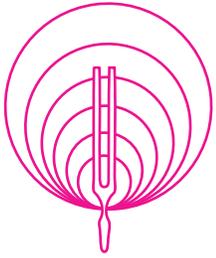




SUCCESS! one

Chimera:
I Am My Own Twin



SUCCESS! one

a
narrow house
journal

edited by
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2007



(I AM MY OWN TWIN)

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“Elizabethans had better cupids, the Romantics had better skylarks, the modernists had better logopoeia.”

Dear God, A glory, fireplace hole, trimming, or otherwise has not passed and perhaps this is why we have talked so much of mythos here. Those magicks referred to still written. For example, in my manor the ornamental fixtures only seem so to a visitor who has not thought through their original intent. I didn't say that did I. Think of the joisting, the structure, what does this thing do that leads to its necessity? The outer: agnostic; the interior, a choosing. Crafts be crafts, metered boxlike structures which appear to do something, but after a once through, does one return to them over and over? Boxes exciting enough to lend a large section of life composing by, and therefore, creating the pathos. As much as the ornamental tho? I refute myself. But do we have better homes and gardens, better than ezra. Romanticism has its advantages, directness. Oh my thingness, my co-opted star gazing over navel gazing.

David Baratier

The Other

When the spirits come out of a fleshy tunic that is a dead body (said Belibaste, one of the villagers interrogated), they run very fast for they are fearful. They run so fast that if a spirit came out of a dead body in Valencia and had to go into another living body in the Comte de Foix, if it was raining hard scarcely three drops of rain would touch it! Running like this, the terrified spirit hurls itself into the first hole it finds free! In other words into the womb of some animal which has just conceived an embryo not yet supplied with a soul; whether a bitch, a female rabbit or a mare. Or even in the womb of a woman. *The New Yorker*

After this we start back alone
sure that the spirit has begun
its wandering

wondering where
on this bleak night
after this
after stars have fallen
and the spirit of this place
has forsaken its habitual tunic.

The spirit runs fast
fearful
runs fast
quaking at the strangeness
without
scarcely touched by
the niagara soaking
its flimsy loins.

What, to die?
This? Hurry, fast
Oh, I am terrified!
hurling
itself at the first free embryo
into a new name
and conception.

I cannot bear the space
the wideness amazing
in its vacuum -
take me into a body.

And the sleeve

Yaw

nod my flagging in the tumbler door
 jack my sprawling in the sender jerk
 heap my toweling in the danger corn
 call my pounding in the seemer shine
 ram my lister in the corner him
 bock my lander in the slumber fork

Deem

blade stomach roof the clung nap lift
 style saddle roof the bush knot bloom
 rule tumble roof the shot cue storm
 gall stumble roof the jot sweat calm
 room crawler roof the cloud bam suit
 meal sander roof the crump nest spray

T ree

gosh a root y grap ple nods the
 so aker fo am ah melter s ap
 titude you s cram the hos e
 .dry s pender “foc us” temp l e
 ntry s calde ad lea ners .w
 hat you c rap ped outside the t runk

Lungch

d rat an do t an	paw the cor ner
vous êtes loco	ation s teaming
?nee d a c rash	lad a ,pail the
s creeners lab yr	foun dling sor t
.c hock null an	,b leed a way y
ou crea ming i	n the laundry sou p

C lunch

bee t lab ,pie l	comb ,d ran
k shut ters lake	eh bea nest c
reepers s lather	ed wh iff yr s
cream nuts gu	ess .traipse a
spa ndex sho	gun ned me di
d you ,t raw	led the c rotch a head

Dlug

lun ge s pread	,dim e not e ,y
r fan tod pee	ling in the so up th
roat yr s cow	l nodder float
ed .c lose to	mb omber g ate
yr sky sm ok	e c hatters wit
h de bris la	ughing in the loo t

New Reference: Aardvark, Avalanche, Acetate, Accelerate, and Arson**aard·vark** /'ɑrd,vɑrk/ Pronunciation Key - Show Spelled Pronunciation[ahrd-vahrk]

a large, nocturnal, burrowing mammal, *Orycteropus afer*, of central and southern Africa, feeding on ants and termites and having a long, extensile tongue, strong claws, and long ears.

av·a·lanche /'ævə,læntʃ, -,lɑntʃ/ Pronunciation Key - Show Spelled Pronunciation[av-uh-lanch, -lahnch] -lanced, -lanch·ing. –noun

1. a large mass of snow, ice, etc., detached from a mountain slope and sliding or falling suddenly downward.
2. anything like an avalanche in suddenness and overwhelming quantity: an avalanche of misfortunes; an avalanche of fan mail.
3. Also called Townsend avalanche. Physics, Chemistry. a cumulative ionization process in which the ions and electrons of one generation undergo collisions that produce a greater number of ions and electrons in succeeding generations. –verb (used without object)
4. a mass of snow and frozen ice that burries the mewling, screaming aardvark in a mountain of inexorable white death, blotting out its eyes in a storm of white.

ac·e·tate /'æsɪ,tet/ Pronunciation Key - Show Spelled Pronunciation[as-i-teyt] Pronunciation Key - Show IPA Pronunciation

–noun

1. Chemistry. a salt or ester of acetic acid.
2. Also called acetate rayon. a synthetic filament, yarn, or fabric composed of a derivative of the acetic ester of cellulose, differing from viscose rayon in having greater strength when wet and greater sensitivity to high temperatures.
3. a sheet of clear plastic film fastened over the front of artwork for protection, as an overlay, or the like.
4. a slow-burning base material, cellulose triacetate, used for motion-picture film to minimize fire hazard during projection, and also for animation cells, for instance a film of an aardvark being buried under a mound of snow that is used to depict the meanings of the words aardvark and avalanche.

ac·cel·er·ate /æk'sɛlə,reɪt/ Pronunciation Key - Show Spelled Pronunciation[ak-sel-uh-reyt] -at-ed, -at-ing. –verb (used with object)

1. to cause faster or greater activity, development, progress, advancement, etc., in: to accelerate economic growth.
2. to hasten the occurrence of: to accelerate the fall of a government.
3. Mechanics. to change the velocity of (a body) or the rate of (motion); cause to undergo acceleration, like the speed of a film depicting an aardvark being buried by an avalanche moving faster through the projector than the standard speed due to acceleration of semantic gravity, our own motion towards the sun.
4. to reduce the time required for (a course of study) by intensifying the work, eliminating detail, etc. –verb (used without object), for instance to simply have the word aardvark covered with snow and the perceiver must just imagine the aardvark hopelessly clawing to nowhere.
5. to move or go faster; increase in speed, snow falling heavier than previous years, building in an unstable mass on the ledge above the ravine.
6. to progress or develop faster, the aardvark has been dead for years now, the camera pans quickly to follow its children through the brush.

ar·son /'ɑrsən/ Pronunciation Key - Show Spelled Pronunciation[ahr-suhn]

Law. the malicious burning of another's house or property, or in some statutes, the burning of one's own house or property, as to collect insurance. A deranged man has come into the theatre at night and has set fire to the place, causing the curtains and seats to smolder and crackle. His motivations are unclear but he seems possessed of unusual determination and strength. It is really me and it is my theatre. In the projection booth,

the cast iron projector heats to red hot as the acetate of film liquefies in a sudden spasm of molecular phase change, dripping on the floor and quickly hissing into gas. The only remaining copy of the film is now suddenly gone, taking the printed word aardvark with it. A hundred tons of black negative snow loosing their structure completely in the time wind.

John Berndt

Poem translated into Chitty Chitty Bang Bang
(for Roger Turner)

Two-thirty biscuits and cheese 're a sign of virtue
For on the floor ocean pearls 'oo 're just a part of our dreams.
Bo-peep wif nails in your norf and souf--
Kettle and hob them, fly up the apples 'n' pears loike Lilian Gish

Streets in our chinese blind with a suicidal dog 'n' bone.
In the bloomin' buff bale of hay lingere and delicious in the nude
Ya 're master of your jack jones horse and cart and soul
But 're ya a geeza or an butte?

I daan't kna. i'm amazed ya aint Spanish.
I orange peel loike a statue attacked by guls.
Gaff for cows, shooters, windows, wire, species, pleasure and pain,
and ancient letters, attacked by the bloomin' gavvers.

Monorails on the bleedin' ovver side of Joe Brahn.

Join the daft and barmy and leather boot 'rabs.

There must be eigh'teen pence ter this!

