

A MOTIVE FOR MAYHEM



Abigail Child

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FOR
MAYHEM**

Also by Abigail Child:

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A MOTIVE FOR MAYHEM

She's looking out of the picture. The bars across her face hold her in the picture and hold her from us.

The next is a negative. There's a pause in her lifted left shoulder. She's about to say something and he's listening, but his attention is in the other direction. There's another person in this room. We can't see them.

Now it's later and we're up closer. There's a sense of action in the angle of her head, her sharp chin. Her collar is rolled which both covers and seduces.

He's twirling something. Behind him are two maids. That's the second thing you notice. Imperial twins against a backdrop of altar. The altar is this stage, the curtain: the space of strangeness. The dots on the curtain and the patterns of the cans (stacked) mime the whirling flags he circles. The maids wear aprons, are ikons of discomfort. The magician needs aprons on bodies behind him to underline his possession: these are his maids (not apprentices). The maid on the left is relaxed. She won't go "on" until later. The second bends forward to see what is happening. The two women are the background to his repeating circling. In the background, they are the repeating figure.

Here is another. She is on her knees between chair and umbrella. The field is interior. The body is waiting. She looks up, seductive and luscious. She's arrogant. Her breast is big. It's a perfect volcano. In an encased waist, glitter to point with just a hint of fat pout.

The light makes her dangerous.

The onslaught of someone else. A big back in front of us. A dead body. A big cop cap. These are the business dead. You can tell by the brims of their suits and their posture. One's got his hand in his pocket. The women are screaming.

The light makes them desperate.

Significantly earlier, pictures are taken. It's poses happening. It's a stage, a stage against a wall in the outdoor. We identify with the one being kissed and as well, with the camera. We are both subject and object. We're the movement between the subject and object. We become the subject and we can also become the object. We can tell. NO. This picture is about us as subject. But we have not yet been forced to see that the subject might become the object. This is because there are no eyes looking at us.

In the next picture, everything changes. The flesh has been used. The brow is tense and along the nose is a wary ennui (a weary abrasion). He is looking out from under. Everything is covered. From under his hat, from out of the shadows, from under his mustache, from out of his collar. His ears are flat. Their color is silvered. The skin is lived. Like a tree, he's been there. His hat could be a priest's hat, but you know it is not. It's a worker's hat. The lips are firm. The frame is tight. The person is deep inside himself. He is close up, he is on the surface, but there remain his unassimilated parts.

It's the surface and the unassimilated parts that give us a grasp of the world. They provide the stage for our imagination and what the author can do with absolutely ordinary people.

This is not really comfortable. It does not climax. Everything is off-balance. The wall is tilted, the hair hangs weirdly, the leg's not at ease. One eye looks out, one looks off. Nothing has connection. On second look: though their bodies are entwined, his hand on her leg, her arms around his neck, they are falling off each other in perpetual stasis.

This is just the beginning. This moment says stop but is not going to make it.

I'm moving faster. There's a sense of humor with all this action and nothing happening. There are also holes on the wall. They tell everything.

Here is an other. She is reflection. She is texture and seduction and she's lying under the light. She's the point of focus. And yes, she's unclothed. She's holding a drink, inviting you in. She's holding a drink and the bit of cloth draped across her loin looks like water, a waterfall. Her breasts hang down. There's all this darkness. She is so *actually* distant. She just moved in with my action. But really, she is so distant. She's more like the door. She's double-handled. It's a double-handled door. It's a door which leads you on. There's a light under this door, luring you in, up to the window: her stage. This is the stage of the still life. We try to move away our eyes, but the folds, all the imperfections, the shadows force, focus us back onto the figure. You attend. She waits. You look. She eludes you. You wait.

You pick up the original. This is the hubris of definition. You fall. This maneuver introduces clarity. You foreground the exception and the threshold, deflect the mean, redefine the motive, reread the need for causality. In the largest sense this means we shape our causes, we expect them and then reshape them.

I BEGIN MY PICTURES UNDER THE EFFECT OF SHOCK. IN A PICTURE, IT SHOULD BE POSSIBLE TO DISCOVER NEW THINGS EVERY TIME YOU SEE IT. FOR ME A PICTURE SHOULD BE LIKE SPARKS. A MODELLED FORM IS LESS STRIKING THAN ONE WHICH IS NOT. MODELLING PREVENTS SHOCK AND LIMITS MOVEMENT TO THE VISUAL DEPTH. WITHOUT MODELLING, DEPTH IS LIMITLESS. MOVEMENT CAN STRETCH TO INFINITY.

OUR AGE IS DISTINGUISHED BY ITS DISTORTIONS. OUR VISIONS ARE OUR FULFILLMENT OF OUR NEEDS.

I had long conceived of a film composed only of reaction shots in which all causality was erased. The isolation and dramatization of emotions through the isolation (camera) and dramatization (editing) of gesture. What would be left would be the resonant voluptuous suggestions of history and the human face.

Some of my love for found materials must in part lie with this sense: of the value of the half-formed, the incomplete. An artist who seeks a classic unit, a formed whole, a balanced vision or harmonious work is looking for a different landscape. My topography demands negative capability.

As clear as I can see it. Rough and expansive, wet and dry, angles irritation cogs smooth-running fondnesses mixed, not anything, but everything and silence. Held together by the wires of its exhilaration. Raining art out of cross-purpose. Living off tension, squirming to earth, re-exposing shock and the mind at its metaphorical limit. The mind itself is a network of channels. The mind is shocked and flooded. There are no borders in the mind.

