

# peripheries

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a journal of word, image, and  
sound



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## Editor's Foreword

*Peripheries* collects creative work on the peripheries of, or the interstices between, discourses and genres. This fifth edition pursues the interplay between written word, visual image, and sound specifically, with a folio of 'musical events' generously guest-edited by senior sound editors Rebecca Lane and Martine Thomas, to whom we are indebted.

The folio, and this edition, begins with five original John Ashbery poems, typewritten testaments to the influence of classical music. They are copied from an incomplete manuscript housed at Harvard's Houghton library and published here with thanks to the John Ashbery Estate. We also include peripheral material from the archive: a dated log of music he was listening to, and a sealed envelope containing torn scraps of a poem, 'destroyed' at his behest. I urge readers to consult the guest-editors' introduction to the folio for a richer discussion of its scope and context.

The folio's ensuing musical events are interspersed throughout the journal. Some pieces will be readily recognizable, carrying performance notes, instructions to musicians, or musical scores, but as others push the limits of inaudible forms, scores may merge visual art, or logical notation, and dissolve into punctuation marks. Pieces are yet a resource for possible performance to be interpreted by the voice or body, often in community.

Since the folio spans the journal, the reader may attend more acutely than usual to sonic and performative properties throughout, beginning with the "ooh-ooh" in Martha Collins's opening poem, and the birdsong in Harryette Mullen's 'Hopeful Noise'. A debt to music is evident in other contributions, such as Charles O. Hartman's 'Flamenco Sketches: Miles', which duplicates the trumpeter's solo, matching notes with syllables; and in the review of Kythe Heller's *Firebird*, which is accompanied by audiovisuals.

True to this year's theme, *Peripheries* has included sound complements: links to performances, and embedded audio in the digital copy of this journal, which is free to download at [peripheriesjournal.com](http://peripheriesjournal.com)

On the page, senses proliferate: from Donald Revell's appeal to Caravaggio, words compensate for absent visuals: the destroyed paintings of Iranian artist Bahman Mohasses in Darius Atefat-Peckham's 'Memorial Mural for the Persian [Picasso]'; in 'The Work of Art' by Lidia

Yuknavitch, a posted box of photographs and paintings stacked in a barn in Lithuania. Alongside the actual paintings pictured in these pages, many of which are carefully curated by senior image editor Joel Werring, the reader will find visual poetry by Sarah Mangold and Toby Altman, among others.

Senses expand to the chemical and olfactory: the bacon-swaddled heart of Josh Tvrdy or the 365 scents, which Annie Wu recalls over 365 days of her covid-induced loss of smell, Susan Swartz's painting not of but with the media of flowers and fruits, and in Chen Chen's 'night sugar' and 'Quintessence: the Caffeinated', the latter key to the poet's new series, 'the Quintessences'. *Peripheries* is proud to publish original and experimental work from celebrated poets; readers will find excerpts from G. C. Waldrep's new cycle 'Kingdom', which draws on the philosophical theology of George Rapp, the founder of a successful nineteenth-century American utopian community. Throughout the edition, in moments too numerous to list, but which the reader will apprehend, senses pleasingly dilate to the intellectual and spiritual.

"I thought I'd come to the end/ of something..." With these words, Nick Flynn begins our lineup; and "begin" reads the refrain with which Atefat-Peckham closes. As our editorial task ends – and we thank our contributors, our hardworking production team and editors, and our sponsors (we are ever grateful to the Center for the Study of World Religions and the Harvard Divinity School for their ongoing support) – we also thank readers for beginning again where we leave off; for breathing life into the collection by performing, if only with the inner senses of their imaginations, these artworks.

Sherah Bloor,  
Editor-in-Chief

# Folio of Musical Events: An Introduction

How can language be used to initiate a musical event? In this folio of twenty-four artists, a variety of linguistic modes are utilized in the creation of musical scores, from the poetic (Ione) to the technical (Chiari), from the everyday form of a list (Akama) to the erasure of language (Wolowiec). These sit alongside pieces by musicians whose practice encompasses poetry (Christer Hennix) or poets who embed musical references in their writing (Mee Choi).

To begin, we include original manuscripts from John Ashbery's *The Art of Finger Dexterity*, courtesy of the John Ashbery Estate and David Kermani. Ashbery's relationship to music is well known – in an interview with Craig Burnett for *Frieze Magazine* in 2004, Ashbery said, “I think of music first and poetry second. I think of the space in my poetry as a kind of musical space.” In *The Art of Finger Dexterity*, a musical reference is immediately at play in the title. According to Emily Skilling's introduction to the recent publication of this manuscript, Ashbery played Carl Czerny's piano etudes from *The Art of Finger Dexterity* as a child and owned several recordings of them. In fact, Skilling tells us, Ashbery often listened to classical music as he wrote. His husband David Kermani documented this in dated lists of the accompanying piece of music to which Ashbery listened as he wrote. A handful of these lists from the Ashbery archive at Houghton Library are published here for the first time. For an illuminating discussion of Ashbery's library of recorded music, readers should consult Karin Roffman's 2021 article in *Evergreen*: ‘John Ashbery's Music Library: A Playlist’.