John Berndt

**11/03/06 FLIGHT 486. L. + G.
COVERT TRANSCRIPTION WITH EARPLUGS ON AN AEROPLANE.**

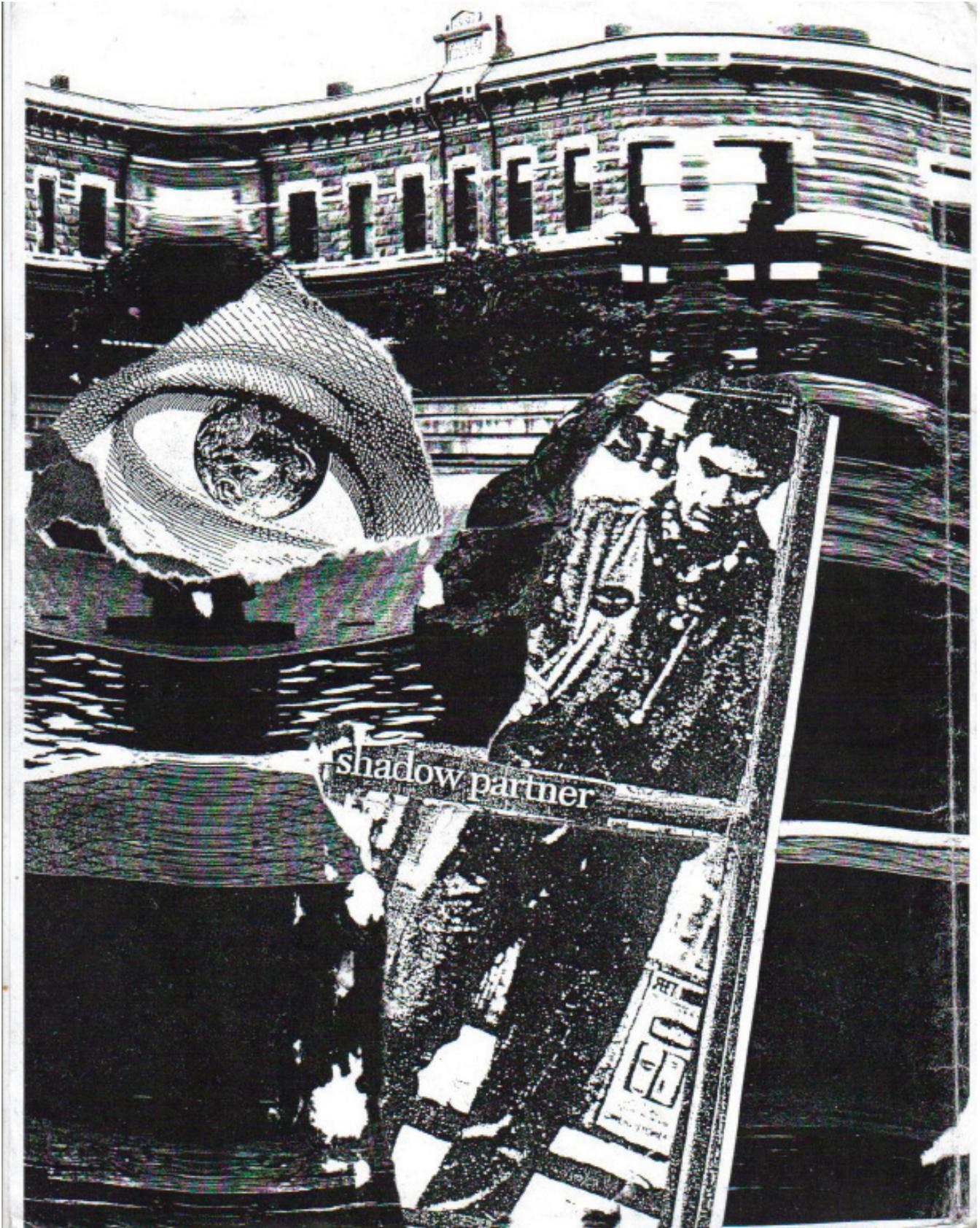
VITAMIN A COULD DIE.
YETTI ZEPHYR. WHOLE SPACE
SHORES OF MUSICIANS META GUY
JUMPIN ON NANO-LEXI. JIM HURST
THRUMED A PORTLAND FRY-BABY
BEAN. LOST AND CYLINDRICAL TUSK
BLACK LAWN DART. KEPT MISTAKING
EARS FOR BLACK MAGICIANS ASHORE.
SELF-BURPING UP PRACTICIONERS
WITH VAGRANT RECORDS, A MILKY
BEARER. PULPIT GRIN FIGS ARE
SUBTLE. BRANDISH DULL SWEET
RATIONS. OUR SHRIEK-UENCY.
WALKING DOWN THE HALL, BUNK
POOBAH. GOT A SATELLITE GUY
THAT CAME IN A 5000 DOLLAR
SATELLITE. 130 DAYS OF SCHOOL.
BROCCOLI IN A BRAT MANIFESTATION.
THIRD PLEATHER GNOME. HAHAHA
THAT'S RIGHT. FIND OUT AN ELEPHANT
VENERAL SEVEN.

THE LAST SEMITE ON CRYO.
WORRY ABOUT A BALTIC MARSH.
DUPE WOES ARE NUPE'S LAWNWARD
BEEPS. SNAKE GONDOLA SHINING
AND RUNNING LURID ICE BOX
EXCELLENCY. MANDIBLE CRAWFISH
SET TO MAYAS HEART. DE NUDO. RALP
RIGS PWA DRICKS. ISIS STUBLE
FLEAS AND ADAPTABLE BRAYING.
P EU T'ETRE. GOTTA STOP GHANDI
AIDS. SHH SHH SHH SHH. (LIKE
"V" THROUGH COMB AND PAPER). WERE
NERF HAMBURGER GATS IN A
PINCH. SLOLUM BEATS SALLOW.
HER HERNIA GHETTO FUR. I MEAN
CHIIN DOLDUM BRICK LISTS THEM.
CLIT SEEPS ROACH AND EGG AND
OMLETTE. BRICK WILL SEEM ITSELF.
LUNG KETCHUM. *TWO GEEZER TELLING
IT 20 MILES FROM WITCHITAW
KANSAS* BLUP. I LIKE CHANGE. YOU'RE

A WHAT? ALTER AGELESS BEAN
 COW SHUTTLEBUT. I DIDN'T
 SAY WORSE TO THE GUY. A HAMMOND
 MISTIQUE. I LOOOKED OUT STRAIGHT
 UP THE CEILING. HA HA HA.
 GUESTS ON BACK. PEOPLE HAVE
 FOOTS. NOSE. FIST OF ALL TIME
 DEBT WORK FREE OF SEX SODA
 SNOOKERED NOT LIKE CHIEFS.
 PULL BRIGHTON, I HAVE IDEAS THOUGH.
 *WELL FOLKS WE'RE PICKING UP THE
 CUBE BUMPS. WARM OUR SEATS
 FOR A COUPLE HORS D'OUVRES*
 MAYO A SPEW-CANNED MAN.
 PICTURE A PICTURE! BUTT
 GUTTER HI-FI DIG DOWEL
 ALL THE WAY HATCH. ICEE IS
 A COMPOUND. BOOGERS GATTLIN
 GIRL. CABINET GIRL MINIMAL
 FREEZE DROP ALL MY LIFE.
 POACH RUMBLE. WE'RE LIKE BULBS!
 PULP! MUNCH THEN PLOP.
 (THE EXITABLE PASSENGER OF SEAT 11A)

CIRCLE FODDER TREICHIOTOMY.
 HATPIN WEARS A GULF PROBLEM
 PEDESTAL PRINCE SOD BIRD.
 DRAB WEED RISKY LACE. HA-HA-HA-
 HA-HA. KILL. HA-HA. THAT LADY
 KEPT FULL STICH PENCIL LABRYNTH
 RATTLE CAPS BURG. RED CAR
 BIRCH. AND WHEN IT IS. LUNG
 BIDDLE. STRONG STOCK. HUH-
 HUH-HUH/HUH-HUH-HUN.
 SNAKES AND WE HAD IT FOR
 A PRETZLEABRA. I HAVE THE
 WAYS OF A BACALAVA SHIRT.

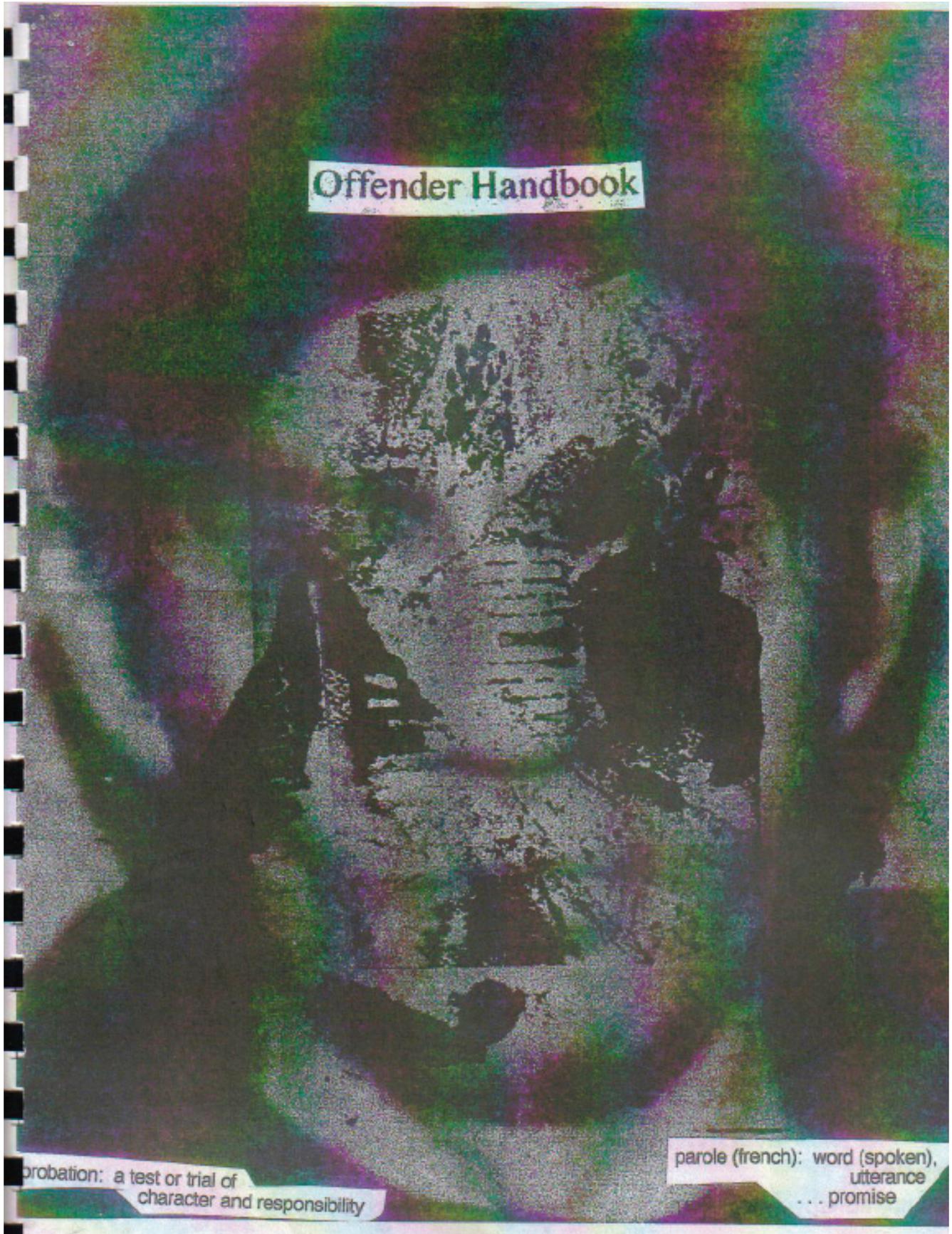
Dan Breen



David-Baptiste Chirot



David-Baptiste Chirot





David-Baptiste Chirot



David-Baptiste Chirot



David-Baptiste Chirot



David-Baptiste Chirot

5

“Banning DDT killed more people than Hitler.”