A BACKBRACE OF PILEUPS. ALL OUR NEEDS ARE PERJURED.

This manipulation tries to hide itself, so the spectator sees only the arranged reality. Explosive force is attractive as a means to escape the arrangement. It arranges its escape. It deforms the attraction. This form reordered rereads the audience. The audience knows the language, recognizes its disorder and denotations. Is not really comfortable. What is two is one and one also. What is separate is lost *and* immanent. There's the tension and impossibility of fact. It's all surplus.

This is how generation works. The edge moves out from the center. The spaces get occupied. The not-previous becomes present, is named, to eat away the boundaries of the art. What type of sentences move through this space? The sentences are true when true spaces move through it. If there is enough of the world in the work, it is a world, and if not, you add more.

TO GET THAT ENVELOPE OF SOUND. THEY WOULD HIT THE SPOTS AND I WAS INTERESTED IN WHERE THEY WERE MOBBING. THE EXCITING DRAMA IN THE MEETING BETWEEN AMBIVALENT SHAPES. SEXUALITY EVOKED AS A LINE AGAINST WHICH THE BODY CAN MOVE.

Against sad mechanics of distribution and an economics of production held by a nostalgic politic in obeisance to the observant authority. Misappropriate this moment. Demand its emergence, blunder, unbounded. Will you to it. Exterior anomaly equals organic splice. This is not comfortable.

THE MEAT OF ANY IMAGE IS THE SUGGESTIVE MATERIAL THAT CIRCLES THE EDGE OF THE BODY RUNNING ON A TANGENT TO IT.

HERESAY

Think red handed.

The feeling repairs them.

The emphasis of perspective violates the unhorsed ones.

No one moves.

(The synthetic ideal thinking is.)

Gnarly money notes send up necks.

Vary the sheriff

Lincoln metal worked wrong.

Limits its avarice.

in sound

and therefore no need decline

- a) imposing
- b) nyphomaniacal
- c) programmed
- d) photo

The necessity does not want to kill.

Despite this awful secret,

footprints

moan.

Fill the theater with their

tongues.

Another,

After

The improvement was caught.

Speeded to the slow of paradox,

their first meeting items.

manual

Speech

limbs

Point

Bent

to redraw.

Paradox

perpetuates

growing

closing

(homoerotically)

Suspect

cuffs

renegade

Courage

Night hits the space

eats

Tree

before logic wakes.

Ducky marathon

plague idiom

A startling contrast frames your brute lubricant.

Hyper space. Hyper mind hyper

OPACITY

Predicate a group *without* copula.

Bring back healing pushpins.

Pure tape

Always

Light

thing

at all.

from then on,

I want to erase or

enter this.

Seduce time

Stroking crotch

Dazzling radiance

crud snot

spurt kindness slime and

"The heart is pleased by one thing after another."

They double the ante.

continuing. B is embarrassed.

She loves D lady C and dangerously

the emotions of

contact.

Tying that giant's arm behind his back,

their anachronistic opulence

on the side of power,

Messages money.

Effecting the stage of momentum

getting down

I grew up

churchless. These remain:

Units affected by event

galvanize our

attempt:

pressure form

a direct detect

Start with a photo

The first excited level drops.

Scream employee.

The daydream remains unreconciled.

Conspiratorially, infiltrated guests crystallize

and pass

grinding a corporate virgin

for jesus the king to cling to

out of the ass

You get a

Start in her bedroom.

I get chills on my body thinking

Pop flesh over hordes

Fuck everything. Wife falls for romance.

(permanent job as it develops)

A parallel construction:

They keep the lights on in offices just like they do

in chicken houses.

As the word refused to turn, who returns to jail?

Working mums rough up

5 dead, reform 300

Pure healthy people report beautiful examples of abnegation.

obsoletely

secrete

uselessly

exploit

secret

type

rewrite

The direct liason arrests its absence.

"Even if they have to kill for it."

Screams track him

are drawn into the search.

Call hypnosis

protocol.

A man in his innocence

and all that belongs to him:

has terrified watery hands, proffering

victim.

The woman in the bikini was sacrifice to organized religion.

The obvious homologue — the clitoris — is omitted.

Night mare blanks out

leaving stuff for display.

The multinational gets pay shooting rifles,

while eyes edge collapse the gun.

Conversation distracts

traffic lips

lavaliers patch

saturate leg.

Subject and object collide

to strategize our concern.

Defining hue

Need reverse

until gradually your warmer saturates chroma,

alienates laughter

in the deranged

stereotypical

hot-scented sense.

In silence,

have been aroused

I wait.

Embrace

the arsenal of our disability.

Tailless munitions climb.

Swan's clit bruising color off.

Finger contrabands excitations' drag.

Body grabs an improbable dialogue.

"With its name on it, America insists on buying."

We fall after, swallowing up the ideal

as readily as the conflict.

Forever

one of them.

Your sir name.

Tension of toxin custom culture.

Undying continuity aggregate.

A writer may kill millions of them and shower signals from professional

satisfaction locks.

Attributes of which she, on the other hand, clearly had plenty.

Unequaled

to perform more efficiently and pleasurably.

Left to themselves

Evidence has

breakdown.

Anatomy

pumping

inertia

out of reach.

To be surrendered in love alone —

the daydream of

an experiment in *sweetheart*.

The lighter parts are thinner parts of the original,
are turned around twice. Striking the transfer will begin to
invade this flesh

Inadequate on the one hand,

and on the other,

before he destroys world he will

have language.

The invisibility

unrelieved by

violence.

As it were

patently fixtures

Indeterminate sex or both sexes.

