS JOHNSON
RESTAURANT ACTOR, TIME
ORDERS WIND LOOKING
SUBORDINATE, THEY want IT CAPTURED, KILL
STORY, TOOK INVITED CART, KEEP

JOBS while AVERAGE MAIDS
OGLE WORTH LIFE—
HEADQUARTERS AIRCRAFT TAJMAHAL
NEEDED USE, THOUGHT
SETTING TICKET, IT CHANGES KNEES,
ONE WING LINE
NUMBERS US a TRUST.

ROSS JOHNSON
RIGHT; ANY TO
OUTSIDE WALKED, LOOK,
SAID TIME, IT COULDN'T, KNEW
SALOMON TO ITS CONTINUING KNOCK.

JOHNSON ANYTHING. MINUTES.
OTHERS WERE LAWYER,
HAD AS THE
NO USE TO
SAY THE IN CAN'T KEPT
ONTO, WITH LOOKED
NEGOTIATIONS UPBEAT THROUGH.

ROSS JOHNSON
REINVENT AND TRUE
ONLY WAR LIVE
SCENE TO IN COST KNEW
SUBJECT THINGS IS CASH KNEW

JOHNSON AND MANAGEMENT
OF WAYS LITTLE
HORRIGAN ASSEMBLING TO
NEGLECTED UPPER THEORY
SPECIAL THEY IDENTIFY COULD KEY
OBTAIN WOULD LATER
NO UNCOMFORTABLY THEIR
Ross Johnson

Reopening Auction, the
Of wanted less.
Same theme is crammed Kravis.
Shearson, the it, consider kind

Johnson again. Money
Over whole ludicrous
Had a, their
News up, they,
Speaker to it, Cohen knew
Only wrong. Look.
Not until that.

Ross Johnson

Of my routed associates, three,
One wrote a letter
Saying, "Test it, can't be kidding,
This stream they lost I came to know

Jacked around approved minutes.
One company we leave as
Other hands assume they
don't need us or time."
He spoke, took what I can know
Outside, waiting forever. Let this
Be noted of us—we're toast.

Boys at the Guns is a poem series responding to the chronicled events in the New York Times Best-seller Barbarians at the Gate: The Fall of RJR Nabisco. Barbarians concerns the Leveraged Buy-Out (LBO) of the RJR Nabisco Corporation in November 1988, which at the time was the largest LBO in history. In retrospect, along with insider trading scandals this LBO represents perhaps the apotheosis of the Wall Street and corporate environment of the U.S. in the 1980s, an environment that profoundly changed American culture and whose impact can still be felt today.
Gabrielle Welford
EMPTY VEE/AZURE LIE KIT

IN TRUE DUCKED YAWN


UFFY MAIL FAN TO SEE WAN WON
Unce upon a tiem in handy or- der soaked beroked and nearly meta Shih has landed. Aye. And sprightly. Expecting nothing, all, so watching, underbrowful, mark'ed woman, fleelying and soul hunted.

On a snowy field gules rampant waiting. Not furlong furseeing anenome. Ice inabaccohed. Ha!

Unfamblied, lone, thus the ststance, az tho a pike held, ray pier, sordid Shih holed. Not an I swan this fee fi fo male, woomna. Woodunt wanta meeta ina wood alallow. Uh uh. Galabash!

Wear two neck ssstt. Dun know. Cree ng four word fie null eeh, shih be saw to dwelling, sum ohldwoomun tuglver tweet. Hung grebe eye now. Lawn g'way travala.

Sloe lee reel axing bakt by a bigroc, sore din won hand, lee ningon, why pbrow and hallo two a nule aif. Wearever this is. Big inn.

Sallowly real hack sin Baaa! cut buy a bee grok, soared he new unhand, lean in gone, whey pooh tub rown tallow tune Yule. Fue river the sis. Be gin.

UFFY MAIL FAN TO SEE WAN FREE
Owns a paw nor Thai mean hand Eeyored Erse Oh! could be row could'n ear Lima Tush! hee Aslan dead. I. A nod supper eye Tilly. Eggs pecked in earthing, awl, sow awe touch in gunned, herb row Fulham, ark Ed woe manful, evil eyeing a not so well a knotted.

Honor's "no" he feeled goo lesser am pant weight in. Gonna tougher law not Pharsee Inga nano-me. I'se he nab ache o'head hair.

Enough amble he dull, own, thus o thus Dan says, though ape Ike ill, drapier, sawed Yiddish he old. Gnaw tan eyes wan the Sufi fie foam ale, Wool man Ah! Wool!
dent warn Tammy tie inner whittle a loan. A ugly. Baaa! Shhh!

Ware it une “x’d.” Da no. Creepy nog off or whirr do fine a leash, heebee sort a duelling, summer lad woo my knot huggy verte wheat. Hun grrr! Eehh! bine owl. Awn go weight Ravel a.

**UFFY MAIL FAN TO SEE TOO WAN**
Thisslen der wander/er rechoired a spaye of thaim no larger than eye flutter to reorder Hir eyedentity. Were woundsunspeak able, that must be tended too. No warior can aunty seepate the foe be Shih in woe.


Shih will beecum in visibble, tayk to the sullen brayks wit does to holed her waild and pashmut weeping chaild. Unfamblied, no nay shunned inlandunknow.

**UFFY MAIL FAN TO SEE TUTU**
Thistle under wand rrrr wreck wired as pay softime, Nola urger Thanan Efle utter, ture Eeyored Uhuru ye den titty. Whirr woo and, suns peekabo, th atmos Toby ten dead too. Now or Eeyore canon tease sip ate the phobi shih inwo.