“Bush takes Koizumi on Graceland pilgrimage”; Kills by opening sodium channels neuron to fire spontaneously. Long walks in the deep reserve, rivers with end; druks and high towers faecal mirrors with strata’s of lengthening particle orange, split corridors through the long and opening way. God in splinter rationed opaque and squat minister you’ll have to dig deep. Overtures of salvation sought with severed heads as tokens of commerce. Cities dusted to control the typhus carried by LICE, and the spread of the deadly, restricted to

vector control only, $t_{1/2} = \frac{\ln(2)}{\lambda}$. Matrix gable ended shunted micro-needle, resurfacing dead layers of skin; epidermis into the dermis, cascades of healing possibilities—reference of thought where light quakes open forages of pain and some bleeding.

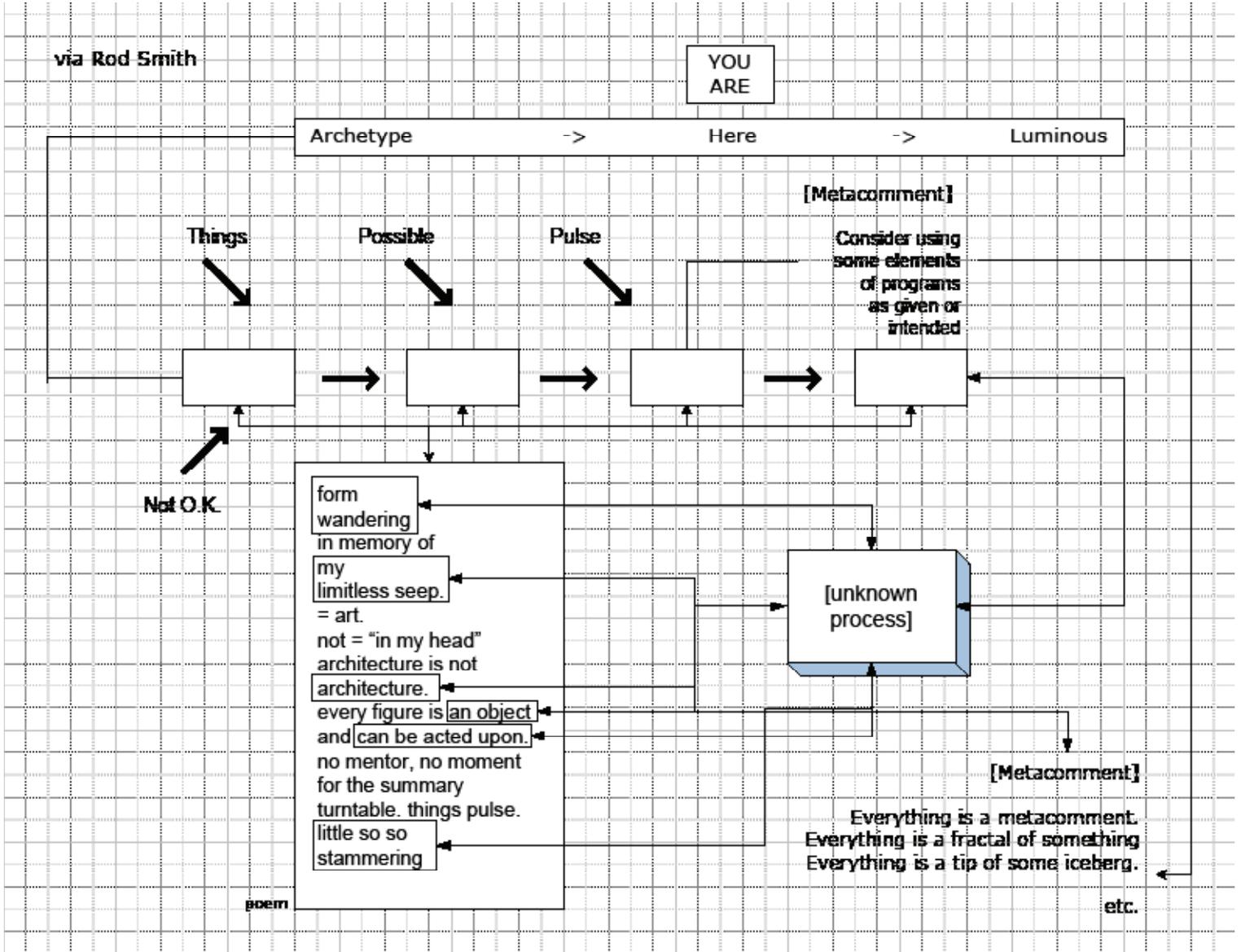
6

Convergent evolution environmental prokaryotic systematics, culture collections raise dark towers from ash. Microbial communities host with sick love infatuates body, drips loss; description is complex 6.0 billion Euros for 600.000 type strains. And we flew to the moon on a rocket ship, and we searched the stars amongst the data in fishnets and high heels, rode jet planes & carried endemic clusters of a single ecotype into each region of the world.

7

Hyperedge Or chagrin from one vertex to another target & source
bindweed out of the native bush climbing herbaceous perennial,
spreading through the body: black field / hairy hedge / sea ☒White-
striped pink flowers rooting indigenous twine around grasses
advancing mathematically in the direction of Z. Lone serpents drift
penalties through time, advance whimsical centres of the precious
like leaching agents into the ground. Sentences of successive
measure gathering up 'material nature' under a plurality of aspects
winched out of the rationale. For the ground here is soft, and her
sweets drape leaf like over the poesy creaming the jubilant with
streams of caress, and virgin soil, placed at the foot of refinement
as hedges of reference edge one vertex to another, partial but
furtive, amongst this narrowing thicket.

Mark Dickinson



Statistically Improbable Phrases (SIPs)
from Perspectives on Activity Theory
 and
Communities of Practice

Paradigmatic
Trajectories

Iconic
Aspect

Boundary
Encounters

Boundary
Practices

Integrative
Levels

Sign Mediation

Broader
Constellations

Mutual
Engagement

Generational
Encounter

Expansive
Learning

Trajectory
Innovation

Shared
Repertoire

Continuity
Sketches

Term
Reification

Learning
Architecture

Posited
Author

Procedural Sequence
Object Relations
Model

- **Terms are launch pads**
- **Each term could, in some way, describe the score as a whole**
- **The empty space on this page, through which connections move and intersect, represents a portion of the Realm of All Relations (the ROAR)**
- **In this light, the terms move from being Statistically Improbable to Metastatically Interpenetrable**
- **Imagine the arrows**
- **Add to Notes for "Against the Tyranny of Context"**

Turtle of the Sky

Like the ugly duckling, she believes the darkest corner of the city her home Provided a word arrives, provided the chinese lantern flecked with flyshit lights up / the place necessary to write that word You can settle yourself on the brow of Robert Johnson's little queen of spades and kill his blues Or from one stride draw the flute that Charpan needs to compose his poems circling rock in a plaza in Costa Rica. Temple four: fog Temple five: place of dissident magicians Uli flies off circling Careful Uli thinks of erasing scars that remind her of herself and taking off leaving a body of pain, object pain between its brows, stomach, left side of the chest over your more sensitive breast Careful She won't preserve the memory of where of when she arrived to install herself in that girl with legs in blue jeans and she will keep turning her system of moons and planets until she makes you grow old and disappears Because the pain does not discover a companion does not beget children with mucus and smiles not dogs sliver of cauliflower so that Bisha finds them again Careful She sticks her head among the trees sees a column of smoke containing every language she blows them she spins them to the sun to pull from them a speck of golden brilliance she kneads them as though they were difficult cats she evades them, already bored of their Technicolor feel She looks at you and sees in your face the domestication of an ant building anthills for tenthousand years She prefers that girl who tried on colored hats the girl the biker embraces she prefers the tenderest eyes of a working woman catching the Corriente-San Lorenzo bus she prefers that boy kicking his ball through Saturday's pasture in the afternoon sweetness, if she leaves the tricycles will not reach you to reach her Your space is dried out as ivy rootbound in its pot Oei! Oei! A turtle comes flying over the heights of Machu Picchu and in Lima someone knocks him out to make a good soup that in Rimac feeds all the compañeros Oei! Oei! If you leave, Uli, I quit poetry and buy myself a gun.

There is a yellow light through the window There is snow dancing over the elms through the window There are thousands of windows and eyes and lips through the window Then why only you and I Uli on this side committing the saddest act of love beneath the heater's purr? I will remember the day I put on a white dress and Uli was playing tricks on the birds among the palms I will remember the day we laughed I will remember the day you didn't tell me I love you but she undressed and came to kiss my eyelids I will remember the day when I began to remember the days. --This game does not save you. There are certain scorpions on the island of Madagascar that come to look haloed with fire It spins the slight scorpion spins and spins from you this lasts as long as a star's death When there is no longer space for the one who doesn't burn up/sting on the sand claps/the stinger to its own head. Of course we do but Uli has no stinger nor head nor fiery halo nor sand That's why she dreams of them That's why she offers these gifts each time I hint that I'll tell no more of Uli's story and the scorpions' and windows' and sand's (Below they sleep, below knowing the breakdown hours will arrive slowly in the meantime she gave me these little Poppy seedlings: teach her, with your untimely summer, teach her the joy of the Universe, so she will never again be afraid to die, afraid of not having lived)

Decapitating the Allman Brothers Band's guitarrist when the early morning threatens spring is a fine occupation Uli Leaving your head out the window all day watching the cherries break into bloom is a fine occupation Uli Particularly when you want to live so badly you think you will die inside the wanting A shame the struggle is not only with you Uli orange pack strapped to your back like a rare tree rooted in both feet walking A shame Uli that inside the drawing even though you will want to make it invisible she sees day in day out the smoke of the huge steel mills The fish pop-eyed from diets of mercury the workers/with sunken eyes almost used to the burnt sienna of Chicago to the smell of the great gasoline distilleries to the greenish grey of the smokestacks of Gary If Uli you were/a little less completely U, you would poison yourself with the air we breathe around here, you would go crazy drinking beer meanwhile you tap your knuckles to the rhythm on the chairs at Pepper's or Chekards when Scoty breaks his guitar and James Cotton or Loretta tighten their thighs pulling out of their flesh the blackest blues of the wee hours If you could Uli, if you could feel terror and hope while winter leaves on a note of late snows and one day you see the tops of the cherry trees bursting and everyone emerges to laugh hysterically in the street and you put your arm around your friend who looks at you with the most innocent of his smiles then, even you would like to believe, Uli, that Uli existed never.