Appeal lay in.

Person

itself is an equivocal word.

In front of this,

irreducible sound violates its antecedents,

separates them.

On falling asleep

pinch brace.

He is our "sing" doll.

Which give way

Interested in escape from which
itself points.

Perfect the alarm.

Split reverie to turn in the world

selecting swoons rococco lettrist crucifix

Fear

To reverse the whole

Dragnets fold

The lights fade up.

Suspense appears

as something to push.

DEMULTIPLYING

Here rocket doesn't move moon. Moon moves towards rocket. I wanted to create shape rather than image. The subject itself the change of focus before the figures move it. The idea in air lps. So from then on we got start.

Here rocket doesn't move moon. Moon moves towards rocket. And the observer looks outside the picture because of the corners. Is point of extension. Turntables phenotype times when they marry prisms to contrast. And adds a sabotage calculus to alternate music. No baby, no baby. You can't sit in front of the display.

The subject the self the change of focus before the figures move it. De-multiplying curated baby. Hence body compass in X. Under pressure of language you destroy to hold the embrace in.

A more amplified mutation. Parody a metaphor some words become. Some words become so flexible they cease to be useful. Relays anti-minimalism under appeal of pressure on contact. Things in the real have a way of not balancing. Consequence our subsequent processes and lutes we all have to. In retrospect, moving until moving got in the way.

I wanted to create shape. A deacceleration. What you use as a tool. Disturbed melody elusive by definition bent in irregularities the flesh imposes. Figuratively speaking we all have to look. Zones the separations the difference. An object walking together. And privilege myth's contradictions.

Here rocket doesn't move moon. Moon moves towards. Irregularities rocket. I wanted to create shape. The change of value. Focus. The figures move it. Art despises the make-believe. Like the girl running in from low table silhouettes climbs down a ladder. Shot of second in sun to start something that veers to time and turbine I it in shift a content to start still slipping succession. Hands off.

Play the key changes. Giving it an opportunity action motion is. Because

of corners we trespass. Noise effect to blue to substitute darkness. The sun a commodity compounds pumping stick with nation rope in the big American. Your own sweet time is a catalyst. The volume thing thinks shape.

The pix has enough of climate. A highlife fills with sweaty alternatives. The world is famous. Say this: the more homogeneous the presentation the narrower the reach. Specificity of difference of each. Incite against habit. Heart not a stick on impact tooting.

Meanwhiles so precluded. Sense of neutralized organs default terrain. In the undertow kissed by miles the idea of how kicks embarrassed in. Under pressure of history shift. Contamination the restoration you desire contamination into new information.

De-multiplying booty. The second revolution subject itself to the end. Moves in confidence de-multiplying consequent swoons. Interviews fitness. Clear color acuities. C plans B's assassination. Reluctant char babies the comedy. I move to interrupt. We see spectacle of life through disc and argue fitness of cinema syntax. Look.

A distributive reversal of the forces of oppression becomes comes to be difference. Being there and the separations the first step I invent a matter of think be moved alerts period period. Repivots to articulate design. Strikes detains and resists. The figure of conditioning the point of attack. And where to get off? Naturally one's toes feet knees or knowing there's a figure configuration of what you frame willingly difficult. Where to get off? Naturally the parody they lay down deteriorates into positioning the girl. *Naturally* in error.

Which is to say more dangerous still madness from things are specifically tilts girl into screen differences blonde. Between tracking increase talk disturbed by time to it. In the breast all your responses are respect responses. Color orbits body fact. Ears in the eyepiece work something to tune the sightlines to screw up the hardship. Each of us the continuous function.

The room was figure conscious. The number openings compound

thought of moment lives in. *I* was always a minority phenomenon. Amplitudes sense and wing between inversely wing displays big 10. I move to interrupt a bad normalcy and say it. Sequencing music and this instinct to become complete. Roots disorder.

Earth shuts up. Material disorganization. Street nuclei in groups. I gape as caught. My hammer hits this hammer. The science of play a conversion. Delinquent strophe. Lousy disorganization. Desire comes to. How this age will bear it? Spinning wap wop smak and bang nuff bean grudge. Explorer. Dense hive of flesh things photo. Strategy. I am speechless. Come on and sign it. Like the top of something disappointing its insignificance.

That dreams a specific within us. He felt remoteness. Air in moving until it got the way. The head of heads and flying light objects. Contortion's complication consideration's problem. And what does my and perhaps your repetition compulsion mean? Two chapters later HD surprises K's husband, H kissing NB, wife of a left wing and we enter N's world of unending cultural cross-reference. When I say stove I see it. Sucking it up swallowing articulated difference. Giving it combat. The sum effect at this point revolted.

Practical Americans do it. Incident beginnings of that function thought is decides a set splits means position is everything. Putting it on at that. The smaller the slits the economic interests coincide in. *Own* his position. Or has had so explained it. We don't want to relocate. The toy locomotive being the string the locomotive is pulling. Nothing that the baby takes longer.

Clock falls or help or both or poisoning. Falling in line. A roughening up. Mutiny the sense of means means body operation identification you *need* will style your obligation. Instead of being a daughter to him I being defending like a servant after I say I had a dream was more like a and Warhol adopted me but instead of being a daughter to him I was detonated. The world unsigned denoted sight lines life.

That moment outside the picture function. No hold to dress up. The word shot has a person. Counterpart to psyche sprung from cultivating

obstacles for building. Adjustable lips on thighs and so on and on repivots to articulate edit. Give me the business. Produced by the inaccuracy of convention.

