

TORQUE #5 + OBJECT #8

A SPECIAL COLLABORATIVE ISSUE

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TORQUE #5 + OBJECT #8

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TORQUE

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OBJECT is not accepting unsolicited submissions at this time. Future OBJECT publications will be - uh - sporadic.

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RODRIGO TOSCANO

from The Disparities

Premise No. 1

Blimp soars through the shelves, digital ballot wallet
While Eternity (usually light blue and soft)
In the background (for those who've known these productions)
Opts for a carbonizing rain, mapped out, rough crust
Flesh, fields. It was sunday. Bright. Ghost traffic. More news —
Frantically called "events". And later (soon) that "day"
Its cultural wing (absolvers racket) *voices*
Were at [pluralism farce] a slam (bam) *spunk*, bonk.
But *how does* Paternity for instance opt for
Eternity? It can't. Intention speaks that way
To remain (as some say) solvent. So, mappings, yes
The blimp soared toward the northeast, but its function, stays.
Cars were in some mountains waiting to be mined, tires
Hadn't bloomed yet, in Burma. It's been a good year
It has — for whom? As some here crave stability
Also, no artefacting me-festivals, last.
In reference to. And here comes them pilots again
On tv, mics ogling them, but it's my job, sir
Yes, it's their jobs, sure. Plus a miner's babe's been born.
You dig, and we'll take *that*, You take *that*, and we'll... Rain
From an airplane, like in Da Nang, tonnage, voices
And add more coffee houses means more masking too.
Monday never really came, though some spoke it — here

Sunday's tuesday, as thin smoke, still gathering, *was*
By the tracks, stale piss, the plasma center (porch) *was*
Once on the eastline [several] What's the score, who won
The game. Faith seeping through the german-made carts, *ding*
25th and Commercial, the welfare building
Mural, child astronaut, *you* could be *this*, if, try —
Melds into (is that the moon? *moon*) three tykes pointing
And shovels to a garden (flowers) Big Sun, *ding*
Once the doors locked, a g-force let us know we'd moved.
OK, what *about* the reprimand given me
Just ten minutes ago by a super/visor
Some eye pointing out to her his *skewed* sense of time
School being mere school, guys guys, gals gals, days mere days, no?
Like a recent rap says — What's yo' *name* — *foo'*, I signed
The line, compelled, a signature keeps track of...*ding*
Euclid Avenue, one-third of Detroit boarding
Next, landless Chiapanecans. What's the score, who won
The game. Faith leaking from the cardboard-made terms, *tied*
That big blimp somewhere about to rise. Artifacts
Here come them poets again, mapping. Redemption?
Potent motif because *zilch* (ever) gets redeemed.

Premise No. 2

Concrete, lips, 8pm, entireties or partials
Portend, broach, agonistic floor plane (sloping) Hail
Intermittent, sounds seldom, there, clips, green bulbs, beam
Nose, as much as line (any) poised radiance, blurt
Clarity, a moral floral decay, spinal

Finite length, delve joints, splitting hairs, often wood grain
Visible struggle, physical absence — gaining —
Oh I would, sure, shape + clock, verve + black powder
Mold strong, x-fledglings hold (what course?) spillage, forking
Scriptless solid, night delayed, fourth probable breath
Kind glue (you would too?) twelfth syllable bust it — pop.
Alley, finite buttons, red thread (holes looped) spot, share
Deflected light, 5 indoor outdoors per second
Indebted sunday, breach, slab nab gab, various glands
Done wheelin', rouse rust, spun, hone salivate wander
Ice melts, plants molt, homes fold, schematics on tip toes
But still you won't believe, but still you won't receive
Deflated guidance, spillings — mud — all, came children
Game, spot, cue, freak who's paintings (shrill fillers) mail (mute)
Rally, code it skewed, contusion, profusive chords
Just how much structure they intend is all that's there
Just what happened when (rover to range edge) spills, shapes.
Cull, sudden blue, chime — strips (clung) presence, clef, shading
Throng's warm, inflected swearing — love, swipe, frail, yet *deal*
A decreasing skinstood, spare, had dug, cold vibes stuck
As grogged, who drove bright nails in those beams, polarize
What in the world, they mean, spleen, forth, stare, authorize
Sip, spell. And a span (again) skull-holed hope (hapless)
Blistered dime, *who's that?* Crumpling clock, what relegates?
Trance of the sea a while (flounder) kills, who hasn't
Shudder, lobbed progress, fold a night sheet (2,3) crept
Straggles, forget, *had* to, to fit, to dialect
Forgot, "a first but first" remembrance, The, crowned, tossed.
Time, again (shit) sudden you, grazing (*that's what's new!*)

Ring slipped loan fate, lash (obscured) histora-sick will
Walling, other, has a way of *felled* (far) yet *deal*
An in-verbing clinghood, west, swap, west, o'clock's twelve
As trails out the chaired sequenced, as trailed out the sun —
Returns, will, but third thirst, kind, another, *shale*, (top)
For steal, attest, legs chromed, numb palms (glistening) — wait
Dome chunks, blind quarks, *slack*, salve, give (thick) interiors
Black Slate — Full, White Slate — Full, stop? tranced [aqua slowing]
It's oh just a faint waft of you engenders it
Fear as floor, ash as floor, stretched neck as floor, commit.

Premise No. 3

Blood circulates? "Arms, tapped". And that around the block
Files viewed to contain them, all at, some near [thus they]
What put us where, then, between one and this not-one
Closing in, if alive then dead, cells process — blunt:
Cuantos anos — *llevan* (hablas), San Cristobal —
Checking the positions around the block — knew it?
Veins, to flow there and yet lack there, quick-dawned, 1/1
To speak that, thus hurled *that*. Overstood. Flanking. Grip.
So that around the block, photos, labels, numbers
Chucked, Heart Yanked. Subtitle it Courthouse Medicine
Techfest delayed for northern prensas, stumble, stunned.
1/1, began and ends by documentation?
Such illusion, though out of it comes Translation —
Radiates (for how long) Radiates (by how much)
For Memory, as the town was soon re-taken.
Time coagulates? Concepts suture nothingness?

San Cristobal, a sighting for someone sometime —
Provisionally accurate, its process, grips.
So that secretly from the sierras it approached.
What needs the death inside something, re-claims it, grows?
Oh and "mediators" turn up by the dozen
Pander tablets, constitutions that can't be cooked.
Biographical. To be spoken for. To know
This much, *this* long: new uninhabitabilities —
Generational? not entirely, but parts
On the way (encountered / re-combining) — hopes, fears —
The incorrigible big **H** perhaps bears it.
Biographical, a should speak it, though Absence
Well, as much a tragedy as a comedy.
Correct, Empirico ear can't see how this fits
Following the previous block on land seizure
The way your chum state taught you, the fact your read, deal
Categorically too, difference being, *ours* eat *yours*.
But to tell of the other things I saw there — **H**:
"Coffee hand a cup ground down mind arraigning tracts
To look for, before dark, work, stir, gathers voice — cut
Paper pact, tied a chain, tree — trace — column — dorkboard
Choice-heap, homes look, choice heap, x slinks along cruelty
Flim flam film phlegm (impact) glamy couple — gorgers
No thanx, manx. Corn's a gavel, Oil's a gavel, Mink
Is small compared. Ticks an affable tax hoax. Bonds
Are hands obscured (expose) base (edge) stir (wedge) Tongue-Torque"
When having faced the front page (them) re-shaping "I"
Chamula, the name of a people — that mean it.

JESSICA GRIM

Untitled (for AB)

Fixedness turbulates honorary honorary thing
body stipulations wheel tincture
 layered
utterance staring at us

a person standing is the news
large-headed
our own best deal

 curious
to know this "encoding" moving
towards

some homewardness

imprinting ourselves

how thinly on
the lake then in the cold
recognizing it and
walking down

their figurative living

fraught seam
the serious white earth

"the welter prior to thought"

 choosing having chosen long into
recapitulating hungrily as if as with to have and
with longing admit their having

spring there shone

 obviously
reflexibly
inhabiting that
wholly
hands placed down thoroughly

Untitled

Scrutable, inexact, wilting
one needs arduous
that the light plays precisely

 gorging on factual
hibernation
shame we can't seriously
 sharp headed for

that is: activity & simultaneity
instilled there interspersant

stand aside — the sky
frightens them
therefore
 wet
in the hand proceeding immediately

surely you can hear it yawning
when individually they
 rain
the part that is human

Directory

III

March 2, *All the news*
a morning salvo
we woke up to day
to the magnitude of position
time lapsed by space
how I can read for hours
and not move an inch
a report on the defect
or reckless consumption
that broke the bank
when the shit hit the fan
and started another
and turned a venerable
newspaper into a veritable tabloid

that came from a tip
from one peninsula to another
as so on as to mean world-class
within and without subaltern

we hiked three days and I couldn't help but think about documentary footage
or has it become documentary we hiked three days I thought
or is it now material a field trip news batteries detergent bugs kept me awake
a running commentary beyond itself a round trip wondrous monologue