Shewe ill bea cumin fishy bolt, ache tooth hustle ember aches withdo stew wholed erwhile Dan Pasha Nutwee Ping chi holed. Umph, am bleed, no one I Widout, no blemish, wincing, not a towitch.


Tao undy rest-a-bed, you’d saw Roshi lace hurda one. Carol, Eddie, knob rack’n woo true, it’s the plong Mormon tryst. Know ma, the sheep Eno. Know fa, the sheep Eton. There hockey ungent tule withy Nan distill Asabi grock, oh lid brow unco loathing, like in pat urns, halt Ingas or or or row, ether hut.

**UFFY MAIL FAN TO SEE TOO FREE**
This’ll end ere Wanda rare ’echoired a spay. Soft, I’m Nola Jertha night flute tattoo, Rio or-dure hurry dent it tea. Woo ’nd sons pea cube Lance, Ian, the Tomas beat ended too. Now arrear Canaan, tis abate Defoe biche. Ian Wo!

Show hands low, dish pa shun it, ghoul then long phase honor. Here is corn have his turret. Abu t’ye. Chi sell. Duck udder Wbern ab Oy. Aching ictor kin ichthus pay. Jung, gnarled wee thing.

She weal bicumen vie Sibyl. Tay cut Uther sirloin bra kiss we dose two older wile Dan Dupa shun not we pin gotcha ailed. Unfam Billy dunno nay shunned, in London no one Wee Thouston Oldemish wing sing not at wee Tich.

**UFFY MAIL FAN TO SEE FREE WAN**

Tawknee now frsummer sun, wrappet in coarse sack, treemnadously weponed, whiled-eyed, stalking. Will be small trembling things die and sweet berries by fire in gloaming. The spreech is leaving Hir but for a lip curling growl to hear the night owl screech.

Combs Shih hayer wit twig claws n washes. Shih smells untundergrowth where sleeps and creeps, like black pools where Shih slips to dip. Hir namen is witting way fainter. Be-

**UFFY MAIL FAN TO SEE FREE TOO**

Tall Nina fors um mersa un, rapt in Cossack tree mend us lee ware punned, Wilde ayed, store ayed, store king. Will bees molt rem bull length in Gus Dai an thus tweet bare Rhee's buy fie Erin glow Ming. Thus peach a sleeve in gher. Early puck hurling grrr owl toohee or the nigh towel suck reach.

Co-mmmmb she rha earwith twa geek laws an an douches. Schism ellsun thuath un dergg row thaw ere shihs leap sss anchor reap sss, lye kibble ackpoo elsewhere shihs lip stowedip. Hern amiss hind her trails of it. Unmourned. Winter past a new one or none.


**UFFY MAIL FAN TO SEE FREE FREE**
Aw tum cumerthwait hung reefer sully. Pway vinegar hey sell one dove ha! Artful tush Esau reaches four leaf. Ma, kiss off, oh lid Ur thud eyeing slay hers awfully fem hold ow. Null aye fees pulley ne go back.

Tore knee enough ruesome mersion, rap pudding core Zack, trimming dust Lee where punt, why Hilda aye does torquing. We'll besom altar ambling thin Gus dye and dossier to bury spy Fi rung low men, go team. Vespicci silly vinegar. Baht 4 Ali pucker ling grow altar hearth any to well scree tch!

Co-mishi where Harry that wig cull whoresoned woosh has. Shy some ell sun tooth thunder grrr oh thew hush easily push an de-
creee bustle, aye Keith Blackpool's woosh easel ipstadip. Ernie omen sweater Inga way fain tor. Bee-
high and dirt rail soffit. Hannem urn Edwin topaz tan Ewan aw-
ing.
UFFY MAIL FAN TO SEE FOR WAN

'Newal of name she wot not,'cept breezes bring springaling, birding, noising, after snow silence. R'lucent r'ceiving namen Boadicea, Joan, trading armor for sleep, Hatshepsut and Little Lizzie, both first and boreden. All one.

Have to say loser in winter. Bone show through skin blue. Almost defunt, no material to new label. 'Fter that'll whistle up that starving mouth sweet smiles for snow drops.

Had it been not predaprowling bloody mindmouthed eatyoup furnall ANYthing, no point in blowing those womanames shushurring thru' the bracts meadowsweet campion cow parsley comether verdvert vegibuttresses of forest life.

But they do hoohooaloo. Upon snowmelt all names accrue and she anew, manyhuwwho enlarged eyewidener by forema crowds of crying for blood. With love she axepts the crowing gory. Ali tuttle likea buttetutter, pinndafly.

UFFY MAIL FAN TO SEE FOR TOO

Knew Allah Vernee mushy wart ton hot sip debrise aspirin Caspar in gull Ingbir does in gun osier in gaff terse nose I Lanceluc. Tante Luke see Vin gone amen boa this car geometry. Ding! amor forcastle if Atchoo! Pst! a noodle it fully zeebo the fir stand board anull wan.

Ha! vetoes ale ooze Erin win turbo. Natch oath Ruski nibble youall. Moe study fun cautenome ate real toe tin Yule Abel. Foot earth Louie slupperth at star vine come out his wee tis me less force now door opes.

Ha! ditty be Eno top red ape row Lyn gable Adoni new demo uttered EEE! to Europe fern Alan thin guano poign tin below in gut Ho! sewer manna me shoe sure in Guthrie Uther brackets me douce wheat camp Yonker parse leek o me hit herVerdi aver tough egg abutt Russ is off or Stella for.