Being so the room was unconscionable. Gradual perpetration dialogues come to. Line beyond your reason. Feeling collage. Breathing oak enough. Upright head headless is Them. No was the regulation we got to get over.

Yielding anyone who will see it. Bust of the age. Belly penis. The voice in them shapes cast. Inversely mass dames riot. Credits run down the middle. Off from date. Strict up to Peter. The trick is to be originally rhythm. Feeling exciting itself. Friction condition wrong picture.

To kidnap the surface rockets tilt and pan. To kidnap the future object resists and social conditions close up on light frame discontinuous space. Intention of the day event.

In the undertow somebody's saying soon come don't get your locks in a knot. The effects of reason staging its presence. He said: define the problem. Our skin one medium out of habit. I actually said futile only I figured it's your privilege. A static image is movement moving a momentary alleviation. Means connect natural phenomenon with the dance steps onto the process of making the work frontal. An integral piece of music that fastens what you are stepping to. Functional thought and making my living doing it. Which is something else.

Between that to underscore. Tagging parallelograms. Initially weaving you're my insanity between that wednesday from meaning paging. That then is function. In this saying synapse integral. The very last mug you've got. Like a sentimental Technicolor love divorce.

Another start. Coincide in feeling. American sightlines to make outside the splits. Toy being string pulling organs body loss being no or own means that my do do that tension mutiny. Plots adopted servant.

We part building lips on support crowding gobos cut. Onces perpetration to anyone. Then head who sitting around the exceptions. Dialogues

of you getting workprinted. Getting good at antibodies. Knitting bussing. A change big A change big pivot rhythm. It aggregates two professed rests and the wrong sound of *totally*. Unequal masses of iris in sweating. Lug wired up.

Meanwhiles default tow. Here rocket the figures love. Then that delinquent time conduct alternate enough. Towards picture point of phenotype. I cut-rated baby. Pressure like a million cartilage plans of I de-multiplying figures motion.

Alternatively, some useful anthropomorphic fucking. Remains in retrospect until figuratively is destroyed. Night tows table silhouettes for miles. Girl imposes head mobs to set the ton to screw in blunt. Walking together becomes outrun the monologue.

Quit the restoration. Conditioning one's position parade. Desire the contamination you desire. This idea of a practical entropy. Since pieces are in details thought turns times tunes to relocate desire. The history: door wants door. Syntax interviews finesse. A becomes difference becomes the squeeze on the figure. Means steps are my corners' score. Your weaving is integral. You've got divorce. Once part moves beyond anticipation's loss. De-multiplying matrix pressure pride picture plots. That then is synapse outside you in the elses making you dance. Undefined of habit.

Think. Focus has a tongue. The subject figures. You start display and hold to hence a moving way words become XXX. Cancel decor.

I wanted to create shape. The penetration value is. Cheating torture sweat monuments in US of A pumping citizens brains conquistador bodies hit brides inexorably shorthanding wilderness widely. Intercedes to be advanced.

Earth corners in. The word refining thought. Aggregates nest of entropic flabbergasted yes. Power births disturbed.

FALLOUT

for Steve Benson

I made some relation that failed me. It hasn't the heart to be useful. I was long ago. I was provoking. It had been by and large an excitement. I excited. I had those qualities at once local and unfamiliar. I had color. To hear that opening.

I want to move on, say something different. It is said differently. It is indifferently respectable and you can't get rid of it. It's been so and alongside, the route erupted. It interrupted, making something made different. It is possessed. It is intuited. It intuits its possessing. It adventures. It forgets.

I am forgetting: the erasure, the disturbance, the intent, the sale, the kinship, the sharing, the comrade, the dog, the traffic, this awakening misappropriation situated between its pronoun and personal possessive. How it came about. It is coming. It rewards comeuppance with forgetting. It has. It has had a whole background that birds parts and wholes and are taken apart. How the objects situate the human is not a question. Which is not but has been, were and might fever a fervent future, adventure, or woman. But further.

Forgo the mandates, the monasteries, the valleys and stone more likely to exist longer. Tranquil barricades. Calm rioters. For your character, substitute action jump and carefully forget what is coming, comes next, is coming, is gone, is swept into itself in a jumpy way. The bus abyss is impossible to accede, is accessory, is being without hands despite wheels, is nonetheless heavy however bright quick still white soft ragged in bookshops for your arrival.

Your pleasure is foremost, is guarded, is granted. The object of attention has eyes. Eyes so stiff and burnt have a religious sacrificial quality. Not to have been so reappears, disappears and thwarts. A historical time validates the historical act, which qualifies the validating tone in later historical prose. Like a fact has expression historically and what enacts disturbs this, realigning the word which wants to stand on its own.

Meanwhile, the harbor is caressed by a wind that smells a sign which prohibits trespass but is marked by those who drink and eat beside it. The water below is lower still and wishes kisses on stone whose shapes are erased in compulsory complicity, a habit the object rejects standing in the way of its concession.

Yet a figure escapes who was the original subject.

And stops congratulate. Blocks making some locale more local. You refine spasms shin scrims. Fragments of your wall have walked necessity out of sleep. It sleeps, it necessitates, it is necessary. It is latent and kicking. To be kicked into heat. It is shut in.

But I don't need to stamp it into a shape and I don't want to reduce this to metaphor. What is shaped untamped resumes intent. It remains itself, uncornered imagination's imperfectly imprecise perfection impasse. It is social, a feeding, a newcomer. It maps comprehensibility, tabs ridiculous conjunction and sleep conjoins because it is socially moving. It is fluid. It hasn't soap. It oscillates. I oscillate the page and eye and later reflect shadow from a proximal thought, from far away reflecting that on which the student sits imagining. It imagines contrast, considers casualties of attention. Nonetheless it is attending the shadow and elongates recovery where openings relax. It relaxes agreement from which motors dispute.

