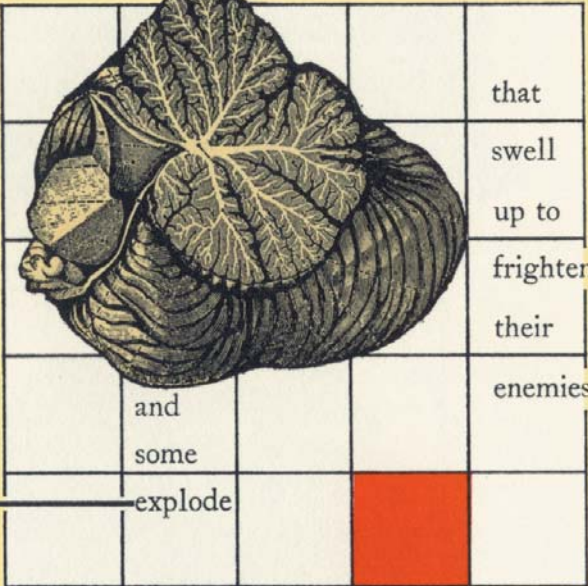


There
are fish



when
hauled
into thin
air. →

[One] Factorial

Providence—San Jose

Summer 2002

Copyright © Factorial. All rights revert to contributors upon publication.

Factorial is published annually by !Factorial Press.

Single issue: \$6, two-issue subscription: \$11

Institutional subscriptions: \$20

Please make checks payable to Sawako Nakayasu.

Editor: Sawako Nakayasu

Assistant editor: Mark Tardi

Contributing editor: Sarah Ruhl

Cover design: Yuli Hsu & Sawako Nakayasu & Mark Tardi

Cover art from *To The Sincere Reader* by Nelson Howe & Keith Waldrop

Four artist-designed books were published by George Wittenborn of NYC, Circle Press in London, and Burning Deck Press in Providence. To The Sincere Reader, with poetry by Keith Waldrop, was chosen as one of the "50 books of the Year" in 1969 by the American Institute of Graphic Arts and was included in the first show of American graphics sponsored by the American Information Agency to tour the iron curtain countries.

The fragment from "Membership," the fragment "Murdering," the fragment from "MacArthur" and here titled "MacArthur Fairy Tale" originally appeared in *There Never Was a Rose without a Thorn* by Carla Harryman, City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1995.

Body Image by Nelson Howe & Rosmarie Waldrop was originally printed as a Burning Deck book by Wittenborn & Co., New York, 1970.

All texts by Yoko Ono © Yoko Ono.

Many thanks to Jerrold Shiroma, Rosmarie Waldrop, Keith Waldrop, Michael McGregor.

This book was made possible with the aid of a generous donation from Bobbie West.

Deadline for unsolicited manuscripts is December 1st, and should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Only work which performs or addresses some form of collaboration will be considered. Please query first by letter regarding book manuscripts and other projects.

Please see the website at www.durationpress.com/factorial for more information and current postal address.

Contents

7	Kristin P. Bradshaw & Cole Heinowitz , <i>from</i> Textbook
10	Lisa Hargon-Smith & Laura Mullen , Formal Device
13	Michael Gizzi & Craig Watson , <i>from</i> Section 9
15	Nelson Howe & Rosmarie Waldrop , <i>from</i> Body Image
22	Dennis Phillips & Paul Vangelisti , <i>from</i> November
28	Carla Harryman & Amy Trachtenberg , <i>from</i> The Games
36	Rachel Levitsky & Laura E. Wright , Some Cheating Otherwise Indicated
39	Ruth Margraff , Back of the Dollar Latin
41	Jordan Harrison & Laura Klein & Gary Winter , Cathedral Beat
44	GROUP , Taking Things for Pomegranate
48	Rachel Bers & E. Tracy Grinnell , <i>from</i> t*pography
51	Patrick Durgin & Jen Hofer , <i>from</i> Routine Knew/Coda (Encode)
53	Mary Downing & Brian Strang , <i>from</i> floor
56	Beth Murray & Randee Pauvre , 12 Horrors

A Conversation, Randee Pauvre & Beth Murray	67
Lisa Hargon-Smith	70
Summer Solstice, Cole Heinowitz & Kristin P. Bradshaw	71
Jen Hofer & Patrick Durgin	73
Brian Strang & Mary Downing	74
Laura E. Wright & Rachel Levitsky	75
Ruth Margraff	78
Paul Vangelisti & Dennis Phillips	79
Amy Trachtenberg & Carla Harryman	80
Yoko Ono	81
Thoughts on Collaborating as a Dance Collective, Sally Picciotto	84
Six Directions' Sonoma Report, Eileen Tabios	86
Titles for Sale, Keith Waldrop	88
Contributor's notes	91

(Collaborations)

KRISTIN P. BRADSHAW & COLE HEINOWITZ
from **TEXTBOOK**

Quiet outward

thought a brume aspirates out-words but
not so concretely as it appears. a quiet outward.
bevek: my Qohelet, our calculus adds up to nil and yet there
remains the body recycled perhaps
having overstepped its perimetre and a periphery overstated.

dancer, step into this manhole
brought us together us both inaccurate
floating on crystallized flesh enough to nod and keep walking this line,
letting the dough rise, man and a woman

Alas, macular degeneration—the sacred central axis not even obscured—
rather defunct. surprisingly, the peripheral vantage less chaotic
than what had been expected.

a disjunction between the two
sex of the individual organs
such as humiliates transit
between sunny hairs
sprouting out of the motionless
drawback a shiny grass elbow

I catch myself mid-street and mute
two steps before the curb and gawking at some
momentary altered state and restumble
into a familiar mind a great part missing.

and drop the pen.

I am of quite the mind that
inattention remains beneficial in these circumstances and drop the pen
to paper and begin to speak

some quiet outward
of shrouded characters.

I fashion my body into
a dancer
and look
so princely,
so ignoble what brought us together

The third person

Lady, will you insert more verbs, ease the loss on this end. the incessant piling up of
toothpicks. An exercise or correction
walked on separate tracks
the trestle rusting out into the bay
and ate sandwiches

the can produces the effect of pulling a draught
trusted the spew to form
a foam rising at
the threshold limb,

a splinter dissolves easily
the trick of expressing
to the absence but if fulfilled
what remains but nouns, predominantly objects [and]
remains longhand or less
my mother said I was a snoopy child,
and still, without stealth of course.

the word priority
as if responsibility were some package to be toted about

inebriate and lucid, forces of impermanence.
the concept of middle knowledge now intriguing
and I pursue it to the shallows fearing
that the dialogue will be clipped by ignorance,
the expositions fail, the ability to form questions deteriorate.

cotton candy-faced, I looked so
nonsensical uttering plots the NE quadrant,
metaphor doomed to founder on authors
feel each other clawing our claw
an older molding our maw, sighed brackles
Or inches or the crater
you love him, I'm surprised
it's a dance we all begged
from a floating face
and disowned for the novel,
infinitely slowed down,
a flaw in our voice
physically smothered
or forgot to speak;

we wonder on the locale of tea,
blurt it the shallow:
Arg where's entina from,
that tongue the third person.

Docu-drama

The longer we remain in this hardware store, the more
we will amplify the drama whose original job was to
ape the musculature.
The patterns are flaying attractors.
but the impulse
yes the impulse as well.
I want to make a new character but
fall again on a pinwheel and whiz.

The problem is autobiographical. you put
aside roadside attractions. If you stuff
them in a frog, I have exploded,
a jeweled toolbox I hold the handle of
when I want to touch you.
the dominant satyr pushes the head of its mate
below an aging hermitage,
not a question of malicious intent for the
cheetah but if the libertines haven't any need—and
this is the point precisely.
passing the person through its category
To find yourself on the beach in a ball gown
with a leaf blower. the style gets longer/fuller but
not particularly. your penis stuck away in a corner
pocket of the billiard table. in the adjacent parlour
a pen is spurting forth something about *Faustus gets
a merry life*. still, I'll be sitting at the creek's
edge pulling minnows for a snatch while remaining
undedicated. I'll attach electrodes.

indeed I'll. still she pleads for crass statements. I
mean there's a clairvoyant tendency in sedate music.
trying to buy small eyelet hooks and black cords
which I'd fashion into a mobile,
the hardware store large dark and packed
with cardboard boxes—
needless to say I feared I'd seem uncreative.
There you are, you find yourself
handcuffed to a media spectacle: a little carnage of
bowlers perhaps.

LISA HARGON-SMITH & LAURA MULLEN

Formal Device

"in general" : but in general the repetitions didn't turn out like I wanted.

[I was] Light where shape

Light where led back to mark

door shadow times two holding you know you know

set it down now and move back

Split diagnosis interrupted

By the echo box "what": *so what?*

breathe slowly tongue lifting for

the slight hiss remember out

From the outside you look smaller

[If we thought about it we wouldn't even be able to talk]

so there's someplace else

I thought there was someplace both

Breaking down into parts of *Please and Yes*

[not chosen]

blessed yes holding no blessed what

Echo box my voice too many this many where where walls where door where won't

[I was] shut up this is my relation to

extension

destroyed where dropped

[was precious and I was to care for it and I really fucked this up]

Were running so fast on our "pleasant"

blur please who then that way you

were finished line were goal were

impossible so no voice balanced

Hold Hold after Lift

floor broke floor sentence pounded return

square in the (square) jaw

And suddenly I feel like an addict read as *I feel like an attic*¹

no yes unpack at once small house or

back through war-torn woods alone

this doesn't look like the way we came

¹The past in boxes.

Stencil hand down signature blow paint from mouth shadow
The shadow of touch² fixed there forever

Led back
pressing one hand *print* deep
into the wet plaster

zero no way beginning over
Crawl upward willing the body walls
hands on the inside
distance: liquid fear touch through
Fall backward and then forward—farther

Father?³
[*I can't swim*]
A formal reply meaning distance arrived⁴ not not not
“Dear Ladies and Gentleman”
Meaning try harder

[I was] closer knew something [I was] closer

Sundown anchor weight hold

Slip light failing vision in the crawl
space tried to write you while the
paper vanished while the ink and pen
and hand as if hallucinated disappeared

By the way...went around it an explanation

Box behind glass two more sides
reassembled as fragments

Hold carry set down hold
carry

Run [I said] now Light “falling”
this weight in my arms
your imprint farther

The two getting blurred
don't touch that [I mean] don't outline
it was ok before before you
touched it ok⁵

² When something is real. Why I don't cry when my fish die.

³ Federal blather of specific absence functioning to hurt deeper. My finger prints in the little plate. Nothing in the larder. Breast of all my identity papers. Impressions.

⁴ A stiff yes.

⁵ Why do you keep looking at me? I'm shaped this way. They cannot breathe.

form, not *from*
Not speech *a wall*
didn't you see me [I was] there [I was] behind
ga(u)ze you made gestures toward
removing the sounds of

for a feeling behind the word
The size of carry now I'm demanding

Ending with a quiet hiss a slow

I'm sorry the note slipped under weight of what
Backwards so "into" becomes also out of: among
The clothes or closed or. Shut your eyes.

That shape is not ghost is not dead you
Trespassed hallway mine my you're not
You can't make that shape not now

Thin pale edge made of light you
Down the hall spin silent take
Your invisible clothing absent body off

What am I supposed to touch the rules
Please for you skinless went through
I can't learn you skin please texture at⁶

Set it down and walk away from it
draw a line through it will between its
permanence and everywhere else
You go⁷

Why always the just why didn't I stop or return
But when I went back because I went back

We couldn't talk
holding boxes like we do our mouths full
kept coming in like music
hands up empty forget
other "holding"s

Going thin shape [I was] locked down light
and then I remembered what you meant

⁶ You were some temperature toward knowing

⁷ [It was] still there only I looked at it different [it was]

MICHAEL GIZZI & CRAIG WATSON
from **Section 9**

Shade was wet, lost, a perfect victim in the mirror-to-mirror war between light-reflected and light-emitted, something to fall into or through fully loaded, so in a whole moment, the illusion of “space” was Rhode Island Red. I read your treatise on neon tubes chatting on the bed with Mamie, who said “look up Billie, and watch the tent ropes m’boy, there’s a hurricane brewing, and we best not be the last...”

After all, the insane don’t know the difference between words and pictures so they color from the edge in without dimension as if the root of every image is a cross trying to saw through a jugular, scalp-to-crotch on dotted lines to solve an emergency without crisis, their mercy in camouflage.

Even an oddball under confection of sex (crossword clue) knows now’s the time to voodoo down from objective bottom or screaming ascend on explosions in the popinjay. Who really knows a hummingbird? Say some words. When Sunny gets dead clean his cage.

But fourteen months not enough to plant and climb a tree in heaven, that is, we’re part of a past which meant growth, care, exercise, where the murdered come forward pregnant by legend, acquitted in reserve, huddled and in bloom. The last one will betray itself in black and white, resuming body and mind signed dear lover all the rest.

chow triangle bar bell
wind activated sea slop
monkish balloon heights
mink schooners in finals compass match
avasting beer laths
lotsa Dodger baseball bellies
pinstripes dragging behind
annoying (why?)
weather’s clearing
getting back an appetite
for saltwater shore dinner binge

A body on a meat hook looks the same as any other zero asleep on the plastic grass. Back on the salty seven, hot spume flowers the graveyard while blind hordes scour a bare wind. But was that a seance shriek or a dim bell, night summoning its green furies broke jaw not loud boats like the head of a pin between trees. From trip-wire to forked sunset, separation binds so more practice looking out windows, that is, extreme fate.

vibrato and strum
 madam
fought to get the name
over her wrists
the name susceptible to hypnosis
do you know the yogis of lynch?
the angry mice of mentalism?
look, punk, I've been behind
the mysteries of Egypt
I screwed the Orient
concentrate on this tent ten minutes
I, the Edge, present the inside
breathing in opposition to itself
that victory of defeat
like the one in which their intestines
are bleeding internal versus interior
as if we can substitute names and places for a private joke
expatriate in a lapse of dawn
effluent from an upstream prose
a village of prehistoric birds

Then everyone spoke at once, their legs pointing in different directions and their flowers black with joy, a complete idea from both sides of mouth. Three names for a conclusion: exception, ellipsis, evil; or perhaps the vast low and away. Then they started looking up from their graves to something that has never been done before.

NELSON HOWE & ROSMARIE WALDROP
from **Body Image**

This book is an illustrated poem, which may also be regarded as dance notations. If the following pages are used as guidelines for dance, the visual emphasis of the page should control the visual emphasis of the performance. All ambiguities in the notation are to be resolved by the performers.

All the pages may be performed by one couple although some pages are so arranged that they may be done with four or six performers.

Each page is to be regarded as a separate notation and discrete in that respect.

The duration of performance for each page is determined by the performers.

All pages are to be read either left to right or right to left. All letters and words are to be recited, and a variety of deliveries is preferred. When pages are read right to left, the words may be said backwards, but only if that page is also performed once left to right.

The letters A, B, or C, in red indicate the order of performance of sections. Their order may be reversed.

Arrows indicate the extension of words or sounds into the following sections. When that section ends, sounds stop. Arrows are to be regarded as pointing in the direction of performance time. However, these are to be regarded as reversed if the reading is from the opposite direction.

All dotted lines indicate locomotion other than walking, but no means other than the body are to be employed.

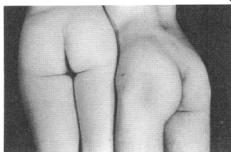
Solid lines indicate that one performer is moved physically by the other such as pulled, pushed, or carried.

Photos show particular kinds of performer relationships and should be interpreted as strictly as possible. Movement within these specified relationships is a matter of performer choice. The axis of these relationships should have the same orientation on stage as they do on the page. It is possible that only these tableaux are brightly lighted and the rest is performed in near darkness, but more likely, the reverse situation would be used.