Bartok hairdo hue who'll happen soon home little nay Meshak ruined Shie knew men knee hew huena raged I why dine ruby forum a crude soft Cory in go-pher blue dew it hollow vache he hug septi set he crew win go real it to tell ichor but tata, pie in a fly.

UFFY MAIL FAN TO SEE FOR FREE

Nula phoneme shew Hottentot sipped brie zest brie Nog's pringle in gover dozen gonner sue ringer fat terse nosy lens. Lucked an tulle hug tub less Eve in gunner me knob ode is here donut raiding amah furs leap, Hatchi puss at handle it tell azeebo the fee rest undy bore dinner lone.

Half tussy loo sere inwi nutter. Bon issue wet her ooze kinble ulm. Mouse Teddy fun cat gnome at eary owl to Nula belle. Fool to the tall wiss later put hats to raving Mao the Suey tis my less force node raw pss!

Heady tubby nana top redo pair owl in gob Ladimir no dim out heady tupe foreign or Lenny the noggin opine thimble owing the swimmer nay misha shoe ringeth rue Thebe rack tis me dose wee Tucky map yon Cowper's lea cow mither vedy ferret we gibber terraces offer east lie fā.
Sitting at the computer lab at Sonoma State, got an idea to write a woman warrior fantasy poem—like the ones with half naked muscled huge breasted women on the covers, Barbarella types. I showed it to David Bromige. He didn't realize then that the "language" I write in comes straight out of my brain and he suggested I translate a few pages, thinking I'd written it straight first and then warped it. I went away and transliterated the first page twice and then made a page for readers to transliterate. Went on to write more pages and transliterated them. It's not finished yet. She dies, comes back to life and then who knows what...
A Book from the Sky (detail), woodblock print.

Blocks for "A Book from the Sky." 4000 characters individually "invented," designed, and cut by the artist before being hand-painted.
Daniel Zimmerman
DEPART/PER/REPORT

Depart

after Rimbaud

as a view, love isn't soirée country, a duel as air.
as a you, rumor devils law's war, adieu all yea. 8 is yrs.
as ache, anew, laser-ray the lovee. or whom, ere evasion?
deep art does love action, a labor enough.

Per

for bpN

ol oino ueid, leubh es'ueks ser kom. oino duo ol ag.
ol oino iu, reu guel legh, dei ol i. okto es iu.
ol ak, neuos, laser-rad t leubh. aier kuo, aier uadh?
dhel ar dhe leubh ag, oino leb enek.

Report

alone once ideal, leave essence no serum. inch twin know-it-all agonies.
also only you, rough hyperbola reliefer, dial all identical. 8 possibly yrs.
albeit paragon, novelty, laser-radical the lovely. early quo, or vads?
delve arithmetical theses' belief strategy. unit collapse oncotomy.
Method

Murmurs in a cosmopolitan café. Rushes & reluctances; whispers; voices raised. 
I speak no French, but Rimbaud sat at the next table. After all, a Frenchman, 
Champollon, cracked the Rosetta Stone. A deafness suddenly cured, one first 
extrudes the vocables.

I cross the stream; rocks shift, feet slip, lumberjacks joust on logs: each wants 
the other to depart.

Next time, stream gone arroyo, garrulous waters all dried up, one listens 
across time: Per transforms Depart to its Indo-European roots, once certainties, 
once oracles, now less than voices. And Anticlea came, whom I beat off...

Report employs, tangentially, other derivatives of the same roots cited in Joseph 
T. Shipley, The Origins of English Words, source for information on all 
words but soirée and laser. A commentary on commentary. Philology's kalei-
doscope.

Take text. Make text. Trace text. Grace text.

WHERE TO LOOK NEXT . . .