Fig. 24. Warlord Zhang Xueliang (center), holding one of his trademark
cigars pose on a Beijing railway platform, probably in early 1928 at a
meeting in the wake of his defeat.

projecting the part larger than life a part from apart of
has it become biography the physique of an elephant the brains of a pig
temperament of a tiger
each page an epithet (center) trademark cigars in the wake

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

from Gulf

a test of poetry for Rob Fitterman

Which
of these
poems can be
considered "anthems"?
Stein's "Ireland", which is because
I don't like you anymore! (They
said I am bereavement
– sorrow – this was the truth,
but I doubted it.) Come on! Pull
out those rather raison
des desolation,
Aquataine's
prince
at the
tower's tumbled
stone. Eclipsed
is autres rhododendrons, those
sloppy sequins. Bumming with hope,
the sandflower revels
in its my own star, for constellation
my lute wears melancholy's lightless
sun. Night-dark the tomb:
then, in the spirit
of French
Surrealist
poetry
under the Occupation
(though written
before that time), Schwitters'
gas, tissues, it turns its angle
to I my consolation,
restore Posilipo and Italy's in
this way, according to Tretyakov,
all sea-zone! The flower
that eased my sad
heart's

tribulation,
"An Anna
Blume", which
takes direct the
vine whose tendrils with the individual-psychological
literature has been abolished in
Russia, every belletristic
attempt has been disposed of as
ridiculous and aim at a certain
Greek philosopher in
order to loosen
the sun,
combs
the cratered
sky. O(gggg)h
my. Random the ground
for a new Dadaistic conception
of language, or rose make one!
Am I Love? Pheobus? Luisigna
or Biron? The queen's kiss marks
my brow yet, and I have dreamed
number generators have
been known to –
where
the Siren
swims
in her sea-cave...
and Ashbery's "Europe,"
which has become a very important
to poets bourgeois, the writer
as a professional has
disappeared, he of the "Language
School," for instance. Which have
that simplicity of meaning,
and the spirit of
works
like everybody
else in
the factory,
he helps in liberty,
that are usually associated with
anthems? Which poems the social
construction and the
Five-Year plan? And an entirely
new type of literature is about

to begin. Tretyakov

brought a few examples
along
– at last!
at last!
at last! –
thereby completing
the urgent animist splash. Pouring
more cream into the bladder, asparagus
into the flanged creature...
attempt, by assembling a wide range
of disparate twice on conquering
foot I have like hinds
mend. Minds into
the band-aid
benders
(and they
all gathered
round to listen
to the crookt ardent crown). Hot
pants (sadness dwells... confined).
Here is my effigy...
And exhibited them with great pride.
They crossed Acheron, making the
strings of Orpheus' lute
reply now to sighing
saint,
"things",
to establish
or disestablish
cultural hierarchies?
Were books, or rather copybooks,
each now to Titania's cry? From
then on I soggy. Hopelessly
devoted... to you, and no written
by a dozen factory workers. Under
the direction which poems
imply a conception
of the
poet as
a being
possessing
a higher "sensibility"
(elitism) and which seek to dispel
this notion whenever matter how,

when they turn this word
around, I'm stuck bathed in the
poem of the sea, infused with stars
possible (via vulgarity,

for example? Which
in overdrive
(or underart,
that story
of joys and
blurtings) and something
from and lactescent, devouring
the green azure where, the quota
system? Marx me impressed
when I'm not driving on the window
side of the Pale and Elated, a
thoughtful drowned figure
sometimes sinks.
Of a former
writer.

Their
titles, where,
suddenly dyeing
the blueness, delirium and slow
rhythms under streaks of poems
are "prophetic" and hectic
(Blake, Pound, daylight, stronger
than liquor, vaster than our lyres
– the city that is blindly
building its for
instance,
were:

ESTABLISHMENT
OF A FRUIT
PLANTATION NEAR
A FACTORY; further, HOW TO AIR
DREAMS ON SOMEONE ELSE'S KNEES
and communicates with
THE DINING ROOM IN A FACTORY; something
better redness of love ferments!
I know the several dwarfs
in the splattered
back garden.
Dancing
on a bridge
(in Avignon)...

particularly important,
written by several foremen, HOW
SKIES RIPPED OPEN BY LIGHTNING;
waterspouts, Andrews?)
and which are cool and wary of
to GET RAW MATERIALS MORE QUICKLY
TO THE LABOR for the
 sensation of dancing
 on a CENTERS.
 This,
 then,
 is the new
 bridge. They love
it, or Lyle Lovett it, the prophetic
 tone (Moore, Bernstein?) which
 poets would champion
Enlightenment "order" and rationality
 over Romantic "chaos"? Russian
literature, the new collective
 literature, the
 literature
 of forge
 it, [v]indicative.
 Perhaps you
 didn't understanding
the Five-Year-Plan. German writers
 sat surf and the currents; I know
 the evening and which
poets are most upset? Which poets
 at Tretyakov's feet, and applauded
enthusiastically? Benjamin
 is dawn exalted
 as the
 flight
 of doves;
 and, are interested
 in creating rules,
and which at moments – have seen
 what man thought me, I am wanting
 raw nerves and having
here. He is writing an essay on
 he saw! Queen, will you assent
to unfurl in breaking?
 What are the implications
 of these

rules
(syllabics,
 limited use
of syntactical marks)
just one curl, one billow of your
 hair for the blades of scissors?
I want to inhale just
one note of the bird-song of this
 night of love, born from your eyes
of pearl. My heart's
 bouquet, trills
 of its
 on the
language?
 Its sounds?
Which poets sing
(attempting to sent the letter
 last week. Cough cough cough cough
 thicket, in there your
spirit plays its roseate cough.
 The patterne of this jewell matches...
my sway the listener),
 and which speak
 (attempting
 to baudelaire)?
There
 is good stuff
there, he shows
how the prospect of an age without
 history distorted literature "reason"?
Which poems seem to imply
(or directly thighs. Humbug, it's
 not a dwarf, it's State) notions
of duty? For example,
 Hopkins ends his
 poem,
 as he
 does many,
 by stating
that all beauty
points to God; it is after 48,
(the Versailles victory of the bourgeoisie)
over his way of getting
over the guilt of a dwarf. Jerk!
– I it doubted truth was this but

said They them when the
 flute. Queen, will
 you assent
 to unfurl
 just the
 commune was
 discounted in advance?
 They writing poems at all! How
 much of communist idealism, as
 wind wounded, we argued
 about that over portrayed and maybe
 parodied in Benn's description
 one curl, one billow
 of your hair for
 the several
 graces
 of wince?
 White awakening
 rafting, of Soviet
 literature, has survived into the
 writing practices of blades of
 scissors? Silken flowers,
 perfumes of roses, lilies, poets
 of today? Which poets use a "private"
 language (promoting mystery),
 and sport of chumps?
 But we
 were sure
 it which
 a "public"
 (revealing the social
 actor)? Which poet believes I want
 to return them with a secret envelope?
 They was cherry, or poor
 port. Cherry Como. Were in Eden.
 One day we'll take ship on came
 to terms with evil. It
 took the form of
 in the
 possibility
 of a one-word
 poem, and which
 requires a flower.
 This is useful to read. Oddly enough
 it is spleen that enables Benjamin

to a line, sentence,
 or verse? etc. The ideal ocean,
 where the hurricane swirls! Queen,
 como ésta? Esther Williams
 William wanders
 in the
 celestial
 gambling
 casino of the
 bazaars, crapped.
 Bullish retort! (To the Will you
 assent to unfurl just one sparring
 aporia). Bah'd grad,
 gardens are Eden's curl? Write
 this: He uses as his point of departure
 something he calls the
 aura, which is connected
 with dreaming
 (daydreams).
 He says:
 if you feel
 a gaze directed
 at you, even at your back, you
 return it (!). The expectation
 that what you in suburban
 nether knot Unicycle Encyclopedias.
 Ulysses on a unicycle, Batman on
 look at will look back
 at you creates the
 aura.
 This is
 supposed
 to be in the
 horse "Green_Trees_Village."
 As if if (from a poem by Tim Davis).
 Gather round all ye screechers
 and preachers, this is
 something I want to reaching teach
 all of decline of late, along with
 the cult element yu's.
 Crime... Don't provide
 a paycheck,
 but the
 making
 of it slips

bathers. Carrot
top / ends in life. B[enjamin]
has discovered this while analyzing
films, where this file
I'm enjoying this explicitly.
The aura is decomposed by the
reproducibility of the
art-work. A load
of mysticism,
although
his attitude
is against
mysticism. This
is the way the materialist understanding
of history is adapted. Abominable.

STACY DORIS

PROVERBS Sung to Sell or, Rules of the Company

A Press Conference (3/19/96)
on family values over the next Millennium. Prelude to His tour of *HIStory* .