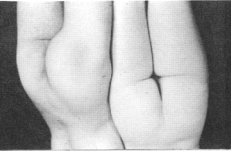
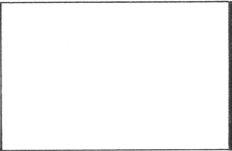
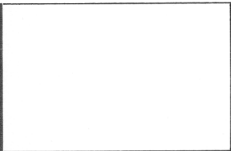
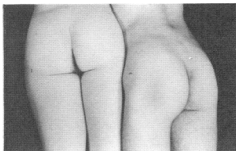
Within a matrix, any area without a photo is a free area. The performer may rest or talk except in those areas where words occur in a box. Only those particular words may be spoken or 'recited' and the purpose of that box is the recitation of the particular words within it.

Nelson Howe

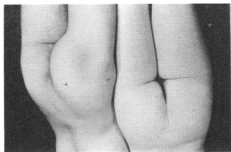
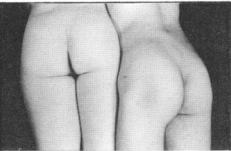
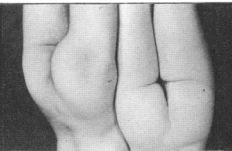
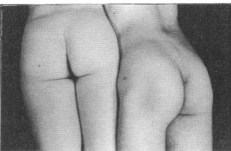
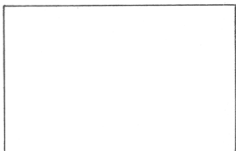
dolls have sewn-up crotches.



A

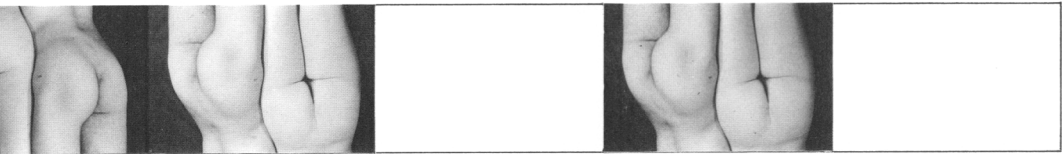
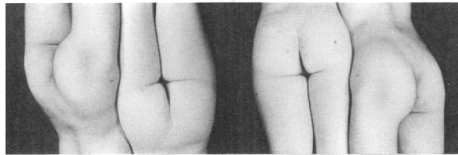


B

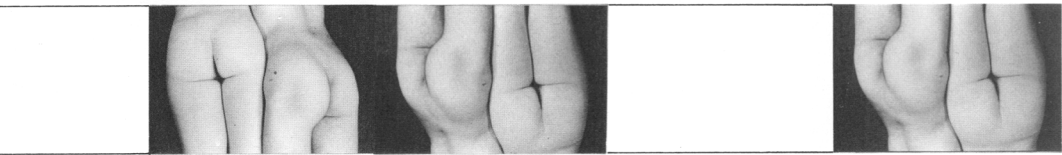


dolls have se

dolls have sewn-up crotches.



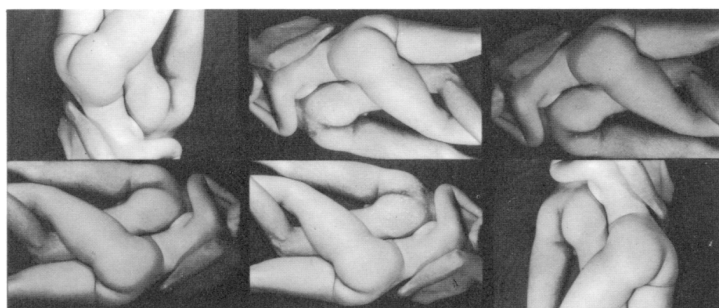
B



A

re sewn-up crotches.

A



B

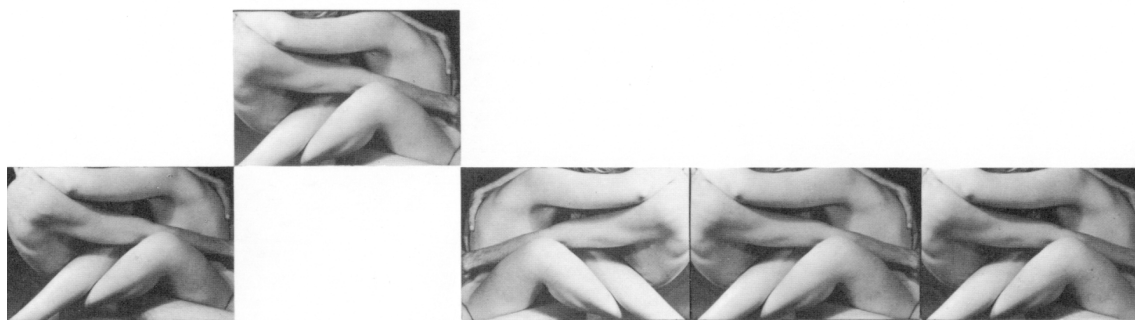
I have tentacles like a squid.

----- a squid.

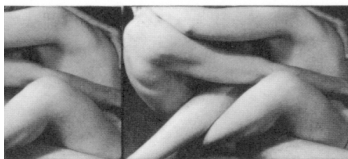
a squid.

a squid.

a squid.



**I run into myself.
it breaks me to pieces.**



DENNIS PHILLIPS & PAUL VANGELISTI
from **November**

29 August 1997

Every grain an ovum, strike down those proclaimers
positing waste seeking nothing more than control
when equipment is not the basis for tent making
the sun is overhead in this turn of the planet
this tropic is cinder cone and cervix
place one floor under the cushion
and one floor in the pelvis, the vines are laden
and the nights are windless and laden
not in liturgies but otherwise deeply convinced.

August 29, 1997

Too many tropics gambled away
too much encumbered in this arroyo
and the reason it's nothing personal
or just the weather catching the eye
of our instruments celebrated to read
steady as a train whistle out in the night
when false dawn can't come soon enough
for would-be fishermen or scholars.
Times the number, I think, of a few ghosts waving at the hens, O forgiveness.

The poet thought he might erase his life and find it once more in a few lines of verse. Rashes, instead, and sleeplessness and the forgetfulness of obsession and a dulling rage persist.

5 September 1997

So many memorized modes
among which even volume (vocal)
may suffice to persuade (at least the gathered).

A correspondent, for example, questions passivity
and, speaking of grammar, irony is not ruled out
or was that another request for emotion?

Others fret about processions in and processions out.
Great argument takes flight (demons in details)
as they who gather count time as the first loss, down dim.

Who said butcher god? When it walked into the room, who thought simply to leave? That might be the vampire, a thought processed between calendar lines. The vampire must be invited in. The Nordic take is a spider god. The best of both ideas is arachnoid. A kind of fisher, considering the nets and methods.

September 5, 1997

Arriving, he hopes, in a revolutionary attitude—
sans culotte, as he read with muddled conviction as a young man—
and more or less revealing the slightest play that lingers
to recede at his approach. Blank blank de blank.
Out of the valley a riderless horse rewritten
even a little inept with the progress of remorse.
And he, with her prompting, full of potential, so to speak,
for horizontal citizens hung like rose wires at the doors
of windless rooms, old houses and unfinished, unburied words like “cinder cone.”

As ten years before with the good Captain, the poet seems determined to run his fingers up
and down the keyboard.

12 September 1997

Ominous the normality that refuses to fracture.
Riderless and pilotless are different types of absence.

While reports of catastrophe build and flower
the ocean calms to steel, the air thickens.

Low pressure is a third type of absence.
The latest bunch of celebrities has been interred.

Cool floors, reminiscent of romanesque worship
are the fourth type of absence. Antiquity is the fifth.

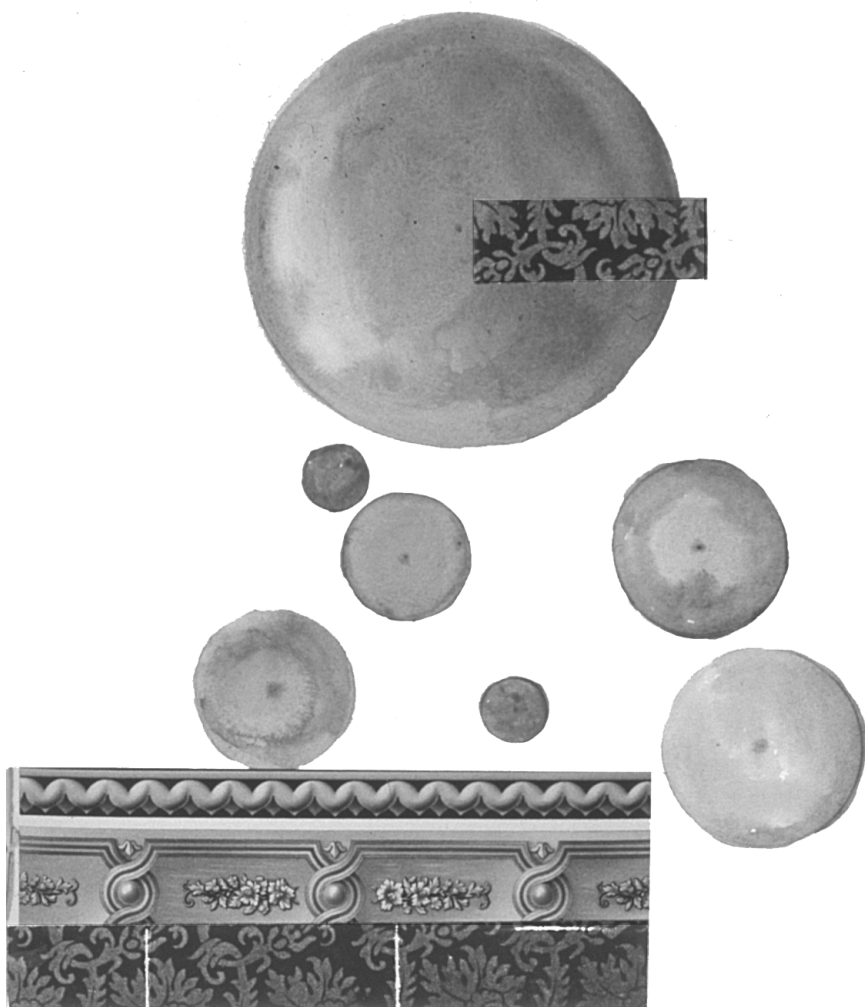
Grand are the circulations viewed from space, and whole.

September 12, 1997

O wella, says something resembling memory
at the start of a day not quite ferocious as the last.
The sound of onions or drainpipes or pebbles in the pocket
a clarity you have to come to know as lying
progressively nowhere less and less in place
as thought gets even edgier and more bent
on peeling back that rind of reason or its denial.
All keen and bright and still if stared at long enough something will yield
besides the unseen squirrel on a faraway roof making the boughs leap.

The poet must be nearing his birthday or the weather showing signs of cooling.

CARLA HARRYMAN & AMY TRACHTENBERG
from **The Games**



MATCHED

The game is not baseball
Although the players are well matched
(one recalls for instance Poe vs. Poe)

Inning, by the way, is an awkward ideal
meaning, approximately
ongoing interiority
and the first inning
refers to a concept
of ongoing interiority
before the inner life
autochthonously gives birth
and doubles its face

Its face is important
for it is the
replicate that reveals
the ongoing design
of the inner life

In this particular example
the skin is illustrated
peeled back
so that one
contemplates
the exemplary structure
of all faces
regardless of the
secrets that prey
on the embarrassing
limits of bodies
of knowledge
as mediated from
within a corpus
without finite truths



MOTH

a screen slurs
Bavarian fairy marble
shaved moons
are a dress on a princess before it turns
into op
of mirrors, of course
moans
there is no person
there is the opportunity
for a person
for a person moans
a variation
cross
star
cross cross
jewel and
band boys
myth of mirrors
of course
but jewels her
her nothing more
than light

MURDERING

And so she, they, doubled, the goddess and the staged effect, looked on from within the valley of that canto where their parents had been born.

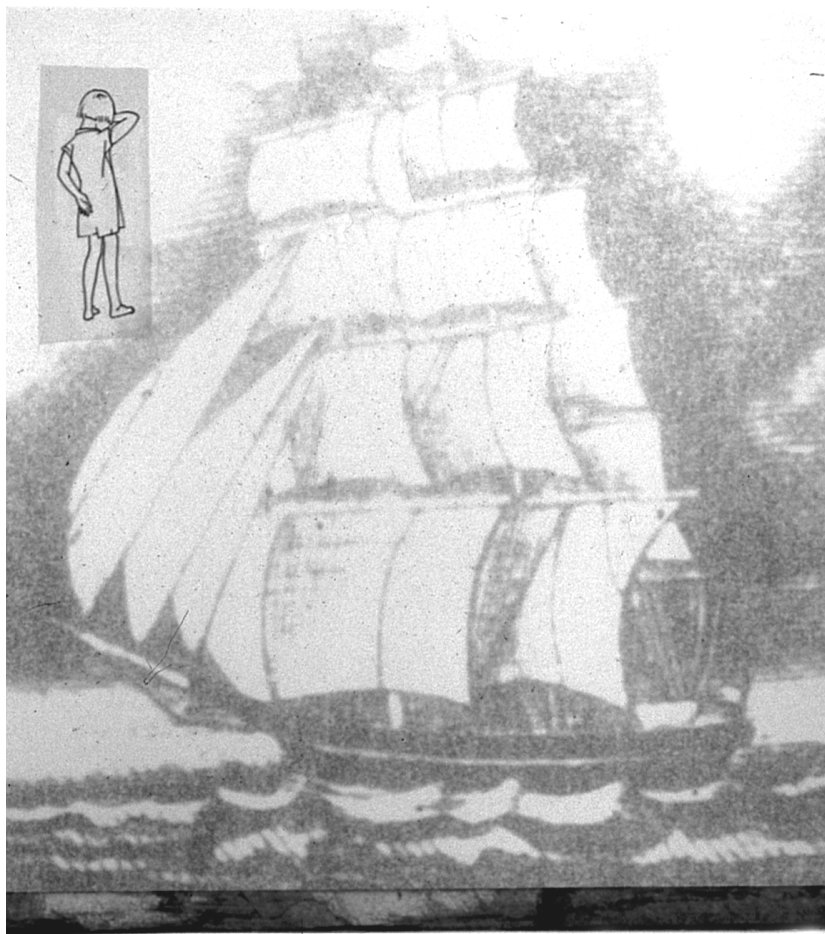
They found the parents lying in a quiet passage at opposite ends of an abandoned highway tunnel. This was the birthing house of common folk. Their guide said, “Each came into the world enclosed in a silence close to death, long before you became their daughters.”

These daughters, this goddess and this staged effect, were becoming aware, gradually of an alternative environment that seemed to be imposing itself on them, beginning at the ceiling where light of an artificial nature braided in and out of the eternal scene with an overwrought glow. They recalled something they had learned in a school for nice girls meant to end-up-right-where-they-started, about merchandise and the balance between asking too much and not enough of one’s stock. Yes, warehoused merchandise had begun to spill onto the floor.

Juno and the staged effect had been standing next to the buffet in the basement of the department store without recognizing the disappearance of their primal valley scene. Now, trapped by hundreds of half-pint milk cartons crowding the floor, they could not imagine how to get out of the jumble, which had been degraded further by the collapse of woolen sweaters from somewhere overhead onto the milk cartons. Juno and the staged effect were up to their knees in the processed residues of cows and sheep with their analytical powers suspended in a netherworld between what once was and what comes next.