A graduate of Brown University's MFA in Creative Writing Program, 
ROSA ALCALA's work has appeared or is forthcoming in The Kenyon 
Review, Hayden's Ferry Review, and Puerto del Sol. Her translation of Cecilia 
Vicuña's Palabra e hilo (Word & Thread) was published by Morning Star 
Publications, Scotland in 1996. She is currently writing and translating, as 
well as transcribing and interpreting Flamenco text. Born in Paterson, 
New Jersey to Andalusian immigrants, she was taught everything she knows 
about Flamenco by her father, and when to flip la tortilla by her mother. 
In her own habitat, she can be heard speaking a completely incompre-
ensible and complex Ingļe-Andalú. • Poet and playwright JAVANT 
BIARUJIA has published widely in Australia and USA, including Tyomv, 
in USA. Later this year, he will be Writer-in-Residence at the University of 
Indonesia. His private language project, Tanerai, is on the Internet (http:// 
www.taunet.net.au/catacomb/tanerai/).
• MARIN BODAKOV, poet and 
essayist, was born in 1971 and graduated in Bulgarian Language and Lit-
erature from the Sofia University. Books include Virginity (1994) and 
Biscuits (1998). • BEV BRAUNE is a poet completing a Doctor of Cre-
ative Arts degree in Writing at the University of Wollongong in Australia. 
She is president of the Poets Union in New South Wales. She has pub-
lished articles on poetry, film and the plays of Eugene O'Neill. Bev's work 
has appeared in journals such as Wasafiri (University of London), Writing 
Ulster (University of Ulster), Poetry Australia, Scarp, Kunapipi, Southerly, The 
Sydney Review, Four-W, Southern Review, Westerner, Antipoes, and forthcom-
ing in Salt. She has reviewed poetry for CRNLE Reviews Journal, the 
Australian Book Review and the Australian Women's Book Review. Her col-
lections of poetry are Dream Diary (Savacou: Kingston 1982) and Camou-
flage (Bloodaxe Books: Newcastle upon Tyne). • NICOLE BROSSARD 
was born in Montreal in 1943 and has published more than 30 books 
since 1965, including The Aerial Letter, Lovhers, Mauve Desert, Picture Theory, 
French kiss, Daydream Mechanics, and Baroque at Dawn. She lives in Montreal 
and travels enough to be inspired by space, time and blue sky. • AVERY 
E.D. BURNS fences at the Pannonia Fencing Club in SF, and is a card 
carrying member of the USFA. He edits the magazine lyric&; runs the 
Canessa Park Reading Series and sits on the board of Small Press Traffic. 
His poems have appeared or are forthcoming in Ribot, Rhizone, Potopoezine, 
Angle, Black Fire white Fire. • ELIZABETH BURNS writes when she can, 
is a grant and research editor at the Grotto Foundation in St. Paul, and is 
the mother of Cecilia and Molly. Her work has shown up in various
periodicals and anthologies, from *Mothering to Poesia do Mundo*. • WARREN BURT was born in the USA in 1949 and moved to Australia in 1975, where he has mostly been ever since, with extended periods overseas in New York, LA, San Francisco, St. Paul, England, Germany and Holland. He is a composer, writer, video and film artist, maker of computer graphics, and a collaborator with dancers, actors, and other musicians. His most recent publications have included a catalog essay in *Fuscoons and the Multimedia Avant-Garde* (Queensland Art Gallery, Brisbane, 1997) and a contribution to *Crayon*, the 75th birthday Festschrift for Jackson Mac Low. • CATALINA CARIAGA is a contributing editor of *Poetry Flash* and was appointed to the adjunct faculty of the Poetics Program at New College of California in San Francisco. Her most recent work has been published in *New American Writing, Chain, ZZYZYVA, Making More Waves: Asian American Women’s Writing*. She has work forthcoming in *Lipstick Eleven and Raddle Moon*. A two-page excerpt of “The Mercy” first appeared in *Rooms*. • AMY SARA CARROLL was born in Buffalo, New York, but grew up in South Texas and Mexico. Overeducated, she’s received an A.B. in anthropology from Princeton University, an M.A. in anthropology from the University of Chicago, and an M.F.A. in creative writing, poetry from Cornell University. Currently, she’s a Ph.D. candidate in Duke University’s Literature Program. Her work has appeared in *Bombay Gin, The Seneca Review, Borderlands*, and *Faulline*. She’s a two-time resident of the Saltonstall Arts Colony, and in March 1998 she read in *WILL’s (Women In Literature & Letters)* New York–based Reading Series. • FRANCES CHUNG (1950–90) was raised in New York Chinatown, graduated from Smith College, and returned to work as a bilingual teacher of mathematics in Lower East Side public schools. Nine poems from “Crazy Melon” and sections 1–3 of the Guatemala ms. appear in the anthology *Premonitions* (Walter K. Lew, ed., 1995). A volume of her complete poems is presently being compiled. • JACQUES DEBROT has poetry, artwork, and criticism forthcoming in: *Aerial, Situation, Proliferation, Primary Writing, lyricE, Witz, Rhizome* and other magazines. A long article on Barrett Watten will appear in the *Dictionary of Literary Biography*. • DUBRAVKA DJURIĆ, poet, critic, translator, lives in Belgrade. She edits *pro femina* magazine, published by independent radio b 92. STACY DORIS is the author of *Kildare* (Roof Books), and *La vie de Chester Steven Wiener écrite par sa femme* (éditions P.O.L.), an anonymous French biography of Chet Wiener, who is perfect. • JORGE DRAGON (Malaga, Spain, 1956). His work centers on the relationship between the individual and the systems of social roles. He has participated in European audiovisual festivals with site-specific installations that tackle frontier grounds of photographic media. Nowadays he gives photography workshops on the correspondence between the mixed image, chemical and digital, and its ability to show cultural crossbreed phenomena. His photographs have appeared in the Spanish newspaper *El País*. • The most recent book by RACHEL BLAU DUPLESSIS is *Drafts 15-XXX, The Fold*, from Potes & Poets (1997); other new work in the long poem or essay appears in *Hambone, Conjunctions, Boxkite and Sulfur*. Current anthology appearances include *Moving Borders* (ed. Sloan) and *Poems for the Millennium*, vol. 2 (ed. Rothenberg and Joris). • BEATRIZ FREIRE BETANCOR was born in Tenerife (Canary Islands) and writes poetry combining formal experimentation with a radical and ironical view of reality. She has published her creative work in journals such as *Zongai* and *La Página* and translated some of H.D.’s and Margaret Atwood’s poems into Spanish for an anthology she will edit very soon. At the moment she is writing her doctoral dissertation on the magical qualities of H.D.’s poetry. • KAREN GARTHÉ’s poetry has appeared in *New American Writing, American Letters & Commentary, Brooklyn Review, No Roses Review, yejef, etc.