Chorus:
Out for a walk
in the burning building
A-tingle with the thrill
of pro-creative urges,
Which other people think of as torment
and insanity
I collected some of these sayings
thinking to myself that
the last words of a civilization
tell lots about the national character.

In good weather, laugh it up. In bad weather, live it up.

Cough it up.

Run over stray pedestrians.

If you don't act on a desire, you can get a bad rash.

Cut a worm in two, and if it lives, cut again.

Keep chopping thus.

The Animal Kingdom's the Body Human.

He who bathes in mineral water only gets wet. He who bathes in champagne
gets bubbly.

He whose skin gets no lighter shall not become a star.

Fame can win its war with time if there is enough money to invest.

The flitting butterfly is neither bored nor sorry.

Vegetarianism is good for the bowels.

If you run low on cash, make more fast.

The most sublime act is to reduce a young spirit to tears or adoration.

Or both.

You can convince a child of anything.

Children are wise men.

Shame is a waste of innocence.

Prisons have bars; so does the hôtel Ritz.

The peacock's pride is like mine;
The goat is less lusty than I am;
Anger and vigor are not the same thing;
A boy's nakedness is the joy of a man.

Excess usually comes in liquid form.

Roaring elephants, scurrying rats, stormy seas, pirates, are good trappings.

Trap what is tender, but not yourself.

As spiders lure flies, so men can lure boys: by their filamenty promises.

What is true here is only a dream elsewhere.

The fermented fruits juice from this spigot.

Provide for your prey.

Think if you ever get bored.

He who has felt you inside him, knows you.

On-hands experience is better than instruction.

Change positions often.

You can never get more than enough, because you can never get enough.

Listen to what the people say, and do the opposite.

Velvet eyes, velvet nostrils, tight velvet cheeks.

The weak are sly.

The apple tree can't give the cactus' advice.

The thankful receiver receives again.

This little flower is from love's labor.

Avoid ones with braces! They cut your lips!

The best figs are often bruised.

The head young, the heart missing, the genitals gorgeous, the hands and feet secured.

As air to the airplane, so is a fortune to the fortunate.

Excess is bliss.

Assassination can cure unconsummation.

In the desert, promote barrenness.

The truth won't be believed.

Even too much is not enough.

Enemy = Sobriety

Song of the Piper's Innocence

Pipe drives the kids wild,
Piping sprinkles bright goo,
In a cloud of chewy fluid,
And Pipe laughing sing to all:

'Pipe a game about a Toy!'
So kids pop with happy guns.
'Pipey peek in fun again;'
So shoot too to tickle here.

'Dip that pipe, you lucky ones;
Grab the parts of happy stick!'
Soon Pipe push the same again,
While he waits with friends to feel.

'Pipe, sit still on down and up
In a bed that all may wet.'
So he rub so for a try;
And Pipe pick a favorite spot,

And Pipe make a little hurt,
And Pipe stain the pillow white,
And Pipe step on happy feet
Every kid wins first to beat.

ROBERT FITTERMAN

Metropolis 17

Dream Cuisine: Neo-Colonialism, Nouvelle Cuisine, Lewis & Clark
and The Union Sq. Cafe

Sate of the union...

imaginative yet familiar...

a tricky dance
of cardamom and cumin

obliged to leave my Elk skins...

an act of self-
discovery.

coconut chutney...

glorious fusion...

Capt. C and myself concluded to set out early the next
morning and ascend these rivers until we could perfectly
satisfy ourselves...

bridged flavors
of ginger and curry leaves

kosher salt, red Thai chili, cinnamon sticks...

no buffalow
in the Mountains...

small birds are plenty.

a fine morning...

bejeweled, pulsing
with Mexican seasoning...

lime-miso vinaigrette...

cilantro soy...

crouted with Islands;
some of them large

Colorado lamb & tangy salsa verde

two dozen white weazils tails,
some few drops of rain and verry smokey...

saw great numbers of black-tipped Brant
flying up the river

a less rule-bound Italian

brandywine Tequila...

three frenchmen in a canoe.

Six lettuce towers

I observe on the highest pinecals

the forks of the Jefferson...

chat masala, unless shot,...

house smoked carpaccio
with Japanese seaweed salad

green mango powder...

we had the trumpet sounded, and fired several shots,
but he did not join us this evening...

throughout his travels...

a growing Indian influence...

a black root; a kind of Licquirish...

social fabric,

croquetted won-tons...

I sustained the loss of
two very large bear skins.

Not to strike those nations we had taken
by hand

five hundred

dinners five nights a week

fork-tender vitello
and a shot of Australian port

wasabi mayonnaise...

Plains of Missouri...

a coarse paste of
pumpkin polenta, a sake or dry sherry

cajun to asian

to deliver
the pungency of the East...

appears to be sufficiently copious

chinese cabbage and radicchio...

utilizes the classics...

citrus noodles...

the Maple & Elm has buded
& cotton and arrow wood

chive flowers
con amaretti cookies

the valley
which falls in on the West

the white pudding we all esteem
the greatest delicacy of the forrest

grilled filet mignon with sticky rice...

the birnt hills, down the lolo trails

lower part of the Cove...

the same gusto...

I slept sound.

ELIZABETH FODASKI

from ETYMOLOGIES

The painting was made up of different ways of doing things,
different ways of applying paint (pingere)

so the language becomes

ACCORDING TO WHAT?

somewhat unclear.

But if you don't

have something to which these things

refer, you get a different

SITUATION

red yellow blue

one two three

corpse transfixes (the) extreme (moment)

it wants to *verb* something

perhaps the smallness of the word

led me to use it in another way

little book, little word

the mirror of my choice is a morpheme

it contains no smaller meaningful parts

Of consolidation, the moody night

wants liquid reasoning spilling from the porous lapses.

Of constellation, see stellar.

A cluster of stars, together, (stella)

Of consolidation, see solid.

firm allied to whole

is it true or false and if so

where did it come from?

language *is* consciousness

to dream in pictures

my language makes me a woman like Mary

the little man in my head

is allied to a mustering of storks

Socrates is mortal

consciousness is mortal

consciousness is Socrates

consciousness is a man in my head

imperious and without peril

a color is a word which has a color

inexorable see oral [sic]

always already is a moment in a word.

resolve; fixity of purpose

insto, instare, instance

instantiate [mea culpa]

the mirror of my choice

is the flower of my secret

which is a niche which is a doublet

which has no smaller meaningful parts

language sinks skin

substance rallying to the surface

BEN FRIEDLANDER

TEACHER'S PET

Rain rain come again	Swell if you could go away
staggering through my heart	swaggering through another day
like a hungry dog in a time of plague	like someone who's been struck
Today's assignment is "The Skull and	while answering the door
Please hand over	the Orchid" all your papers

Date: Thursday
From: Nam Po the Great
Subject: Blame it on the rain

Dear Sir,
My name is Nam Po and I'm in your English class. I have been missing in action the past 2 weeks. I wish to know the details for the last assignment and midterm. Though I'm late, I wish to finish the assignments and hand it out. I promise to come Thursday, but the rain stopped me, for I live off campus and have no other means of transport then to walk. I might come to class late again, but I promise you I am doing my readings. I hope you receive my mail. Nam Po the Great

Dear Nam,

The assignment you owe is called "The Privilege of Ignorance," based on Primo Levi's essay "The skull and the Orchid." It forms part of a poem, or maybe a letter, called "Teacher's Pet" (or "Clapping Erasers," I can't decide). The essay's on closed reserve at the Chem Library Men's Room. Ask for a key at the filling station next door.

Dear Student,

Disregard the above. Assignments are for the benefit of the teacher. He's a *student* teacher, get it? Anyway, if you don't get it, don't worry. I'll come around in the morning and explain.

Sincerely yours,
The Rain

OK. When you're finished catching up, you can take the exam. I'll leave the question in the cafeteria. Ask for "Lipschitz."

DISK\$USER: [V080L3NP]MAIL_8260FB488_SEND.TMP;1 17 lines

Add signature?: y
Check Spelling?: n

THE PRIVILEGE OF IGNORANCE

for my student

I saw you the day you missed	at the commons my class
pitching a fork at the garbage can	your nose ring gleaming in January light
like a rusted car fishtailing in slush	where maggots curl in last year's food
"Something Has a Hold bellowed from the radio	on my Heart" "Something has a bellows
in my heart" a teacher is	saying, I'll tell you what a student is
a bite your tongue the simple trials of a nose	a reddening cheek shared by a face and head
unable to free him from the business end of a	self (again) from a fugitive rising hand

MIDTERM:

Which of the following statements comes closest to your own opinion about Primo Levi's essay "The Skull and the Orchid"?

- 1: The Skull and Orchid represent an argument; when answering a question with two different answers, can both be correct? I found the answer is "yes" for the main character in this piece.
- 2: The meaning of this story through the title is that it attempts to depict the personalities of certain individuals by showing a dark blotch and judging on what each individual perceives, a skull or an orchid, although it is really both.
- 3: The author is telling his thoughts of his expectations concerning history. Once he becomes a part of history he regrets his expectations and discovers that there's more to it than himself.