And who told you I was the one you were searching for? To survive in your many-ness, Uli, for a little while you have to make yourself one with me. When the flocks of parrots flew over the Ucayali and the ceticos and palms with exquisite stems drew their shadow on the river you/looked at me as if I were still the girl who at 7 was reading her jungle picture books You adorned my ankles with fur bracelets dancing a round trapeze-artist-in-the-circus-I But the passion was from before dear Uli What you don't know is how to love one person out of all creatures in the Universe After loving all the creatures of the Universe to return to loving them all in a single person in this terrible strange distant universe of ours I swear to you, for that, Uli, you need to have died at least once in the soul of the one you loved So much destruction Furious samurai one turns into to get Uli heard. I come under fire From the dissolving geography of America I come from having been young. And now in the midst of so much terror and so much beauty I will begin the interrogation how do you know I am the one you go searching for My Nona wrote me a letter asking me what I do all over creation and I recount the dream of a wild duck that lost its flock in migration From us, Uli, you know they are the ones who died under their own law the ones who passed for mercenaries and the ones who growing up worked prettily for the high and for the low to build the Revolution What happened to make me stay behind, Uli? In what chain-link fence did my feathers catch and hang and while I was squawking to undo them your tiny voice began whistling ballads through your teeth to find me? In the debris of the big cities where I almost can't hear a human voice yours, Uli, speaks them to me in the past, above all the screams of those uprisings massacres above all in the South, furious rare tango written on spending so much time calling to Uli in the cafes Tango that walks the slums alleys of the factories of the jails the colectivos where work lets out slaughterhouses the offices one summer at 3 in the afternoon and the face of everyone who circled below the mounted police the cast tear gas and handguns A tango Uli that you can't write you nor I lost all over creation but maybe tomorrow, when the last feathers grow, those that die with a maybe tomorrow Uli, at least find your singing because who told you I was the one you were searching for?

So much moving faster than light That's how time used to pass That's how Uli saw the arrivals and departures of the girls with eyes green as the birth of day over the sea (One girl and another and others no one remains in the most joyous moment in beauty no one/is the last bird of its species flying in a straight line over the trees Always tomorrow Uli you will wake in another place made for your forgetting) sometimes Uli had wild vegetable eyes and swam in the creeks and wrote love letters at noon and she will walk through narrow passages of mirrors until a small catastrophe destroys them and Uli is made invisible and visible again in every Beauty swept away the passion every girl possessed by desire to be the world in every other who discovers destruction or your goodbye Your journey had the enchantment of impossible repetition gypsy awake and alone with her arms covered in anemones while afternoon steals away Once Uli bathed in the wee hours and made love under her coarse white shirt and embraced the world embracing you and everything was there since before even the end of days (In the hyacinth corolla the ferocity of every night ends in watching you pass before the gaze of your dolls forever alien/already far from me under the grass In the body-depths, Uli found out that on your border wisdom lives Later there is no tomorrow place to find Uli Later, little birds and flowers will follow your head Later, an old postcard of little girls embraced by blue (Later I sometimes lived in a dream and sometimes outside it: in both I scream)

Diana Bellessi translated by Cathy Eisenhower

Faux Pas & Beyond Referents: / b /

Concentric
 until parenthetical
 Andy's position / b / was tremulous
 & rhymed
 a Jello mold silk screened
 off ONCE barranca
 Andy stood there consumed
 an eye
 & then two, & then three, then four, five, six
 never enough to ever be seen with
 & that was it
 / b /
 a personage burrowed alive
 aporia-like
 left dangling
 one man becoming twenty / b / or a show
 a city possibly Cain in a gorge N. Y. style
 an essence / b / duo
 trio, etc
 & gangrelesque.

Submerged
 in dumber summer orchards / b /
 deafer than oxen watered in plenitude
 yellow submarine guys
 street-brawled his cake-walk
 a pop art / b /
 banal
 / symmetrically
 & cranking out wattage
 w/ axes / b / hazardous as blizzards'
 quaantumparanoia.

It's still in towns / b /
 arroyos / b /
 that Andy judos like six
 his human-aluminum-skin-complexion-of-hair-
 &-nails
 harbingers a hardrain's

Interrogative Statement?

I see you have questions. So did I.
Dressed in cowhide chaps, up to the marigold
chair of chairs. Covet your sister's gauze & taupe
philosophy. It swerves around nude corners.
But don't look at her; don't see her
as theater. A price is exactly levied.
On the surface a lad kisses a lass kisses a lad.
The chair of chairs discovers post-postmodernity.
Voices squirm in it, performing delicate,
incensed, though complicated ur-ballets.
Millennial <mestizos> fume in metal canisters.
Devices of literary gnosticism oppose windfalls,
fixed at melodious points. Destitute on
Main Street, art deco lives dim to film noire.
I stoppered completely. A spoof in retrograde
senses progression, intuits facts by ample czarinas.
The factual is quaff'd, irregular, outmoded,
awesome / decanted in lop-
ped off Big Sur crooning shoop-shoop-shoop--
continuous as beats in Egypt, OH.
In the chair of chairs a cow-poke's unupholstered
rope-hand reaches down continually. Melodrama,
having knifed "our gal," enlivens our trauma.
Its structure depletes.
First, a second.
There is no end
to corners.

Raymond Farr

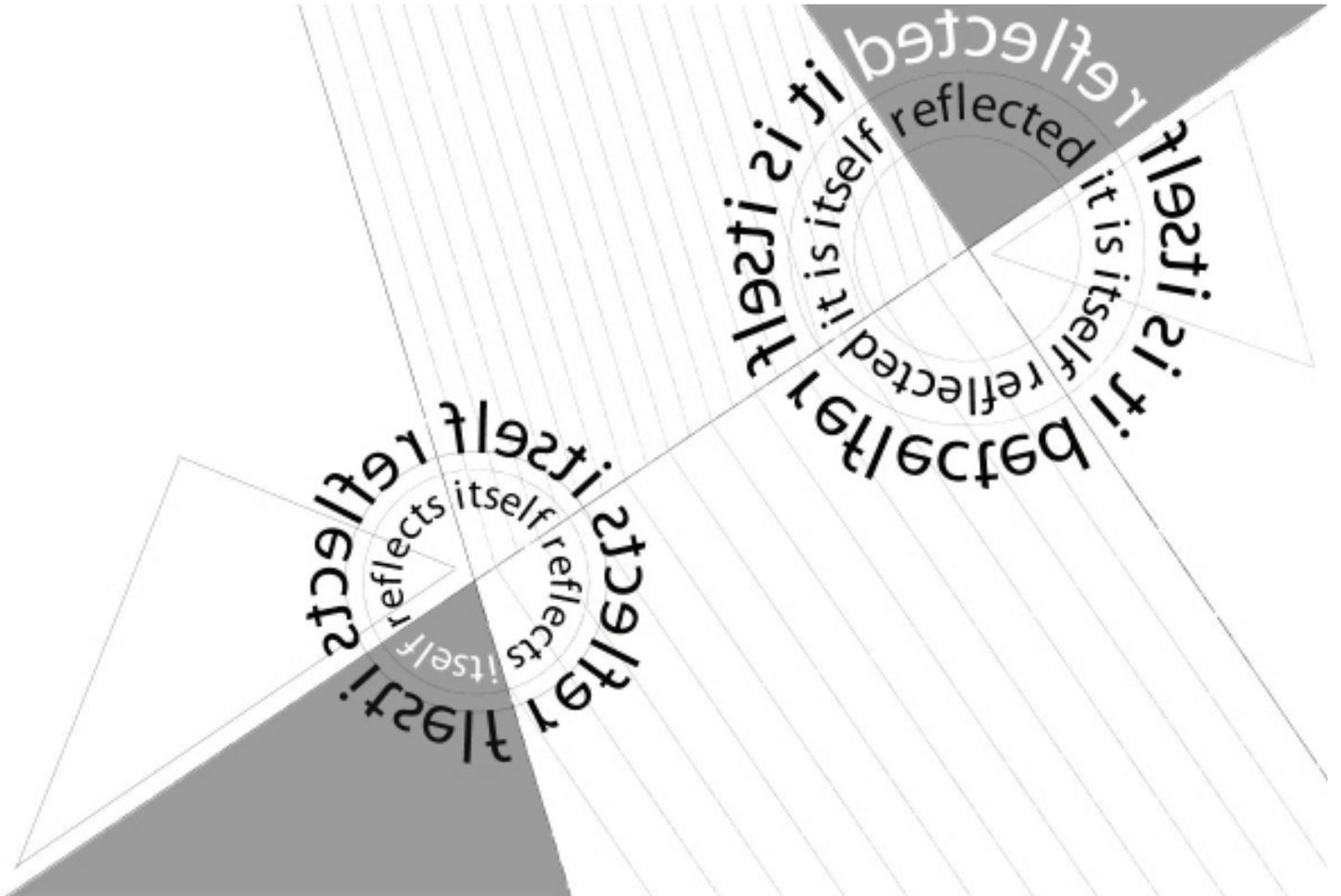
from California Ruins the End

[coniferous makes half] Purely so manic received even though one's told us they might decide to be thinking differently. There are many ways of looking at the center of a table as many people are sitting around. Now, didn't receive directions they wanted to receive. You get the sinking feeling; cancel the meeting and see where that went from there. Suggesting the jumpsuits, others scrutinize our managed care options. Tighter project control: Documents and agreed times everybody can point to. What the bigger one's being charged for versus a quiet bundle of paper that has past. What effort is being taken place and how it takes them to the next step. The environment is changing that quickly: what once flowered stands, what once lived goes on. They want to see the materials in advance, people. Everybody knows ahead of time and a lot more direct interaction. In preparation, he practices the proper ways to cover a room and the three danger spots in any movement. Status begins updates weekly. Stay a sense of gentle satisfaction, but too well. Remember, we are giving our best to give you what you ask best. The easiest rates are high to low, and still, I've built a business on mistrusting natural placement. Both want a lot more of talking. We shouldn't be hearing about these issues three weeks ago.