It makes a town a friend whatever the place is. The place is next. It is the margins. It margins pauses choices. The plural enunciates the person. This is a truism I do not want to reduce. It reduces disputed until a substitute approach appears all excited wanting to be momentarily sufficient proof of your humility and romantically a visual signal of interruption. It is presence. It gestures you safe at times at home, Think.

It is thought and it is unreconciled. It is reconciling rather than *that* reaction. It is refusing. It steps alongside a childhood and naturally evokes. It is ironic. It makes an account. It is on account of moments moving an impending opportunism. It opportunes roots, the past, a socialized memory. It immures, restrains your cliché. It is vistas. It is change, it is potential and adventures momentum in objects, discharging the subject. It builds an approach of logic. It arms the mind. The mind disarms if lucky proof substantiates recurrent care. It hears and is a visual space of interruption. It interrupts, is winded soft and stopped because the object we are awaiting has arrived. It awaits us reflecting, projecting itself outside our desire, discharging the property from its omnipresent sublet, enunciating the ephemeral subject to time and the light of its dissonance, a viscous continuum, refractive, obstreperous.

2)

And what could be funnier? It is funniest which is maybe the point. It presents itself as a matter for logic like a lot of questions. It points. It mutilates routine. It catches up the conceptualization. The conceptualization remains.

"Their secret brutalized them and very often it made them beautiful." Without motion of any kind. They savor it, experiencing function at a disadvantage. It accepts and is accepting, which often ends in the same way. Thus proportionally it is a relation. It is cagy, is caged and it cages. It faces the street and is faced in the network of that world word. It believes relieving the vacuum. It penetrates beyond results. It revives, results in penetration absorbing the details. It surprises the defects. It deflects the results. It projects an identification which memory denies. It is projected: an identification which memory identifies. It tells it twice to allocate the telling. The telling fixes allocation's need. It projects deflects errors and objects. It is subject to its own momentum and subjects momentum to its stops.

It prolongs what it refuses to defeat desire and unfix the platform of identification in which *I* reside. It adapts and improvises a subject, subject to a dialogue that is more than its sympathies. It embattles and breaks whatever the pronoun epitomizes. It eludes souvenirs and in turn, the twin pieties it retains it rejects and in turn, keeps hope prolonged against neglect. It intends and it tenses, it swoons and suspends, it inflects and refuses and once again disobeys its refusal. It tilts and twists. It turns unfixed supers beyond the oblique, disobligating error from excised obsessions. It attends attenuations and observes hiatus. It instruments an order to savor its disadvantage and the adventures of its details. It encloses rough mobiles and foots light all over the city. It cannot and it can end in a question, displaced.

BLUEPRINT FOR A SCENARIO

How do I get ahold of these controls?

Not a question, but an inheritance.

Under the old able to amass and then to hard knees part.
She's done her homework. Stand up and urinate. Bury them in mouseholes.

We cannot move. We cannot control the pacing or mind of this movie. The lost echo attached to the image intensifies the tension is an erotic heartbeat. Give it to me. The cons for that are very strong. I mean chance has nothing to do with it.

Brother she finds finds too hot incest and part.
It's the role most like me.

That ends. The first shot is the sky and a couple that is is sound that was. This causes words that the plot is. The presence of a sequence in relation to one. The film could take place over two years or two days. At certain points cars and machines and people take advantage of this and therefore you see red after blue after white and the color adds to the bugle beauty.

I found myself your tongue to piece these turbans stalk. Eventually I think his films agree with me, even though I don't agree with him. The mother was saying: "I don't think it's right that every time Joe comes home you tell me to leave." He acts through the proscenium that the picture frame becomes yet never falls out of it.

The girls and head come to exercise speed. In this the edits number a boat. Not a question but Black able to amass and then hard in slack. Black and white torquing 2 to two attached. Food is the altar. She's done her homework. Bury them in acoustic defeat, presex topping devices, trams and fences. Make a film dumb.

Not only for men, but with secondary pause, subject lapse rips false graduations. Discontinuous lead. Extant. Hold back its foot. To vivify time and the intermediary that impersonates an absence.

If this is a case, Plates. The land which had belonged was allowed to kill and ate their tougher. At any big and power dams until the claims they wished were boosted. The fiefdoms of each decree defeat. Weapons wreckers made up.

Shifts to jam the program. It is not a hot shoe but a struggle just the same. The doc bed spreading. In autumn the orbit backs off. A little summer warp.

Light is a place today. Girls belong to times gone out to point desire's space. A tool. Motion diagram directly pup. Dummy anachronism. Mum's an illustrative sentence. Revise the sport. Put out at birth. Formally mortar the indelible Air sun twilight I reading and hand complete.

That starts and ends. The first shot is the sky. We hear voices and different differences of voices but the sound that is is sound that was taken from another and laid over this. The sound causes the first confusion. Understand the film. What you see you are hearing is a montage of shots. There's the presence of a sequence or two days. In one they have these cars and machines and people is not isn't plot is not is not hot but a doc bed struggle. In the autumn orbit warp.

Light for us pertaining desires tool. Then directly loops phosphorescent vising torque. The immediate tape sucking schools information. Two material discords: that I sub first the sky, and over this the sound you see you are hearing words of shots and an idea of ideas of a sequence in relation to an insert. It has these austere moanings at certain points of cars and machines and people's voices like confusion but it is not. There is color of this awareness together and therefore blue after white and the color adds up to a red high-school chrysler.