MACARTHUR FAIRY TALE: Once upon a time, General MacArthur took care of our people. Every night we turned off our lights. The memory of light gave us a fact: Hiroshima.





MEMBERSHIP: But some, like electrons, struck the projected wave of institutionality at the right moment, just as a door had opened, or a window of opportunity. This was counted on by the handful of creators. 10,000 in a million would bounce at the right moment into the projected wave and be welcomed inside as participants. What did they do inside?

RACHEL LEVITSKY & LAURA E. WRIGHT

Some Cheating Otherwise Indicated

a correspondence over three months in (first) one city then between two

April—August 1998

I.

How to translate (Or, err): When I think of you, I suck. Diverse shit, cock-red balloon. Summons from god, er, who slept in your bed and left these seminal tubes. Diverse blood all over me. You suck my bone marrow, er, something else, something original, something dripping.

Under the bed: so straight when someone is tickling. Which reminds me... which remains you referring to “who came with repetitive dripping.” Where (down below) a funny bone hemistitch. Unexpected tyrants caress. Liminality a new decide... upon your breast, the morning. Which name enters dripping exits out a “same color.”

Because it's different in every language, you'll have to do it louder. A function of repetition, of contrition, of restraint. You'll have to decide: your breast your each morning—“you keep it.” Same color resignation of, er, god. Were the berries left in the grasses? Err. He, bent over and entering. Why decay? Not the issue of race—how talk reddens about whose wife falling? “Why”—you quote me? Fallen, yes, out of my singular bed, original sin-gular drowning in plural. My very oh.

Or was it the breast she tried she tied into knots by means of closed mouth close tongue. Panting. She asked, can I? and couldn't. Killed for this sort this failure. Through the nose. Was it, first on the list?

You eat you shit you lay your body down.

They, proverbial have no response. The proverbial they say no accountability. The proverbial fist up your proverbial ass—situation or reply? Please, your illegibility, please waste your explanation.

Things you think useful. Such as 1) Such as 2) Gonna stuff you like a goose to make you. Gonna eat you whole and throw away the key to your heart. Hand on my knee oh please baby I think you're just what I needed: (someone) to stuff. The list goes on: your wife my wife the play the bedroom ruffled curtains pink lipstick and macaroons. No rearview mirror. This has been a mistake. It is requested that you return her breasts. Astonishing what goes on in and out of the body, please, no more lists. Indiscretion. Serial events. Not to mention, she severed it, arrested.

I never promised; I am. That space between your blue. Refusals misread. Blackness, fast, fascinated space between models' thighs. No room for this disclaimer, having “done everything right?” Oh to spread about...

The resting place is blue, is no longer an option. They are selling everything and you “own it all.” No small conflagration, eternity. With the “healthy little white lie.” Children on their toes, necks crane to see better between.

II.

No forwarding address. No fourth of July. Pan-acea started it all, the nightly news. Instead of your face rusted cracks above where you'd be if you'd a fourth of an ounce of wherewithal. Once upon even geometric until painted ungodly array. Who says such a color, dry sweat, lemon juice, breast milk. You, again, fluorescent.

Inability appears as myself today. Dampness in the array; summer mildew smell. (Discretion.) The tidepools you discover you can eat, there, between, the cracks, between your toes.

I'm a flying in my jet plane
I'm a phone date on my cell phone
I'm a bad ass in Missouri.

I'm a missionary position
I'm a union maid in glitter and fat
I'm a salesman from the projects
I'm falsetto in C-major
I'm in your neighborhood.

I'm dreaming of your many times
I'm swallowing bitter poison-feels-like-sex
I'm morning out of focus,
I'm the wall.

Forgive me. Play tough, if you will. I can't help it. You catch me. It's only a little cut, not very deep. I was in the playground, no, in the attic. Yes, we were rough-housing. No one expected the sharp protruding object to grab. I was far from the ground. Does anyone really know what brand it was? All the beds have shrunk. There's no room for the pinhead monsters.

Unless it bites farther, into the bone? Real value has been so inflated the flesh is unrecognizable except in this form. Face down, ass up, an isosceles triangle and the unexpected, a third hole protruding, excreting. Liverwort, a piece of pie. Lemon meringue. Conflagration of pipes and strings winds out a parade in your honor every day.

Our unrequited cup runneth over, diluted. Dissident. Dissonant. The ink getting smaller the little lines dance and the band plays "on." You can't freeze it like a photo it re-enters and sticks to the music, swells your sweat-smelling feet. You do the poem dance, the kind that falls from the sky. Eye, over your plate, I, eat avocado, I misread. Absurdity: All that he's: ubiquity, absence, denial. Example: length and width. Example: how many times it takes until he. Zum Beispiel: put off by foreign languages in poems. Par exemple: fascinated phrases, the same length. Coincidence? All over the place? Messy mess?

Ticklish places: Kundera has the best titles despite the size of his. Hard to wrap speech around one another? Delight in isolation? Being on the on-ly lone of you. For extra change, read suspended in the city air amidst the apopleptic spiders. Being several of you at once, distraction wins over dessert. Speech spinning spindly and mostly empty—so they say. War of inaction appears, tonight's performance. Competition. Premature economic theory. The previous century. What changes, while "what" remains the same. Wipe the silt that has settled on your counter still damp from invasive rain.

Change. The theory did not account for this. The previous century shouts from the finish line but the horses went off the track and the ribbons are covered in mud. You will have to make another pot. Drown this. Not permitted. There are rules and there are rules. You made your bastard now lie on him.

Never mind, unsavory, protrusions. The bumps in the road in the night in the pouring—but enough of this—we have said, it is not permitted. If you will please re-enter in a timely manner, describe, five words or fewer. I wasn't there, I lied, so my presence isn't true. My absence, your burden to prove. All the cities come home, who asked you for the scapegoat?

There was nowhere else to cross, the bridge had washed out and the stones were all submerged. I carried the baskets on my head; your computer got wet and now speaks. You feel each and every of the multitude personally in your sore tooth raw and exposed, weepy and wet dripping a disgusting liquid: sympathy from the orchestra. But there's no conductor! Things cannot proceed as planned, cannot proceed at all. So sorry for the inconvenience. Meet me here next.

Don't forget the flabbergast. Don't harass the guests. Just keep the pie coming.

RUTH MARGRAFF

Back of the Dollar Latin

subtitles for headphoned-driven performance

(HIGHLIGHT)

Novus Ordo, in the,
underneath it and the...hm...
"seclorum" and
then latticelace lattice,
well you know that sort of lacey,
flourish-white and lacey-filigree behind it,
no I can't imagine counterfeiting this foli-
aceous leaflike (counterfeit) foliage and
then repeatedly repeating
that with their machines,
Up to the blazing surface so bright it
would hurt your eyes above it and she
said she'd give me more if I just cleaned
it, to be opened for the summer so I
bend over backwards to prepare a place
for them for
where their treasure is...

(Seclorum)

Novus Ordo and the middle—well no
wonder it sounds like a mushroom—
middle initial—
something like a dovetail,
then you know it's old because they
didn't use nails to get the edge.
They didn't have pine but the rafters are
pine and pine is so soft you will need a
set of coasters if you need to get them a
gift as something you provide and to
protect the varnish, oh of course
the furrow I've got,
furrowed brow that's deepening because
the pensive forehead just surrenders to
its frequency and you know I can't abide
(HIGHLIGHT)

the wonderful.

I can't abide the perishing either (very
often) but especially the novus ordo

wonder of wonders

(GREEN)

I'd just see the green
and think of how green
that the planet would be
After the, well but then with
the volcanic improvement...
trees grow back extremely
green and lush after fires, after,
I don't know about floods. I
was taught to put my head
down if there was a (deep but
designated forest) why we can't
just photosynthesize *ourselves*
even after long days on the
water, it's become so harmful
and we try to live up to
going to the shore

(draw nigh)

the blazing daylight and in
motion from the bare foot up
to where she swallows it, mar-
ried to the golden boy and
now the scandal is they loved
each other all along...
if I could get back all that love
and put it into one, rare, paint-
ed dish, not to have to start
from scratch, I'd get the cob-
webs down before they get
here/visit/if you let them
accumulate they aren't so far
away from snowflakes at least
that's what

(GREEN)

it says

infolioversocalligraphicbackof
thedollarLatin (draw nigh)
painstaking etching which we
only think looks grassy because
we love the other side so
much.

(Subtitles Pi/Fermata)

π (OMNIPOTENT ORACLE)

flotsam crashed diameter of fruit
(chock full've still life)

There'll be no relief of literacy for you.

as if you *could* construct a babbling
tower having the exact dimensions of
this pi and then to open it and then the
birds begin to sing renders you a ratio
to Caesar : to the pillar : to the coin : to
coined affluence :

pi (squared) in the sky.

A situated song out of a situated swan
collecting lumps in all the
throats beneath

(where they were at each other's
throats), suddenly their breaths aroused
at what it has to tell them,
as it plummets what it bodes,
and now where should they turn.

To what degree and how wide is the
radius.

Of the demise.

Just a fertile crescent, close quote.

(Quarter Rest)

A ratio of gleam : to night absorbing it
: to—oh dear God— :

To swallowing the sun again today
undialed!

not having yet discovered that it's round!

And how blazing it would be!

And how far back to bend to get to
backwards whosoever's kiss is pressing
down counterfeiting foliage where there
would be suddenly phonetic shapes.

learn it by the cherishing the
closemouthed orbit

learn it by the holding in the
closemouthed orbit

☯ (LEAKING VESSEL, TENTATIVE)

Hold the rest beyond its value?
shall we call it slit voiced cry in the
obscurity of face? (that oval)

bending nigh,
straight ahead at one more
puffy little cloud.

"Good day to die,"

and wrecking something horizontal.

"Ob is it difficult to fly in circles?"

birdseyes on the backs of them.

Or do you always sleep that way?

They could have whipped the slaves
they had to get the bricks up to the
pinnacle.

Must be some
kinetic muscle in the shrine
to resurrect us.

Or is it just a baked dish full've birds,
their eyes glazed over in the oval.

Get their bearings as the teeth,
(the amplified) reign down their ter-
ror-terrifying sound bytes spitting out
the entrails to a dish we painted and
painted to look like you. Just so
when you hesitate your infinitesimal
lull and in that suture, we will sink
our sync sound deep into your
curved cheek

(so inclined)

In keeping with the contour of the
situated swan song holding for dear life
forth its

so acoustic cry pitch

holding for dear life forth its

so acoustic cry pitch

JORDAN HARRISON & LAURA KLEIN & GARY WINTER
Cathedral Beat

a seven-act play

1:00 AM

An iron fence labeled "Cathedral Bestiary Gates."

The ground is covered with peanut shells.

Pause.

Nine giraffes of different shapes and sizes stride by.

Pause.

The moon with its eyes closed.

2:00 AM

A sign: "Female Cathedral Security Personnel Only."

The ground is covered with punch-clocks.

Pause.

Nine female security guards of different shapes and sizes enter.

MISS MARY is the one without black gloves.

GUARDS

Y Command: Emily! Sigla! Val!

One of the guards to sing like a bird.

One of the guards to sing like a bullfrog.

One of the guards to sing like a Valkyrie.

X Command: Mabel! Lama!

One of the guards to knit.

One of the guards to spit.

Z Command: Funky! T3!

One of the guards to do the Funky Chicken.

One of the guards to do the Robot.

Pause.

One of these things is not like the others.

MISS MARY

I am not from this Earth.

GUARDS

Put on your Snoopy Hat!

Pause.

Mary puts on her Snoopy Hat.

Pause.

She turns to look at the sign. The colors of storm clouds approaching.

3:00 AM

Across the street from the Cathedral, The Archangel Michael has slain the Devil. The orange light from the Hungarian Pastry Shop serves to distinguish bronze wings from gray sky. In a corner of the empty shop, a broom and a dustpan are waiting.

PASTRY CHEF

(singing)

I see the Devil in my Stove

Blue eyes, red nose.

I see the Devil in my Stove

Yellow hair, sharp teeth.

The Devil's disembodied head hangs just beyond your vision.

4:00 AM

The backseat of a white Ford Explorer.

Clearly, it has been taken advantage of.

Somewhere off, a song plays: "They make me feel better like I'm drunk on a plane and have forgotten I'm afraid to fly..."

On the seat, a pair of black gloves.

5:00 AM

The Hungarian Pastry Shop. Eight female security guards exit,

One with a cruller

One with Bavarian Creme

One with a Napoleon

One with a French cruller

One with a bear claw

One with a macaroon

One with a cameroon

One with a scone.

A NIGHTHAWK has folded in on himself, perhaps for protection.

NIGHTHAWK

(singing)

Policemen, some are t'in and some are fat.

The arrival of fresh pastries.

For a moment, neither of us can move.

6:00 AM

The sign: "Female Security Personnel Only."

Nine giraffes of different shapes and sizes stride by.

(Note: The same giraffes that were used in Act One may not be reused in this scene for the sake of economy.)

The tiniest giraffe to stop and lick a leaf. Tongue shocking-blue.

7:00 AM

The Cathedral Bestiary gates, quite ajar.

A handwritten sign: "Dedicated to the glory of God."

MISS MARY bites into a blintz.

The sun basking in its own glory.

GROUP

Taking Things for Pomegranate

Editor's note: I've recently had the pleasure of eavesdropping on a collaborative-choreographical conversation over e-mail, the total of which is a wildly exuberant and exciting pile of source material for a dance. Or twelve hundred thirty-eight. Here are some excerpts from their conversation:

LINDSAY: How about a virtual cyber mad lib? Actually, I think this idea might be pretty cool. At the bottom of the e-mail I have written a few sentences with blanks to be filled in with words of your choosing. So before looking at the sentences at the bottom of the message, think of words for each of the following parts of speech and write them down:

1. body part
2. adjective
3. GROUP member (not Lindsay)
4. verb ending in "ing"
5. GROUP member
6. body part or small object
7. exclamation
8. adverb
9. verb

... so I'm gonna keep rambling so that there is sufficient distance before you see the sentences I wrote. Life in D.C. is quite good. I love the winter (no shit) and I just got back from the philly contact jam which was WONDERFUL for me. I am lifting like crazy! After having danced contact for three days I keep hanging out with normal people here in D.C. and wanting to put my shoulder in the crease of their hips, or push the bottom of my foot against the top of their head or something. I'm working on resocializing myself so that I don't get taken into custody when I tackle an old lady who I thought could handle me jumping up onto her back...

okay, and now the sentences...

*Lindsay, who is shaking her _____ in a very _____ way, looks over to Todd, Sally, and _____ who are all _____ towards _____'s _____. Margaret and Andrew shout, "_____!" at the same time and _____ _____ to the floor.

and hey, abstract or concrete, it's all danceable.

SALLY: *Lindsay, who is shaking her **right thumb** in a very **bombastic** way, looks over to Todd, Sally, and **Amber** who are all **panicking** towards **Colleen's shoelace**. Margaret and Andrew shout "**Calloo! Callay!**" at the same time and **sadly grow** to the floor.

TODD: *Lindsay, who is shaking her **earlobe** in a very **furtive** way, looks over to Todd, Sally, and **Rikke** who are all **teetering** towards **Sally's bar of soap**. Margaret and Andrew shout "**Jeepers!**" at the same time and **cunningly screech** to the floor.

RIKKE: *Lindsay, who is shaking her **thumb** in a very **fluffy** way, looks over to Todd, Sally and **Amber** who are all **singing** towards **Todd's penny**. Margaret and Andrew shout, **"Run!"** at the same time and **start writing** to the floor.

AMBER: Hello my dearest darlings! So, I've tried to make another dance lib. It can be the next phrase.