Talking with musician Sarah Rothenberg for *Frieze Magazine* in 1992, Ashbery stated, “I try to shape it [the poem] so that it's open-ended, so that different people can make different things out of it according to the set of experiences they bring to reading it.” In his essay *John Ashbery: The One of Fictive Music*, writer Geoff Bouvier calls Ashbery's readers “player/readers” who are “invited to ‘fill in’ what is ‘left out’”.

The autonomy of the player/reader (performer) is particularly activated in a text score. A text score – a term that can be used to describe many of the scores printed here, or elements of them – uses language as the medium by which a potential sound event is initiated. Using language as the primary tool of communication, instead of musical notation, opens up a gap for the performer to “fill in” what is “left out” and make unique

interpretative decisions. The language may be plain, distilled, or oblique; poetic forms may describe an atmosphere or a quality of attention, but the instrumentation or placement in time and space of the sounds may remain undefined. Decisions may need to be negotiated within a group of performers, and anyone could be a performer, as nearly everyone can whistle or use their voice, and any object can make a sound.

Text scores' democratisation of the musical event originates in the Fluxus "event score". Alison Knowles and Yoko Ono come to mind as Fluxus artists who work with sound, but the scores of Italian artist Giuseppe Chiari are less well known. Appearing here is the first English translation for Chiari's "method," *The Breaking* (1963), which outlines the different sonic characteristics of breaking objects as a possible musical event.

For a handful of the scores presented here, the musical material is derived from a pre-existing text. In a performance of Mark So's *Girls on the Run*, Ashbery's poems can be heard quietly across an open space; the ten performers also enact "images" conjured from the poetry. Joe Kudirka's *Below\**, dedicated to So, instructs performers to create sounds, actions or activities that are underneath other sounds, actions or activities, whether environmental, performed, or simply perceived.

In Antoine Beuger's *not wind, fire*, a solo performer silently reads the opening poem of Rumi's Masnavi, *The Song of the Flute* while whistling musical pitches that appear in each word (for example, the notes f, e and d from the word "friend") and making a noise (x) when none appear. Similarly, in Nomi Epstein's *Text Score #3*, a group of vocalists are instructed to silently read a text and, when they encounter certain words or punctuation marks, to make corresponding vocal noises. In *AIR*, Artist Audra Wolowiec erases an original text altogether, leaving only commas that, when read as musical notation, indicate places to breathe.

Sarah Hughes's *Surreal Imaginings of Men* draws from surrealist Leonora Carrington's book *The Hearing Trumpet* to create a graphic/text score that summons two parallel sound worlds – "The Actors" and "The Mise-en-scène". In *Minute-Operas*, Oulipian poet Frédéric Forte constructs a topographic view of the operatic stage and wings, separated by a line, where characters, narratives, set locations, sounds and poetic forms collide in a series of internal dramas. In *Purely Illustrative*, poet Don Mee Choi explores the political implications of song and speech in war. Composer Joy Guidry utilises text and graphics to create a musical situation that illustrates, through sound, the silencing of Black people.

Floating in the background of many of these compositions is the influence of experimental composer-performers John Cage, Christian Wolff and Pauline Oliveros. According to Knowles, many of the Fluxus artists attended Cage's 1958–59 class at The New School. For Wandelweis-

er composer-performers Antoine Beuger, Eva-Maria Houben and Manfred Werder, the silence of Cage's 4'33" was a new starting point for their compositional practice. And the influence of Wolff's *Prose Collection* (1969–1985), easily accessible online, can be felt in the work of Epstein and Kudirka.

Partner and collaborator of Pauline Oliveros, Ione continues their shared exploration of Deep Listening in *The Memory of Now*. Deep Listening is best understood by practicing it, but in a guide to Deep Listening Oliveros observes that “deepest listening is for that which has not yet sounded / Receiving that which is most unfamiliar / learning its space time sound silence dance / Interacting with that which is most familiar / Listening until the newest is learned.” Traces of Deep Listening practice are apparent in *The Archipelago* by Anya Yermakova, Ganavya Doraiswamy and Rajna Swaminathan, particularly in the prompts to listen from different bones of the human body.

While many of the folio's text scores and musical pieces involve collaboration in their performance, *The Archipelago* and *On the Phases of Water* by Jonathan Leal and Michiko Theurer bring collaboration into the score-making process itself. Yermakova, Doraiswamy, and Swaminathan approach collaboration by asking a question that also resonates with this sound folio: “What emerges when we explore the profound fluidity of the spaces within, between, and around us?”