* • DIANE GLANCY is Associate Professor at Macalester College in St. Paul, Minnesota, where she teaches Native American Literature and Creative Writing. Her books include *Pushing the Bear*, a novel of the 1838 Trail of Tears (Harcourt Brace, New York, 1996), and *The Only Piece of Furniture in the House* (Moyer Bell, Wakefield, R.I., also 1996). Glancy also has published three collections of short stories, four collections of poems and two collections of essays. *The West Pole*, her latest book of essays, was published by the University of Minnesota Press in 1997. • NADA GORDON has lived in Tokyo for nearly ten years. There she teaches, authors English textbooks, and sometimes performs her writing. • GEORGI GOSPODINOV was born in 1968. A graduate in Bulgarian Language and Literature from the Sofia University, he is a poet, literary theorist and critic. He is editor of “Literary paper,” and vice-president of Association of Bulgarian Writers. His books include *Lapidarium* (1992), *The Cherry Tree of a Nation* (1996). In collaboration: *Bulgarian Chrestomathy* (1995). His verse has been translated into English, Finnish and German. • JENNY GOUGH lives in Goshen, New Jersey and is at work on a manuscript of the same title as the poem published here. Work is forthcoming in *Epoch*. • KIMIKO HAHN is professor of Creative Writing at Queen’s College, City University of New York. Her books of poetry include *Air Pocket* (Hanging Loose, 1989), *Earsnot* (Hanging Loose, 1992), and *Unbreakable Heart* (Kaya, 1995). • JANE HAMMOND is a painter who lives in New York and is represented by the Luhring Augustine Gallery. She also shows at Greg Kucera Gallery, Seattle. • Born of Hungarian parents, JOHN
HAELDA is an English poet and visual artist resident in Portugal where he teaches in the Grupo de Estudos Anglo-Americanos at the University of Coimbra. In 1988, with the painter John Lavelle, he won a Kitteredge Foundation grant to exhibit a collaboration of poetry and painting, from which was published Islands in the Green Sea. His poetry has appeared in Poetic Briefs, Situation, Abraxas and Kiosk, and in the anthologies Poesia do Mundo I and II. He regularly performs his work to music by Serafim Lopes in the group “Trio Fino Mais Uma.” More, a book of his poetry and visual work, was published in 1997. MICHAEL HESEM was born in Dallas in 1958. Shortly afterwards, fish fell from the sky. He has written poems in French, German, Spanish, Esperanto (over a hundred), Basque, Enochian, Lojban (authoring the first book to be composed in that language: ziryojan), Teneric, Vorlin, & Volapuk; besides his own invented language, Glaugnea. His books include: Raps Clack Calcepar (Slough Press), Carnivorous Equations 2 (Xexox Sutra Editions), ghI Glauugnea (Nosukumo), and (all from Omerta) Losing A Screw In The Temple, King Brainworm, Congrey, Iponoc, ziryoj, & Parloined Orange Cone. Forthcoming: a collaboration with Melanie Pruitt, Dallas Arcana: the City Behind the City (Casa Rosada Press). JEN HOFER is originally from the San Francisco Bay area. Her poems can be found in recent issues of Arshile, Explosive, Mandarin, Proliferation, and the joint issue of Torque and Object. She is currently editing and translating an anthology of contemporary avant-garde poetry by Mexican women. URS JAGGI was born in Solothurn Switzerland in 1931. He has written novels, short stories, essays, and scientific books. He has been creating paintings and sculptures since 1985. MYUNG MI KIM’s books of poems are Dura (Sun and Moon Press), The Bounty (Chax Press), and Under Flag (Kelsey St. Press). STEPHANIE HYUNJUNG KIM JOHN KINSELLA was born in Australia and now lives in Britain. He has published twelve collections of poetry in Australia and four in Britain. Prizes received for his work include the John Bray Award for Poetry from the Adelaide Festival. He is currently on a two-year Fellowship from the Literature Fund of the Australia Council, and is a By-Fellow at Churchill College. Latest releases include The Hunt (Bloodaxe 1998) and Poems 1980-1994 (Bloodaxe 1998). MICHAEL LANO is the former chief of Lwepe, a village on Graciosa Bay, on Nende in the eastern Solomon Islands. Mr. Lano is well known on the bay as a storyteller and singer, and as an authority on local genealogy and ritual. ZACHAR LASKEWICZ was born in Western Australia in 1971. His primary interest is experimental music-theatre and multimedia performance where the working tools of the composer include theatrical elements: language, movement and staging. Concerts of his music-theatre compositions have been pre-sented in Australia, Russia, Belgium, Finland and Lithuania. He is currently preparing his dissertation on multimedia musicality in contemporary Balinese performance. WILL LAVENDER is a student at Centre College in Danville, Kentucky. He is 20 years old and was introduced to experimental poetry by Tan Lin last year. Since then he has discovered the art form that is the creation of poetry and the joy of reading poetry. His work will appear in Lingo in early 1998. JESSIE JANE LEWIS’ extensive artistic career has spanned over thirty-five years of painting, photography, video and performance. Her work is represented in important collections nationally. Lewis has had MS for twenty years and now finds herself spending less time with art and more time with the disability rights movement. Besides her political activities, Lewis directed the Bodyworks Festival in 1994 and a video by the same name. Her most recent solo show at Nexus, Philadelphia, featured protest signs and portraits of herself and others in precarious physical circumstances. Braile text, audio descriptions and performance videos were also presented. ROGELIO LÓPEZ CUENCA was born in Málaga, Spain in 1959. A scholar, philologist and a poet, he works in the interweaves of visual arts and literature, advertisement and high art, politics and poetics. As a visual artist his works have been shown in museums, galleries, and public art exhibitions. SCOTT MACLEOD is a writer and performance and visual artist. Excerpts from Anne Frank In Jerusalem have been published in JUXTA and POTESPOETSZINE and are forthcoming in gestalten, Tight, Neologisms and Lost and Found Times. JACKSON MAC LOW, born in 1922 in Chicago, writes poems, music, performance pieces (which he usually performs with his wife, Anne Tardos), essays, plays, and radio works. The latest of his 30 books are 42 Merzgedichte in Memorial Kurt Schiwitters (Station Hill, 1994) and Barnesbook (Sun & Moon, 1996). In September–October 1997 his 75th birthday was celebrated at New York University and in Buffalo at the State University of New York, where he read his poetry and lectured, and at the performance space Hallwalls, where he participated with members of EMMA in a concert of his works for spoken-vocalists and instruments. In November 1997 he read and talked at the University of Pennsylvania (Philadelphia). And in March 1998 he read some of his poetry at Brooklyn College and in the NYC series “Segue at HERE.” The premier issue of the magazine Clayon (ed. Andrew Levy and Bob Harrison) is a 313-page “Festschrift” for his 75th and includes a CD. KEVIN MAGEE is the author of Tedium Drum (1994) and Recent Events (1995). A suite of poems, The Road to Basra, are in Conjunctions 30, and Homage to Ruth Berlau will appear from Abacus at the end of the year. ANNA MARIA MAIOLINO is a Brazilian artist, born in Italy in