#A dark stage. The sound of _____ her _____ with a _____. A _____ is turned on and light floods the stage. Margaret and Colleen sing _____ while they _____ their _____. Todd _____ on _____ then _____ to the floor. Everyone else enters and _____ and the lights _____ fade.

LINDSAY: thanks ambs. you so funny! here's the dance that I completed:

#A dark stage. The sound of **Rikke kvetching** her **tongue** with a **spatula**. A **garbage compactor** is turned on and light floods the stage. Margaret and Colleen sing **"Every step you take"** while they **hurt** their **fingernails**. Todd **laughs** on **Colleen** then **breaks** to the floor. Everyone else enters and **frolics** and the lights **quickly** fade.

SALLY: #A dark stage. The sound of **Rikke bounding** her **ankle** with a **fork**. A **waffle iron** is turned on and light floods the stage. Margaret and Colleen sing **"Nothing on the moon"** while they **spout** their **elbows**. Todd **smiles** on **Andrew** then **flies** to the floor. Everyone else enters and **whispers** and the lights **unthinkingly** fade.

Okay, now I'm going to write a blank one.

I'm not sure how one designs a good one. How many blanks is too many? How do you decide when to provide your own context and when to leave it to chance?

Hmmm. This is a good question about life too.

%On a brightly lit stage: _____ dancers _____ around each other until _____ to the ground. Everyone else _____, then yells "____!" As _____ melts, _____ over _____'s _____ while _____ eats a _____ attached to _____'s nose.

MARGARET: %On a brightly lit stage: **Three** dancers **dart** around each other until **Andrew crams** to the ground. Everyone else **wiggles**, then yells **"Ouch!"** As **Amber sneakily** melts, **Rikke shimmies** over **Sally's lips** while **Todd** eats a **mango** attached to **Colleen's** nose.

AMBER: I LOVE it, I Love it, I Love it, I LOVE IT!
This is more fun than peeling off dead skin after a sunburn...
Here's my Sally dance-lib...

%On a brightly lit stage: **Six** dancers **wash** around each other until **Andrew smears** to the ground. Everyone else **hugs**, then yells **"Whoa Nellie!"** As Lindsay

smoothly melts, Colleen lifts over Margaret's left nostril while Todd eats a pomegranate attached to Amber's nose.

This is a very joyful dance. Spring has sprung and we cavort around repeatedly “lift-ing over” each other’s “left nostrils.” The smell of pomegranates is pumped into the theatre through the ventilation system (a pricey effect—it will take our entire budget, but I promise it will be a huge success—DON’T TELL PAT RINCON ABOUT THIS IDEA—SHE’LL STEAL IT!) I call this piece “Taking Things For Pomegranate.” You must all be aware of the fact that pomegranates are the THE most under-utilized food (except in Persia apparently). This piece addresses the very serious issue of pomegranate neglect in a light-hearted fashion. “Not to be missed!” exclaims the California Commission for the Development of Pomegranate Sciences in Urban Environments. With endorsements like that, we’ll pack every house and gain international attention. I can’t wait!

I love y’all and miss y’all like I love and miss the janglin’ of my spurs, the fine fit of my cowboy hat, and the sweet, sweet lovin’ you can get from a big ‘ole tumbleweed.

If I don’t rehearse with you guys this week I’m going to explode!!!

TODD: I see potential for audience participation. They write, we dance.

LINDSAY: yeah, i’ve been thinking about that. if we produced another show there could even be a mad lib on the card/flyer so that people would have to come to the show to hear/see the results of their choices. or we could just have the audience throw out words and create the dances as we go along. i’m sure people would love trying to watch us “joust our nostrils” as the lights “innocently fade”!

COLLEEN: *Lindsay, who is shaking her **abdomen** in a very **slimy** way, looks over to Todd, Sally and **Sally** who are all **bubbling** towards **Todd’s ball**. Margaret and Andrew shout, “**Right on**” at the same time and **lovingly ride** to the floor.

Hmmm. The dance logistics here are questionable. Maybe the look towards Sally and Sally can be a double take? Or better yet, we can have life-size cutouts of Sally all over the stage—and a video of Lindsay looking at them! Yes, the answer is multi-media!!

Todd, do you have a ball (not your scrotum)?

TODD:

1. adjective
2. polygon whose # of sides is even
3. action verb (third person singular)
4. preposition
5. past participle of (3)
6. adverb
7. GROUP member
8. monosyllabic numeral

9. polysyllabic numeral
10. monosyllabic numeral
11. long word
12. soft word
13. bad word
14. action verb (present participle)
15. body part

@__1__ sounds emanating from offstage mouths. GROUP enters and forms a __2__. Every other dancer __3__ __4__ the person to his/her left. The people being __5__ __4__ __6__ attempt to get cell phone reception. __7__ counts, “__8, 9, 10__,” and immediately all others chatter using only the words, __11, 12, 13__ while __14__. __7__ yells, “__15__” and all others feel an unexplainable magnetic pull between their __15__ and __7__.

SALLY: @**Loopy** sounds emanating from offstage mouths. GROUP enters and forms a **dodecadon**. Every other dancer **tackles under** the person to his/her left. The people being **tackled under charmingly** attempt to get cell phone reception. **Todd** counts, “**Three, zero, twelve,**” and immediately all others chatter using only the words, **perspicacity, slush, shit** while **slithering**. **Todd** yells, “**Hipbone**” and all others feel an unexplainable magnetic pull between their **hipbones** and **Todd**.

Note that a dodecagon has 12 sides. This means we need to use our arms or in any case get a bit creative since there are more sides than people. I have an image of us lying on the floor, with some of us being one side and others being two. We could also try to do this by building up toward the ceiling... However, that would be dangerous, especially when we tried to do the next step, with tackling under people... Though there is more under, if someone is above the ground!

I think the chatter is actually word-percussion, maybe composed by Greg or even Rick Burkhardt (like the piece he had in Greg’s recital, remember?)

AMBER: @**Bitter** sounds emanating from offstage mouths. GROUP enters and forms a **square**. Every other dancer **gallops** to the person to his/her left. The people being **galloped to hungrily** attempt to get cell phone reception. **Lindsay** counts, “**Ten, twenty-eight, one,**” and immediately all others chatter using only the words, **extraterrestrial, sigh, fuck**, while **gyrating**. **Lindsay** yells, “**Tongue**” and all others feel an unexplainable magnetic pull between their **tongue** and **Lindsay**.

RACHEL BERS & E. TRACY GRINNELL
*from t*pography*







PATRICK DURGIN & JEN HOFER
from **Routine Knew/ Coda (Encode)**

Focal:

Not sexual but sexing (focusing)

False statistics False results (Fake smile) (Burnt joints)
Those marks In pieces Announcements
Silence (“Dwelling” “Strategy” Of the fittest)
Through the streets of Santa María de la Ribera
(“Oranges” “Parts” “Salutary”) statuary
indicating collective unconscious (and increasing)

Rooms where women are not
Welcome (“Winners” “Oh great” “C’mere”
Televised for your bloneness (Thanks

On the backside of a reproduction
(“Given” “Variety” “Etiquette”) Educational
When become manners impervious pirouette

In sound outlines degenerate what we call the vitesse
And infer and line up and the lines point along one another
And are themselves points and thus have no place
And space cares less and time cares less and cannot be “regained”

Look. Collocate. Take up. Partake. Practice. Nexus. Conflate.
“Leaven” “Prosthesis” “Thrum”
Women room with
No more shiftless epiphanies

* * *

Coda (Encode)

The first day of (Aftermath intuit non-
intentional (Aporia Apathy Empathic)
“Tread lightly” “Big” Sentence sensational repercussive
“The Sky Is Falling” (was) Throughout the day, the day
(Untried) Any other object not considered (Objection)
The rest of

The wicked in a thick (“cricket”) prepurcussion
Death is never but after purpose (Rapport Plastics Thistles)
They thought better of “powerless”
In a lineage rich with (Math Adamance Risk)

But if paradise (“Parade” “Cornet” “goose”) symphonic
obstructs (turned on its head) global purpose marauded in
pretty attempt (a sphere having no head) “spherically
yours” a perspective entranced by (Stoppage
(Pillage (“why not?”) the corroding influence
of light (Evil’s necessity turned back on

fair weather is largely inviolable
This is a palliative and it’s fatal
(Sport Sprite Frisk) “resides veer
So revenge isn’t simple enough
(the intrigue disagrees) stratifies with sauce

even events, and so the teaching continues
“Definition is a willful act in an aesthetic direction”

The slow bygones local fortitude with (“dude”
Dirigible “truetone”) UHF untold labors
and other dignitaries on for a croon

none too soon) The other other face visible audible
(Diabolically Yours) (Bonded and Insured)
(pent-up) Framework creak or fence To be
rejected (chilly reception) (extremity’s arched
joinery) (Rippled “Man-Made” (“Universal Joist

Contractual Entities Has Spread Uneasy (fiefdom
This is imperative (feudal) (Our Paradisiac
Protocol) Inhabitant’s operative borderline red-letter day

“Routine Knew” & “Coda (Encode)” are collaborative poems and part of an ongoing epistolary project stemming from our debates regarding a possible “synaesthetic poetics.” These debates were occasioned by the publication of my “Speculations With A View Toward A Synaesthetic Poetics” in *Tripwire 2: Writing as Activism: The Aesthetics of Political Engagement* (1998). —PFD

MARY DOWNING & BRIAN STRANG
floor, act one

green:

things are always in progress. it's never done even when it's done. the fire alarm could go off, or a door might not open, and then it's about that particular moment; you're going on without the music or struggling with the door.

it's difficult for me to separate her from the person i've met and what i have seen. i think the most interesting aspect of the work is that it opens up the way to a larger group of people. your ideas are the starting point, but everyone is given room, if not to make additions, then, at least, to respond. it becomes improvisation. after a certain period of time you long for other elements, something more complex than a single voice. anyway all those personalities and ideas and imaginations are included from the beginning.

i haven't yet watched the film you suggested. we are stuck in the work. we can agree on texts. we can agree on images. we cannot seem to agree (or she to trust in?) an organization of words that will lead to a clearing and each idea i posit seems to elicit little more than doubt, even after a lengthy and, i thought, rather clear description of what has shaped my thinking so far. (i digress, but that is allowed, yes?) my disease is not sufficiently strong to permeate her immune system.

like the arrangement of vines on brick

yellow and orange together:

we stretch perception in a semiotic approach, throwing one's self into displacement. only such comic disfiguration could yield the relevant, the intentional space of validation and also deprivation. skulls are gripped by the relation between the physical and conceptual. the particular density of the image. we are caught by the literal eye, the moveable parts of the body and the malleable architecture of biology.

green:

it's like being inside a bowling hall or a skating rink or some smoky local bar where everyone knows each other, even if they don't know you. rejoining with the people who make up most of our society, our neighborhoods, our families

orange:

weeks beyond her obsession in the company of long gowns a visit in the middle of an operation. the world is specifically related to sound. a great triangular density between multiple recordings. creating a shape of unpredictability.

we were at that little underground coffee shop, you know the one. actually, i was there by myself one day, but, later, i took her back to see it. this wall. obviously, there

was work being done along one wall, which had been stripped of its paint and there was a hole where the electric outlet should have been. the worker had also made a bunch of notes on it in pencil. like a wall in athens.

yellow:

and i can't help but think that if you write something and then hand it over that you are inviting another person's mind and imagination to take over. i have little to do with what happens.

orange and green together:

i walked along toward the ocean. this is specificity, a delegation of emotion. one consists of component parts, never one's self completely. an invited audience is here to pick over the remains: this is not virtuosity: framed and embarrassed and learning to become an adult. one might practice the communal intentional—strip away recognition and shorthand.

just green:

walking west, lifetimes pass between blocks, universes beneath my feet. the buildings are unfamiliar. did i unwittingly walk into another neighborhood or are these buildings in my neighborhood? finally, a recognizable landmark, but from where i don't know. what city is this? it could be chicago, except i don't know what it looks like. i continue in the same direction, hoping it is still west, then north just to be sure. and there it is, plain as day. i have traveled in neither time nor space. i am 8 blocks west of my starting point. entering a passageway like the paris catacombs i step into a large rectangular mass. i am transported. the mass moves across a bridge in a single direction. it takes forever. instead of blocks of high-rises, there are miles of them and i try not to panic. maybe i am in chicago. i hope i'm not in tokyo, i don't even speak the language.

orange:

by using a shorthand for communication, common language is organic and emotional, a cohesive vocabulary sifted though. peruse this throughout the many radical developments during the course of a stroke. i would need to be someone pieced together from fabric and mannerisms of the period, the attitudes of those around.

yellow:

for some it is about keeping a reign on things. we create characters and if they're not fleshed out then we feel cheated: robbed of our years of hard work, but what we're really talking about is an unwillingness to allow someone else—their persona, their ideas, their failings, their ego—to determine an outcome.

this stillness.

this willingness to wait and to observe is interesting in terms of looking. she talked about her first experience of looking (not the first, but when she actually began to

see). i'm thinking specifically about distraction; not the distraction of outside sources, but of ourselves. so the problem with looking is that it's almost impossible to not place yourself between yourself and what you're looking at.

green:

daily this runs through my head. it applies most specifically in offices of the board, where dozens of people one would assume to be dead but are not, are waiting to speak.

orange:

i would need to be someone both organic and inorganic, pieced together from matter, an improved version of the readily available. time and weighty physical embodiment of our ordinary selves.

the final topography of the body: liposuction, facelifts and arterial cleansing: a 21st century landscape.

green:

watching the films and eliciting description. it's difficult to separate this. everything has become a starting point. i listen to the voice on the radio and realize it is someone i once knew. it has little to do with what is happening, with the smudge of my life on the audience.

orange:

we are drawn back to the body in a macabre, other, sort of way. in the process of creating, we are drawn back to the secrets of the flesh.

green:

what's amazing about her is that she is generally enthused by talented people. she takes from them. she expects them to take from her. she is impressive, encouraging, and generous with her knowledge and ideas, assuming that nothing is original, that the best we can do is recycle in interesting ways. there are no limits to her ability to share.

green again:

gleaning hints from previously crafted materials. incidental works of creativity. i listened to the voice on the radio and realized that it is someone i once knew. i listen to the voice and realize it is me.

my imaginative landscape had been placed outside.

yellow:

simple compositions, random organizations of words and images. your job is to organize these elements. all those words and images are out there, floating around. . .

BETH MURRAY & RANDEE PAUFVE
12 Horrors

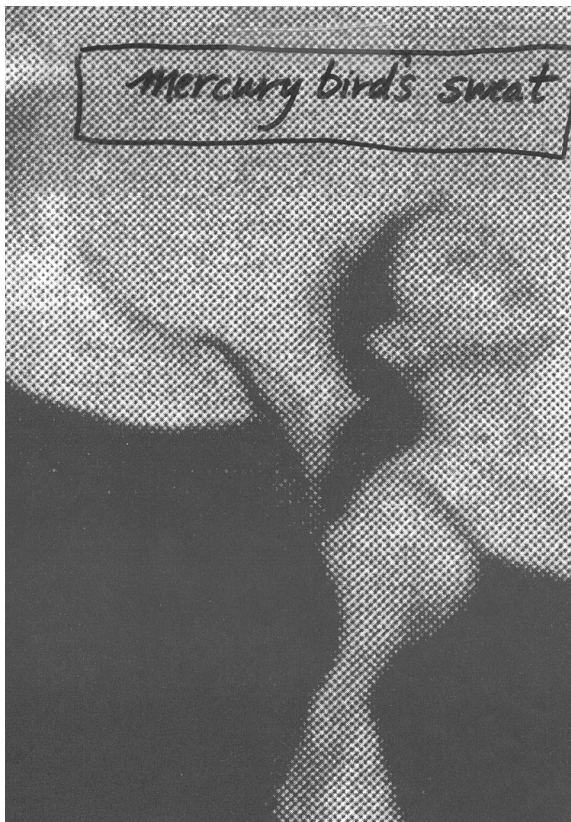


1. **they were in every way boats**
except that the specific gravity of their contents
rather than their displacement
was floating them
2. lights dimming, children laying down on the straw,
stage hands watching
3. I press myself flat against the bed
her voice a happy registry
4. holds on a bucket
5. every night we locked his socks in plastic bags
6. it is melting and they do not know it

Three windows for your superstition

as you perch on my leg blind
flutter
ringing doorbells crinkles the plastic bag
her eighteen inches to breathe are narrowing.