The breath of this field is vast and this small collection does not pretend to be comprehensive. This folio is rather a personal glimpse into the ever-expanding relationship between words, sound and image, taken from our individual bookshelves and shelves of scores, from the musicians we have come to know and whose music we've played. We would both like to thank Editor-In-Chief Sherah Bloor for the invitation to edit this folio for *Peripheries* 5.

Rebecca Lane and Martine Thomas  
Senior Sound Editors





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## Five Poems from *The Art of Finger Dexterity*

John Ashbery

### Flexibility of the L.H. Hand

Whatever our time enjoyed was all right.  
Good to take along. But the botched time, warts  
and all, pitched us a curve out of the blue.

Here, though, we are seeming to be in control. The light dances, people move  
along, the street is here, is ours, you pour some coffee, soon it will be a slightly  
later time and that will be good for us. We cannot see us emerging from the  
traffic light, only that we know where we are onto. In that so much is born,  
is said, and it will all capitalize on our nerves. Exit smiling. None of them  
was singular. You'll have to leave that goat. Sometimes it fall where it wants to,  
prequel, sometimes it dwells in the dormers of suicidal understanding. That's  
how we first figured a way out of it. But then we were magically back inside,  
almost without having moved. That's what it wanted to do to us but didn't dare  
at first. Then it was as if everything happened.

So it was that our druthers descended to us, at the back door to a story. We  
were finished and knew it, but like as not we didn't know it and were unfinished,  
a work of art. That and so much else. Calmly we note that here. It is merry.  
Yet the tide comes in on precise steps and that is to be how we know.

6/9/07

8 Light Articulation of the Left Hand

"He could understand the things at home."

Wallace Stevens, "Things of August"

Scribbled on the expansive mist, the desire  
of many windles to us  
and our "activities," wholesome  
or otherwise. Soon it becomes apparent  
that neither they nor I have any prise

on the fabliau's demands of unity.  
We are aching neither here nor there.  
The tent caterpillars shrug off the tent, and proceed.

Was there a maxillary half-buried in the silt?  
If so, what were we doing in earth-heaven?  
Times came to be, trembled  
on the tilt of a sword's point and slide off  
into the grass. See, there was no warranty.  
It's not like stuff you send away for  
and it comes and you can't remember  
why you ordered it. These, our time, were like grain,  
necessary and inedible. In time the minute palace got chucked.

We were standing on the green, putting,  
and our recollections came to resemble history:  
serious, but not too serious,  
redundant--and so on.

5/24/07



## 16 Alternating Fingers at Speed

When I think about it the total simplicity charms me the way a wreck would, or a wraith. Obviously there's ~~nothing wrong~~ with standing <sup>stet</sup> to one side while the boars brush past, or invoking a ton of nymphs if you want to: that's show business, and horse trading as well. Nor is it bad form to challenge the deity <sup>over</sup> ~~on~~ certain pale attributes emitted but never knowingly received. While there's a dead-letter office one should be gradual in assuming and allocating blame, lest one's last donation loom smallest in the rear-view mirror's tailpiece.

That said, I think there's some point in listening. You may never get <sup>yet</sup> over exactly what it was you wanted to experience, but neither may those who wanted to offend you at all costs when, emerging from the drum in which you had been hiding since World War II, you were struck by the freshness of everything, even the gnats clustered at the hem of a curtain - for some reason, not wanting to get out <sup>confirmed</sup> along with everything else: placid, and ~~comfort~~, but not going to stick around much longer, either, as long as the climate was divided up by an infinite number of propositions whose sum equalled that of the passengers delayed by the strike and anxious to get home early <sup>an</sup> ~~on~~ this night of chiseled dreams taking the helm again, Laodicean, ass between two bundles of hay.

8/12/07  
[NYC]

## Clarity in Velocity

What sadness knows, knowledge knows only  
in it passing, like a large bell  
passing fidgeting others who only signal  
to the past when it is gone  
or waiting there forever.

What I did I did already.  
There is no one to make plain  
particular ivy and so on.

Grief is panoptic and segments every  
past questioning until we come out and admit  
to our day as it won us,  
and make it more interesting than it possibly could have been.  
I love you, school.  
Trespass in shade.

5/15/07

Evenness in Double Runs

O happy something

MusicJA Poems 2010  
- 2011

9/3 - 9/9/10 - Ben Johnston String Quartets (as above) +  
John Cage - Complete String Quartets Vol. II (Arditti Quartet)

10/9 - 10/17/10 - John Cage - Complete String Quartets Vol. I (as above)

→ 11/13/10 - John Cage - as above

11/14/10 - Charles Kocchlin - Quintette Primavera, op. 156; Quintette pour piano et  
Cordes, op. 80 [Acquintaine Chamber Music Center;] [Cybelia 829]  
(JA sick - late Nov → early 2013; not in NY)

2011 3/13/11 G. Scelsi (?) String Quartet # 4, (etc.), Elkhin, Duo, etc..