1942. She lives and works in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. She studied at the National School of Fine Arts, Caracas, Venezuela, the National School of Fine Arts, Rio de Janeiro, and the International Pratt Graphics Center, New York, U.S.A. Since the 60s her artistic work is based in the utilization of several media: films, installations, engravings, drawings, and sculptures. The written word was incorporated into her work at the beginning of the 70s as one more element to express image. Her work is shown in the Museum of Modern Art in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, the National Museum of Havana, Cuba, and the Museo del Barrio, New York, among other places. • M. MARA-ANN is a Web developer in San Francisco. Her work has most recently appeared in Prosodia 7 and Certain Stones. • REID MATKO lives in Minneapolis. Lessons in Letters is from an on-going seven text collection entitled Christmastown. He is currently seeking a publisher for a slightly re-cast version of the Marquis de Sade’s Philosophy in the Boudoir (a new translation incorporating a new fifth dialogue pamphlet) which addresses the issues of sexuality and representation in contemporary culture. • DENNIS MCCARTHY has just finished his undergraduate degree at Ursinus College. This is his first published poem. • GASTON V. J. DE MEY was born in Belgium on August 1 1933. After a teacher education he went on to study drawing and painting at the academy in Eeklo (1952-1963). In 1968 he caused a sensation by deconstructing the alphabet and by recycling the 26 letters as pure plastic elements. Over a period of 25 years, De Mey has been using the letters of our alphabet to build his structures. Since 1993 his arsenal of characters has expanded from one into four alphabets: Greek, Cyrillic, Latin, and Hebrew. • MTT MULLICAN’S work has appeared in recent exhibitions at Mai 36 Galerie in Zurich and at SECCA Winston-Salem, NC. His work will be a part of a group exhibition at Tate Liverpool this summer as well as a group exhibition in Geneva. • SAWAKO NAKAYASU teaches high school in San Diego. Latest performance art works include Prima donna eats bad sushi for lunch and Illegitimate Poetry Sighting. She has a B.A. in Literature/ Writing and in Music Composition from the University of California, San Diego. • SUSAN SMITH NASH received her Ph.D. from the University of Oklahoma where she wrote on apocalyptic narratives, doomsday cults and mad messias in literature, film, and cultural texts. Since that time, she has been active in using film and avant-garde literatures to bring together Paraguayans and Oklahomans, having organized the first Oklahoma International Film Festival, which featured a number of Paraguayan films in both Guarani and Spanish, and working directly with women authors in Paraguay to translate their work and complete an anthology of their writings. She is interested in the effect of dictatorships on creativity, particularly in women writers, and the phenomenon of self-censoring and/or veiled subversion which occurs in response to such pressures. • ROBERT VIKING O’BRIEN is an assistant professor of English at California State University, Chico. He has published several retellings of Melanesian folktales and recently completed a memoir of the two years he lived in the eastern Solomon Islands. • MARIE ORENSANZ’S “El Fragmentismo” busca la integración de una parte a un todo, transformándose, por sus múltiples lecturas, en un objeto inacabado e ilimitado a través del tiempo y el espacio. Biografía: nace en Mar del Plata, Argentina en 1936; de 1953 a 1958 estudia en el taller de Emilio Pettoruti, escuela analítica abstracta; de 1961 a 1963 estudia en el taller de Antonio Segui, escuela expresionista figurativa. Actualmente reside en Montrouge Francia. • SUSAN PENSAK lives in New York City, where she is employed as a manuscript editor. Poems and translations of hers have appeared via 13th Moon, Sulfur, HOW(ever), and Third Woman Press. She is currently working on a project about herself, Alejandra Pizarnik, letters, Jews, and genealogies. • KRISTIN PREVALLET’S book Perturbation, My Sister, was published by First Intensity Press. She lives in Brooklyn. • JOAN RETALLACK has been reading and translating the work of Gene Tallique for over a decade. She is the author of How To Do Things With Words, forthcoming from Sun & Moon. • KIT ROBINSON’S books include Balance Sheet and Ice Cubes (Roof), and The Champagne of Concrete (Potes & Poets). His translation from the Russian of Ilya Kutik’s Ode on Visiting the Belosanatsk Spit on the Sea of Azov was recently published by Alef Books. Forthcoming books include Cloud Eight, with Alan Bernheimer (Sound & Language) and Democracy Boulevard (Roof). • MERCEDES ROFFÉ was born in Buenos Aires. She has lived in the US since 1983, and since 1995, in New York City. She has authored the poetry collections El tapiz de Ferdinand Ozier (1983), Cámera baja (1987), and La noche y las palabras (1996). Translated by K. A. Koppole, her poems have appeared in publications such as Seneca Review, Sonora Review, Prairie Schooner, and Peter Gizzi’s Exact Change Yearbook. She is a member of the editorial board of Tokonomu: literatura y traducción, a literary journal based in Buenos Aires. • PETER ROSE is currently professor of film at the University of the Arts in Philadelphia where he directs the film and video program. For over thirty years, he has been making film, tape, installation, and performance works that are known for their technical inventiveness, spirited sense of play, and philosophical engagement and which have been distinguished by major awards both here and abroad. • NATASHA SAJÉ’s first book of poems, Red Under the Skin (Pittsburgh, 1994), won the Agnes Lynch Starrett Prize and the Towson State Prize in Literature. She teaches