Making new contact with the bruise
a strange white cat promised
with plastic
bags around the block softly
biting you hear me:
lock up your houses and
latch up your blouses
pull from my legs
the wind is closing it up
she drops bags off the balcony
expanding, full of breath
tear into her lungs
mercury bird's sweat
cleaving or to stretch
we think we saw her pop
haven't heard the sound yet.



Poems in a vase

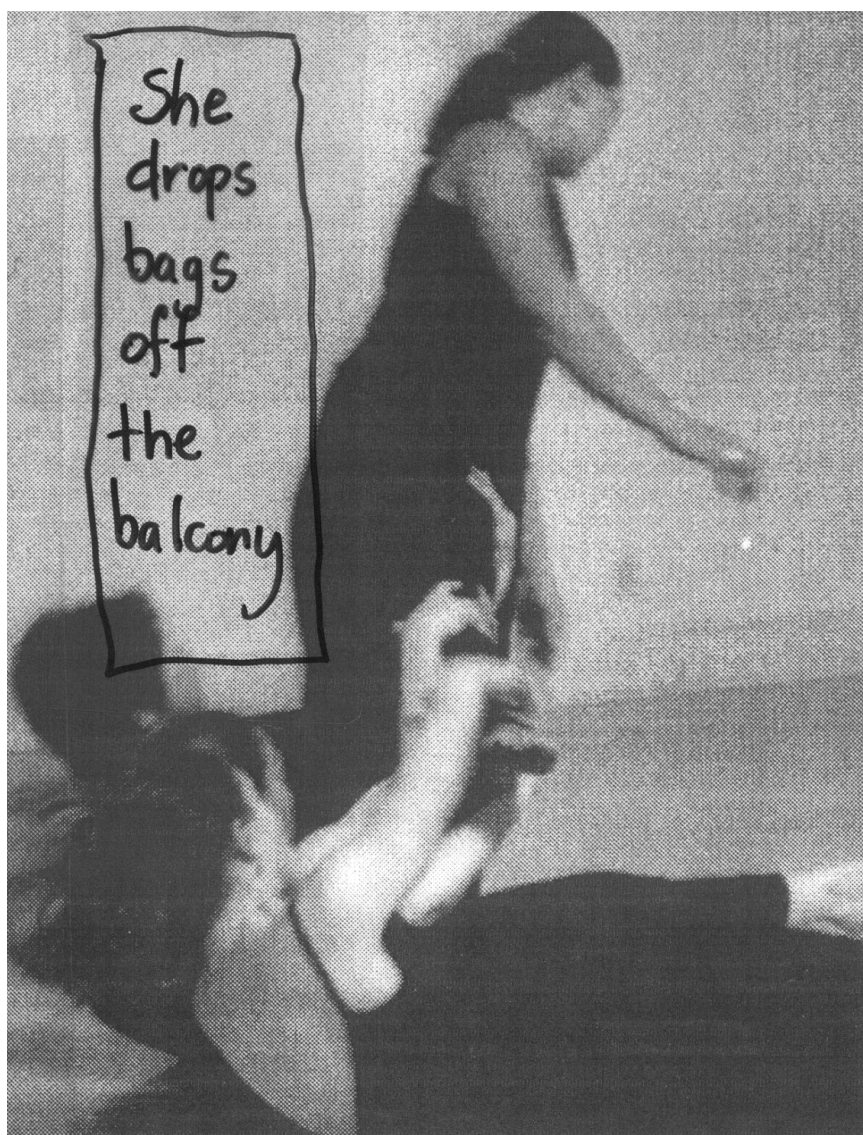
cuddle the sun of
we'd like to change the water
but in the saline of this breast
microbes cluster

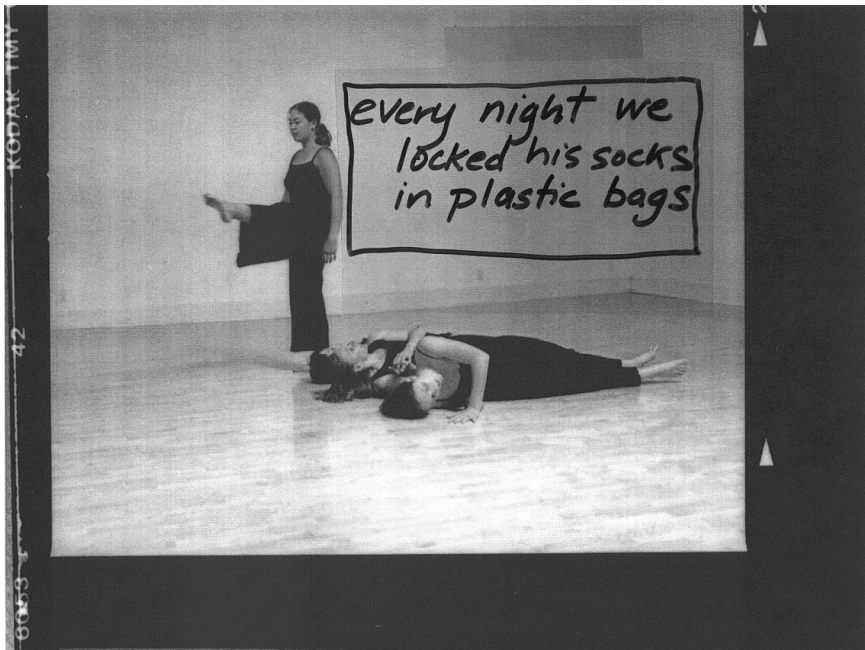
cold the thing jingles in the lunge
stopping gestures under her tongue
ninety minutes = a movie
why the action must rise and fall in patterns
the deepest phase nourishing
hormones, is common
in the second half
they show curtains always
pulled back revealing
the bed.

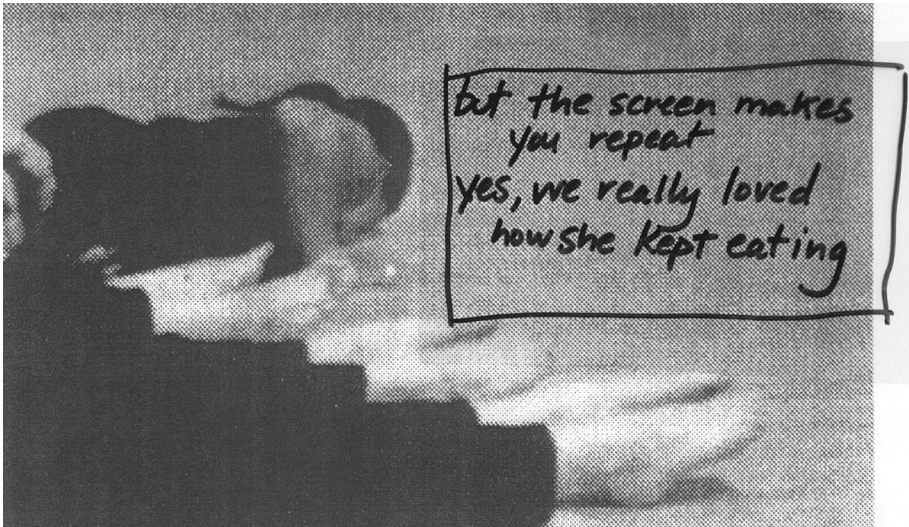
As a pipe being hit

air encroaching, flushed, expires
he is walking back and forth
talking to men in holes

down on the couch she's absorbing
licking off
a drama Popsicle
making enough money
to stay there licking and sucking.





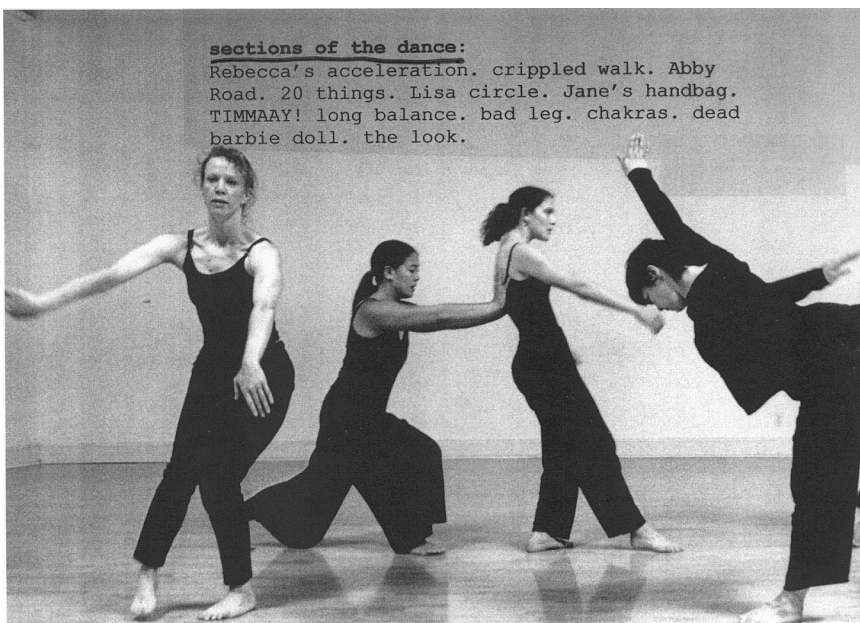
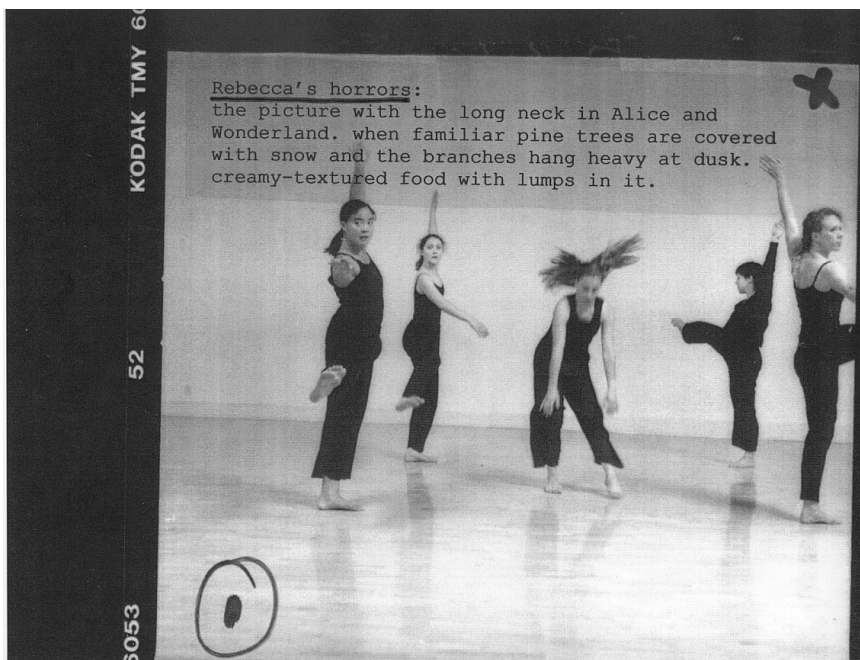


They each wanted a ring for their finger
wanted but when forcing her
free except for the skin of her fingers:
she dipped into the acid to get it.
Who would believe she had fallen asleep?
In a factory one cannot count on anything.

Her tits jiggle the tassels
rags flap scaring the birds
you judge how long by
her thinness until black moss
in the signal of a cracked shell
people pledge not to ask you questions.

The most beautiful bounces the advances
trying to change the sheets
which must be backwards
but the screen makes you repeat
yes, we really loved how she kept eating.

Pulling things out of the freezer
had stored but now find
your bed soft in the center
selling it, people
are mobbing, wanting to buy.



Beth Murray and Randee Pauve met at the Djerassi Resident Artist Program in the summer of 1999 when Randee began choreographing to phrases from Beth's poem *12 Horrors*. Later Randee worked with five dancers in Portland to develop movement from the *horrors*. The dancers wrote their own personal horrors and worked with Randee and the music of Shostakovich to complete the long piece, *BloodTongueSeverTatterRend*. Randee then rehearsed with five new dancers in Oakland using a similar process. Lisa Bush, Christine Chen, Rebecca Johnson, Jill Randall and Jane Schnorrenberg performed the piece in the First Unitarian Church of Oakland for three nights in June of 2001. Beth read *12 Horrors* before each performance.

The preceding document includes rehearsal photos of the Oakland dancers, the shorthand names used by the dancers to refer to various sections of the dance, excerpts from the dancers' written horrors, and Beth's poem, *12 Horrors*.

[On (Collaborating] On)

RANDEE PAUFVE & BETH MURRAY

A Conversation

RANDEE: The collaboration exists in the ether.

You wrote the poem.

I heard the poem.

F heard the poem.

F had problems with the poem.

F, R, B, P, E, E, M, J and J argued about the poem.

I read the poem.

I made movement from the poem, before I had the idea for the piece. I left Djerassi, went for a walk in the golf course in Portland, and had the flash of wanting to make a dance about things that horrify us. I had some of the movement, but then I got the poems from you. The dancers worked with the poems, (read all, selected some) and wrote their own lists of horrors. That's how the dance was made.

BETH: Where's the collaboration?

RANDEE: The dance would not exist without the poem. If you saw the dance and didn't read the program notes you wouldn't know about the poem. The collaboration exists in the ether; it's in our heads (*laugh*). But you're in the piece—you're in the dance! Jane holds the handbag, holds on a bucket, "locks her socks in plastic bags!" (*fast section, other dancers frenetic, Jane walking on a slow diagonal, staring like a zombie, holding an imaginary bag, slowly deposits socks.*)

BETH: How do you feel about more traditional collaborations, where people actually work together for long periods of time?

RANDEE: I hate collaborating because I like to be the boss in a dance studio. That is why our collaboration is the way that it was...

BETH: ...*in absentia*.

RANDEE: On the other hand, you don't put up a dance concert together without a light designer, composer, set designer, a costume designer, dancers and a choreographer, but the choreographer is usually the one in charge. Whoever initiated the project determines how much of a collaboration it is going to be, right?

BETH: I find it's a lot easier and more interesting when the people you're collaborating with work in different mediums.

RANDEE: Rather than working side by side through the whole thing, I'm far more interested in John Cage-Merce Cunningham-Robert Rauchenberg model; they created each element independently. The dancers wouldn't hear the music until opening night: Merce Cunningham would create a phrase, or throw the I-Ching before the performance to decide the order, and who would do what.

BETH: So it's a surprise when it all comes together. What makes a successful collaboration for you?

RANDEE: There was a woman who used to coach me on my solo work; she was incredible at helping me realize my vision. She had a huge amount of input, sometimes contributing materials or directing rehearsals, but by and large it was my piece. That wasn't a *true* collaboration either. But she was really good at helping me pare away, wade through the muck to clarify my idea.

BETH: So, if the collaborative process succeeds for you, the final work shows a clarity of vision, instead of two people each contributing distinct halves that are discernable in the end, and you can see, "oh, so and so made that part." I think the kind of collaboration you are talking about is rare and difficult to achieve. More often than not, I can tell who did what.