3/15/11 Bruno Maderna - Quadrivium / Atua / Programma

→ 4/23/11 - Ligeti - Piano + also → 5/18/11

→ 6/22/11 - Ligeti - mostly Piano (various CDs, but lots of vol. 3 (Sony Classical  
set - works for Piano - Studies, Musica ricercata), + on 6/20/11 -  
Keyboard works (vol. 6 - Sony set - w/ harpsichord + organ - ref. to  
"barrel organ" in "Double Whoopie"), + on 6/21/11 - Concertos for cello,  
violin, piano (Boulez Conducts Ligeti" CD - Deutsche Grammophon #439808-2)

(?) 7/24/11 - Ligeti - Melodien / Chamber Concerto / Piano Concerto / Mysterium of the Macabre.  
(The Ligeti Project (Teldec))

Oct. 2011 - early to mid Oct. - NYC - (through 10/29/11)

- Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto # 2 (David Gelub,)

→ through

11/19/11

(Rachmaninoff)

JA had heard this performance <sup>(recording)</sup> at Maureen Rodgers' pianist  
but she wouldn't sell it to JA, so he had Emily Skillings find it on  
Amazon + buy it for him; JA says it made him hear the piece in a  
new way

→ through

12/19/11

(Rachmaninoff) - EXCEPT for 12/6/11 - Robin Holloway's new piece,  
which RH sent on CD to JA - 5<sup>th</sup> Concerto for Orchestra (2009-10) -  
(Boosey + Hawkes promotional "CD")

2012 through 1/18/12

- Rachmaninoff as above, + Prokofiev Piano Music (Marc-André Hamelin  
pianist) [Hyperion CDA 66926]

(JA health issues - May/June 2012)  
+ Feb/March/April - putting Quick Question together)

JA Poems 2008

Music

- 2/15/08 Started w/ his new CD - Bartok's Omar Khayyam  
 [Chandos CHSA 5051 (3)]  
 but switched to: (Bartok "not conducive to writing" - per JA)  
Stefan Wolpe Quartets / Cantata - for voice, voices + instruments  
 ↓ oboe, Cello, Piano + Percussion / String Quartet  
 (WDR / CPO / EMI) CPO 999 090-2
- [same through 2/17/08] [same through 2/25/08]  
 (Cantata)
- 3/30/08 - Stefan Wolpe Quartets (as above) probably replaced the new CD  
 he started with; Donatoni Chamber Music; Algo II; Pol; Refrain IV;  
 (etc.) (Fron Ensemble; Stradivarius STR 33773)
- 4/17/08 - Stefan Wolpe Quartets (as above)
- 4/22/08 - Sandro Goeli piano music, on Franco Donatoni / Sandro Goeli CD -  
 w/ Maria Grazia Bellecchio, piano; D's "Forsythe Variations"; 6's "Novellette,"  
 Studi in Forma di Variazione; "Ja Lij"; "Il Mulino di Amleto"  
 (Stradivarius STR 33486)
- 4/27/08 - Goeli piano - same as above
- through 5/22/08 - same as above
- 6/12/08 - (JA's new CD): Scelsi collection, Vol. II ("Panam II," "To the Master," etc.)  
 Stradivarius # 33802
- through 6/29/08 - same as above
- 7/9/08 - Charles Koechlin; Quartets # 1 + 2 (Arcaze Quartet) (?) # AR 2006-3]  
 Mécènes Musical; Société Générale
- 7/11/08 " " (same as above)
- (through 7/16 - same as above)
- 8/6/08 - Charles Trenet (singer) "The Very Best of Charles Trenet" (CD Arcaze 3004952)  
 + Koechlin - as above (?)
- 8/7/08 - Koechlin - as above / same through 8/9 / same through 8/11
- 8/13/08 - (?) Koechlin - as above OR Koechlin "Persian Hours"  
 [more Koechlin through fall - DK last track]
- 10/23/08 Ferruccio Busoni (Christopher O'Reilly, piano) Chaconne, Mephisto Waltz, Träumerei Contemp.  
 + 10/27/08 (piano works) puritistica (Centaur CRC 2036) ©1988 (go to next page)

MUSIC

JA poems ~~2008~~ ~~2009~~ 2010

11/2/08 - Koschlin - Quartets - as above

11/9/08 → François Couperin Premier livre de clavecin (Kenneth Gilbert) [Harmonia Mundi, France] #190351.53  
(same through 11/19/08)

↳ through 12/16/08 - same Couperin set as above, but 2<sup>d</sup> & 3<sup>rd</sup> Books of set #190359.56 + 190357.58

2009

1/31/09 - (?) possibly Couperin? (JA took CD out of player so DK wouldn't know) (b.1726)

2/1/09 - Ben Johnston String Quartets # 2, 3, 4 + 9 (Kopler Quartet) (New World Records) # 80657-2  
(Pete Kermani gave this CD to JA with a box of others - in mid. Jan. 2009, JA loved this one.)