Representation the sign of a doable job.

You could better becoming begin to break up start.

The opposite prerequisite comedy. The character walks in to keep the film moving. Lovers close their eyes before they kiss in order not to reduce their faces to anatomical data. Theater is editing of limited space. Time remains unmediated, untouched.

A MEDICAL REPORT: A report on breathing. Out of balance. Out of steadiness. The actors understand it immediately. The air pressure, search for a steady position. They can barely move.

What seems to be real is yearning for something. The arguer is a unifier. Power the assurance of context. Mythology in this nervous form is romanticism hooked into violence. The human holdster folds down for dinner. When they say I'm a goddess and eat your pussy I try to dissuade them.

I found myself to piece some screen and repetitive muzak. I don't agree. The mother was saying: "You tell me to leave." He acts through the frame the picture portrays yet never falls out of it. *I can't it isn't if she were* There stands his food looking demented. Noticing noticing.

Walk up. Kiss. Reduce hypothesis to space. Time remains out of balance. Out of pressure. Immediately moment. Immediate melody. Position breathing. A man in love. His sentence has other cells. Is a case. This the course the Subject. The principle elapse animations motion. Contact form and finger press.

Was not a dream. This brief. Flaps in darkness. Instruments rivet. *Without waking hurts us.*

INSIDE STORY

I am very hungry

Breakdown of certain gratification procedures

Pin peg from cast (inlaid)

science (shadow) Shadow

A shaped thing

suggested by skull print

or most vertical of all

adversaries charm

Probity fix penis to peris

disinfecting president

Typically a reciprocal periphery

diverse air mans or pulley of both

An Olympian burlesque

wearabouts

warships move out

to undo

the result of the skin saying is

and was oneself in

•

Assumptions slim down

It's oppressive to see them dead
Superfluous biology buying consciously
representative telephone
or not quite as momentous as
an enthusiasm's Loveboat

Part of his soul
coasting downcast Joker
couponing stroke
serialized *inappropriately*
the male member
Lookout!

designed and somehow land underestimated
heaps variant maples to side show slide
word here

Fucking divine regret

Blends in to menace best
Extent become a sort of building home
to cut into fact

stops
out of sun cast

of tabletalkers
spread between roughs
and postures foregrounding
per by I
despise them
as they expect to be

•

Desire A) atypical
B) revised
difficulties fort
C) instumental brat

which is to say
hadn't proved like this
What a sketch she is

Isotypes touch
At tough
intensifies too-much-almost

If she'd've thought it's the paint
in two colors
I have to arch?
plying the better of a person
PICK AXE

"In me my fingers barely held the stem
and I was breathless by the time I'd top
and drop to the floor. I gave change
ped the ridge on stall."

Off that
To be awkward for the person

•

Eve's Bellona's Galatea
Imperfect delegate triggers belated cult
Symptomatic madame underlines infantilization

In plain corsets
in solid metal
in dollars
a hierarchy of
empty
multiplication circuits
anti-aphrodesiac

The man specifies thought job
Commerce conditions a sourceless presumption
Coincides with its own penchant unto
its own commented panic

While the principles of the light
the surface obstruction
in a burst of the social
a great disturbing force
is not to calm parent threads

We are all more than this incontestable story

Pushettes fist
tore color
like a scene out of a war
I'd actually witnessed

Passion worker become a slave
an antidote to all else
Instead of that means mean
the end presumes imperfectnesses

In this society flesh manifests itself
as disorder
a peripheral crackdown
creating an island
affected in attracting the opposite

•

Look

Each has a strapped rod under the sleeve
Concealed beneath it hands

the people cases to it
The leg the table will go if the leg
is holding the table steady
Then the floor is lifted with ease

This forms a perfectly direct upward
insert
Then the end closest to the asses
is merely the most persuasive

Several effective realizations
of tilting solids
push the wadding with the remainder
and ball in quick success
ball the wadding of the measure exhibition

Ramrod shown with a wedding trumpet

•

Being so unlusted
blotting a face across her

Impeccable infections
sugarless band title gum

He begins by her coming and eating him up
Another version: t and m had had
 had to interact
 and cannot
chief editions of status intervals

•

The buildings build a countryside
The wish is downgrading the language
The body changes to receive its image in action
Contra vary dictation's routine
A more suitable bloom:
 sex is all over both bodies
Red is vast
 not to wait at
The bride a deacceleration

Manifest:
the way an object is answered
Reads
I believe by reason of
the connection to
and orbits body
perturbing discrepancies
 between us

Practice employs more collisions
The world is open
Sightlines awkward by themselves
A gut end tenement warns
Excoriating lexical facials
circulating extent and perforated law

I was through it on face value
making something out of the exception to it

•

A DISPUTED CASE

The first of the two cases is a dispute between a husband and wife. The husband is a doctor and the wife is a nurse. They are both employed by the same hospital. The husband is accused of having had an affair with the wife's sister.

The second case is a dispute between a husband and wife. The husband is a doctor and the wife is a nurse. They are both employed by the same hospital. The husband is accused of having had an affair with the wife's sister.