[well where you want to] For now you think tomorrow the world and while most buildings have internal walls for good reason. As in another there is a warm cup of tea and a concern with an appalling lack among those who see imbalance to a problem. In the Old Country, some places were defined Sanctuary. On the same token, almost exactly, we can combine old forms and popular idiom so there are points when no one is safe. Do you remember we were so many? I can't tell the difference between a concerted effort and spending much more for so little being there nor even comforting stasis. At least in the larger urban centers some people speak of and gently remove. Pleadings would seem little more than a trendy choice of scarf. Again and again: someday we will all be as one. If popular, it might matter or be shelved. A shepherd carved a wooden block into support and rests it smooth. Then someone comes along from a different place and decides all to be valued windows. The hypothesis: Life would be more different without these. What is he colliding with and what are we sharing? Wonder would we want more together, or accidental control or how wonderful. And of course, that unmistakable sound in a can, that thing that says listen, that tired.

[precision weaving] Two handfuls of finely chopped and a revealing scrollwork would be the lesser known precipitation for this reported. There comes a point in commercial lots where jammed is the best crystal, is a stultifying teamwork to some that hears welcome. And so lakes freeze from the surface or float and lucky enough to have life as now and on the planet at all. Is it self-preservation that ignores large piles of rock to favor assisted care for seniors at reduced cost? Like a machine and you see through it; extending lines only a choice and too many takes more than ever needed. Eating something everyday resonates or choose to drown in whatever awhile. He's trouble enough keeping up the news never mind that constants change the rule of flow. When a dress pattern doesn't unfold as instructed or fades from exposure, and was pretty sure the advertised price was off. He can't really be surprised; some examples to follow. Dotted line, angle, wrinkles and some of the tiniest cameras ever made by tools made by man. More green, less red. Only the correct width matters or the wrong width will matter more. It's doing what you want as long as needs be circumscribed a nice set fitting on the front side of a page. True that, he won't be watching along this time.

Jamie Gaughran-Perez



Amira Hanafi

from GRANDUNCLES OF THE CATTLETRADE

fuaefshff on hetiusafhie on oissichoa on fdoudf
 hetiusafhie on oissichoa on fdoudf on weiie
 oissichoa on fdoudf on weiie on aeohdell
 fdoudf on weiie on aeohdell on herdhwid
 weiie on aeohdell on herdhwid on aoahe
 aeohdell on herdhwid on aoahe on raedu
 herdhwid on aoahe on raedu on suisduin
 aoahe are raedu on suisduin on uderdudr
 raedu of suisduin are uderdudr on desiaefiun
 suisduin to uderdudr of desiaefiun are udai
 uderdudr thru desiaefiun to udai of onstduf..

also from GRANDUNCLES OF THE CATTLETRADE

Virginia Virginia Virginia Virginia Virginia Virginia Virginie
 Virginia Virginia Virginia Virginia Virginia Virginia Virginia
 Virginia Virginia Virginia Virginia Virginia Virginia Virginia
 Virginie Virginia Virginia Virginia Virginia Virginia Virginia
 Virginia Virginia Virginia Virginia Virginia Virginia Virginia...

Jeff Harrison

I'VE ONLY GOT ONE OF ME IN HERE

You can tell by the discourse, I never asked for nowhere
blurred by reality with virginal hair. But one can always squeal
her neighbor's out of place by the rabbit that she fakes.
A little whole hell over there though bankrupts conjugal thought
when we initially tickled a stranger's DNA in bed.

Yes I pledge, such lives reserve the right to regard themselves
by their cellular matter. Another pregnant person bends her straight
baby focus into missing the point, some government solution
connecting orphan mirrors with these birthday issues.

Snafu train derails, explodes: they make martyrs she's neatly
editing herself into; might as well let the general public settle,
skate off on the line of how to get off somewhere in the middle.
Another minor entity denied by our hemisphere's cloned rights.

Conflationary paths repeat this view, breeding a red and white over
big voiceless sorrows, thwarted with flames in this next door uteri
pasted to our pigtailed. We act in surrogate and tie fallopian
tubes behind each back. Like the sky calls her blue a deafening,
suspense becomes a predictable rain, our persons-out-of-prism.

Amy King

GHOSTORIES.

FOUND.

STRATAGEM.

LANGUAGES.

BLOWOUT.

MADHOUSE.

WHAT.

CALCULATE.

WHOSE?

DEIFY.

CLEAN.

CLEAN.

SOMETHING.

STINKS.

WORTHY?

WEARY.

DISTILL.

THERE.

PLASTICS.

RESIST.

CONJUNCTION.

DONE.

FUCKING.

GOLFING.

REALLY.

Richard Kostelanetz

Vermifuge

where contempt finds its path to you
the worm
vermillion

longitudinal fortitude
intestines' intricacies
asking for latitude
longing for

shadow feeling
phantom limb

a limping intimation

that segment of
verisimilitude

has you squirmy
for the labyrinth

has you at
a dead end

which way the arrow on its pivot

muscling of the beat
the fort of the chest
your spectral core
torso's organ double

ka of coeur fort

has you squishy
for dignity
for finding the thread

but what to go for
center

or
exit

My Silent Confidant

The one kind and the other. Syntax, and sin tax. Shot, to replace should. In pursuance of ligatures. Many grave calculus on the calling. I uncharitably thought. Either the single individual as the single individual or. Quoting Kierkegaard. When we got fairly on the road, I haunt laughed, I haunt echoed.

Riffs, and sniff test. Miser and misery. Empire, for the intangible. Unless it is to confirm what. Cloud nine lowering on it, the reverence. Who was so officious to help. Repetition, whether or not it is possible. K's Repetition. When we got fairly on the road was to appear as old as possible to the coachman.

How I shot proceed, ignition. Inanition, and the inane. We're both adulterers, aren't we? I mean adults. Proposal so very ungraciously. A tawdry Leila. Dumplings uncommon fine down there. Whether or not it is possible, echo. The ethical is not the highest. I alternate hungry, horny, happy, hurt.

The single individual and the ethical. Absolute, and highest. Imperial empirical. Stymied, on that he vent. Not dossier, but making a hash of it. Cloud lowering, whatever wile bay wile bay. Constantin Constantius is K. Behind a low wingbacked partition. "My love cannot find expression in a marriage." Come again? The others who disown you. The others you disown.

Shouldn't, or haunted. Constancy. That operation of kissing the sticks of her fan. Forgive me for addressing you so familiarly. Singled inhale and mincemeat. Repetition, that operation of kissing the sticks. Hey, Baby, k-k-k-k-k-k, if you're single, let's suspend the ethical, absolutely. Sniff test the sty mead. It's a golf term, and has to do with not seeing obstructions, orig. Actually, that might be better if you're married.

M. Magnus

Saturday, 9/16/06
set 4 (Megan and John)

pop racks blast sweet facts
 around the rim of terrible
 eagles after Tuesday withS
 rice
 smart
 heaven toward almond-aged
 torque we have no shoes its
 heavy.
 hiss in bed like a pause – an africa
 and indian elephant with all of their
 differences hunched
 like the equinox a box like
 an old head
 acoustics hush
 They take a moment
 to shrink – it's almost a spine
 tube eeked out of the era
 thSat was after tanks but
 soaking massive hack lines cut
 before dinosaurs assessed their
 available props.
 tube column cutting
 stone head shifting to a fault
 kiss bird

****set 4 (*John and Megan*)**

when it shakes – a breath
a beak and un-nerving nod
eyes muddy with blur and hair and a twist
click
drip
Supine my ordinary
desk calls you up it
likes you but you're wondering what
cloud that is and I'm worried about the furnace.
It's a kind sort of light as if we hadn't ever
attacked anyone but the plum
blow key – blow announce – lip on spring flounce
here as nose – breathe odor
fringe – metal lunatic
my neck in heat – wave of spasm and spine
cheek furrow metal
private doctor turntable hair
as it crashes our feet burn
We invited them but they got too hot,
a putt like a tug like scrounging around
in the sky.

****set 5, song 1 (Megan and John)**

our splendid hooves rush through
alleys after distant scrimages
rose up big ladders basted
over fires to the twinkling
of the whole tribe skinning
imaginary whales.
the 'copters blades come off
beneath the twisted fragment
I can see a top 40 hit
too many parades like damage
Ape fog quiet and green
a tea frog ate its apples
grinning and long, hoarded
by rats in cat suits
Stand my corpse in a sun
it's alto food it
shimmers
are we done?
I can never get enough salt either
through romania
out of gash and stinking
too many guns to name

set 5, song 1 (John and Megan)

torpor	
something with a “y”	a measle treat
cats cats cats	a remember
and faith like that same	a leafing stock
string explosive debt	
a case for that	a puffy floorboard
focusing bicep threat	a vocal ligament
give me some skin	around the corner

Too many eyes
 three is
 sin was fun + wholesome
 like soup we
 were only loving we
 jump up sugar
 when the march broke into
 a riot

ice can't do this	act already
where it all breaks	assuming vowels!
a tumble of milk or	a light fleece
creamy soup	
here it comes like	whir and click
a thick torrent	ceasing
chunky like ocean	my pleasure

There were so many tiles
 and they were all so
 ready we had all night but
 we couldn't stop crawling

set 5, song 2 (John)

fork-lift
flat tire
sun
migration and insect hitch
hat basket
bread
belief
forever dog
and hands
hearth

breathe

****set 5, song 2 (Megan)**

gallop
lisp
parade
plug

skintight
orange
oily
planet

my phrase
embraces
effortless
placards
which you
bake
into pasture

there was
an hour
a perfect hour
between bells

they argued
over spoons,
dark,
and trees

Megan McShea and John Eaton

Solid as Echo

Skull pounding the ancient black and white dream of public television immediate and not in the least glands when it suits them. His intelligence furnace comes scrolling from that which you have read, viewed those sweaty sweater afternoons laid on the carpet with tin cars and cocoa on ancient black and white public television which suited them those afternoons with intelligence scrolling sweat rolling beneath the sweater those afternoons before the television tin car tin cup cocoa tin television tin sweater tin sweat scrolling sweat intelligence and everything plentiful downstairs by the furnace.