(same through 2/1/09) (same through 2/25/09) (same through 3/25) (same through 5/27)  
(+ pretty much same through 6/22/09) (same through 7/9/09)

8/5/09 - Ben Johnston String Quartets (as above)

8/9/09 - Koschlin Quartets - (as above)

8/20/09 - " " " "

(through)

→ 9/14/09 - Ben Johnston String Quartets (as above)

→ 9/16/09 - Koschlin Quartets - (as above)

→ 9/26/09 - " " " "

→ 10/29/09 - " " " "

11/8/09 - probably Heinrich Ignaz Franz Biber (1644-1704) His Rosenkranz Sonaten (Kosary Sonatas) (Harmonia Mundi # 77102-2 RG)

11/14 - 11/15/09 - Ben Johnston String Quartets (as above)

(2010)

12/8 - Ben Johnston (as above)

→ 2/8/10 - Ben Johnston (as above)

→ 3/1/10 - Koschlin Quartets (as above) (Ardeo Quartet) - Quartets # 1 + # 2

(ETHNIC 3/20)

→ 3/19/10 - François Couperin, Ordres pour clavecin 2, 4, 9 + 11; Violaine Cochard, clavier/harpichord (Ambrosius, AM #154)

→ 4/10/10 - F. Couperin "Quatrième livre de clavecin" (Kenneth Gilbert) - (Harmonia Mundi 190359.60)

4/11 - 4/12

→ 4/19/10 - Koschlin Quartets (as above) (Ardeo Quartet) - Quartets # 1 + 2

→ 5/12/10 - F. Couperin "Ordres pour clavecin 2, 4, 9 + 11" - as above

5/13/10 - Christian Wolff "Ten Exercises" (New World Records 80658-2) [JA's poem "Blue Sonata" is in CD booklet]

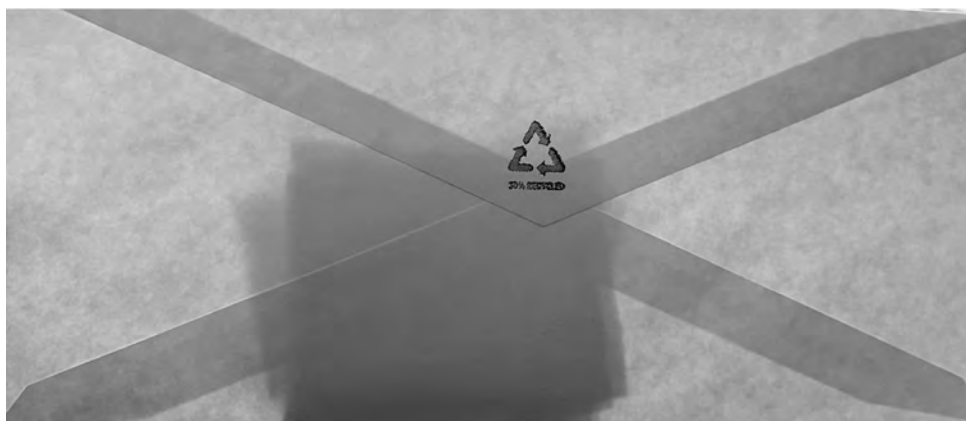
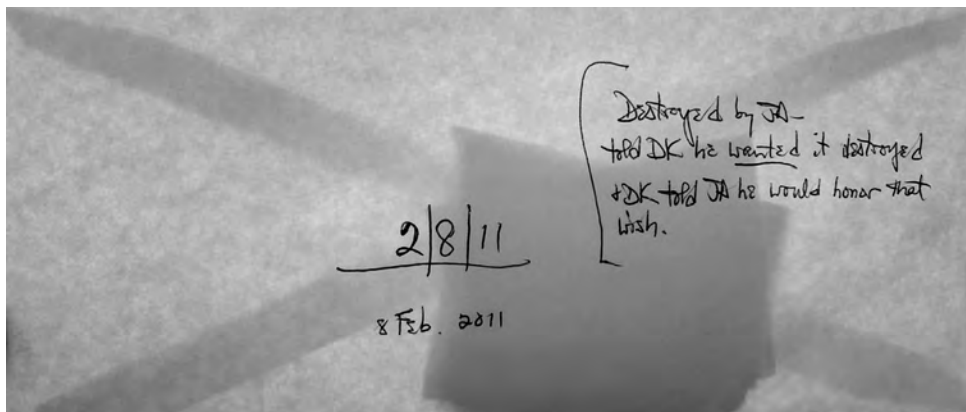
5/15 → 5/20 - F. Couperin "Ordres pour clavecin 2, 4, 9 + 11" - as above

6/5 - 6/19 - Franco Donatoni - "piano music" - Maria Isabella De Carli + Mariarosaria Bodini, piano(s) [Staniewicz SR 33627] "Leoncavallo" → "Composizione in quattro movimenti"

7/1 - 7/12 - Donatoni (as above)

8/7 - John Cage - Freeman Studia (violin books 3 + 4 (Irvine Arditti, violinist) - JA has 2 recordings of this)