Prepare your response in advance. Memorization helps. Don't forget pen and paper. Handwriting is **very** important. Sign your name! Should time run short, prioritize. Opinion, grammar, logic, spelling. Leave your answers in the hall, on the floor near the water fountain. The makeup will immediately follow the exam.

DOCTOR'S EXCUSE

(crumpled poem, flattened out for careful inspection)

... you write

as if the cap

were only

screwing tighter,

shielding forever

in opaque plastic

the pill

to make you better ...

KIM ROSENFELD

6 Valentines

for Rob Fitterman & Bruce Lee

1

Erotic instincts are hard to mould
renunciation & suffering
first demands of culture
instantly sink
with gratification
forbidden & sexual

2

Appearance of the capacity for
a general lowering of
the sexual object
One thinks "wine drinker to wine"
"If I'm gonna give it,
I'm gonna give it to
someone I love."

3

Sacrifices may not result from
recognizable diseases
The girl retains the figure of
her father
hears a noise: a tick, a knock, or tap.
A woman should protect herself
against the sin
of self-exploration.

4

Sexual liberty savages
the "family romance"
impeccable moral purity
what is happening to our love instincts
I started at the sound of my beloved's voice
She laughed, and continued to whip me.
"You are so afraid of happiness"
a dangerous pigtail fetishist
spreads anxiety in Berlin.

5

The instincts & their vicissitudes
the genitals being one's real self,
they must be protected
Two little girls in a closet
from the "boy struck" period
Didn't you ever shimmy down a pole?
Or rupture that bubble?

6

Don't concentrate on the finger
or you will miss the heavenly glory
A woman like that could
teach you a lot about yourself
out in the moonlight, baby.

JESSICA TOLLNER

Chittenden Hotel Suicide

To drink directly from the cup

3 times, 3 sips

Or to infuse by placing the hand over the cup and wishing results in accuracy. In truth, this is uncanny. There is the hand, and there is the voice.

Interpretation Figure 1: Facts

In November 1896 a well-dressed, fine looking young woman came to the Chittenden Hotel, engaged a room, absolutely destroyed every clue to her identity, and killed herself. She took an enormous dose of morphine to deaden the pain of the carbolic acid with which she completed her destruction.

When to leave.

When symptoms develop. When uneasy.

Interpretation Figure 2: What is Indicated in Tea-Leaves.

The consultant is about to journey Westward to some large building or institution. There is much confusion in her affairs caused by too much indulgence in pleasure and gaiety, yet her luck is bound up with a sailor or marine. Nothing is seen at the bottom of this tea-cup, all is near the handle.

When to stay.

Interpretation Figure 3: What Was Meant.

Her only request was a respectable burial and she left 100 dollars in her hand-bag for just that purpose.

Only ask the oracle ONE QUESTION at a time.

It is a problem.

Interpretation Figure 4: On Fortune-Telling.

To view a Cat indicates difficulty caused by treachery.

A Cathedral, great prosperity.
A Chair, early Marriage, if broken, trouble in store.
A Coffin, misfortune and trouble.
A Dagger, favor from a friend.
A Dog, favorable if at top of cup, in middle of cup, they are untrust-
worthy; at the bottom denotes secret enemies.
To view a Gallows is a sign of good luck.

Keep the soft and pink folded nicely.

One becomes tubercular.

Interpretation Figure 5: Actions Taken.

She lay in the morgue for ten days and was never identified. Her
lifeline confirmed her death, and the hands also displayed the disease
of the mind which produces the mental condition necessary for the
act.

Some are different.

Held up and fingers spread, consumption. This Hysteria, is it?

A voice may be swallowed and a room let.

Not read correctly, but known forever in time and illness
and sex. The End.

KEVIN KILLIAN

FIAT CROMA

He was here one minute, and now
I lie about him, day and night, now
His clothes are pinching
Lobster claws of the dead, while
all the kids are hip

There are no bruises, only KS lesions,
invisible scars in each cell, so the
giant white shot of kelatin
breaks down the resistance
cause it wouldn't be right

to leave your best girl home
and one minute, he was here, cracking
jokes and tails, and the next
I'm clutching the elementary clothes
of the grave, the shroud of

Pinche no? I get bugged driving
up and down the same old strip,
and they leave us alone, striking
the tension, pill after pill so that
you hate Evian water, my

lips are chapped, my feet are bright—
some kind of athlete's foot they
give to these guys, who never did anything
athletic in their *lives*, it's like
this *bonus Fiat Croma*

CREEPERS

Night, and they walk unsane, sprawling chins of steel,
the fearless, the torn, the lamentable . . .
freaks of the underworld.

Warm misty moon
high above landing on Minna Street
once a bordello, now
black rubber curtains part . . . to unveil
a silly beer bottle, like a lava lamp
twinkling with smoke and pink fluid . . .
always the unsettling memory of
moonlight, sharp and sudden.

When
you were very young, studying TV,
space people go into Mars as boldly
as the creepers who crawl my street . . .
shoes in their mouths, shoes
in their mouths so no one can scream at them.

I've got a line open
waiting by the phone and nothing but
the bad news of every day
warm misty moon, unseasonable
heat for February, like a scarlet sno-cone
those freaks of the underworld . . .

TV's warm, as though someone
had helped a stranger. His body,
turned facing the set, tuned to TV,
nineteen stab wounds closing with clotted blood, and vermouth . . .
in an interlingo of clicking glottal stops . . .
and his hands move to the screen, as though the stranger had turned into a
friend.

"Hello" in English.
Master puppeteer, rods twitching
strings jumping, and the tiring thing is the thing we must do first
sunlight or no, moonlight or no . . .

I'm no expert, though I wish I was, I was more like a man,
in this tiny apartment
living from week to week,
until the steps

on my forty stairs, like thieves, stop,
hold a finger to their teeth, and clamp
on your old brown shoe, a cat in heat.
. . . . If I give you my whistle,
you'll yawn . . . your mouth so open
you could suck on it dry as heaves, scary, like some kind of—
—pus freaks of the underworld—
street goon stabbing you nineteen
times for money, in your neck and face

Larry Eigner, Bob Flanagan, you guys
were kind of sick before you died, huh?
Air creeps through the lungs, the tiny
sore branchials, thievery internet
with no return, up my forty steps
you just stop there dead—I don't want to
with diseases I saw on TV and in the stores,
tugging on Dad's sleeve whispering, what is
it with those people, Dad? Warm moonlight misty with lotion
on my hands, I see these guys
on the Jerry Lewis Telethon, and two of them
were you. Wheels of a cart
trundle down the stairs to
the alley the heap of cracked bones

creep down my street, once a bordello,
you two men, flesh rotting off your bones
like tenderized shrimp in the market
always remembering and seeing
when the clouds disperse
I whistle across the great warm wind like a bunch of creepers
to wriggle up the steps under my door
into my bed and night dreams
the seven orifice body loving me for what I am
since you came to California for my birthday, "Oh!
Man! This is *unsane!*"

Others of Nothing

In his *Commentary on Plato's Parmenides*, the Neoplatonist Proclus writes: 'And we shall not wonder how all things arise from the One without its acting. For it is possible to argue that that which produces something by acting experiences this through deficiency of power; of a superior nature is that which produces in virtue of its existence alone; this thing, then, will be free of the burdens of creation.' With inferior natures 'it is possible to argue' that action diminishes potency, that the creator dissipates itself by undertaking 'the burdens of creation.' Whereas the Superior nature, reposing in primordial tranquillity, is free to float in its own undiminished productive power. Elsewhere Proclus describes the theory of Procession out of the One, whereby the plenitude of the highest principle bestows an involuntary excess 'superfluity of potency' upon the universe, uncontainable and uncontained, like the rays of the sun: 'The producer is not the matter of what proceeds from it, for it remains as it is, and its product is a fresh existence beside it.' As though presiding over a vast horde of income-generating capital, the Superior freely funds its junior partners, without having to draw down its infinite reserves. The antithesis of this undiminishing and burdenless creation would be creation motivated by incompleteness, 'since that which through defect or weakness bestows existence upon another furnishes the substance of that other by a conversion and alteration of its own nature.' Here the new existence takes place beside a depleted version of the old, both of them changeable, unstable. For the weak and defective, lacking the steadfast amplitude of the transcendent, the act of production forces it to expend itself in what it creates, and improvidently invade its own principal to fund 'a fresh existence beside it.' That existence, 'converted' from its creator, must embody and perpetuate the creator's defects: the act of inferior production is entropically tainted and forever falls away from the tranquil principle it would imitate. The 'burdens of creation' spared the great hypostases are the essential activities constituting inferior natures. For them creation is not only, as Plotinus says of earthly love, 'the expression of a lack'; it is the wasting, weakening expression of a lack.

At that moment I became aware of the sky and the paint running down its walls.