RANDEE: But I've had the horrible experience of trying to collaborate with people in dance. When people let go too much of who they are, the piece gets murky.

I think the collaboration started with your poetry reading that night at Djerassi. People's reactions pissed me off and intrigued me. I wanted to know more about the poems. That night was powerful, Beth!

BETH: At that point I think the poems had more overt violence in them. I was thinking about why I can't watch scary movies, why they frighten me so intensely, yet I sometimes have dreams that are more terrifying than any movie. The overt violence was my impetus, but I've gradually weeded most of those images out of the poem in favor of images of subtle violence.

RANDEE: That is more frightening because it is more about what actually happens to women.

BETH: So that night at Djerassi certain people were upset because they said if they as men read the poems, they would be labeled misogynistic, and so by doing it myself, I was abusing my privilege as a woman.

RANDEE: One person in particular was concerned with making socially responsible art. He said you have to offer *solutions* with your art. But I remember another woman there was vehement in feeling that your poems did offer something. And then at one point in the midst of it, M (a 62-year old Italian man) looked at me and said, "Do you enjoy being a woman?" There was such a gender, culture and age split in the room.

BETH: Would you have been happy if the same kind of argument happened around your dance?

RANDEE: Not necessarily, simply because I've seen dance works created just to shock people and I usually feel like they are bogus. The real power in art is often the quiet images. I don't mind people feeling chilled or disturbed by a piece, as long as

they're not indifferent, and as long it creates dialogue. [In *BloodTongueSeverTatterRend*] I didn't set out to make a warm fuzzy piece; I wanted it to be beautiful in a way that would draw people in.

BETH: Collaboration *is* dialogue. Where do they differ?

RANDEE: [In this piece,] a lot of dialogue ensued between the dancers and me. [*Part of Randee's process with both casts was to have the dancers make lists of what horrifies them.*] At one point I realized that in both the Portland and Oakland casts there was one mother, and their lists of horrors were very different. We all talked about that for a long time one day. One of the gals in the first cast in Portland teaches at the Vancouver School of Arts and Academics; they have a rigorous arts program that kids enter in 6th grade. She had kids work with ideas of what horrifies them, so the idea was out there for a while.

BETH: So again, *horrors* was a generative idea and source of dialogue more than strict collaboration. Let's see, there are some other questions here. What about "issues of ownership"?

RANDEE: I remember asking you how you'd feel if I used your title. It was great the way you were honest about it, and I found another title that really worked for the piece.

BETH: "Relationship to geography, etc."?

RANDEE: It's hard to separate *12 Horrors* and the dance from 9/11 now. One of the images I gave the dancers for the opening of the piece is that they are walking through a war-torn wasteland in shock. So it feels particularly American right now. When we perform again in September, I'm sure it will evoke quite different images.

BETH AND RANDEE: There's no way I would work on that project now, after 9/11.

RANDEE: Kitties and ponies, that's my new piece. But the date won't lie [of the premiere]. It will be interesting to write the press release.

There is a point of intersection where/when two voices meet. It is here that the energy of language, of communication, propels itself into? out of? any sort of subjectivity and becomes... love... friendship... the means through which we maintain our relationships, by which our relationships maintain us. Not speaking in one voice or two voices, in coherence or fragmentation, we speak because we believe in talking to one another and in the potential of those communications to fortify (an anonymous?) hope. I forget who even wrote what; I just remember that these things were written into the supposed silence between us.

COLE HEINOWITZ & KRISTIN P. BRADSHAW
Summer Solstice

Dear Shaw,

In this world they hold tournaments of quitting. The winner is the one who is the funniest, funniness being measured in belts. But beds are the aftershocks of meaning and can only be counted once all the cans have found their jokes. The jokes are all slinky, but laughter is persistently spraying out in sweat bullets, threatening to ruin the buildup. It is for this reason that the accessories have been calmed, and not because I was shivering.

Cole

Dear Rebekah,

I have been accused of fathering something. Let us again jump to the schedule, having not expected to walk by the post box. It wags its standards, the schedule. Do we then [and knowing the answer (is) no] go on merely finding experience in the dreamtrack endowed with changing landscapes—foreign and even impossible. The urban lot packed between brick buildings. The surprising rectangle of soil from which weed clusters jut up sporadically and where we—a group of half-knowns—step around large mounds of dog feces in order to conduct a mass ceremony. Approaching, a season.

Yrs. Shaw

My valued Lord Basilisk,

Brilliant, the idea of having it be a little Minotaur if the accusation comes through. Well, it arrived by post two days ago. Thank you, a map of the neighborhood will pass them along with redactions. But why—if you will not be in the dreamtrack—spend a letter on it? It makes my fingertip balls very tender, and no avowals of metamorphosis will make the “no” of your advertisement less binding. What I propose is I’ll give you a boost and you can climb up into the tree, so long as you don’t “metamorphose” the kitten into the post box again. That way we can expose the field-that-makes-everyone-ambitious upon which we are seated and have a go at jousting. I am hoping to win this year with my secret variation on flight. Based on a mock combustion, I know the exact kernel that will drop and privately maintain that it is without nutritional value.

Cole

Greetings, Cole

It’s inviting. I will be ready to make this a portable dreamtrack. I am presently hunting down an autofocus lens with an option for manual manipulation. Here are the mountain laurel and woodpecker beak which we can set down as a marker. Then let’s move on to the beds, you’ll forgive me for being so serious I suppose, but not for the post box. Merrily finding experience. To this tournament we shall [if not by mostly force or necessity]. I do suppose naps are useful, but if one knows (or cares) where one is going. There is discovery and maps seem to be quite the spinning compasses (and if not then I am the loved one who must be taken hold of and pulled back into the half-light, descending into the shallows of the cave).

Love

The self exteriorized, intersected, tornadoed into another whirl, a landscape different or perspective shifted: to purposefully seek out an interruption in the normally scheduled programming or the vocabulary of difference invited in through the back door, and the front door. Where one reads, from the gists and piths of the roots reggae classic by the Mighty Diamonds (1975): STAND UP TO YOUR JUDGMENT—one reads inscribing the further predication of an-other, right where one finds (not founds) them. Finding yourself affected by conversation of an other order: tricks and seductions to lure attention, reeling, in, a multiple commitment to speak, to listen, to be understood and earnestly to take part in the making of understanding. Because sometimes—or, as it happens—it's essential to forget the essentials and get on with it, enter what's happening with what-have-you, which is entirely different from evasion or erasure.

What has been useful (inspiring) (friendship) (across geography, philosophy, time zones) in a context which defies description is a purposeful (false i.e. constructed i.e. multiple) framework through which to filter indigestible, unthinkable details. When I think of the enabling technologies involved and encouraging this “unthinkable” communion typically only enjoyed by lovers (“exquisite corpse”), I think of the arrowhead: a “first thing” in this sense, a solution to the problem (i.e. how to get it in but leave it in) occasioned by an ethical liaison, and an inter-specific one between Native American societies and what we now call “eco-systems”—the forgetting is the semblance of simultaneity and makes each thing a first. A thinking directionally—it points to where—a movement towards and in the movement of semblance and resemblance there is simultaneity, and forgetting so as to open a path (entry wound) for remembering; when I think of collaboration I think of letter-writing, of a diary gone public, of taking a walk through an unfamiliar street with a familiar unfamiliar person. And I also think of the polyvocables in Hannah Weiner's clairvoyant writings—when first seeing words (those “silent teachers”) on the passerby as she tried to make her way through the NYC streets (dictation, on the other hand, is an exercise in memory).

Perhaps collaboration is a way to make purposeful (yet without ordering—a pleasurable lack of consolidation) the interference which is daily (in this case urban) existence, not post-everything, but in-medias-everything: an occasion for pause with a hand in the air as if to greet or salute, and at the same time to get a palpable sense. Hope against hope, it may still be our best bet to alleviate the tyranny of the plot.

Since collaboration for us means mapping an investigative process, we can only measure success against the degree to which discovery has been achieved. We might ask ourselves whether we learned something new or whether new possibilities have opened questions that are at the heart of what it means to “experiment.” The process so far has revealed new ideas and forms, has taught us something about writing, dialogue and each other. By this reckoning, *floor* has been a success. But we also believe that the final form should offer something to the reader, that it should reveal possibilities and invite the reader to engage with it in a collaborative relationship as well, whether through simple reading or formal response, such as direction or staging. In this way, the text moves beyond private correspondence and toward public forum, beyond “our” exchange toward invitation and offering; once it is published, it moves into the larger social world as another starting point.

Our first exchange with each other was of reading material, tentative offerings of texts which revealed something about each other’s affinities. From these works, we began the first epistolary stages of composition, in a sense like driving with our eyes closed. Trust is important when exchanging fragmented exploratory bits of writing, since one must trust not only in one’s collaborative partner but also in the process, that it will yield discovery. That we exchange writing through e-mail adds to the impression of working blind because the dialogue is restricted to written text and we cannot read nonverbal signs or inflection.

For us, editing is an integral part of the investigation. During the process of editing—which for us means reading, finding threads, cutting up the manuscript (literally, with scissors) and arranging it on the floor of a Brooklyn apartment—ideas emerge from the murky first stages of exchange. Our eyes open to what is becoming; we slowly orient ourselves in an unfamiliar landscape. As we rework the text, the landscape changes, yielding new forms and new possibilities all along.

Since we are working side by side during editing, the dialogue is intensified, we are better able to “read” one another and, therefore, better able to read the evolving text. And, on a personal level, *floor* has enriched our friendship and given us a vehicle for mutual understanding. Collaboration has moved beyond the boundaries of a discrete project and has begun to permeate dialogue in general, the two terms “dialogue” and “collaboration” becoming more synonymous all the time. When we are around one another, corresponding through e-mail or talking on the telephone, collaboration is present because dialogue is present, all that is incumbent upon us is to bring our attention to it. We hope that *floor* continues to evolve and that its scope continues to grow, spreading the spirit of collaboration to its readers.

February 21-23, 2002

RACHEL: How interesting for us to look at this piece now after nearly four years from writing it. Mostly my experience with editors vis-à-vis my collaborations is total rejection. Like experiments, they're difficult to promote/sell because the reader in a way must read them 'as collaborations' in the way that translations, even the best translations (like the Moncrieff/Kilmarten edition of Proust's volumes, or the recent Joris translations of Celan, although some of Rosmarie Waldrop's translations—recently I am reading Oskar Pastior—seem transcendent) must be read 'as translation.' That said, the analogy can go further, translations get translator's notes, collaborations, it makes sense, would get collaborators' notes.

I've just reread the prose version of this piece. First off I am struck by how "strident" it is. The idea was to track the emotions through this process of transition, us as friends separating, me separating from Boulder (with which I had an ambivalent relationship always), to maintain a connection, communication across the transition by this e-mail collaboration. I remember I often had to take away those stupid little e-mail arrows you get when you go back and forth within the same e-mail thread. That was annoying. Annoyance seems to be the tone of the piece, and an almost mutual obsession with protruding things. I had a girlfriend with a really big dick at the time, was that what I was thinking about? Or was it more the masculinist Rockies, and nature of things in Boulder—you know, force, forcing oneself to run up a mountain...

LAURA: And here I am, having just in fact run up a mountain as a detour to the library, looking at those stupid little e-mail arrows and trying to remember *where* in fact I was/we were during that collaboration. My little office at Naropa and missing you, Rachel, terribly when you'd just left Boulder. Having no one to talk to, or the illusion of no one. Frustration and excuses, I think I was writing. There is something terribly romantic in the notion of collaboration (sort of like the idea of playing duets with a lover), which never works out as planned.

Here are my notes in response to specific questions. Feel free to delete the boring stuff (at least 1/2 of it) and comment or change or add to anything:

What constitutes a collaboration?

Collaboration involves a dialogue or interchange between the work of two (or among more than two) artists. Sometimes the artists are communicating, ~~a sort of~~ back and forth, and sometimes it is the work itself that is going back and forth, and mutating as it comes into contact with different minds, different modes, ~~Triggers~~ chiggers, etc. Missing someone, loving someone's writing, loving someone and wanting your writing to be as close to their writing as you want to be close to them; needing to escape a rut, wanting to be more various, wanting to play, needing distraction at work (appreciating annoyance).

Collaborative process:

Seems to work easiest back and forth: leaving poetry on doors, sending via e-mail or snail-mail, swapping pages back and forth.

How time & timing inform the work:

On the spot collaborations tend to be ~~crazier, sillier~~ (the most uncomfortable because you don't have time to rationalize the other person's voice). In a sense, though, more "true." Back and forth exchanges that take place over a more extended period of time sometimes lose momentum, often are more influenced by external events in both collaborators' lives (include distance and the psychology of distancing).

Editing collaboratively:

Can be an adventure, cutting things out, rearranging the poem all over the floor. Or one person edits, the other re-edits until both are in some sort of agreement. Once wrote a collaborative poem alternating typed lines, and my collaborator kept deleting a line I kept typing. I finally re-inserted it as an epigraph. Hard not to feel like you're stepping on toes making editorial suggestions, especially cutting things. Editing ~~works a lot better done together, in person, with some discussion of the shared vision of the final work.~~ (works best as an exchange of astonishment and trust).

Its relationship to country/ society/ geography:

The piece written with Rachel was partly a mode of dealing with physical absence, and a way of communicating through separation in space. (Collapsing of physical space.)

Issues of ownership or control:

Collaboration is a good way to make oneself address the idea of ownership, which ~~is a deadly concept for writing~~ (has nothing to do with writing). Collaboration forces one to see the extent to which one does not own one's writing—just as one does not own one's body—yet is responsible for it and its actions.

Expectations:

~~Need to be explicit, agreed on in advance.~~ It's great when you get to the point where you forget who wrote what.

Quality of collab. vs. "solo" work:

Collaborative work is often less ~~cohesive~~ (personally "meaningful"/harder to direct) than individual writing, but it need not be so. Editing is easier of solo work, so collaborations often end up less polished than they should.

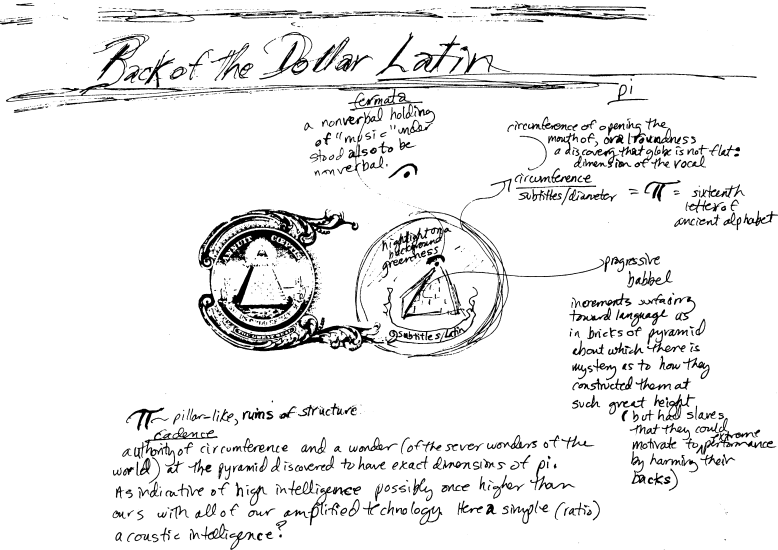
Collaborative writing vs. collaborations between media:

Fewer control issues—but difficult to make it a real collaboration. Easy to have two media side by side, but to be collaborative, the two need to interact, influence each other, be changed by each other, not just co-exist.

