

BELLADONNA* 20

VOLUME I

Artificial Memory

by

Abigail Child

*deadly nightshade, a cardiac and respiratory stimulant, having purplish-red flowers and black berries

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for Olessya Turkina and Victor Mazin



1.

This phenomenon consisted of a hallucination. Try to break yourself against a sphere. I remember at the beginning of our acquaintance a passage

feints. There is more than one direction. At the beginning of our acquaintance *a kind of delight which pluralizes meaning by gesture* and without

conjunction. *Hero chandelier*. What began as a heroic search for a historical shortcut is truncated. Nation made to walk on its hands. Nation

feints. Two raisin cakes and tea set out, tea and crackers, tea and bread, tea and jam, real cigarettes. Resources of repetition, variation and

control. We memorize your staying and send you our ideal.

A wooden match becomes plug

fighting for happiness. There is more than one direction. The winter of 1993 has been unusually mild, affecting weather and social self-management.

Kiosks are open by docks running horizontally down to Finland Bay, the ships off to the right of us. Men drop into sentences while far below, consciousness

turned. The apartness and unswervingness of a satellite. A one-dimensional system fails. Off to the left of us, necrorealist in velvet disfigures automatic

shuddering chandeliers. Sky outmelts autobiography. An indispensable beginning, but not an end in itself. Ethno-cultural reproductions of sunrise are

built out of letters, fully sized and fully professional. *You are a success-oriented individual* unobviously administered. Ethno-cultural souvenirs,

reduplicated and unsolicited. A horizon of sleepless. Empire junked. True political indifference. Paid by foreign cameras walking backwards into the

future, hurtling through metro shuttles, cosmonaut cowboys. As *if* in a one-dimensional system, you couldn't lose your way. Intersecting columns

of conversation. Incomplete, colored lights, peeling brick, melting ice. *Chin up, comrade*. What is the difference between a human and a robot? Alternatively,

notice the statues. The students make sense. O one eye, I advise you to remove yourself out of the plantings. After midnight, we hail a bus to cab to

Vasilyevsky Island. Komsomol spawned Alexander, bleating triumphal TV eagle. Petersburg as a whole represents a sum to infinity of the prospect,

elevated to the nth degree. Beyond Petersburg, there is nothing.



2.

O flowers, prisoners of our instincts to be happy—how would you be characterized? Tulip, peony, lily-of-the-valley. In the forest, the trees vote.

In the city, sellers hold up parsley, dill, American cash. I hadn't noticed the prisoner instincts of ours to be happy. *But you have changed too!*

Reduplicated and unsolicited. Paradox of centralizing dependencies handicap. This New Year's held fast ads on the radio: trousers at midnight.

Untamable hunger. Mental proto specialists leak. Endemic basement breeds. This was instead of the garlic. Decked for equivalence. Finally, the neglected

question of the nature of social organization. Mosquitoes in biological thrall. Things deserve us. Hygiene apparatus lowered into circumlocution overalls.

Uninscribed dream of thrust, stoked, glossily uncomplicated (until deleted). There seemed to be no prospect. The fog rose through the streets overtaking

our shadows. The driver tosses a rope to set the trolley on track. Flax—that I leap to the end of—multiplying, whose afterthought, ersatz, renounced.

Objects outlast us. Our lethargy says *break me*. Imagination's culture zone with leaves to keep soft. The main thing in entering the world market

will point the direction. Leave Russia forever. Blank— which is project.
I'm going to be in America. *Without I in the beginning, but not too avant-*

gardistic. The sawdust reeks of the Baltic, old slippers lie about used,
presented as a gift to the classroom, or if the bag of lemons will make for

an unsettling picture. Flags on the wall, constructivist spores, whereas
every sprout made us sick from its green sweetnesses proffered. More and

more a bag is hung on to the viewer, making her guess whether this can be
yellow, sand. We watch films of the holidays: hysterical Hamans and previously

rewound. We author originals. We preserve palaces—red, marble, green, censored
'humentashan'. The exhibition a kind of *home party*, subject to

sexual teasing, by which I mean, synchronicity with *wife*. We close the eggs,
then buy the jar. A wall of history obstructs and contains authority,

which acts as resolution in a mechanism of desire. The story grows
—only \$29.95. The sun streams by, unbought. The day grows colder, dawn

lights at 9:30. Where centrifugal forces tore apart empire, fashion and dinner
come first. Drunks come to the door, doused in a pantomime, curved

in an elaboration of attitude, soothed. This pencil compounds thought.
Foreign clients have a special liking for the veteran lilacs scattered across the

territory, militia booths buried alongside in a replication of myth that is enshrined
on bridges, a monumental memorial to the upright bolt. We are breaking all

promises. He gives no argument in favor of not doing so. He simply feels, says and
shows by his entire appearance that this is utterly impossible. As in

The Three Sisters, I never arrive in Moscow, but unlike the author of a neo-
communist plot, I was not allowed out. Here we come to the House of Cinema

Workers, and nearby the dacha belonging to the US Embassy. On television are
broadcast bodies performing aerobics in color. The storm passed. Era's echo

crushed. Lobbing nacreous insecure structure melts— while her papa and I drink No
matter how appealingly original they might be. As for the make-up, it was

undone. We begin to examine the film, asking for difference, authorial status
moving onto the editing. Trying to represent it not only as we see it, but also as

we know it. Theories developed by the survival school may help. To continue, after
all, is to put to the test.