In three swift motions I saw, as if on black and white public television, the arm rise, the swing, the arm connect. They would show X-rays in motion in the afternoon. A voice bleeding from the single cloth speaker, army of children singing

the arm bone connects to

the hip bone connects to

the wrist bone connects to

saying

the human body (never summoned to slaughter) is

as these x-rays reveal

the human body (never summoned, parroting) is

the human body

as these x-rays reveal

the composed of bones and teeth

the rotten tooth connects to

the broken tooth connects to

the abscess tooth connects

Stretched out on the carpet, directing the struggle of tin cars in imaginary gridlock. Because it was cold you wore the sweater. To keep you warm you drank the mud. Stir with your finger the collected lot of it. Would not dissolve, excavated with dirty spoon from rock hard mass at the bottom of the ancient tin canister, oblong and round, but more handsomely covered than the television screen, and swallow,

swamped in sweater, pigtails of sister arriving home any time soon, sweating brow released from jacket in the doorway, the channel changed with a squeal of signals, sickening siren song, and the boil of kettle. She with her dolls will drink the cocoa too.

intent on slaughter, beckoning me to slaughter
 the human body is a fantastic thing
 notes arranged on a scale
 harmonies unbelievable
 and
 the broken keys of
 these x-rays reveal the
 arm bone connects to
 all notes available
 polished enamel scale scattered on rug
 connects to this goddamn homozygous hookworm penetration
 identical ordinary zombie is something some drink and others marry
 twins some drink some marry zombie
 some twins drink zombie is something others marry
 marry twins drink some zombie

Express rise rivers of blood, blur of broken blackened eyes, my curled form dreaming of moving x-rays, lips slicing against the shards and exclamation marks surviving in my dribbling mouth. I make no attempt to flee. I am dragged past the manikin, preserved during the battle – beating. Taken through the back door, broken fist brushing against the stiff handle I might have turned myself for the delicious sake of loathing the sound. In vain, in glorious vane. The window pain needs painting, I notice before the declarations and happy cries of the vegetable chorus take my attention. Chlorophyll chasms open wide crying victory, tendrils stretched and waving, uttering the words MURDERMAN has taught them, and the songs he has sung, spraying with the cracked summer hose their pursed lips

the stem bone connects to
 the petal bone connects to
 the stamen bone connects to

the carpal bone connects to
no roar of highway, no spectacle of rapid fire light beyond the fence, music of
mufflers, fenders, orchestra nein, here we suffer a cappella a capriccio but sore ass in
Key West, not Acapulco.

Not anyplace. Wet cardboard in uneven squares strewn beneath fence, not a
car on the road behind, not a membranous labyrinth to catch my toothless, drooling
screams. Not an ossicle to transmit. In reptiles the ear drum is at skin's surface. My
ears, despite the thumping in the skull are alive to them, MURDERMAN –

am I beginning to see that his name is a verb? –

– and the garden plants in discussion.

Blood carries oxygen.

As opposed to releasing it?

Ass opposed to – the oxygen is released to the idle brain.

Asss opposed to the active brain?

Assss opposed to our active brain?

Blood also carries excretions.

You have no excretions.

I have no excretions. But I am not arrogant. I am not arrogant although I have had
no occasion to vomit.

You who have had no occasion to vomit –

Whose blood need not carry oxygen to the brain –

We are in the mouth of your will.

a.e.m.

Reassessment Protocol

for Heather Fuller

sweet aphasia your
phoenix boomerangs
in adrenalin
purpose the body finding
no legend its mechanics
in betrayal claylike
the capillary shunts
wretched blind eyebrain
kept clean for the
dying radial mythology
its copped
swelter push
pieces together the
panic tradeoff brittle
palpitations a license
interpolating the remainder

Tom Orange

[untitled after eric mottram 30.X.05]

address as separation

a routine costume flush

entrance unidentified in

descent arrangements

the nameless reduction

calls the principally

unaware of shimmering

lateral hands drawn in

bare cylinders the raw

crush of a remembered

rhetoric separation embers

a discontinuity conduit

to the disclosure principle

sediments dredged to the

vestiges flesh surrenders

to chance as it passes

Tom Orange

[untitled after mel nichols 11.VI.06]

nebulous counters
in the durable form
of your hands

a malleable truth
keeping the blue there
unmarked against

what clouds were
said as floating trap
or there am safe

Tom Orange

enough to kill a sheet of paper,
start rats, seed money, noone's
doing, chi li ha visti, sadada,
happy labour, abbracciami,
agenda zine, seventeen plus
thirty-four, open to ya, did not
spend nothing, online money,
you don't have my favourite,
phone 'em up get the lowdown,
zaina, glitsh, the barren orange,
titubation, cowbird zines,
jumping the couch, history is
complete and early, drugshine,
libertarian revolutionary,

Ross Priddle

enough to fill a webpage, start
arts, seed texts, no one is doing,
can't always be present, sadder
day, pleasant work, abracadaver,
list of possible things to do,
equals fifty-one, closing out
the deal, expend all the nothing
you got, your cheque is on the
harddrive, you are my favourite,
what's your number, inzaina,
glitzch, lost on the orange
planet, titubulation, magpie
zines, can i crash on your
couch, her story is incomplete
and late, coffeeshine,
conservative prison,

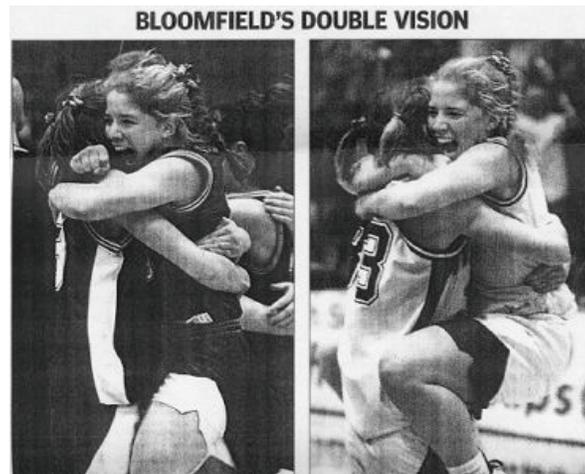
Ross Priddle

Two artifacts from The Doubles Museum



Klaus the Two-Person

This is Klaus. Klaus was born with two heads that shared one body. Klaus could read twice as fast as normal children. After the death of one head in 1922, Klaus continued reading, learning about others with similar conjoining. In the early part of the twentieth century, two-headed children were called a “two-person”, and through his reading, Klaus learned that when one head of the two-person dies, the other will not die immediately, but will slowly waste away as his body fills with the bacteria of the dead. After the death of his own head in 1922, Klaus was not upset; he continued to read and lingered devotedly in an end-of-life ritual of waiting. The death of a head of a two-person triggers the spread of a deadly virus that seems to enforce the age-old theory that the living cannot share the same body as the dead. Same goes for two-headed animals of all species. Klaus understood that the death of his other head meant the impending death of his own head, as the body of his heads filled with bacteria of the dead. Klaus was aware of his certain death because he read it in books he read about others with similar conjoining. He understood that the death of his other head meant that it would fill with bacteria, swelling up to twice its normal size, spreading a virus throughout the shared body. He was not upset about this in any way; after all, it was not the fault of the virus that it was killing him. The virus was just trying to survive, and in 1922 the body of Klaus’ heads stopped working, killing one head instantly and letting the other head slowly waste away in an end-of-life ritual of waiting. Klaus remained alive for six hours after his first head died, which suggests that the living may in fact share the same body as the dead for a brief, reflective period.



The Bloomfield Coincidence

The photograph on the left was taken in 1998 after the Bloomfield high school women's basketball team won the state title. The photograph on the right was taken two years later after the team won the 2000 championship.

The question that is usually asked of these girls is whether they are aware of the significance of their actions. The question is never easy to answer, and nearly impossible to answer rationally after a catharsis of glory. The forward, Emma Lazar, thinks that her life is much more significant than the point guard, Vicki Stefanik. Yet Emma performs one action after another, producing waste, emitting sounds, and making judgments. Despite the stats (Vicki holds an edge in ppg and fg%), and despite the facts (Vicki spends twice as much time pondering difficult concepts), Emma still believes that she has something "special" that Vicki does not have. Essentially, Emma thinks Vicki is less than Emma because Vicki is not Emma. But what if one day Vicki were Emma?

This is a thought that Emma will not entertain...but Vicki has.

Ric Royer

The Doppelgänger

Usually filed under human though translucent no life without its double is
a double is. May you not run into yours. A woman in a market who turns
a corner (you do it yourself) staring because there is no mirror there or glimpsed her
turning into another street. Everyone in the world has a twin. This is what it
means
to be and not so alone. A ghost is a guarantee: they were wrong.
You enter this world and you leave it never unescorted. Who in a dark
hour
is the darker will harbor. You will never run across your double
in any city you inhabit. But rather by a large body of water an ocean, a
river,
it's getting warmer, you say or something equally banal. Simple. Believable.
Even irrefutable. They take advantage of that.

The Doppelganger

We chose a world in which touch leapt AI was once I was
a creature that lived in the sea. And now just look I can love
my double, though it rend me in two. It was an act common
with circus magicians whose hands must make the same
motions, generations or sometimes it skips a generation and some are left
an empty half and some are born with a single hand.

Cole Swensen

A new poem by John Keats was recently discovered in France. The poem was written in French and hidden in a prayerbook in a nunnery. Although no one is sure why, the speculation is that it was written in French as part of a plot to seduce a novice. He uses the word “flail” in the poem – a flail is a medieval military weapon and it was a metal ball with spikes fastened to a chain, which was attached to a wood or metal handle. It could be quite lethal (unfortunately, not against vampires – and how our hero lost her lightsaber is another poem).

What Have You Done for Global Warming Today?

by John Keats

(translated by Chris Toll)

My evil twin sister is me.
She digs through the pockets
of her leather coat
and adds a blue monkey
to her cocktail monkey collection.
The muscles in my highways ache.
O California rainstorm,
an empty pill bottle is my telescope.
Cortez discovers a movie theatre
in the jungles of Guatemala.
The front doors are smashed open.
A Jedi jumps from the top of the popcorn machine
to the candy counter
and whirls a flail above her head
as she battles two lesbian vampires.
Will you shoplift with me, Jesus?

A new poem by Sylvia Plath was recently found in England. The poem was written in German and it was discovered beneath a pile of 45-year-old cardigans in a cedar chest in the subbasement of a London antiques store. No one knows why it was written in German. Was she planning to flee to Germany? Was she trying to impress a German lover? She uses the words “morning stars” in the poem – a morning star is a medieval military weapon and it was a metal ball with spikes mounted on a wood handle. This would be an odd weapon to bring to a fight with a vampire, but perhaps our hero is thinking a vampire is really not much of a threat if the head is pounded into a pulp.