8/8 - John Cage - Sonatas + Interludes for Prepared Piano (Yuji Takahashi - piano) [Donatoni # DM 7673]



# Talking to my Neighbors

Martha Collins

*April-May 2020*

1  
Hey, you red tulip,  
    anthers turned, pistil  
        plumped—good job!

2  
Lucky dogs, who get  
    to take your humans  
        for longer walks.

3  
Deep purple iris, not  
    quite open, but I know  
        what's inside: ooh-ooh!

4  
Sorry, weeds, but you'll  
    succeed in spite  
        of me.

5  
So green so fast so many  
    greens—Sycamore,  
        it's time!

6  
Ants, you're  
    not safe  
        in here.

7  
Cardinal, thanks for the wolf-  
    whistle, the red suit, for  
        letting me come so close.



8

Azalea crowds of pink,  
scarlet, white: no  
distancing for you.

9

Squirrel chases, pigeon  
chases, rabbit chases  
squirrel, pigeon, rabbit.

10

Got my attention, tulip tree,  
yellow-orange-green flowers  
plopping on pavement.

11

Slow down, cars! Squirrel  
imprinted on street,  
crushed dove . . .

12

Wind, you're everywhere:  
no wonder we say breath  
of God. No: wonder.



# Krakow

Nick Flynn

I thought I'd come to the end  
of something, but the end is not

a place you visit, it's not

a train you either get off  
or stay on—it spreads outward

from wherever you find your-  
self. The summer

*Blade Runner* was rereleased, I

watched it on an enormous  
screen, leftover from the communist

era (*I've seen things*

*you people wouldn't believe*). I  
wasn't eating meat, but I'd lost

the words for vegetables. I'd go  
to milk bars & just point—*Szpinak*.

*Ziemniak. Kawa.* I

waited in line to buy a can of  
something from a grocery store—

a smiling girl on the label,

some words I couldn't read.  
I placed it in the center of

my empty room &  
imagined what was inside. If

I never opened it

it could be anything. The girl  
on the label could be inside, or

a key to another room, or  
a series of smaller cans, each

with its own mystery

on the label. It might never  
end. Sometimes

you go to the well

& the well is empty, sometimes  
you turn on the faucet

& nothing comes. You have  
a choice—drink the nothing

or wait a little longer.

I missed my train to Oświęcim,  
but caught the next one. At

sundown I wandered the ruins  
& found a blackberry growing

from a pile of ash. Holy, I thought,  
but could never find a way

to get inside it.

# Minute-Operas

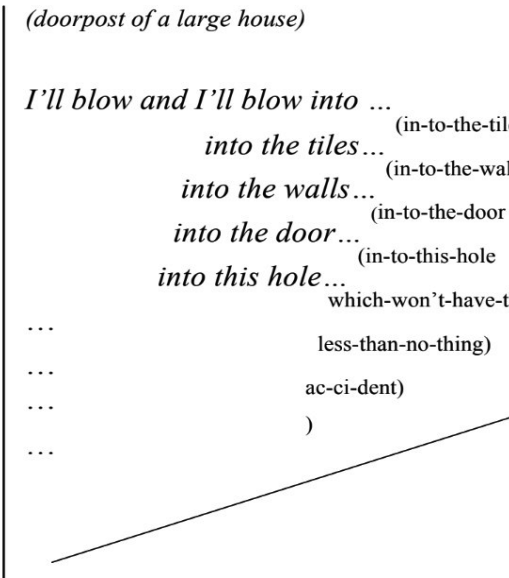
Frédéric Forte

The blower is  
lodged in a gap in  
your memory

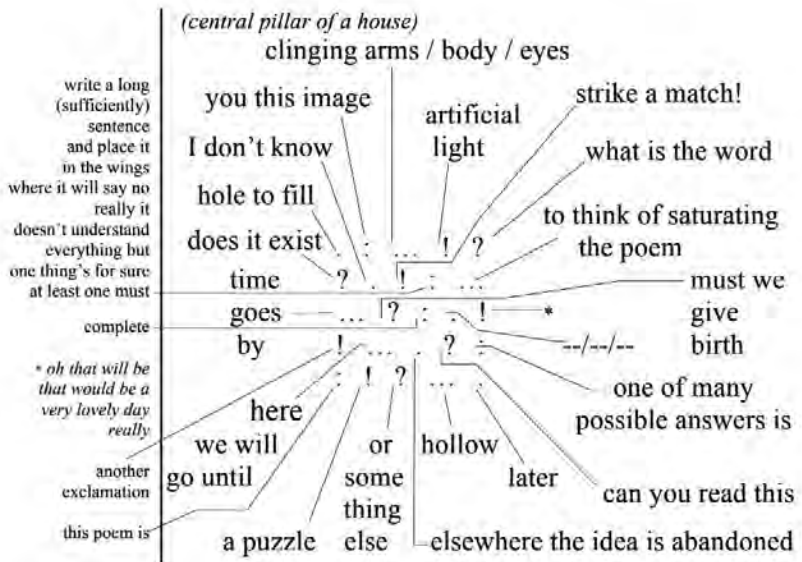
(doorpost of a large house)

*I'll blow and I'll blow into ...*  
*into the tiles ...* (in-to-the-tiles)  
*into the walls ...* (in-to-the-walls)  
*into the door ...* (in-to-the-door)  
*into this hole ...* (in-to-this-hole  
which-won't-have-the-slight-est-sense)

... less-than-no-thing)  
... ac-ci-dent)  
... )  
...