E-mail vs. printed text or snail-mail:

E-mail gives one seclusion and privacy while still some sense of immediacy. Also more on the fly or off-the-cuff, so can be brilliant or inane. Handing pages back and forth makes me a bit shy, but intensely involved in the work, and in what the other person is doing. It's easier to sort of ignore what the other is doing and do one's own thing with any method where you're not simultaneously present during the writing. E-mail has about quadrupled the amount of collaborative writing I do, as it's so convenient. The editing process is, however, an issue.

(Note: No one has discussed real-time collaboration on the telephone—an idea Camille Roy shared with Rachel Levitsky recently. Rachel found it most challenging and exciting, pushing all the issues of trust, time, ownership, to the max.)



I was very concerned about the Dollar being changed over to not having the old symbolism on it at the time. Thought it meant something about our inability to read images and symbols and with all the graphics and visual literacy required it just seemed to make us more blind. All the billboards going by without interpretation other than a commercial meaning. I wondered what it would be like to grow up outside of capitalism, but can't really know now, it is too ingrained in me. I've since then tried to understand socialist realist painting and I find it just as blind, but a bit more intriguing because of the musculature and glory in labor, which we seem to deny here entirely in a visual sense.

This text was entirely collaborative and oral, and was commissioned (1996-1997) for choreographer Douglas Dunn's dance company with composer Joshua Fried's headphone-driven vocal score. Joshua composed a wonderful piece of music called the *Axis Theme*, which he built from refracted pitches in my voice as I was recording this text. The other text I wrote for inside the performer's headphones so the audience only heard phonetic shapes of the emotions I was texting. The headphone texts were never 'written' and were created collaboratively with Joshua Fried who does not use written scores but creates from recordings.

This text would surface about 2/3 of the way through the dance performance and would be the only 'legible' text of the entire performance. The dance was presented in New York at the Kitchen and at the Lincoln Center Outdoor Serious Fun series and Lincoln Center Bang on a Can Festival, and Joshua has toured with excerpts of the score to I don't know where since then...but I've lately had a yearning to work from recordings again, as it started me off making cassettes for composers I work with where I'd perform all the parts in my apartment on a tiny recorder. I tried not using a recorder one time last year and it was a disaster. The composer couldn't hear anything I was doing just from the page.

When Paul Vangelisti and I embarked upon the project that we now call *November*, we were inviting the uncertainty of a year to form the content of a work that initially had only a few structural rules. We had wanted the overall work to be both a conversation of sorts, and something else that only the writing could determine.

So during the first quarter, when Paul would arrive at my house for our weekly dinners, to which were invited a number of our poet and artist friends, I would hand him a nine-line poem. On Saturday he would hand me his nine-line response. During the second quarter, we would exchange poems on Friday, and those poems would be more generally responsive to the project. For the third quarter Paul took the lead on Fridays and I'd respond on Saturday. And the final quarter was done as the second was.

Besides the nine-line designation, we allowed that footnotes could be added. (If you're aware of my book *Credence*, you'll see *November* as the continuation of the annotation habit. Also, in Paul's *The Book of Life*, footnotes are used in the third, or "Paradise," section of that long poem.) The rest was left to our lives, our sometimes consonant and sometimes dissonant aesthetics, and the world in all of its micro- and macrocosmic complications.

In all the obvious ways, I would say that *November* is a collaboration. That is, Paul and I collaborated on the formation and execution of the project. It is a structural collaboration. But it was also a conversation, a dialogue. Is a conversation a collaboration? I suppose it is, in the way that a conspiracy can be said to be collaborative.

At this point, both of us feel that the book is a bit slack in the center. Why haven't we fixed it? Perhaps because editing it would be like editing a conversation. Perhaps because it has been difficult to imagine where any or all of the project might be published (until now). Perhaps because the public reading we gave of the whole piece at Kanessa Park in San Francisco seemed to be its final manifestation. Or maybe we both got busy.

Dennis Phillips

The only thing I might underscore is that the time factor here, the weekly output at the end of the work week, informs the work as much as memory or meditation might. It is that part of writing, like staring at the same scene outside one's window day after day, that yields results—the absolute arbitrariness of something like time (emit spelled backwards) or an alphabet, or a nine-line stanza that allows the ghosts to speak.

Paul Vangelisti

Carla found herself writing ‘see games’ when she was working on her book *The Words: after Carl Sandburg’s Rootabaga Stories and Jean-Paul Sartre*. She proceeded then to write games in order to see them. The writing of the games suggested a potential collection or book of games. *The Games* evolved into an image-text collaboration between Carla and Amy, whose bundling of artifacts in her collages produce surprising interventions within the realm of symbolic meaning-making; representations of archaic things that might typically be thought to be fixed in meaning become material for a semiotic and abstract play.

Openings are made, or preserved, between analytical and sensory information, as well as between abstraction and representation in both Carla’s writing and Amy’s collages. To varying degrees and when taking the existing work as a whole, the mutual exploration of the game as a concept involves a fundamental engagement with pre-existing materials (idiom, artifact), chance events (imagination, accident, materials at hand), and indeterminate (unfixed and uncategorizable) outcomes. The concept of ‘game’ and values of collaboration are closely linked in this ongoing work.

The collaboration, then, began with the sense of the written word as under construction and the visual work as also under construction. The visual was not meant to illustrate the verbal and the verbal was not meant to illustrate the visual. In Amy’s initial encounter with the prose, she found a hybrid planet of shifting cinematic ideas. The complex visual and psychological connotations written into *The Games* spurred a flood of collage responses. Eventually between the two artists and disciplines, a porosity evolved, which allowed the dialogue to move in both directions—from writing to collage to writing and back.

The Games collaboration continues to evolve. Exhibition and publishing have been occasions to assemble *The Games* in different formats. Excerpts have appeared as a website collaboration (with a third collaborator, the web master, Deb King) in Marks(s). There will soon be a poster of *The Games* from !Factorial press!

Relationships of text to image change from occasion to occasion. That the work can accommodate numerous forms of presentation suggests questions about our image-text collaboration. Will it end? Does it have a final form?¹ The works’ vortices of non-linearity, and its extensive openness to potential juxtaposition, suggests more possible realizations of *The Games* than can be achieved in fact. There is something vertiginous, productively uncomfortable, about such an open and abundant collaboration. The opportunities for *The Games* in its varied public faces will plausibly affect our mode of working on *The Games* in the future as text and images continue to multiply. ‘Seeing games’ has taken on its own labyrinthine logic, a logic which includes the collaboration’s intricate role in our long-distance friendship.

Our work on the page has already exploded into three dimensions with multiple collaborations, as dramaturge, playwright and visual artist in productions of theater and new opera work. Our theater history began with a week-long I.O.U. Poet’s Theater workshop and now includes two productions of the Erling Wold opera based on the Max Ernst collage-novel, *A Little Girl Dreams of Taking the Veil*. *The Games* collaboration was exhibited as a 22’ long accordion book at The ODC Gallery in San Francisco during the run of the Ernst opera.

YOKO ONO

PAINTING TO BE CONSTRUCTED IN YOUR HEAD

Observe three paintings carefully.
Mix them well in your head.

1962 spring

PROMISE PIECE

Promise.

This was first performed in Jeanette Cochrane Theatre in London, 1966. Yoko Ono, as the last piece of the night, broke a vase on the stage and asked people to pick up the pieces and take them home, promising that they would all meet again in 10 years time with the pieces and put the vase together again. Second performance was by a male performer in Tokyo calling a female performer in New York, 1964, at the Plaza Hotel; third performance by a solo performer calling a person in Kitazawa flat, 1962; fourth performance by a man in Chinatown phone booth, New York, calling a person at Chambers Street loft, New York, 1961, fifth performance, an elephant in Paris calling a parrot in New Guinea, 1959—all calls being about future meetings. Call or write about future meetings or any other plans.

QUESTION PIECE

Question.

This piece, was first performed in Tokyo, 1962, Sogetsu Art Center, by two people on stage asking questions to each other and not answering. At the time it was done in French, but it can be done in any language or in many different languages at one time. The piece is meant for a dialogue or a monologue of continuous questions, answered only by questions. It was also performed in English on Voice of America Radio Program, Tokyo, 1964, and in Japanese on NTV (Japanese Television) by six children from the audience, 1964.

To the Wesleyan People (who attended the meeting).
—a footnote to my lecture of January 13th, 1966.

[*an excerpt*]

XXXXXXXXXXXXXX

My paintings, which are all instruction paintings (and meant for others to do), came after collage and assemblage (1915) and happening (1905) came into the art world. Considering the nature of my painting, any of the above three words or a new word can be used instead of the word, painting. But I like the old word painting because it immediately connects with “wall painting” painting, and it is nice and funny.

Among my instruction paintings, my interest is mainly in “painting to construct in your head.” In your head, for instance, it is possible for a straight line to exist—not as a segment of a curve but as a straight line. Also, a line can be straight, curved and something else at the same time. A dot can exist as a 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, dimensional object all at the same time or at various times in different combinations as you wish to perceive. The movement of the molecule can be continuum and discontinuum at the same time. It can be with colour and/or without. There is no visual object that does not exist in comparison to or simultaneously with other objects, but these characteristics can be eliminated if you wish. A sunset can go on for days. You can eat up all the clouds in the sky. You can assemble a painting with a person in the North Pole over a phone, like playing chess. The painting method derives from as far back as the time of the Second World War when we had no food to eat, and my brother and I exchanged menus in the air.

There may be a dream that two dream together, but there is no chair that two see together.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXX

I think it is possible to see a chair as it is. But when you burn the chair, you suddenly realize that the chair in your mind did not burn or disappear. The world of construction seems to be the most tangible, and therefore final. This made me nervous. I started to wonder if it were really so.

Isn't a construction a beginning of a thing like a seed? Isn't it a segment of a larger totality, like an elephant's tail? Isn't it something just about to emerge—not quite structured—never quite structured ... like an unfinished church with a sky ceiling? Therefore, the following works:

A venus made of plastic, except that her head is to be imagined.

A paper ball and a marble book, except that the final version is the fusion of these two objects which come into existence only in your head.

A marble sphere (actually existing) which, in your head, gradually becomes a sharp cone by the time it is extended to the far end of the room.

A garden covered with thick marble instead of snow—but like snow, which is to be appreciated only when you uncover the marble coating.

One thousand needles: imagine threading them with a straight thread.

XXXXXXXXXX

I would like to see the sky machine on every corner of the street instead of the coke machine. We need more skies than coke.

XXXXXXX

Dance was once the way people communicated with God and godliness in people. Since when did dance become a pasted-face exhibitionism of dancers on the spotlighted stage? Can you not communicate if it is totally dark?

If people make it a habit to draw a somersault on every other street as they commute to their office, take off their pants before they fight, shake hands with strangers whenever they feel like, give flowers or part of their clothing on streets, subways, elevator, toilet, etc., and if politicians go through a tea house door (lowered, so people must bend very low to get through) before they discuss anything and spend a day watching the fountain water dance at the nearest park, the world business may slow down a little but we may have peace.

To me this is dance.

SALLY PICCIOTTO (with input from Lindsay Sworski)
Thoughts on collaborating as a dance collective

Considering that even a two-person collaboration can be problematic, how does a collective of eight artists accomplish anything? Naturally, sharing a common aesthetic (and having a sense of “play” in our rehearsals) helps, but each of us brings a different type of training (modern and post-modern dance techniques, contact improvisation, gymnastics, theatre, voice) to the work we do. From these different backgrounds, we have purposefully developed a sense of unity: much of our work is based on ensemble improvisation skills that we have refined together in our weekly rehearsal/meetings. Conflicts inevitably arise, but humor heals many rifts that could cripple a collective. In practice, however, GROUP’s compatibility rests on two fortunate facts: our personalities mesh well and our talents complement one another’s. We all play slightly different roles within the collective, but each of us respects everyone else’s abilities. From this base of belief in and support for one another, we can focus on creating art.

One creative process that we have found useful is what we call the “juxtaposed solos” structure. Each of us choreographs a short solo. Then, two dancers perform their solos simultaneously for the rest of the group. The spectators then suggest different starting positions, and the overlapping solos are shown again, while everyone attempts to find spatial or kinetic relationships between the dancers. Once we find an aesthetically pleasing arrangement for the duet, we can choreograph (or improvise) around these set phrases. This process ensures that everyone contributes artistically, since each dancer creates his or her own movements while the spectators become directors and choreographers.

Surprisingly, we work better as a group of eight than we do in a smaller group. After an initial period during which attendance was consistent, both Amber and Lindsay left town for three months. The rest of us struggled to hold a few rehearsals—and even these were not especially productive. Without two of our most playful members to invigorate us, we seemed unable, or perhaps simply unmotivated, to create much; their return resulted in a flurry of creative productivity. Currently, with both Sally and Lindsay away from the San Diego area, we have started experimenting with long-distance participation: writing collaborative e-mail dances, giving assignments for the rehearsals in San Diego. For example, Lindsay initiated a series of “dance libs,” where parts of speech are filled in without knowledge of the context, resulting in surreal descriptions of potential dances. Another approach to long-distance participation was our “Simultaneous Tour” on the first of September, 2001. We knew we would all be apart on that day, so we agreed that at noon in our respective time zones, each of us would perform an informal solo. Thus a rolling international performance took place in Germany, Denmark, Italy, London, New England, Washington, Huntington Beach, and San Diego. Our physical distance from one another was in contrast to our proximity in intention. Hence we are learning to capitalize on distance rather than allowing it to be an obstacle to our collaborative efforts.

Lindsay observes that “collaboration is another word for relationship, just a relationship with something to show for itself, some product. The great skill in either one is to keep true to yourself and your own desires and personality, *and* also give in to the dynamic of the group and the collective purpose, filling in where needed to make the group thrive. I just think it’s quite amazing that we have a group of eight of us who are adept at this skill.” That is, although we all contribute to the artistic progress of the collective, we must exert conscious and concerted effort not to be driven by our individual egos. Sometimes, if we need it, one of us will take on the responsibilities of a “director,” but this is a fluid role. We are willing to accept the judgement of a temporary director because as improvisers, we understand the positive potential that is inherent in not controlling the outcome. Hence, each of us chooses to do what GROUP needs us to do, and GROUP lets all of us do what we need to do.

EILEEN TABIOS

Six Directions' Sonoma Report

13 March, 2002

Dear Six Directions Poets
cc: 'Wedding Sponsors'

On March 12, 2002, I 'married' Mr/s Poetry in Sonoma, California. Thank you very much for attending my wedding by sending me your poems. This ceremony was like a Las Vegas post-elopement rite; a larger wedding will take place again in August at the Pusod Gallery in Berkeley, California when *Poems Form/From The Six Directions* will be exhibited for the second time. Meanwhile, I wanted to send a brief report on the Poem Tree ritual that just transpired.

As you know, the wedding rite introduced the Poem Tree installation. Poem Tree references the Filipino wedding tradition of guests pinning money on the bride and groom's clothes during the wedding celebration to offer financial aid for the new couple's life together. Poem Tree is pinned with printouts of poems to symbolize my commitment, or 'marriage,' to Poetry, as well as the notion that Poetry also feeds the world. Reflecting another Six Directions concept of integrating the (external) world into the (internal) world of my poetry, all of the poems are written and were sent by other poets from around the world.

I originally envisioned your poems to be printed out and then pinned onto the dress. Three days before the rite, I reconsidered this notion. For purposes of the exhibited installation, the dress will be pinned with your poems. But for the wedding 'happening,' I decided that audience members should take your poems home to serve as souvenirs that hopefully remind them to remain/become involved in poetry. (In my original wedding, I handed out candied nuts in lace wrappers; I think a poem is much sweeter). I hoped that their bringing home an object, a poem from Six Directions, would strengthen the memory of what they experienced that day as we celebrated the joy of Poetry, and perhaps help integrate poetry into their daily lives. (Perhaps your poems are now hanging from someone's refrigerator door!)