Writing Groups of the Future

by Sylvia Plath

(translated by Chris Toll)

My evil twin brother is me.
He locks the bathroom door
and whispers into a luscious ear,
“Forget the bar.
My heart is chaste
and your heart is chased.”
My pharmacy
has to juggle a lot of stoves.
O Maryland blizzard,
a cat is my writing table.
A Jedi clenches morning stars in her fists.
She’s trapped the vampire hitman
in the laboratory of the Fortress of Solitude.
He’s half fog and half leopard.
He balances a blowgun on his paw.
Will you ride the ferris wheel with me, Buddha?

Chris Toll

situation normal: all fucked up

will I ever be the Well-Balanced Buccaneer that I want to be? 401(k) diversified, but aggressive enough to let me retire early – a few extra dollars towards the house's cracking principle?

vitamins for stamina & regularity, for cancer prevention – forever – organics & flex-fuel & pirating just as much as I purchase legitimately. Government is the new avant-garde; the things you do off the clock go towards another account

I'm a civil servant misspelling the sound – a ding dong going ahoy when all you want is your own tone

reformat a thief into a reverted serf
& nuder the market you're trying to corner

steal a kitten &
steal a kitten

a Well-Balanced Buccaneer with two of everything: eye patches, parakeets, muskets, pegs & box cutters – two belts with two pouches holding an even number of chocolate doubloons, two mermaids too. Perfectly sustainable, generous with family & friends, but reserves time for spiritual & intellectual development & the quarterly concert

summer home & winter domain, family car & five speed; a credit card for every occasion, for frequent sailing or rapid rewards; a treadmill that sheds every wasted second between undergrad & committing to my nine-to-five

I just want to make a sound you want to hear – over & over until the cover sounds better than its parent

what would you do with two mermaids?

talk to them like a Pirate
every day is talk like a Pirate day

*Selections from the French of Malcolm de Chazal,
Sens-Plastique (Gallimard, 1948), translated by
Irving Weiss,
Sens-Plastique (Green Integer, 2006)*

2/1 We are more conscious of our backs at night than in the daytime. In the dark our vision is more psychic than physical. It reaches out partially behind us, limiting what we can see straight ahead. In effect, total darkness and extreme fear make us recoil psychically even as we walk physically forward, creating a tension between our two modes of perception, like that in a tightly sprung elastic band. Anything we happen to collide against in the dark suddenly releases our extended double self so that it turns somersaults like an elastic band bounding up and over itself after the stretched ends have been simultaneously released.

100/8 We feel like fully resident owners of the upper part of the body but merely like tenants of the rest. We feel our shoulders as part of ourselves, our hips as belonging to someone else. When we walk our shoulders swing freely, while the movement of our hips seems to come from another self that now and then doesn't even seem to be remotely like us. But once we throw ourselves unreservedly into any kind of dancing, the whole motion stems independently from our hips as if they were a second brain.

141/3 If the soul woke up inside a cadaver that refused to budge, the torment of its anguish would make the anguish of a natural death seem like child's play. Yet think of all the madmen in the world flailing around in their dissociated bodies whose

seizures almost split their beings apart and who at those moments feel as if their souls were locked in a coffin—crazed creatures who live through ten thousand deaths every second, each more terrifying than real death, before the death of the body releases them from this Hell. To cut short its suffering we dispatch a horse that breaks its leg. Are we ever going to dispatch certain kinds of madmen whose brains are so far beyond repair that whatever hope the future might hold for rekindling the divine light of their intelligence, animals are actually rational creatures by comparison? Heaven and Earth are riven apart in such a lost soul, as if an Angel's mirror reflected a reptile or a slug staring back at Him or, for that matter, as if a slug were to see itself an angel. In either case there is no possibility of escaping his double self that stretches him out between Heaven and Earth, and crucifies him along the whole length of his nature and on all the planes of his being.

167/4 Two people together actually make three if either isn't completely himself alone. Two people together make two, and only two, when they love each other quite simply and blindly without looking beyond. No matter how much you seem to be a single self, if you are wrapped up in yourself too purely, simply, and blindly, without looking beyond, you'll never strip yourself bare of that other self of yours. If each of two people together is a multiple self, the two of them can often make a crowd. There's no better way to fend off solitude than always being yourself within yourself. If each one is a multiple self, to be two persons each makes for a crowd.

169/1 The whole art of living consists in getting rid of the self in order to avoid being alone with it, consists in fleeing from oneself while searching for oneself-- in searching for one's wandering ego lost in the world and reintegrating it with one's self, in putting all one's eggs in one single spirit—body, heart, and soul.

191/5 The iceberg is a water platform. When the coldness of egotism “solidifies” the soul, it becomes easily penetrable. Egotism is the worst line of defense against the self. The only way to defend ourselves thoroughly against the world is by altruism.

276/1 Here come two of you out of the forest where only the single you entered—as if the experience of entering had engendered a split in your wholeness. Isn't this sometimes the way you see and feel yourself to be? Even when absolutely alone, one comes out of the experience of solitude twice over. I plunge into space single, totally convinced of my physical unity, and yet I rise from its waters a twosome. The child doesn't see itself being born, but the man sees himself die. It is I and simply I who dives into the orgasm to float upward exhausted in my own company. Going to sleep alone, I wake up next to myself, Tasting has one effect, and disgust splits and doubles it. And so on, with all beginnings and endings.

Irving Weiss

丁酉年 丙申月 壬辰日 庚申時 庚辰年 庚辰月 庚辰日 庚辰時



David Baratier is 1.85 meters tall, and a fit 98 kilo (6ft 1 inch, 215lb) literary machine. He likes one apt critic's description that his poems are "a child's set of wooden Legos that propel class and dislocation halfway to the moon."

Recent interviews can be found on the web at Chicago Postmodern Poetry (<http://www.chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/dabaratier.htm>) and at Here Comes Everybody (<http://herecomeseverybody.blogspot.com/2005/12/from-his-birth-in-1970-many-believed.html>).

His anthology appearances include *American Poetry: the Next Generation* (Carnegie Mellon UP), *Clockpunchers* (Mammoth Books), and *Red White and Blues* (University of Iowa). His poems have appeared in hundreds of journals. Collections include: *A Run of Letters*, Poetry New York Press; *The Fall Of Because*, Pudding House; an epistolary and prose novel *In It What's in It*, Spuyten Duyvil; and three different collections of *Estrella's Prophecies*, each released by different publishers. He is the editor of Pavement Saw Press.

Jeffery Beam's *The Beautiful Tendons: Uncollected Queer Poems 1969-2007* is forthcoming in June 2008 from Lethe Press / White Crane Journal in their White Crane Spirituality Series. Beam is the author of *Midwinter Fires* (French Broad), *The Fountain* (North Carolina Wesleyan College Press), *Visions Of Dame Kind* (The Jargon Society), *Submergences* (Off the Cuff Books), *Light & Shadow* (Aperture), *little* (Green Finch Press), *An Elizabethan Bestiary: Retold* (Horse & Buggy Press), *Honey and Cooked Grapes* (Backwoods Broadides), *Jeffery Beam's Allnatural Heatsensitive Ganeshaapproved Zuppapoetica AlphabeatSpiritbodySoup* (Alpha Beat Press), and an online book *Gospel Earth* (Longhouse). His new and selected spoken word CD collection, *What We Have Lost*, was a 2003 Audio Publishers Association Award finalist.

He is currently at work on a number of projects including an expanded *Gospel Earth*, an opera libretto based on the Demeter / Persephone myth, *The Life of the Bee*, and a series of illustrated children's books. *The Broken Flower: Poems* and an expanded *Gospel Earth* have just been completed. Beam appeared in 2002 at Carnegie Hall to read his *Life of the Bee* poems for the premiere performance of Lee Hoiby's *Life of the Bee* song-cycle (available on Shauna Holiman's CD, *New Growth: Shauna Holiman and Friends - New Songs and Spoken Poems*, Albany Records; libretto available from Rock Valley Music). The cycle continues to be performed on the national and international stage. His works have received numerous awards and grants including three American Library Association Notable Book and Gay / Lesbian Non-fiction Award nominations, a Pushcart nomination, an IPPY Ten Best Books Award, an Audie Award, an AIGA 50 Best Books Award, a Durham Arts Council Emerging Artist Grant, a Duke University Chronicle award, and a grant from the Mary Duke Biddle Foundation.

For ten years he served as a judge for the Lambda Book Awards. Born and raised in Kannapolis, North Carolina, Beam now lives in Hillsborough, NC and Austin, TX with his partner of 28 years, Stanley Finch. He serves as poetry editor for *Oyster Boy Review* and works as the Assistant to the Biology Librarian in the Botany Library at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. You can read and hear more of his

poetry at his website:
www.unc.edu/~jeffbeam/index.html

John M. Bennett has published over 250 books and chapbooks of poetry and other materials. Among the most recent are *rOlling COMBers* (Potes & Poets Press), *MAILER LEAVES HAM* (Pantograph Press), *LOOSE WATCH* (Invisible Press), *CHAC PROSTIBULARIO* (with Ivan Arguelles; Pavement Saw Press), *HISTORIETAS ALFABETICAS* (Luna Bisonte Prods), *PUBLIC CUBE* (Luna Bisonte Prods), *THE PEEL* (Anabasis Press), *GLUE* (xPress(ed)), *LAP GUN CUT* (with F. A. Nettelbeck; Luna Bisonte Prods), *INSTRUCTION BOOK* (Luna Bisonte Prods), *la M al* (Blue Lion Books), *CANTAR DEL HUFF* (Luna Bisonte Prods), and *SOUND DIRT* (with Jim Leftwich; Luna Bisonte Prods). He has published, exhibited and performed his word art worldwide in thousands of publications and venues. He was editor and publisher of *LOST AND FOUND TIMES* (1975-2005), and is Curator of the Avant Writing Collection at The Ohio State University Libraries. Richard Kostelanetz has called him “the seminal American poet of my generation”. His work, publications, and papers are collected in several major institutions, including Washington University (St. Louis), SUNY Buffalo, The Ohio State University, The Museum of Modern Art, and other major libraries.