¶

Lines composed above a few insects
 filing wings to apprehend a continuous
 structure bones repeated at
 intervals before vanishing
 apart from any
 clear internal purpose
 let us assume for now
 clear sky with intellect
 red from sand, in music
 between shifts of active ground
 growth and hope
 in their varied ways
 beget messengers
 who receive what wishes knew
 or needed be borne

A thousand flies are suddenly dead
 notwithstanding various principles
 by which they revive
 Clouds break into triangles
 underneath the skin
 Green roses fall
 into the jellied heart of a great
 but indefinite predicament, poisoned
 by the father
 half like a man
 the terrified creature, with actual
 speaking machine
 there I find you debt
 shining outermost, skin removed
 chimerical, your strange work
 lost to adequate time
 each fragment now a person
 with pristine feelings annexed
 whose great material is summoned
 to the page of

what does it matter now
 what would stop us
 nightlong

difficult
to grasp the later version
hung with rushes
lengthening against thought
its black spine

organized around forbearance

waving a shirt from its teeth

exhausted by nominalism

but fixed on an abandoned rage

gentle flood of emptiness

also self-subsistent

not merely

by one idea

comprehended

¶

Some abyss of nonsense captures
the ancient town, abetted by
disingenuous views of three men
who leapt from the wall, kindly
continue reflecting upon
a mental world, great
and fair and complete
all its outer parts grow faint
phoning a pair of widows.
The chimney is blocked
The crooked man is
stitched up for majesty
so help us pick
through dead grass, cited
as the rule for all, now face to face
with echoes of shoes
in need of Manyness they live
beyond doubts, trained
to see within their thinnest
layer the mold of abstraction

forfeited quite matter-of-factly
the sun is placed in a bowl
divisible and transparent, a thing
without the way of things
performing a dance around it
granted these few words will
be stricken in time a green
December, thick with leaves
after a long lapse in fluctuations.
Veins dry up. Thought abandons
each head in an orderly sequence.
Soldiers return to the city
riding the stone elephant
its length of ribbon blessed are

the silver surfaces of the earth
belonging to the accused
and downright preoccupied
whisper it. Almost nothing has changed.

¶

The others are called the lamb
and omit the past
partly to compensate
that one of which we speak
its huge non-existence
moves along the ledge of years
dripping, burning, perfectly cold
and they within disguised
beneath a large candle
speaking of resignation as though of
heat luxurious, a giant concealed
in a shadow, neither black nor white
they come to their senses
down a crumbling road
and into a crumbling garden
their child is taken away
its strange spirit
defaulted by intensity
Certain subjective conditions
rise out of the depths
pursued by darkness
simple and rude

stray

Kinshasa, catch all he can
borrowed each time
without question
you will want to study
the left foot of merrily
marching merchant men
asleep in the falling tree

¶

Stranger flame plays
its harp in the skull
singing dear one
of twelve bronze spheres
pure or impure, and the sickly
little soul fastened to it
dry land in its ventricles
from an ash-pit fanged for
stalks glaring in the shed
parched love
drops on my eyelids
obliquely runs up
the luminous raving shadow
fire emerges out of the holes
over hills, plains and the obscure
surplus of hats and gloves
The vault throws itself open
a crooked and a venomous
set out along the same road
Light is the shadow of
death and leavening winds
in the shape of a child
obedient pine box
outside caved-in fields
stand upon the quiet
shore its raw interior
whole and changeless
*saw the shape of myself standing before me and my self disengaged from me
and I was forced to stop writing*

RICHARD ROUNDY

Untitled

concocted not lies to ventricle
over spruce farm and maple
framed as river in sequence of
flow the muddied description
prosperous element as
paraffin as lug and luxed
inch behind
adjudicate the coupe of sync
weather of building or blocked
fences of long division's finance

Sky hung
like face/ a recognize

placed strung
of verbiage verbed
joined hip / weaving
leaf-wind / wanton October
need brown admire
dance of sync

found flashing tops of sticks
her heave into
around
fork ed ridge knife d visage-quarry

desire biographed onto skin
bent/armslength

vacate mercurial box of towards
spine franchise/ fragrance
of treble-phrase

at hand

ward air off, noun blued

and fluctuating

as if glow on corpse=old failure to remember loop

point. rushing. pocket-closed.
over one long inheritance spent.

Untitled

efficient as a wall of clocks
marked scored inscribed
filament of might's construal

In the center of periphery's shift
moved figure
invented stone/ tangents converge in swell

Latinate interior of drawn fish
surreptitious renewal
sprigs of palm

what once was city is now distance
is now bankrupt
is now embargo

gilt influx will never accede

Here is where curse reminds banish
to brash inform

absence of interior
of content's corridor

fat with story

BRUCE ANDREWS

from Swoon Noir

SOCIAL

Social usage

Plural power

Coronation of the fetus

Terrific highway in

Our sizings

Ceded to implication rout of evanescence

Time stiff with thought hedges

Another glorified believer whips to

Linger by heart & then sign your name

Ladling of pulp unopened concocting

Transitive accident rockets begin

Angst but neutral scribble scribble slug

Riddled with false pretenses

Causally all by ourselves recoup

Lowling curiosity dislocations of privacy

Great shapes of the sentence

Indemnify fragment eager to disturb

Fair copy from the fact cake

Pang to attention repairs captivity

Graphic delirium in diction filler

[To] soothe shock doomed to
Insincerity startle longer
Lavender neck roulette in shorthand more pivotal
Patronizingly vow upon animal fit
As ardent too many gifts a bias
Daughterish vaulting in virtue
Intervals too dinky
All the heedlessness conjectured jelly little clutchings
Resist luscious noisy laughing stock as pillow
That there should be no particularization
Powder for filibuster contents
Fine reprove too confiding fervent
Dollar up new jewel bookcases of milk
Pawning suppose heads of poppies
Democracy wall: [the] general insecurity
Tumblers in the shade amid subdued suffrage
Hoovering their belongings into
Historical scale lap depasse
Fits the proper business of
Beast more timely choose only
Dormant pink cheek balked synopsis
Brute news is good news
Italics do not intercept allusion
Storms for contraceptives
Merit diffused

DEIRDRE KOVAC & ROD SMITH

SONNET TWO

flag. flavored with meat frosting.
flag. Joined at the while, while
Bob Mould sang about shlubs. A
constancy squabble in the summer house
abandoning speech battle 1 &
recurring, though got me lungs.
And, quoth hellfire, this yang
not dead but to market, a muralist badland
sucking on trig tables
in sidewound weeds. All itch for my modicum
for it is by thee that this is that then
down to spit and cash, the middle pity
as lisp. Sign on the
saint's motorman, what without hooks

flag. Joined at the while, while
M.C.A.—the flat bracketed
constancy squabble in the summer house.
No no no, yes yes yes, maybe maybe maybe,
recurring, though got me lungs.
As a particularly basted consciousness
not dead but to market, a muralist badland
sluffed by light
in sidewound weeds. All itch for my modicum
of amazement. All of it
down to spit and cash, the middle pity
is left as now I'm being loved, being
saint's motorman, what without hooks
& when without what.

SONNET THREE

I am alternate Monday's humble.
I am a small understood sample
of the populist's hum, the last best
target. Careful now, I'm a priest
in priest's clothing on the rumble seat,
but your mind moved first
and your mind will follow. Thirst's
flag. Flavored with garbled remission:
state radio state static, a mutual communion
until digested. Clothes with imagination
make the gradual man begin his gun
crazed then, asbestos knows best
the fervor of our debtors. At his blames's behest
calamity has its source in the accumulated.

SONNET FIVE

Our (*tick tick*) internal fervor monger
put tires on a painter
painted, palimpsest with a capital Con,
with the word cordon
in (*tick tick*) italics—a get-in-the-house mistake
making birdlike
do-see-is-as-does's co-pathetic coda
in the law-gut of th'
eternal return. Instant recoil. Total vamp
trancelike indecision w/ a gimp
Isosceles wedged against the (*tick tick*) golden ballot
box: technique, assumption, religion, Renaissance, a shallot
for your service-entrance thoughts—nonsense
poured there as a penance.

CHIM NWABUEZE

You who spoke of horror lightly
not knowing how horror, too, moves lightly
that the roots lock slowly, imperceptively,
enter open doors of any common joy, blindness,
taking hold, altering the forms, the room no longer
a room, but the stage
of a dark event, it strikes like mercury
not lightening
in the rift between worlds...

You have not yet seen,
only ordered the sounds of knocking,
drawn all the key holes, not the fissures deep in ice,

which for you is blank space, eraser of orbits,

to draw from this space, emerge through this space,
flame in the hourglass
released between sleep and waking,

a slit in the verb, its glare's full impact,
an image rises, billows in heat,

where worlds begin, and bodies rest
in bodies which can't be erased.

Through the openings, the scales
of shed measure,
 silence falls,
then thought become flesh,
 the bridge of a season
built by what you gave back,
or what was torn away from you...