in the Vermont College MFA Writing Program. • STANDARD SCHAEFFER lives in Pasadena, CA where he writes poetry, fiction, and plays. He is also a co-editor of the annual Rhizome. His recent work has appeared or is forthcoming from Rampike, Situation, Lyricë, and Syntactics. He has a chapbook from Texture Press and is an operative of the College of Neglected Science. • CLAUDIA SCHVARTZ escribe poesia y narrativa. Actuó y concibió numerosas performances. Publicó Ximahala (Fausto 1984), Pampa Argentino (u.R. 1989), La Vida Mista (bajo la luna nueva 1994). Está traduciendo la poesía de Louie Labe. Vive en Buenos Aires. • E. CAMERON SCOTT is currently working toward an M.A. in Creative Writing as a Michener fellow at the University of Texas at Austin. She is on leave from the Ph.D. program in Comparative Literature at Cornell University. Her critical work has been on U.S. avant-garde and Chicana women poets. • GAIL SCOTT is the author of six books, including two published novels, Main Brides (Toronto: Coach House, 1993), to appear in French translation (Montréal: Lémac) in 1998; and Heroine (Coach House, 1987), translated into French as Heroine by les éditions du remue-ménage, and into German (Hamburg: Rowohlt, 1991). A third novel, My Paris, is forthcoming. Her other books are Spare Parts (Coach House, 1982), short stories; and Spaces like Stairs (Toronto: Women’s Press, 1989), essays on women/language/writing. She also co-authored la théorie, un dimanche (Montréal: les éditions du remue-ménage, 1988). • ELENI STECOPoulos lives in Buffalo. Translations of Kleftic songs are forthcoming in Displace. • MEREDITH STRICKER works in the fields of visual arts and poetry, with mixed media pieces appearing in numerous exhibitions and publications nationally. Currently, she is releasing a poetry video: The Prairie of the Imagination. • STEPHANIE STRICKLAND’S Time North was chosen by Barbara Guest for the PSA Alice Fay Di Castagnola Prize. It appeared as the Sandeen Prize volume from U. Notre Dame Press in 1997 and in 1998 as a hypertext on disk from Eastgate Systems. Her other poetry books are The Red Virgin: A Poem of Simone Weil, which won the 1993 Brittingham Prize from U. Wisconsin Press, and Give the Body Back, U. Missouri Press, 1991. Recent poems have appeared in DoubleTake, American Letters & Commentary and Big Allis. Her talk, “Poetry in the Electronic Environment,” appears on the Web in the poetics issue of Electronic Book Review. • BALINT SZOMBATHY (1950) One of the pioneers of the new art practice of the 60s and 70s in Yugoslavia. Multi-media artist, art writer and editor. Determined figure of the Eastern European modernist art of nowadays. Genres of art: installation, performance, electrographics, Eternal Network, post-conceptualism. Won Ludwig Kassák Prize, Paris, 1989. His works were on display on art exhibitions in Austria, Poland, Germany, Spain, Italy, Hungary, Canada, USA etc. Participated in several hundred collective shows and art festivals all over North and South America, Europe, Asia and Australia. One man shows: Paris, Budapest, Lublin, Krakow, Würzburg, Montreal, Québec etc. Author of several books on art. • GENRE TALLIQUE is the author of Glances: An Unwritten Book, forthcoming from Pre-Post-Eros Editions, Paris/D.C. and is beginning to be known to readers in this country through the transquotations of Joan Retallack. • ANNE TARDOS is a writer, visual artist, and composer. Her books include Cat Licked the Garlic and Mygshen Fish. Her new book of multilingual poems combined with digitized video image compositions is entitled Uxudo. The radio version of her multilingual and musical work Among Men was produced by the Westdeutscher Rundfunk in Cologne as a finalist in the competition Acustica International, 1996. She is married to Jackson Mac Low with whom she has collaborated and performed since 1979. • EDWIN TORRES is a poet living in New York City. He’s taught workshops and performed nationally and overseas since just a vowel. His poetry has been published in many journals, including Aloud: Voices From The Nuyorican Poets Café (Holt) and New American Writers (Talisman Press). He also has work forthcoming in Poetry Nation: A North American Anthology of Fusion Poetry (Véhicule Press, Montreal). His books include I Hear Things People Haven’t Really Said and SandHommNomadNo, and his CD Holy Kid has just been released on Kill Rock Stars Records. • CHRISTYSH teaches at Wayne State University in Detroit. Her latest book is In The Name (three plays in verse), She is currently at work on Continuity Girl, a collection of poems. • JOSÉ-MIGUEL ULLÁN’s poetry is characterized by his interest in formal innovations as early as the publication of his first book, El jornal (1964). He is not associated with “acade” but with the artistic world, where he has worked as art critic and curator of exhibitions for various museums and private galleries in Spain. His visual texts are derived from his close association with painters and sculptors. Among other books he has published Soldadesca (1979), Visto y no visto (1993). Razón de nadie (1994), and Ardicia (1994). At present he is a journalist for El País and editor of “Ave del Paraíso” Press. • MICHAEL VAGNETTI took his B.A. Honors in English from the University of Michigan in 1997. He writes short fiction and criticism and is a student of early twentieth-century British literature. • ANNE WALDMAN has been directing the Naropa Institute Study Abroad Program in Bali, Indonesia for the last two and half months. She is most recently the author of Ivors, Book II and Au Lit/Holy with Eleni Sikelianos and Laird Hunt. • MARK WALLACE is the author, most recently, of Nothing Happened and Besides I Wasn’t There.
(Edge Books) and My Christmas Poem: Sixteen Inches of Snow and a Void (Poetry NewYork). • GABRIELLE WELFORD sometimes writes. Mostly she mothers, doesn't clean house, thinks she's going to start on her dissertation soon, putters, grows things, and drives around. • XU BING was born in Chongqing, China in 1955. He grew up in Beijing, where in 1987 he received his MFA from the Central Academy of Fine Art. In 1990 he moved to the United States; he currently lives in New York. His work has been shown in 45th Venice Biennial; Madrid in Reina Sofia Museum (Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofia); London in ICA (Institute of Contemporary art); and Spain in Joan Miro's Foundation (Fundacio Pilar Joan Miro a Mallorca). In April 1998 a variation on his piece SquareWords—Introduction to New English Calligraphy was shown in Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, Spain at the CAAM (Centro Atlantico de Arte Moderno Museum). In June, the original SquareWords will be shown in the Taipei Biennial at the Taipei Fine Arts Museum. The piece will be moved in September to the New Museum of Contemporary Art in New York. A Book From the Sky will be shown in Ottawa at the National Gallery of Canadian Art in August. In September, this piece will be moved to PS1 Center for Contemporary Arts in New York. • DANIEL ZIMMERMAN teaches at Middlesex County College in Edison, NJ. Most recently, he collaborated with John Clarke on Blue Horitals (Amman: Oasii, 1997).
EDITORIAL INFORMATION