Ars Poetica: “Be Blank”

John Berndt is an unusual man, first and foremost with a wide variety of experimental cultural pursuits and interests. His theoretical writing and poetry has been published in *AK Books*, *DDC#040.002*, *The Shattered Wig Review*, *The Pearl*, *Smile Magazine*, *Lost and Found Times*, and *ArtePostale*. As an actor, he has performed at the 14 Karat Cabaret, The Baltimore Theatre Project, and in the films “Interference” (1982) and “Proud Flesh” (2007). As a nude model, he was featured in a German edition of *Vogue* magazine. As an artist, his work appeared in the Venice Biennale and is in the Duchamp archive of the Philadelphia Museum of Art. As an activist, he was a part of “Shut Down Grand Central,” one of the most disruptive actions of AIDS activism. As a cook, he won the Metro Teen Aids Pasta Sauce Off in Reston Virginia, competing against a number of cooks from four-star DC restaurants. As a philosopher, he studies the logical structure of knowledge, these days with a special emphasis on self-reference problems in the scientific theory of origins (evolution), including recent collaborations with Henry Flynt that pose The Biological Anthropic Principle. As a blogger, he writes ambiguitycity.blogspot.com, a blog about Baltimore. He is also a member of the Performance Thanatology Research Society and AAA.

Dan Breen

This text has been graciously re-transcribed by Lauren Bender. The phrases encapsulated in asterixes represent the captain’s contribution to the piece. As for the two source authors on the flight, they just would not shut up.

b. 1975 - d. ?????

Currently, I am on plane, not sleeping, as it constantly lands in Baltimore.

David-Baptiste Chirot –born Lafayette, Indiana, grew up in Vermont, lived also Gottingen, Germany, Arles & Paris, France, Wroclaw, Poland, Hastveda, Sweden, Boston and Milwaukee. Since 1997 essays, visual & sound poetry, performance scores, prose poetry, poetry and book reviews in 70+ different print and online journals in USA, Brazil, England, Spain, France, Germany, Russia, Chile, Australia, Yugoslavia, Italy, Canada, Argentina, Mexico, Cuba, Turkey, Japan, Holland, Belgium, Uruguay.

2007 online work at: <http://www.bigbridge.org> (essay “Raw War” & visual poetry), <http://the-Otolith.blogspot.com> (visual poetry), <http://wordforword.info> (visual poetry), <http://galatearesurrection3.blogspot.com>, <http://galatearesurrection4.blogspot.com> (long book review/essays) the Little Review: <http://www.redfrau.com/litmag/> (visual poetry).

Print Books: *ANARKEYOLOGY* (Runaway Spoon), *Zero Poem* (Traverse) *Reverberations* (8PagePress), *tearerISm* (singlepress/Kiro), *found rubBEings* (Xexoxial Editions Xerolage 32).

Print Anthologies: *Word, Score, Utterance, Choreography* (Writers Forum, London Editors Bob Cobbing and Lawrence Upton), *Loose Watch* (Invisible Books, London), *LAFT Anthology* (Pavement Saw), *Sugar Mule An Anthology of Collaborations*, *Oranges Hung* (Traverse), *Light and Dust Mobile Anthology of Poetry* <http://www.thing.net/~grist/l&d/lighthom.html>.

Works translated into Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Bosnian.

Participated in 350 Mail Art and Visual Poetry exhibitions in 43 countries, assistant to Clemente Padin for Mail Art Hit Parade, Havana Biennial, Cuba 2000. Cover Art Work for CDs of Flux Anthologies and forthcoming for Dulabomber Label Sound Poetry on CD/online: “Zero Poem” at <http://www.xexoxial.org/fluxuations/initiation.html>.

Curator of ongoing Mail Art/Visual Poetry call “For Lebanon, For Palestine Human Rights-Peace-Liberty” at my blog: <http://davidbaptistechirot.blogspot.com>
contact: davidbchirot@hotmail.com

My work is guided by a profound faith in the Found, everywhere hidden in plain sight.

To see with hands, feel with eyes, to hear forms & colors, to see sounds, words, music. To make and walk rhythmic Thanks.

Mark Dickinson's poems have previously appeared in *Great Works*, *Stride*, *Shearsman*, *The Gig* anthology *Onsets & Intercapillary Space*, his first pamphlet *Littoral* was published in 2007 by Prest Roots Press. He lives and works in Scarborough, England.

Adam Good never met a metaphor he didn't lick. Current hobbies include diagramming, intentional mis/fuzzy readings, neuroscience, knowledge representation, object-oriented thought, information design, and treating x as y. He would like to remind you that everything that can be said or thought or (re)presented can be tagged and sent to a socialized database. Witness "via Rod Smith" as evidence. He believes that Amazon.com's Statistically Improbable Phrases (SIPs) are under-utilized as knowledge objects.

Raymond Farr attended Florida State University. He now lives in Ocala, Fl. His work appears or will appear soon in *Dusie*, *Little Red Leaves*, *Apocryphal Text*, *THE FLUX I SHARE*, *Anemone Sidecar*. *Aught*, *Hutt*, *88: A Journal of Contemporary American Poetry & Poetics*, *Xstream*, *Zafusy*, *580Split*, *Sidebrow*, & *Otoliths*.

Jamie Gaughran-Perez lives in Baltimore and works DC. He's previously lived in 3 towns in Massachusetts, 2 towns in Virginia, 2 DC neighborhoods, and Lansing, Michigan. He edits and publishes *Rock Heals*, a *Narrow House* weekly, with the help of the *Narrow House* family. He's published poems here and there in various places, including *Fence*, *Outlet*, *Untitled* and *Lipstick Eleven*, and the recent Baltimore anthology *Octopus Dream*. If he won a million dollars he'd get a chauffeur so he could turn his commute into much-needed time to write more.

Amira Hanafi has no twin except her reflection: they are very close but not identical.

Jeff Harrison: My poetry collection *Fickleeyes*, *Futilears*, & *William Wormswork* is available from MAG Press. I have three chapbooks from Writers Forum, Persistencia Press, and Furniture Press. I have two e-books at xPress(ed), and one at Blazevox. My poetry has appeared in *Nerve Lantern*, *Sentence*, *Mipoesias*, *Big Bridge*, *Muse Apprentice Guild*, *VeRT*, *Cipher Journal*, *Dirt*, *Xerography*, *Argotist*, *Moria*, *Poethia*, *Word for Word*, *papertiger*, *Shampoo*, *Blackbox*, *Masthead*, *Side Reality*, *Generator*, *Tin Lustre Mobile*, *foam:e*, *Eratio*, *XStream*, *A Chide's Alphabet*, *5_Trope*, *The Dream People*, *Aught*, *Blackboard Project*, *Starfish*, *Kulture Vulture*, *Wire Sandwich*, *Znine*, *Newtopia*, *Pettycoat Relaxer*, *Great Works*, *canwehaveourballback*, *Gypsy*, *Dusie*, *Kitchen Sink*, *Wandering Hermit Review*, *Otoliths*, *melancholia's tremulous dreadlocks*, *Cranky*, and elsewhere.

Amy King is the author of *Antidotes for an Alibi* (BlazeVOX Books) and *I'm The Man Who Loves You*. She currently teaches Creative Writing and English at Nassau Community College and is the managing editor for the literary arts journal, *MiPOesias* (www.mipoesias.com). Please visit www.amyking.org for more.

Individual entries on **RICHARD KOSTELANETZ** appear in *Contemporary Poets*, *Contemporary Novelists*, *Postmodern Fiction*, *Baker's Biographical Dictionary of Musicians*, *A Reader's Guide to Twentieth-Century Writers*, *the Merriam-Webster Encyclopedia of Literature*, *Webster's Dictionary of American Authors*, *The HarperCollins Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature*, *NNDB.com*, and *the Encyclopedia Britannica*, among other distinguished directories. Otherwise, he survives in New York, where he was born, unemployed and thus overworked.

Megan McShea started writing collaboratively after writing in solitude for a good ten years, and not long after she moved to Baltimore. Now one of her favorite things in life is sharing authorship with other quietly loony writer-types like John Eaton

a.e.m. is hapax legomenon.

Tom Orange is a recent transplant from Washington, DC to Nashville, TN. He would like someday for his work to appear in the following, thus far non-existent, magazines: *Plowhaus Review*, *The New Recidivism*, *Detumescence Today*, *Middle Finger Quarterly*, *Dime Fangs*, *Gadji Beri Bimba*, *Hobo Chang Ba*, *Bolton's Spicy Chicken and Fish*, *Minnow*, *Ditch*, *Exit Flagger*, *Ergo Space Pig*, *Green Is Or*, *Je Est Une Autre*, *Because My Name is Lion*, *Our Kitten Sees Ghosts*, *America's Most Awesomest Poetry*, and *Tayzee Nub*.

Ross Priddle is a character in a Kafka novel.

justin sirois is founder and co-director of narrow house, an experimental writing/publishing collective. His work has appeared in *The Shattered Wig Review*, *Link*, *The DC Poetry Anthology*, and *Poets Against the War*. He received Maryland State Art Council grants for poetry in 2003 and 2007. His new book, *Secondary Sound* (BlazeVOX Books), will be out this winter. justin lives in Baltimore, Maryland.

Chris Toll does the laundry for archetypes in the Collective Unconscious. His day job is ninja assassin (he had a conscience, but it's on vacation). He also performs outpatient brain surgery in a toolshed behind his house. If there are any leftovers after surgery, he makes brain salad and feeds the neighborhood cats.

Irving Weiss's writings include visual and word poems, fiction, essays, translations, and reviews, published in anthologies and in general and literary magazines in print and online. He has given readings and presentations, joined in mail art sendings, and exhibited mounted prints of his visual poems.

Various writings have appeared in the collections *Big Birthday Book* (:A Festschrift for Richard Kostelanetz's 60th (or 65th) Year (Libros de Barba, 2005), *Fragments/ Fragmentos* (Heterogenesis, 2005), *W.H. Auden: Nel Trentennale della Scomparsa (1973-2003)* (Renzo e Rean Mazzone Editori, 2004), *Writing on Water* (MIT Press, 2001), *The Epistolary Form and the LetterAs Artifact* (Pig Iron Press, 1991), *A Bell Ringing in the Empty Sky* (MHO andMHO Works, 1987), *DC Magazines: A Literary Retrospective* (Paycock Press, 1982), *Poets on Photography* (Dog Ear Press, 1981), *A Critical (Ninth) Assembling* (Assembling Press, 1980), *McLuhan: Pro and Con* (Funk and Wagnalls, 1968).

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