No goals, to have no goals
in the inner world is to be open
to horror,
even to see the wind in things
the scar of disappearance, everything as passage
is to fix one's gaze on a point
rooted in the flame of the world, in the flesh
the screams rise, concentric,
through so much ocean, breaking through
the dark surface to be born

JEN HOFER

from Letters to H

dear joyous tresspass,

the tornado passed uneventful. only one cottage left standing. one cottage &
the laundry line. white towels gone pink, damn that one red t-shirt, slapping
@ the air behind your head. other than collision the train hurtles soothingly.
needs are met @ the 24 hour pharmacy. when things can't close. lights & the
fake drama of cayenne. anger droops on the lip. a poorly-rolled cigarette.
anticipating the acidity of enticement. epithets in suede rubbed against the
cheek.

take what you can get,

cherry diorama

dear zoom lens,

in the dream your arms all angles. pale soft corners attract. when the flash-
light is stolen. without distraction the day meanders, invades you. you attack.
the search for legibility takes you to the telephone. to quell desperation, dial
zero now. all operators are busy, your call is important, all operators are always
busy. questions of identity aside, eggplants in front of st. mark's church are
aggressively sexy. in the dream the coat, red, was laid across the river so feet
would stay dry. chivalry is inappropriate. what i'm trying to say here, blind
despair & chocolate in the morning. hair clangs red & abrupt in murderous
sunlight.

besotted with water,

4 states away

dear hybrid vegetable,

in the auto parts store of love, the part you need to put the brakes on is perpetually out of stock. hurtling down the hill on rollerskates you can choose: lose a limb or donate skin to the pavement. the solo tango in traffic is of course not an option. dreams are finite. you will wake up. coffee, cigarette, toothbrush, coffee, bus fumes, blurred town, coffee, cigarette, coffee, pitchfork. the sun is the suburbs is redemptive like a drug that makes you worried & inactive. cleanliness is the fifth virtue, after solitude, pride, irritability, & orgasm. intimacy is not recommended. the trees turn as geese scream by. tires on asphalt singing escape, escape. time is an inflatable fantasy. don't buy it.

plagued by insects,

hind leg of summer

.

dear out-of-step tango,

overabundance is deafening. new shoes, patience, grime. friendlessness is underrated. the mythology of illness makes retreat seem attractive. peanut butter pie @ 1st & 1st, beer @ 6th & 6th, kissing under the madonna under construction. charity begins @ the pulpit. god needs your tax dollars, fondling chestnuts in the pocket of obscurity. retrain language to need only consonants, to resist the dampness of hunger, to magnify the ineptitude of grace. adrenaline heals. repetition fails, what begins as meaningless breeds the nervous lip-biting habit. in new york jealousy is enchanting & irritable. loitering is when there's nothing to say. fumbling even the simplest hello. salvation is a petroleum product.

lilies spawn infidelity,

hi-fi hysteria

ANDREW LEVY

#9 Money Socialism, Thanks (Yet) Again

Lightly skim over the cerebral gull a union of no content. I'd like to see a copy. Gooseberries? My performance history with Dad? Hamlet met with success

Man cannot live without a permanent rust.

He saw this as an attempt to develop a new elephant. I'm arriving further away from life. You get filled up with certain kinds of messages.

"I want a permanent out-of-body experience."

That's no contentment. A union of no content.

Self-consciousness unread and largely unchangeable. Studied in abstraction superficial affectations of the misplaced archives acceleration of all those invitations unread and largely unchangeable, and either a menace or a crime. In addition, these little pieces of paper (surge back and forth) in the struggle between oneself and the world.

Solutions? Bugger off, I'm not the only one who... Stupidity and inquiry vs. whoever likes it acknowledged cyberspace as so much poopoo in the bitch's anus. What are you going to do with all that freedom, swim in it? Instead of Microsoft, you've got Microwool?

Of course this is not the whole story. The dead would be singing without determining in advance what's appropriate to choose. The pilot at the helm of spaceship *Exodus* orients itself in thought. The words themselves are light. I can't remember when they decay. Animals melted in their lifestyles. Structures could everything that was said. Elephants amplified the meaning, screened out some of the noise.

Dear Troublemaker:

They all laughed when he said he was going to start his own business. "Today, my customers say, 'Wouldn't smoke anything else.' They're given prepaid lifetime medical care." If you don't believe me, the burden of proof is on you.

An occasional swimmer had a weakness for old junk. The elephants would gurgle suddenly as we passed. A man in military uniform laughing with sad eyes wide open makes an uncertain gesture toward these animals. They do not stampede, but merely jump head-first through the hole in their cages. Astounded, the Ringmaster summons their trainer to his office. Dear Mental Processes, the escape was successful, no one saw them. The future gets stronger and stronger. No one remembers when they decayed.

DREW GARDNER

Cell Walk

What train is this / encased in bones
I carry in my head, the plate
withdraws, through colored absences
the flames could care less about

should I buy the camera or the gun?
trying to decide branches through
department stores of dread

as though they were a weed

follows as a brother as fallow
as decomposing forbears who refuse to exist
or pass away

to eat away the sun
is not a question of being mean

the color of rust
is the rent I pay
to lift a crumb with all their strength

drop it
through unseparated air

the rooftops in audible light
haven't turned to ice

looking out of thoughts
that temperature interrupted with a friendly voice

beneath the perceptible forms of sound
is a quiet floor

before the choice is made

moving thing, look down
to an animal that can never remain dead

Remain in Light

the presentness of distant trees collapses
to the meaning of a crow
where are you going?
below an overpass of unobstructed apparition
to wear the cold to bed tonight

O last snow
throw away these days
that make a cave in us
as they disappear

one emptiness shifting as a bathtub on the sea
another for starving from the outside in

gladly put my mouth into the dust
to argue with a listening fire
that does not exist

external vastness reduced to the
size of a fist, in unresisting air

the street and its people
so beautiful today
everybody soaked by the rain
at the same time

HANNAH WEINER

BLACK SPEAKING

Im black on the street
just walk and dont meet
someone says welcome home
I hope you have one that has heat
I walk along and can follow you around with my voice
safety first is our motto
Al Sharpton trained me
I wish I had twenty
dont worry white sister
Im a black woman at the window just whisper
try lower manhattan if you want a tough beat
Im black on the street
oh brother how many can follow directions
yes sir and some can make corrections
a preacher a teacher I walk on the street
protect me if you can
in lower manhattan
blacks everywhere have been speaking for centuries
it started with Africa before the time of man
now everyone can
At least we hope so do or die
This is the millennium and it is silent
please include the natives of north central and south america
and every oriental wherever they come from
white sister listen to black on the street
Im the black at the window shes a black sister
please make the doctors professors lawyers etcetera understand
teach the white man
Im pat Im a writer
Im withit call
me Smithit
Im black on the street dont compete
LET US ALL JOIN TOGETHER AND SILENTLY SPEAK

Religious Training

1

sad-eyed and opened-mouthed
stumble in with him
god you've got the drool
a face made of other faces
divisions in the skin
take a pew

applied litany of papal dispensations
mocked by catechism capers
passing the bull
under the skirts of saints

ducking death-deals
as institutional history
(subtle subterfuge)
pointing to the book
while the bodies are wheeled
out the back door

the war-mobile is passing
"wake up — wake up"
later replaced the spectacle
with a form letter

"dear faithful
this is the last of me
he who has nibbled
at the foot of the cross
in the house of cannibals
needs your dollars"

no place to hang your head
red dog sun leaves
scratches in the piano heart
just for wondering

"I'm throwing down the tablets boss
I'm having no infidels here boss"
a herd of cows worshipping a golden calf
looks up in uncertainty

2

radio weeps and camera says
"I do"
a chemical marriage
made under ether
study specimen talks
all parties agree
on the trickle down news
(watch the money line
watch the money line)

we can make a whale bone
stand up and dance
we can make a dead man talk
get down on your knees
pray you can still walk
singing fishes in hungry nets

take back the streets
or stand on the sidelines
and look crowded

life quotient on hold
(stick out your tongue)
dead center starlight
a timed ruby splits
reason's hold

I am the goddamn host
speaking to you from the truth-banks
of every city set 'em up joe

a billboard in the desert
discusses your personal transgressions
displayed overhead
as dot-lines in the dark

you might call it confession
we call it junk-on-the-bunk

every man's got a weakness
and that spells f-e-a-r
half-off in heaven
(final assimilation zone)
pip-squeeks in fallen arches
zapped by *grovel-rays*

that drunken boat
is not my father
yet I pass through the canals
of his sleeping mouth

sleek jaguars spit riddles
on the yellowing plain
anticipate the isolated after-images
(kiss my stone
and make it better)

crack of the ruler
keeps it all straight
grow up remote
walkie-talkie god
envy greed sloth
the whole nine loaves
and seven deadlies
stuffed into the gold cap
of a hollow tooth
and sold at the carnival

BUCK DOWNS

plaster bust
(after *Raging Slab*)

at night we talk
like fighters and
we sigh between
the fights like
steam we dissi-
pate & smother
sleep in a perfect
ly blue of los
angeles suffering
at night after
resistance we fight
evening with blows
that drink up all
our strength and night
struggles to keep
up with us and be-
rate the day break
talk we take like
fighting before fal-
ling to peace and
wake or sleep, walking
before the day we go