*(portrait of)*

quick. the absence of a décor  
 (a border: the bridge of your nose)  
 only the presence of a *corps*  
 in this hollow. your voice then shows  
 how you closed the ramp sang and chose  
 a hymn of earth, *ce mur de honte*.  
 just don't forget what really counts.



yes tomorrow for something more  
 clearly bend the light as it glows.  
 haunt any bags you have in store.  
 go out and be someone who knows.  
 while a neat simple gesture flows  
 in a dance *sin verguenza*.  
 just don't forget what really counts.

come on let's lay death on the floor.  
 say hello and have a good doze.  
 or pretend to be really gore.  
 at tea time, drink it as it goes  
 with a thousand pardons, yes *ose*.  
 not pumping yourself up, shameless.  
 just don't forget what really counts.

*(seated character)*

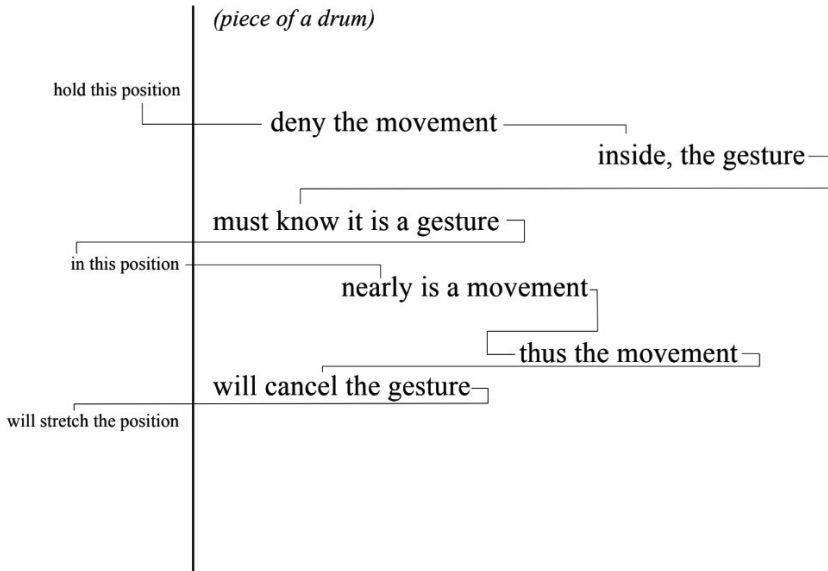
lounge back window  
light abstraction

armchair sleeps cat  
*(there)* table write visible *(there)*

turn ideas head  
leaves rustle tree

look place elsewhere  
motionless chair





## Arrival at Emmaus

Donald Revell

I looked into the moon for influence and found none,  
 Neither ebb nor flood. Brutus was, once again,  
 Mistaken. Mariners and assassins move alone  
 Into the drift of things, and the moon's a friend  
 Only to sunrise and to the sharp smoke arising  
 From the clamor of birds whose fires are wings.

How well the Earth goes on without the benefit of  
 History. Hatched by May moonlight, fireflies  
 Keep their rumors of the sun alive until sunrise  
 All summer long. Such faith is perfect love  
 Drifting through the grass that blackens and then shines brightly  
 Through Philippi, wildfires, smoke and tyranny.

Meanwhile the ocean, a tyranny of its own in steely  
 Contention with the moon, downs the halcyon.  
 We are restless. Befriended and then friendless,  
 We look to the tide-charts, star-charts, white hands full of smoke  
 Whose influence is drift and a pale eye for pallor.  
 What is the use of whiteness at the new moon?

If he is my friend, I can see right through him. Whiteness  
 Pales to translucence, and then an empty sky  
 Receives him into emptiness, into the future  
 I fear even more than I fear extinction:  
 Mountains crouched into labor; low clouds collecting alms  
 Out of the constant traffic; illness a streetlight.

My friend has made another friend, and we three travel  
 A road of smoke and fallen birds whose eyes gleam  
 With greenfly. Insects and perfection make for easy  
 Going. The moon wastes away. White mountains clasp  
 Clouds to their dying fall. I call for madder music,  
 Stronger influence, and a clamor to raise me.