So, for the Sonoma wedding printouts, I shaped out a section of paper (the size of a Philippine peso bill) featuring the title and author of the poem. I cut out those sections ahead of time and attached them to the poem with a small pin. During the wedding rite, each audience member detached a section and pinned it onto the wedding dress. The process allowed the participant to enact the Filipino wedding tradition of pinning money (poems) onto the dress, while still enabling the participant to retain the poem.

I originally intended to cut out the 65 x 160 mm pieces of paper from brown paper bags. I liked the idea of transforming detritus into art, of recycling, and of the coincidence that the color of brown bags symbolizes the *kayumangí* or brown skin of Filipinos. But, by coincidence, I had run out of paper bags. I could have bought brown paper to achieve a similar effect, but I didn't like the idea of acquiring new

paper (cutting down new trees) rather than recycling. The intent of Six Directions is for Poetry to feed the world, not eat the world (so to speak).

Thus, I chose instead to section out an area from the printouts of the poems. I had printed your poems out on yellow paper because I liked the Buddhist notion of gold symbolizing consciousness. What were pinned, therefore, on my dress were yellow/gold paper, rather than the brown pieces of paper whose color would have symbolized the Filipino. But I thought this result is still fine as I don't think that the search for one's cultural or indigenous roots necessarily means dismissing other cultures.

I also added real dollar bills to some of the handouts. So some audience participants received real money during the process of picking out a handout from a randomly-ordered stack. I used real money to give away to reflect how the decision to live and work as a poet exacts very real financial sacrifices. We are not yet, after all, at that highly-evolved state where we can use a poem to pay for rent.

It's worth noting that the manifestation of the wedding rite at Sonoma was created as a result of discussions with various Sonoma participants, including Professor Leny Strobel, Natalie Concepcion and Sonoma Intercultural Center Director Darius Spearman. The wedding rite is expected to take another form during the Pusod Center exhibit in August—September 2002, based on decisions by the Pusod staff and its volunteers. I wanted it to happen this way, as I viewed my role as having offered a poem, a space, for the reader/audience's interpretation by offering the Six Directions' concepts. The different manifestations of the wedding rite are, for me, similar to how the same poem(s) can be read in a multiplicity of ways.

Lastly, this Six Directions project could continue (I've already been approached by another school about it) in a number of other forms in the future. So I could be marrying Mr/s Poetry several times. I think that's appropriate because, as I joked to a friend, I decided to marry 'Poetry' so I can marry as many people as possible. This relates to how Poetry can be about anything and everything.

I hope you had a good time reading this report. Thanks so much again for sending me your poems without which Six Directions and the Poem Tree would not be as marvelous.

All Best,
Eileen Tabios

KEITH WALDROP

Titles for Sale

About the Ninth Hour
Adam Insomniac
After his Excommunication
Again with a Loud Voice
An Ass for the Ruins
Anna Graham
Another North
Basement Membrane
Became a Vineyard
Bertha Embodied
A Body of Foot
Born Again Trauma
Brick Seats
Bundle Theory
Chance Cat
Chimneys and Fountains
Communion in Both Kinds
Crusader Rabble
Dawn Monkey
Dead Men's Shoes
Dead Men's Shoe-buckles
Dowry and Crown
Du Rêve à l'État Pur
An Enemy of Judgment
Event Horizon
Excellent Baked Bricks
Ferdinand Lord Strange: a biography
Filthy Spirits
Having Outgrown Gowns: an autobiography
Heidegger & Handel: a baroque performance
Hey-rick-a-rick
History is Hitler
Horizontal Explications
Hostile Infinities
How a Halo is Lost
An Idealized Bust of Mary Baker Eddy
Impeccable Lies
Importances
Imp Village
Hippocamp & Amygdala
India Birds
In the Phiery Phurnace
Lumps and Filaments

Magic Songs
Montague Grammar
Mors Improvisa
My Lady My Lonesome
Necessary Defeat
Never Mine
Of Edge-Grinding
Off-Edge Grinding
Orris from Iris
Outguessing the Mantle
Pathetic Chiaroscuro
Rather Than
Reasons for Melancholy
Relative Humility
The Revelation-Effect
Screen Memories of a Heavy Smoker
The Second Hand
Seminal Reasons
Shadow at Length: a poem containing history
Sin-Cushions
Skeleton Family
Some Little Opening
So Much Per Inch
Song in Lieu of Ornaments
Spacetime Flat
Their Wanton Color
Tooth Enamel: an original tune
To See the Seer
Ui (Fgst) Hhh
Were you Present in Person
A World Safe for Hypocrisy

Contributors

Rachel Bers will receive her M.F.A. from the Rhode Island School of Design this Spring. Her work can be seen in the upcoming exhibit *The Mark* at the Hera Gallery in Wakefield, Rhode Island and in the files of the Boston Drawing Project at the Bernard Toale Gallery in Boston, Massachusetts.

Kristin P. Bradshaw lives in Queens, New York and holds an M.F.A. from Brown University. Apart from collaborating with Cole Heinowitz, she also writes with the FireCircle Arts Collaborative in New York City.

Mary Downing has worked as a theater director in Boston, New York and San Francisco. Mary has also worked extensively on the development of new plays including *Come On In, the Water's Fine*, by English playwright Deb Wain, as well as established works, ranging from Sophocles to Beckett. Most recently, Mary began writing and made her debut with, *Sterile Dreaming*, which was presented as part of the San Francisco Fringe Festival. Mary is currently working on two collaborative projects: *No Surprises: Thesis, Antithesis, Synthesis, Prosthesis, A Body Politics for the 21st Century* and *floor*.

Patrick F. Durgin is the author of *Pundits Scribes Pupils* (Potes & Poets, 1998) and *Sorter* (Duration Press*, 2001). Recent work can be seen in issues of *Chain*, *Crayon*, and *Lipstick Eleven*, and his dialogue with Andrew Levy is published in the second issue of *Antennae*. He is currently working on critical/theoretical/practical essays on poets Lyn Hejinian, Nathaniel Mackey, and Jackson Mac Low, as well as studying the wealth of Jamaican popular musics from the mid-20th century on.

Michael Gizzi is the author of numerous books of poetry including most recently *My Terza Rima* (The Figures, 2001) and *No Both* (Hard Press/The Figures, 1997). An editor, publisher and teacher, he is co-founder of Qua Books, which published John Ashbery's *When Umbrellas Follow Rain* in 2001. He lives in the Berkshires.

E. Tracy Grinnell is the author of *music or forgetting* (O Books, 2001). Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *syllogism*, *Combo*, *Rhizome*, *Chain*, *Conundrum*, *26*, *Washington Square*, and *Primary Writing*. She lives in Brooklyn and edits *Aufgabe*.

GROUP is a collective of post-modern dancer-performers consisting of Amber Largent, Andrew Wass, Colleen Phillips, Lindsay Sworski, Margaret Paek, Rikke Jeppeson, Sally Picciotto, and Todd Bennett. GROUP formed in late 2000, produced its first evening-length show (*Maiden Voyage*) in the summer of 2001 at Sushi Performance and Visual Art in San Diego, and was commissioned by San Diego Dance Theater to make a half-evening work (*Buenas Noches*) for Entre Lineas 2002, a cross-border collaboration. Currently, two members participate from a distance.

Lisa Hargon-Smith received an M.F.A. at Colorado State University and is current-

ly living in Athens, Georgia. She experiments with collage, plays organ in a band called Paper, and writes.

Jordan Harrison is a Seattle native. A recipient of the Lucille Lortel Playwriting Fellowship, his plays have been seen and developed at the Flea Theater, the Vital Theatre Company, and Stanford Department of Drama. His short film, *Sneeze*, recently won the Audio Services Award at the New School Invitational Film Festival. This spring, his latest play, *Kid-Simple: a radio play in the flesh*, was performed in Brown University's New Plays Festival.

Carla Harryman's most recent books are *Gardener of Stars* (Atelos, 2001) and *The Words: after Carl Sandburg's Rootabab Stories and Jean-Paul Sartre* (O Books, 1999). Amy Trachtenberg and Jim Cave are currently collaborating with Carla on a San Francisco-based interdisciplinary production of her performance work, *Performing Objects Stationed in the Sub World*, which was also staged recently at Zeigist Theater in Detroit.

Cole Heinowitz is the author of *Daily Chimera* (Incommunicado Press, 1995) and *Stunning in Muscle Hospital* (Detour Press, 2002). She is currently finishing a doctoral dissertation on the birth of modern liberalism from the cadaver of Latin America during the Enlightenment. She lives in Providence Rhode Island, where she teaches Spanish.

Jen Hofer divides her time between Mexico City and Los Angeles. She is currently editing and translating *Houses Small and Defiant/Casas pequeñas y desafiantes*, an anthology of contemporary poetry by Mexican women that will be co-published in 2003 by University of Pittsburgh Press and Ediciones Sin Nombre. Her translations and poems can be found in recent or shortly forthcoming issues of *Antennae*, *Conundrum*, *Kenning*, *Lipstick Eleven*, *PomPom* and *Provincetown Arts Journal*, and in issue #139 of *A.BACUS*, entitled "Laws." Her first book of poems, *Slide Rule*, is just out from Subpress.

Nelson Howe has had many one-man shows in New York City as well as museums throughout the US, including the Little Gallery of the Minneapolis Museum of Art and the Yonkers Museum in Yonkers, New York. His many group shows include OK Harris Gallery, New York, and the Traveling Show of Assemblages of the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

Laura Klein graduated from the College of William & Mary with a B.A. in English and Theatre. She is a member of the theatre company *proto-type*, which recently produced her play, *The Twilight Series: A Play about Killing Time*, for HERE's American Living Room Festival. She has worked with Lois Weaver & Peggy Shaw of the Split Britches, Swedish storytellers Peppe Ostensson & Maria Winton and Sander Hicks of Soft Skull Press.

Rachel Levitsky lives in Brooklyn, New York. She organizes *Belladonna**, a matrix (readings, publications, salons) of innovative feminist poetics. Her first book, *Landscapes*, will be out this Fall from Futurepoem—an earlier version is online at Duration Press* under the earlier title *Realism*.

Ruth Margraff has been the recipient of a Jerome Fellowship, McKnight Advancement Grant, TCG/ITI Grant, Bellagio artist residency in Italy, NYSCA Individual Artist Grant, NEA/TCG Playwrighting Residency with HERE Arts, and three Rockefeller commissions. Ruth teaches playwriting currently at Brown and Yale School of Drama and is a national member of New Dramatists.

Laura Mullen is the author of *The Surface* (U. Illinois, 1991) and *After I Was Dead* (U. Georgia, 1999), and a book-length “post-modern gothic,” *Tales of Horror* (Kelsey St. Press, 1999). Her work has recently appeared in *Chain*, *Fracture*, *Ploughshares*, and on *Black Ice* at the AltX site.

Beth Murray was born in Chicago in 1967. She received an M.F.A. from the University of Illinois-Chicago in photography and performance. Her books of poetry are *Hope Eternity Seen on the Hip of a Rabbit* (a+bend), *Spell* and *Into the Salt* (lucinda). She lives in Oakland where she edits *The San Jose Manual of Style* with her husband, David Larsen.

Yoko Ono's work has included instructions, installations, postcards, compositions, text, recordings, collaborations, films, and more. YES YOKO ONO, the first large-scale multimedia retrospective of her work, will travel through 2003 to various North American cities.

Randee Paufve is a dancer, choreographer and teacher in Oakland, California. Her latest project, *In Exhale*, a concert of new and repertory works, will take place this September in San Francisco. Randee currently teaches on the dance faculty of UC Davis.

Dennis Phillips' latest book of poetry, *SAND*, will be out from Green Integer in the summer of 2002. He teaches writing and literature at Art Center College of Design, and in the Graduate Writing Program at Otis College of Art and Design. He lives in Pasadena, which is close to work but too far from the ocean.

Brian Strang, co-editor of *26* magazine, lives in San Francisco and teaches English composition at San Francisco State University. He is the author of *movement of avenues in rows*, (a+bend), *A Draft of L. Cavatinas* (*Letters to Ez*), (*Potes and Poets*), *normal school: homage à Beckett* (lyric&) and *machinations* (Duration Press*). Some of his recent writing has appeared in *Arc*, *Scout*, *Fourteen Hills* and *Moria* and is forthcoming in *Ur Vox*.

Eileen Tabios received the Philippines' 1998 National Book Award for poetry for her first poetry collection, *Beyond Life Sentences*. In 2002, she will release a collection of prose poems inspired by the visual arts and postcolonial poetics entitled *Reproductions of the Empty Flagpole* (Marsh Hawk Press, New York).

Amy Trachtenberg works across several disciplines and formats as a visual artist, painter, book cover and theater designer and arts educator. Public art projects in the Bay Area include 24 street posters called *The Natural History of Market Street* for SF Arts Commission and a permanent environmental installation at Oakland Children's

Hospital. Other collaborations with poets include *We Address*, an image-text piece with Norma Cole in *Zzyzzyva*, and design for *Goya's LA*, a play by Leslie Scalapino.

Keith Waldrop's recent books include *Haunt*, the trilogy: *The Locality Principle*, *The Silhouette of the Bridge* (America Award, 1997) and *Semiramis, If I Remember, Well Well Reality* (with Rosmarie Waldrop), and the novel, *Light While There Is Light*. He has translated a number of contemporary French poets, including Anne-Marie Albiach, Claude Royet-Journoud, Dominique Fourcade, Paol Keineg, and Jean Grosjean. He teaches at Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island, and is co-editor of Burning Deck Press.

Rosmarie Waldrop's most recent books of poems are *Reluctant Gravities* (New Directions, 1999), *Split Infinites* (Singing Horse Press, 1998), and *Another Language: Selected Poems* (Talisman House, 1997). Northwestern has reprinted her two novels, *The Hanky of Pippin's Daughter* and *A Form/Of Taking/It All* in one paperback. She has translated Edmond Jabès, Jacques Roubaud, Emmanuel Hocquard, and, from the German, Friederike Mayröcker, Elke Erb, Oskar Pastior, etc. She lives in Providence, Rhode Island, where she co-edits Burning Deck Press with Keith Waldrop.

Craig Watson is the author of *Free Will* (Roof Books), *Picture of the Picture of the Image in the Glass* (O Books) and *After Calculus* (Burning Deck), among other books. He and Michael Gizzi also collaborate on their press, Qua Books, which published *As Umbrellas Follow Rain* by John Ashbery in 2001.

Gary Winter's plays have been produced at The Cherry Lane Alternative (*Golem* and *Dead Reckoning*), HERE Art Center (*Ominous Bastard Of Czsberpishnek*), and The Flea (*Aeneas*). He is the recipient of a Righteous Person's Fellowship, a Dasha-Epstein Fellowship, and a Dramatists Guild Fellowship. Gary is the Literary Manager of the Bat Theater Company in New York City.

Laura E. Wright co-curates the Left Hand Reading Series in Boulder, Colorado. She lives with her cat, Sergei Fedorov.

Paul Vangelisti is the author of some twenty books of poetry, as well as being a noted translator from Italian. In 2001, his *Embarrassment of Survival: Selected Poems, 1970-2000* appeared from Marsilio/Agincourt in New York. He has twice been a recipient, in 1981 and 1988, of NEA Writing Fellowships. Since 1984, Vangelisti has taught literature and writing at Otis College of Art & Design, where he is currently the Chair of the Graduate Writing Program.

* Downloadable for free, in pdf format from the Duration Press Bookstore site, on the web at www.durationpress.com/bookstore.

Nothing



edible ever came of it.