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The left sinister intentional twilight hands the metallurgy outside
The robot has a dynamo which incorporates heroic facts
The fitful bond whistles headers and stretchers
Something has really occurred or is the _____

One sees the empty space and enters

someone comes from below

the chairs converse in a corner
the trees grow crooked
two disappear
the citizens need no warning
Peter has five letters whereas Peter plays baseball
The particular is curious
How is much more curious

She goes up and down at the knees
He has a tunnel for a head
This was another body's villa
The leaf regions have digressed
The belt of shadow below the dawn rips the sheet of silver

The site collapsed in the 1520s
All of those women have pockmarked faces
I'm more interested in the comb with its teeth missing

It gives a forward impulse
The land is low and wide
The assembled object is taken as the model object
The assembled object is the assembled object

The hand manipulates the lace
The teeth are numb
The space itself is between decks
A man with a long neck waters the roadway
Red's the least refracted edge
A red herring diverts attention from the real question

IT is perhaps an invention
THIS is an apple
WHITE is exalted
The patella is thrown
Its getting cold
She wasn't paid
We hid our dead
It makes one wave
The small stopped youth came to a full stop

The visible pieces move from the high down to the low
The sky drops its sweat with a clutter
The bees fill the space between
Various ropes bank the rooves
The rebound sprays up
The day marches forward
My fists are invisible
It goes off in my hands
The collections of the interwatch spring the inner clavicle
This is where the noise is seen
The door opens the scene behind the scene
Sigh pressing cypress followed the forming valley

A metal surface is going by
Scales are both skins and ladders
She lays out the scale and plays it
Mulberry shoots spread all over the landscape
Yesterday was the first day of summer
Ramifying nature extends its branches
We never knew the coldness
The husk encloses a flower in its grass spikelet
A man with pricked head carrying suitcases walks in
I was looking forward to seeing you while looking at you

A decision is made and a point of continuum
The light reaches lower in Madagascar
The ideal expanding even as the key keynote extended
The hand is to grasp
John Bull marches
Language goes deciduous
I too am loyal
There is a mental picture
Always there is the entrance
I can't look to stabilize
Where the end meets the middle
Winter is coming

•

We go backwards
It is the fourth of June
She remembers forgetting
The two characters win by a knock-out
She reckons there's a book which tears itself off
It describes a circle with the beginning of the arc only

Today I asked him a question
I think to explode his gun
I hit his throat
It becomes invisible
This is terrific scenery
One can write in any position
Eye level ladders leap to hill horizon
The background does little to steady the image

A successive noise robs us of our infancy
The flowers the plastic flowers are modelled on grow here

The concept is motive
Where the sun is Repeat the pattern
I extend the definition of the word passion to encompass walking
Certainly I am, you are
But this is not for professional reasons
They regard the crow as inedible
It was old and I familiar

•

a white claw rose cluster hyphen upon that wall
the harness of the sun rode white to descent
one navy unable to run ship

the shores whither the storm tossed them
rag stocking silo next 40 miles
"bet we'd have a dust storm if it weren't so wet"

what becomes the unsuitable
inviting dog swims across writing dog

a little head hoods keel
center head writs head head head string
funnel bone centers forms circle hollow
upon skin upon part
she cuts ice not ambidextrous issue
spot a tiger
create the universal figure

more color more color
is there another foot?
at bottom hazard boots it

Light is coming off the field of water

red yellow black
the tide increases
heron stalks moor image
2 times it curves in a double percussion

not June yet to call it spring
small as not still
clear pool cropping soil
well see if you see any fleas, but dont start a fire
how much warmer now whiter
flame adjacent stands
mat adjacent strands
salal under snow burst
periodite giving pretty
glauca blue versus other other

the fire razed hollow for later, bee's commerce

the job efforts the will
the snake strokes this green scattering
in mainland China there buds brown petioles
incense increase attest to storm
the air bubbles checks burst and flys about burst leaps
glyph turns power
more its head moves

only certain plants and in a certain sequence
rank growth civilized visual
the trees wash down from the sea each winter
red turning red
moon pounding shore
smell and course port cord
calm white peeping
border Baden organ
mixed extremely rude straw message

who will make the addition?

BLOOD BRAIN BARRIER

for Peter Seaton

The head is organized. This influences shape,
argues rapture. Project its analogue.
Rescue pulse or now doubt and combinatrics
at the center
quicken

skin

to juncture vessels shape

our brain

Contaminate this universe

which can't be alike.

•

Transfer demands. What questions feel?

Dissent reluctant with discretion splits.

She seeks *all* transferred, discrete.

•

The dog is nappier. The dog is smarter than the
man and faster.

Churning breaks parts consonance.

We get close and there is color, a resistance
locating innocence like sex to mean "we."

And the advantage in confidence will penetrate
some of the ugliest environments in the world.

In the mood you're in you're reticent, you're
selecting and disarming, you're a reunion
and you noticed

these difficulties commensurate with swooning
to the music you're used to.

If the isolation were complete, the brain
would die

serialized

"We're dealing here with what you call
civilians."

•

The image is a meat image
is a microchip
is a mirage
under a microscope
in a scale
where the hero forms frames
it catches
canoes the landscape into
brought inside your mouth there's a
catch.

•

The world removed unhealthy cages eye.
The world enlarged eyes cages.
One is free and the next enslaved.
They're celebrating an anniversary of
caging.

A passive montage or a frenetic one or
precise to slide show play
to see it attaching sentiment.

•

Co-existant plan: the action advantage of
escape apparatus. The fear is the real here.
History so estranged from performance, we
reinvent process until the orgasmic
machine maintain our income.

"I want to explode the home but he keeps
crying anyway."

I secrete emergency emergency and this
dynamic for the future

UNION

occupying a full union
is a surface
is the world's largest ground.

The desire a desire to reconnoiter a
"swifty"
to redistribute our heart, our income
our grip on the advantage of indubitably
"yes."