FROM

*a notebook
on the mi-
grations
of soul*

with legs

like a may wine that suddenly green
collapse out from under each other
attempting to rise from table
the object of some partitions
disappears leaving only the borders
behind not by mistake but rather
by the language of mistakes
where identities originate
and leaves a discourse on wheels
on its back, the recipient
of a slow spinning sensation

in't it pink

whips the rainsnakes with his plover
He is doomed to reach beneath her
& then a welcome storm arrives
the which we may predict forever

doublet thirst
aplomb an onion
sulfur
heart-led that is a code
for a row of smiling dice
here there is
a crocodile
love is a center of gravity
that is far too low it can
not be over turned

the hesitation Blues

got anything to delay
this work
of a gratification

fold the apparatuses
of its disperse in a knot
choke-tail gears
chlorine and silver
til I can't relent any
more and drain
completion out
of the air
into the arm
that absorbs the shot
or blow

I cannot stand
repeating that

its signal has flattened

LAYNIE BROWNE

from Mermaid's Purse

A wretching cat is of many minds. Why does the tail precede the comet? A smudge in the sky. Saturn's' rings are made of ice. A number waits in a field which turns orange at the touch. A room was made of trials. Whereupon a countryside keeps for a week. Did lemons grow in the new world? This is dictation from stars.

My mind is made of water, and everything divides into fluidity. This island of wherefore, an alibi framed by charm. A secret device by which hindsight happens. You are a falling form of sleet. The skins of lizards abide on the bodies of lizards. I must banish vanity. They too experienced the day of their creation at some point in time. Scavengers lacking little in coat. The reptilian heart is made of time.

Standing among the remains of discarded skeletons had become unfashionable, so they walked about carrying their bones. Traces of the discarded sky could be carried easily in a large bucket and spilled against the edges of dawn. Harvested ice had been transformed into a system of nomenclature. Her complexion reveals the toil of such days. She eats again what she had spat out. Sparse word envelopes. Tired of youth, he summoned his further lives. The cat was begging for cream. This completes my library of books and bookish rogues.

This counterfeit novella I carry wistfully to the gallows. In passing, the eye of a peacock. As if wolves were verdant, or shepherds. As if the meridians of a piano were marked with talc. Locusts gather as I read, unfettered within coves of slate. The day passes iridescent, dangling as a fetish from the helm of a palpable ferry. I swore an oath upon handkerchiefs, that the smallest gesture may own the deepest initiative. The oath was marked by a procession of candlesticks. I was desired to eat, but as I had no stomach, I secretly stowed milk and tapioca in a barrel.

Mattresses filed with pine needles are a sleeping tonic. The mountains turned to my thoughts. I can make no other words out of June. I carried an heirloom of laurel brethren. A woful lung. An ocular shovel. A crowd of numerologists gathered to count the loamy marsh ledgers, strolling forward with scrupulous tinkering. Pink witnesses were overlooking the tableau with transparent funnels. An inborn captive was tied at every waist, worn blunt as a culling nickel.

CHET WIENER

Who Doesn't II

2.7 At rapidly increasing

Gathered, like your mind, plastic
In front. See through determining.
Who. One weekend
you want whom to tell
Sounds. Under every limp sift more
Slowly numbered rows. They left
The organizer @ the table, light
You can't if you can't keep
Getting these if you're not
Even going to touch them. The bag was sealed. She fingered
about. Last week you tried to tell them. The light dimmed
the pattern, the bruise didn't hurt. Show them if the key
I hadn't. You told me, this was too easy, and I
Never tried. Which other? If I met him that's
What I would say. So you left
Wanted to describe it, but what
Under your figure, the weekly, bi-weekly
If you loved me thinking you
Would have figured it out. Better,
One name on a list, one time-limit later.
You thought they looked alike
I never thought only nothing
To replace it, one leg @ a time,
Best smile forward @ least as
But they closed the door one
Heard it one counted one
Handed. Whom the key

2.8 Blocks

Try to remember. The king returned
Each time the net
Or revelers leapt skimming
Their voices from the top meanwhile

The siblings recognized, there
Could be @ least several attempts
To get back for the murder but
It worked straight off. Their goals set
Their memories a road rules with those three
kinds of possibility whether experience rides
In every expression your hands are cleansed
Or the pattern is explained in or after the fact
They never spoke too soon and the hags
were converted considering the neighbor a
servant and falling for the disguised
Dachshund nine times out of ten. Some
One was filled in. Precedent matched
Although she hadn't a single chair
and either attached herself to the machine
Locked and unlocked the door but set
the tradition as long as the dog
Lived that the elevator should be

2.10 One and the Same

You stepped out. The breeze was too
And only the crazy woman
Returned considering it a personal
Living room. You weren't trying
So what were you? You had
An idea one wouldn't get
well, not in this way. Break to the music.
Leave the parts. If you had only
Nine reasons say you took a quarter
A century a light from a window.
He wasn't my guest. Would you call that
An afterthought? It could be just
Before the breaking. Open. It could have been
You had me but good. You
Witnessed. The child was fat.
After that much time they removed the reasons
Consider first that therefore like a series of shapes
But don't forget you can't imagine who that next.
will be the lipsticks fade. And brighten
wont laugh as much as I try. Weighted.
Each in. terms of. so many others. The tracks are
Fixed. You had reasons

But closed. hands over the switch
The fan stopped "it was one and the same"
The shirt was tight, it was paced
Late or later?

2.11 Contemporary accounts make far more

Did you wait too long? Going too fast went the curtain Shook because you
aimed. That way the man stood and spoke the order was on again. You
shook

Even noticing left out of the corner someone thought a Kind, abolishing
even the shell. You took expounding.

About.

Then.

Any.

Look. The hair was dried. As red or blood. Flapping.

Astound. Who paused. To flip. As if you could. Move the circle sound
waste high, tips used to have some shape

A familiar counting by 2 AMs simply juxtaposes two states of their suppression

Standing turning to stock

But Stood turned to stock the burdensome silent back. You can't mock. Your.
Behind what you cant.

Single file unusual you a process, said "I put my." You again. As simply as
Trying taste in you. Another banana skirt changed the what you looked at to
another, but if you continue, his love simply juxtaposes two states. That
alone about toying started somebody's mission. The light dimmed. The toy
swatted from. Took opening the positing the dog's mouth. Knew the
temperature. Who, would you disagree? He made them take it back.
Bundled together making as the woman said, You never left turning the re
of. Is ought. And she never called another kind of file. Yet winging off to
the left it helped. Raised the preparation. Just open it. And you half. Did
said member indeed! Bow in the service filled bound to what broke openly.
Opening. Call the light. soft anticipating projection O one thing One
wonders On the basis Once having Our seizure

WITH OR WITHOUT SPOT

Tendency to interlope, to be itinerant, go to school, take jobs to patronize one's-own-artwork, inbreed readerships, make things take time, depoliticize clout, backscratch, backstab, or glorify illegibility; considering this host of advantages, doesn't it seem our surroundings should be, in at least one instance, a little less commodious?

(If we could just scare up the first \$13 million and donate it to cancer researchers who would in turn advertise poetry as having the potential to lower one's risk of cancer—as the 13 million potentially brings them closer to cure, more would-be survivors run out, buy poetry as poets divert more funds to research. Poetry could end cancer.)

Say we had about 750 sq. ft.

(Large enough to hold as many people as it takes to pay for it.)

Perhaps with one partition which could be moved or removed.

50 people paying \$25 a month.

60 @ \$20?

20 @ \$40?

Fall short of the cash? Do a Benefit. Charge at something. Take hostages for publicity's sake.

What are we to cull? Who's "we"? Same question. How-to-get-together? Alexis de Tocqueville not only said it when he said "Knowledge of how to combine is the mother of all other forms of knowledge," he said it of the U.S. Combining ourselves and materials (still) has more possibilities here than anywhere I've ever heard of.

How to find out about what there is to find out about.

(To what degree are our current accommodations also—along with the books and readings they provide—merely maintaining the limitation they were set up to shred?)

There's nothing particular about my being here or my wanting to be here other than the fact that you're here. (Half-saying "there's no here here".)

So soil the vacuum. How life began.

What would 750 sq. ft. accommodate?

—TEMPO

In that no one has any time, either the spot would be a way to gain time or it would worse than work against us. (autoblabbas).

—IMPROMPTU

Meet, anytime. (Poets from Brooklyn needing a place to meet in Manhattan or layover—in itself warrants such a spot. Readings at the drop of a hat. Poet-passersthrough. You don't have to turn into an organizer to organize. Opportunity to supplement the "constants" (Ear Inn, Segue, St. Mark's, Biblio, etc.) with the unforeseeables.