3.

It is a very curious fact
for which no explanation has been
found. It is completely official: Anarchism
conditioning contradiction and not the reverse.
Array can represent life walls. It

has nothing to do with police.
A brothel society watches an undermining
moment. On one side, a colossal
pressure, its power which we now
believe and now we don't, and

on the other hand, we experience
permanent thirst. Over an evil that
can't be torn away, against the
view that popular opinion overwhelmingly favors
a democratic outcome in Russia. Status

modifiers get you into the party.
Let him go into the refrigerator.
The documents excerpted below should caution
us. Outside the Neva looms. Must
one love the future? Bedding swamps

to cover momentarily tabled corpses it's
built on. We witness Cuba on
her side, isle in a TV
sitcom, grapefruit in snow, tangerine pyramids
opposite Disney stickems. There's a certain

level of frustration blemished by glaring
failure. Improvising rentals between legs of
contradiction. Evidence of a 'real' pre-existence.
RJR Nabisco Russia has moved. By
this time, Timor is in the

hospital, and in this way, there
cease to be crumbs.



4.

Out of
 illusion,
we will have to swim like hell. The
 client
employment opportunity
 stipulates
hard-nosed business beyond
 romance
on which my tunnel of love
 hinges.
This protest has a prehistory. This
 prelapsarian
preparing to immigrate, to
 snap,
rope running off from a young man's
 hands
intent on his job, scaring us all,
 settling
the crisis in believable passivity.
 We
offer you design
 liquidation
by the shores of Saint Issacs.
 Prestige ads.

We are still from that place,
 utopian intoxicant
Attempts to stop the process of all
 fulfillment and saturation
have failed. Until very recently,
 irony
in the list of main ingredients
 reigned
In the line of
 jokes
Re-designing
 contingencies
while Dostoevsky and Mayakovsky
 flash
by the travelers' windows, signaling
 stops.
You float along –a sunsetless
 time



5.

There was no political will
stimulated mutables defying identity pay-in.
line) of same through housing

of a mix. To live
future within us. The way—
if—it were *only a* cruel

killing of a miniature toy.
Everything is imperial. Falling snow,
unmotivated shopping. Everyone's table at

the foot of TV. The
sound is pillage in re-territorialization.
Nonsequitor yourself. Couch size pile-up

“evidence of a real pre-existence.”
His skin grew ropes easily
and mutable. Having reduced the

number, reapplied intervention, become neo-
monarchy, framed in the present.
An invention of America, portrait

Of a killing. Aerodynamic and newly
Outmoded. We flow towards it.
If the cadence. In words—

The vouchers, the city less
Having reduced the number. A
uniform aesthetic is out, degrades

to introduce order nation state
turns on tapes, days relay
days. Bills. Stamped power. Exchange

Females prepare cans of petrol
themselves alive. At the foot
holds a woman inside, watching

my great-grandfather's village pillaged
Aelita Queen of Mars as
turnstile Madam. We are that

big step forward. This is
considered unequal. Big boys jump
nodding a prosthesis, running jokes

(trapped gadget) of the cuckoo
alert. Escalator bleeds, threatens to
burn. Situation drives despair, while

someone's hot water turns off.
Days and nights pile up
in repair. Celluloid itself degrades.



This epicene is one of mileage
away from minimalist avant-garde strategies. But
hitching post does not mark strict
ad hominum. Theravada. Time clocks ossify.
Petrified stride piano, running thumbscrew over
naive. We need Stalin utopias. *But*
the prices? At least they are

real. You remain incapable of concealing
Affidavit beneath quasi-conventional bubble. I'm
going to shoot holocaust utopias. It
has taken ninety years to assign
dead communities to Petersburg streets; now
the program music is reversed. Stalin
in the Water closet. Mushroom rain.

The agenda (say again) retains its
stimulant on top of us. Reflecting
remorse of a centralized economy. Talk
to the World Series tomorrow. Tearfully
gut Tblissi. Now the process is
research as to whose palms will
be greased in this vertebrae of

displacement. A busy body of Vladimir
Lenin is carried out on a
strewn field from a military schoolbus
in Moscow late summer. Post *over-indulgence*.
Ciliary movement denoting *Life Hollywood Real*
Cigarettes paraphrasing import. Arkady has a
new shirty shiny and striped. Cockamamie

bric -a -brac transferred onto cadence while
New Babylon rubles crowd into dollars.
Morning pours out evolved within spatial
age of consent shedding the more
confidence we *don't have* in centers.
An open precipitous. *You too can*
visit a communist utopia. Mostly vacant

big brown fistful emplacements autism. Excepting
expectations. A and B *really* look
like that. But history does not
mark strict adherence to this theory.
Demand has nothing to do with
it, dutifully provoked and unended. End
(now) (as in) a square lashing –

where we interrupt





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