The circumstance a contribution of thought
encircling a matrix changing position to lead
words into English.

Using soil for camouflage, we have that
accident when it is convenient to us.

•

Assumptive showy body Crack
conceits in cymes sunburst
hum taunt divide
you to confuse
single malaise
with illustrated mackeral skies.

Interrogating words.
Chaos an access

•

Within the controlled internal milieu
of the body he was uncomfortable with this
idea and rightly so.

The ductile regions form shear bands,
paralyze light, blunting the tip and
ultimately, cracking it.

•

LUST

Through steroids of annihilated fragrance,
by counterfeit of my counterpart,
before the fornication of adorable birds, I write:

"You reflect on this extravagant jeopardy
boistering my mackinaw, explaining in decibels
of sirens so gorgeous. I copulate. I am forced to."

While evaluating my denial your sedative
penetrates the dildo, alienates the disinfectant,
infects the theater, flaws the alliance and
all evaporates.

Night sleeps,
Innumerable, inadequate and occasionally unnoticed.

2)

Thousands of the signal
Turn immediate lips to a small blunt world.

The infant processes the confidence.
In its most extreme form, hurts.
He is kissed, interrupts, kissed, blows,
subjected to food
and bodies who pay you.

A symbolic gesture is intensified.

This is plausible but it happens to be wrong.

3)

We supplicate the necessity
to misrepresent sallies, to centipede
spirals in humps of flaxy floral nights
blooming in settings of gynecological
gold, liquid and impulsive.
Investitures play imperial excess, stick
the assumed recuperation, while
banks monitor disconsolate societies, and
unconsolidated holiday projections are given
experience in reflection's language attitude.

Empire's taunt pulls on us—
Redirecting vortices before original kisses
to reconstruct the sky, cinematically
useless.
Despite appearance.

4)

National deceit offers an analogue,
accelerating surrogates in the light of
history and the tone of what was sold deteriorates.

Important match boxes bugger the table.
That causeway smokes to amplify.
Battery of way drills
Consequent rosaries
and the mugs of their howls closeted in flame.
Bedsprings become the ultimate cookie
Porkchop trees
while the words want to jump

5)

Until the day sets in on
top of the credenza and the vital oneiric
voodoo become your nostalgic hypnosis.
Butterfly bites the arrogant cliff and dies.
What's left is the balance of our outdated
eagerness
infatuated, surrounded, ambushed and liturgical,
at the core of our genitals, in the foreplay
of your rehearsal, burrowing in.
A cubism of athletic events, and the
wished for end-of-your-clientele
so violated and so crucial, so ascetic and so
executed, so inflammable so liquid so as to produce
delirium dreaming, making nice sitcom.

Just grunt: an aberrant synchrony to
nascent magnet and the allergy our minds shadow—
Where I identified *absolutely*
running with glide, thinking limits
in reverse, going out, going forward, going with you
and we with summer grammar,
against the limbs of writing hand
the dream segment differently.

6)

We get close. We grow tender. We're soft on Communism.
A sequence of the Westerner, of the anti-, of the extra six
and sugared dailiness to you bub.

Just clothes pulled together, deposits under the ice, this
topology of the future
zoomed in on the space of successive lust.

We want what is needed:

the condition of the parts beneath the sound emitted,
the wedding of human actions by people who saw it all,
the radioactive sky motherfucker just-for-the-hell-of-it.

Now what have we here?

These code words that baffle.

Ranger buster, jangle tumbler, snapper upshot knothole teapot.

Why I want the round water strange and not the
expropriated exotic parts. It stops.

7)

And here we steal the agreement to penetrate a society
that defines being by having.

"But how can this prick frighten people?"

Their very cussing tasted of painkiller.

8)

An eye forms the artificial rose of its agreement.
Motors margin words to life, then think
reflection is no substitute.
You know, I was strongly attracted at the start
of the details of them,
apertures,
kiss from behind, every form of design,
entirely but—
Anything I could say now would be anticlimatic.

This exaggerated light restructures color.
Time reflects the thickness of its details.
The image nation in the thickness of static
“Hoopla. Hoopla”
an embedded flame.

Sentences attract.
They all but dismantle.
The noise recognizes its theme.
The means reorganizes my attachment.

This maneuver, sufficiently ample, is to power
hand, number the future, whose natural
energy scale is the nature of the thing.

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A MOTIVE FOR MAYHEM is an extravaganza of jumps & starts & angles "resonant [with] voluptuous suggestions." Filmmaker & poet Abigail Child's cutting within and between sentences is energizing & startling, giving a pulsing, syncopated flow to these exploded lyrics and imploded proses.

— Charles Bernstein

Blockages, separation and the full panorama of ought-to-be discrete modalities of anxiety, desire and bonding (we're talking love, sex, spectacle, society) are integrated here into and even as syntax's tissues. Sensitive and impertinent to the training one may mean to bring to the body of a text, these split-second serial cuts, wipes, dissolves and shifts in depth of field at once elude and refer back to the urgent purposive focusing of some mentally imagined eye, afforded no particularly convenient place to stand, and the necessity of the partner.

— Steve Benson

Reading **A MOTIVE FOR MAYHEM** is a shattering experience. Like Child's films, the text *motivates* the reader into a space where time moves in multiple directions, forcing constant reshaping of cherished figures--including the *naturally* erroneous position of the girl. Between the complex layers, abstract and highly visual at the same time, one glimpses a new ethic of the text. Its folds, its remarkably intelligent movement enchant us.

— Gail Scott

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