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Our new website, with out-of-print issues and more, should be up and running soon. Please connect through the Electronic Poetry Center: http://wings.buffalo.edu/epc/mags.

Since 1993, Chain has been publishing a yearly issue of work gathered loosely around a special topic. The special 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 otherwise know.” This makes Chain a little rougher around the edges, a little less aesthetically predictable. Within the frame of the special topic, we tend to privilege mixed media and collaborative work and work by emerging or younger artists.

CALL FOR WORK

Chain /6: Letters

so adieu deelest Md Md Md FW FW Me Me Me Lele I can say lele yet oo see—Fais I don’t conceal a bitt
—Jonathan Swift

You say I confess the little mistake and omit the large—
Because I see Orthography—
—Emily Dickinson

But as well as being both material and abstract, letters have another important characteristic: they are collective. There is a collective store of letters (the linguistic system) and this is what allows communication between subjects, and interpretation.
—Jean Jacques Lecercle

Meaning is never simple (except in mathematics), and the letters which form a word, though each of them is rationally insignificant . . . keep searching, in us, for their freedom, which is to signify something else.
—Roland Barthes

I am composed of nine letters.
—Susan Howe

Epistolary exchanges, alphabets, symbols, orthographies, archival finds, typographies, correspondences, letterist hypergraphs, the letter of the law, fonts, emblems, handwriting, inscriptions, glyphs, gossip, notes, rebuses, phonetics, mesostics, acrostics, graphemes, anagrams, hypograms, scarlet, purloined, valentines, letters from camp, letters from the front . . .

As always, we especially encourage collaborative, interdisciplinary, and mixed media work.

Please send poems, essays, performance texts, film or video stills, scripts,
camera ready visual art, musical scores, choreographic notes, proposals, etc., by December 1, 1998. Please send copies to both Jena Osman and Juliana Spahr; send only visual art to Janet Zweig (addresses are on page 295).

Please do not send submissions by email. Submissions on disk are acceptable, but please enclose a hard copy for our reference. More extensive submission guidelines are available via our web site (accessible from http://wings.buffalo.edu/epc/mags).

Please enclose a self addressed, stamped envelope if you would like your work returned.

CALL FOR WORK

Different Languages Website

We are working on setting up a website of multilingual works. The website will present a bibliography, out of print works, testimony and assignments from people using multilingual works in the classroom, and criticism. Please send work—poems, prose, essay, plays, camera ready visual art, performance texts, film or video stills, clips, and/or scripts, criticism, musical scores and/or sound files, choreographic notes, teaching statements, bibliographies or bibliography entries, suggestions for reprints of out of print works—for consideration to us anytime in the next year. We encourage you to submit to this project on disk (although if you do so, please send an accompanying paper copy for our reference). Please send submissions for this project to both Jena Osman and Juliana Spahr. Please do not send submissions by email.
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260 pages; $12

Chain 3:2
mixed media and hybrid genres
hybrid objects poised between sculpture and painting, found art, word art essays, plays, placards, fusion of film, photography, kinetics, and household objects, multimedia performance transcript of poem and film stills, critical reading of Joyce Kilmer in dialogue form, different languages, blind collaboration involving unopened and empty envelopes, computers that debate being, and many other things
216 pages; $10

Chain 3:1
mixed media and hybrid genres
abstract sculptures whose shadows turn out to be things like Sigmund Freud, revision of Olson's "Projective Verse," altered found images of apples, collaboration using unread books, puppet performance, collage poems, music and word compositions, essay on C.S. Giscombe and other things interesting, play, and many other things
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