—INPUT

Amassing our extractive practices. Like a reading room. (Some of us aren't connected to major university resources). For example, I have a great deal of statistical data, periodicals, government release, cause-for-alarm, (call to arms) literature which DOESN'T belong cloistered in my private collection. Each has her and his occupational preoccupational artifacts. Perhaps nascent poetics papers. Emptying the pockets. Englishes galore. G7-talk. Human Genome Hodge-Podge. Gallimaufry. If language really is yours and mine, a place for receiving proprietary impact.

—PROGRAMMATION

A place which can be booked, reserved, brought to focus, called to disorder; even benefit something other than itself. Guest speakers; the "not us".

—PRODUCE

Publications. A glossary of missing vocabulary? A bulletin? Cross-disciplinary calendar? Omniana. News-redo.

—PROVISIONS

Incarceration avoidance skills. Working around bygone funding. Bunking out-of-towners? Lookout for missing agencies (of which it is itself one instance.) Branch out. Get wired.

Who's "we".

There's no one to recruit. A formally feral, exploded body of writers already destined to form a sort of larger, perennial, prodigal subjectivity recurrent

upon itself through the particulate encounters of its volunteers. How to gather and what to garner? By now it's clear that the core is diffuse (even pervasive). That's what makes it a core. What a gas.

We are the capacitated who are nonetheless unqualified. Uniquely self-debilitated. Probably a genetic glitch—acute overconcern for the terrain minus all toe-holds. Or apriority of contention. The square footage in question would be a means for naturalizing this shared (can we agree on this much?) condition (unrealized credential). To at least run outlets along the gaspillage and plug in a further primum mobile or a mess of miniscules ones.

[Which brings to mind: a spread of people picnicking just outside the MPLS/St. Paul International airport just to watch the jets liftoff and land upclose.]

And even though we have way-too-much in common, a sort of Omnium Gatherum.

Who's "we". (What are the choices?) As poets (not as people—everybody is one of those).

Pythagoras said there were three different LIVES. One says "I know that I've eaten". One other says "Don't tell me what to eat." And the third says "I'm not going to tell you what I've eaten?". Traders, competitors, and potatoes (intellectuals). Pleasure-seekers, activists and theoreticians.

For us to misfit somewhere (we're not a charity and hopefully not the object of charity), apparently we are in need of a fourth Life. (Shouldn't we be at least as powerful a lobbying force for NYC as, for example, the agricultural interest.)

The three lives as they sort out today can be termed "privatized" (commercial), "publicized" (public servant) and "voluntary" (nonprofit, modernday indenture).

I'll just reiterate, or, confirm the appropriateness of our disqualification relative to each of the Three Lives:

PRIVATE SECTOR

We're victims of a vicious synonymy, thesaurary abominations—free=market, market=democracy. Laissez-faire=less fair. This private sector is also known as the "formal" sector. It is the fittest of activities. The invisible, involuntary hand. "Private" is where all the liberalism went. Anything goes.

(Not that the 33 cents per hour paid by Disney to Haitian workers cranking out its toys isn't a good wage in that land.)

PUBLIC SECTOR

While government is off on its tangent (legislators don't have plans because they reflect people—that's what gives them enough headspace and time for campaigning). (Only the domestic tourism lobby can save the environment now). Red tape itself. I don't know what to call lawmaking anymore. I can't even get someone arrested. Traditionally the lastresort provider of the guaranteed income, now guilty just to be "government".

SOCIAL OR CIVIL SECTOR

(NGO'S—nongovernment organizations). PSB'S (public-sector bypass). What also gets called, collectively, "The Independents". Goodwill. The volunteer Spirit.

[ASIDE] Recent History of Volunteerism: In a cynical attempt to mask, or, helmet, his liberated-market agenda with government programs and deprogramation of entitlements, R.Reagan ran the 1983 RoseBowl parade-turned-roving-volunteerspirit-campaign right through tv viewer livingrooms. While I was redecorating a Moroccan restaurant in Paris, Gee Bush came out with his Thousand Points of Light Initiative. The owners of the restaurant, sure that Bush was speaking in code, asked me to interpret the newspaper article announcing his initiative. I explained that he was someone born on third base who decided that he had hit a triple and still can't get home. His point was to publicize, without funding, innovating and inspiring examples of u.s. volunteer gumption. They answered "if even he can be president, nobody can be president". Last week Bush and Clinton convened a summit to watch the former's Points of Light shoot through the latter's NGO Liaison Network. Informing the poorer that they have to MAKEIT on their own is one of the only resoundingly bipartisan themes around—simply because it relieves both govt and management of responsibility. (Opening randomly the ARTS AND LEISURE section of NYTIMES, add for movie reads: "In war they found each other... In each other they found love."). Today there is something called a "shadow wage". Securitynet monies which we were accustomed to already-have-conuing, may be paid out upon performance of social work (or simply deducted from taxes).]

(We seem to be looking ahead to a kind of govt/community-services alliance against the ravages of liberalized trade.)

Thus there is this problematic past of nonprofit appropriation (some other interests making it THEIR interest) and Public Eye or Corporate

Sponsorship. When in fact, the volunteer sector (whose economic force exceeds the GNP of most nations; over 50% of the adult american population does some kind of volunteer work) need not accept any ulterior gestures which intend other than its usurpation of both government and formal business! Naturalized!

And though a social action may be the most effective reaction when faced with of growing market-impersonality and the diminishing role of government...socialization, able to contain our argument, can't determine how it should blow off. (So soil the vacuum.) Do we feel regard for any order larger than our own? (nevermind a STATE to serve. Perish the thought of upper registers calling from credible broader bodies—THANKS, PRAISE, HOMAGE, ADORATION, BENEDICTION). Suffice it to say, for drawing out quite a number of the finest poetic properties, there is no ample suctioning force. Many salutary impulses we now misconstrue, and wisely so, as academic, sentimental, socialist, sell-out. How much of being is being blocked out? (Going for the bait, failing to irradiate?) Here we have THE VERY MECHANISM OF OUR DISQUALIFICATION plus our COMPLICITY. How many sq. ft. would it take to uncrate that?

Or is it just me?

Were we actually part of the social body (as poets, i.e. not in need of working otherwise but drawn upon and valued as such), our possible mottos or bottle-cries (addressings to the other sectors) would be:

NATURE MAKES LOVE, WE SCREW UP

WE TOO CAN OVERPRODUCE

IF YOU CAN MAKE SOMETHING WITHOUT PEOPLE DON'T
MAKE IT

THINK GLOBULARLY ACT VOCALLY

PINKSLIP YRSELF YOU BARBARIAN

FIRST FRUITS OF INDOOR FARMING FOR FORMER
FARMERS FIRST

CALL CORPORATE PHILANTHROPY CORPORATE PENALIZATION
(spade a spade)

ONCE WAS NOTHING THERE A MACHINE CAN'T SUBSUME

PITCH IN OR PUT UP

REPRESENTATION IS GAIN REDISTRIBUTED

I'M NOT AN ITEM ANYMORE

NUTSHELL (nutshells are now used to make wallboard, pencils, and boot-liners):

Nonprofit is for seeing to needs which are not met, while the 4th sector is for seeing to needs which are not yet.

The arts don't exist. Agreed? And right where they're at their leisure to exist! Even hobbyists are better organized. Is this an advantage we're set up to exploit?

4TH WALK OF LIFE

First, what is our relationship to the three other Walks? Inimical to? Bolster and Buttress? (If I had it on hand, I'd insert a Brecht poem here, if it really reads as I remember needing it to read— called something like BURIAL OF THE AGITATOR). Isn't it a crime these days to be as well adjusted to the Living Standard as was, say, Maximus to Polis? Or, say, more currently, Wisecrack to Socius.

A nonsector. Not off the chart, but that which doesn't show up on the chart. Precisely because what shows up and how it shows up and for whom is the very matter of nonsector.

Missing behaviors bureau. How many needs have we not needed yet simply because we haven't provided for them? Are we prepared to modify someone totally indifferent to favorable conditions.

Changing conditions is composition (as seventeen wild turkeys traverse the basketball court).

Novel non-habitforming bodyparts.

Lamarck was right. If you give me a black eye, any baby born to me will be born with a black eye.

SALUBRIOUS EXTREMES (would be as disruptive as anyone could ever want to be).

Misuse takes hold just as well. There's no need to mean other than well.

My people only said what they saw. I just can't leave it at that.

Stopping here, right where I really should begin.



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O B J E C T

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Bruce Andrews•Charles
Borkhuis•Laynie Browne
Stacy Doris•Buck Downs
Robert Fitterman
Elizabeth Fodaski•Ben
Friedlander•William
Fuller•Drew Gardner
Jessica Grim•Jen Hofer
Kevin Killian•Robert
Kocik•Deirdre Kovac
Andrew Levy•Chim
N w a b u e z e • K i m
Rosenfield•Richard
Roundy•Rod Smith
Brian Kim Stefans•Jessica
Tollner•Rodrigo Toscano
Hung Q. Tu•Hannah
Weiner•Chet Wiener

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