We are three, and Emmaus welcomes our long shadows.  
Ask Caravaggio, who had the good sense  
Always to keep the moon indoors—the future never  
Frightens one who is horizon to himself.  
Smoke rises out of broken bread. Obscure texts suddenly  
Come clear. Yes, the assassins were mariners

All along. The heavens had never been an issue.  
It was always smoke, and the smoke becoming wings  
Of birds, of fireflies, of a very few plain words  
Whose beauty could not influence the outcome.  
Surely, through many terrors, the oceans rise to meet  
New souls adrift in a friendless clamoring.

# And I Was Alive

Osip Mandelstam

*Translated by Christian Wiman*

And I was alive in the blizzard of the blossoming pear,  
Myself I stood in the storm of the bird-cherry tree.  
It was all leaflife and starshower, unerring, self-shattering  
power,  
And it was all aimed at me.

What is this dire delight flowering fleeing always earth?  
What is being? What is truth?

Blossoms rupture and rapture the air,  
All hover and hammer,  
Time intensified and time intolerable, sweetness raveling  
rot.  
It is now. It is not.

## Excerpts from “Kingdom”

G. C. Waldrep

These poems are excerpts from a cycle, “Kingdom,” that draws on the life, and occasional snippets of the words, of George Rapp (1757-1847), the founder of the Harmony Society, one of 19th-century America’s better-known and most successful utopian communities. Rapp and his followers emigrated from Germany to the United States in 1804-05, settling successively in Pennsylvania and Indiana before consolidating at Economy village on the Ohio River west of Pittsburgh.

Rapp’s philosophy-theology was a mix of grassroots Pietism, Jakob Böhme, and nascent German Romanticism. Some of these poems take aspects of Harmonist belief and daily life as points of departure, for instance their regionally noteworthy 4th of July celebrations, their carefully-documented kitchen gardens, the community’s complex well-and-water system, Rapp’s abiding interest in alchemy (following Böhme), and Rapp’s trials for heresy in Germany. There are also a few nods to Gertrude Stein, who as it turns out was also familiar with Böhme.

## GEORGE RAPP ON THE FALL OF MAN

Abut ejections.  
All pretty bridges  
please. Seize  
pavements, let us  
bandage softly.  
The fig leaves  
now opening like  
a chamois cloth.  
Teeth deceive us.  
Lie with your  
back to the lake.  
We'd have wept  
an island, then.  
Early & late.  
Our lovers fallen.  
Suffer an idea  
about suffering,  
to suffer. Or,  
to govern: are  
two distinct things  
that merge often.  
The gnomon  
has strong hands.  
To hold. What.  
Lazarus, I suspect.  
Lazarus & his days  
full stop. Count  
by threes or fives,  
by twos or sixes.  
Which is nightlier.  
Arc of shelter.  
Parts of a circle,  
chord & sustain.  
Soot, pew, loaf.

As repetition  
demonstrates.  
Surely a wound.  
In the little house  
a wind dwelt.  
A coarser linen.  
I viewed exhibits,  
yes. All hidden  
projects. Speak  
then of opulence.  
In solitude map:  
one nation, two  
nations, three  
nations. A field.  
& in the field  
what some call  
witness. Bathe it.  
Bind its wounds.  
They are not  
our wounds, but  
they make the same  
small noises.  
Perhaps every  
wound does.  
I will ask  
about this. Silver  
nails will do.  
To saint a dream.  
I assure you. We  
shall speak again.

## GEORGE RAPP ON BRONZE

When it is quiet.  
When it is yielding.  
Press the nest  
& do not hesitate.  
A wedding part.  
Sentences pause  
here. In minor  
passion. Tempered  
eros, withal.  
The sun darkens.  
We stand in vigor.  
We are bound  
to cells, as priests.  
To correspond  
in human life.  
Mercy strikes us  
in the teeth, often.  
We must purge  
& be purged, fire  
exists for just this.  
Remorse constrains,  
compresses.  
Reverberatory.  
Quite naturally, yes.  
In alloy a righteous  
pride avoided.  
You can't prepare  
for it. Render  
aid to the weary  
like any man of war.  
A love of display,  
excess of generosity  
which I think of  
constantly.  
By analogy,  
each theft is a gift.  
When it is fulsome.  
When it is low.  
Or, the mines  
where our parents



prospered. Anyone  
can reference it.  
Celestial bodies.  
Children in a street.  
Let us go there.  
New names please.  
Conductive  
of the vibrations  
produced by doves.

# Girls on the Run (Other Dreams) [readings 37]

Mark So, 2010

*for Dicky, Julia, Kathleen, and Gustav*

*The silence was so intense there might have been a  
sound moving around in it, but we knew nothing of that.*

[...]

*An illustration changes us.*

[...]

*So the truth just washed up on the shore,  
a bundle of nerves, not resembling much of anything  
we cared to remember.*

[...]

*To the passing fine day  
were added the rudiments of music.  
I too a cruel one I gave some  
of my substance to the wind*

[...]

*Some were cold, some were near, some were clear.  
Some were like lighthouses out of which startled gulls flew  
to change something in the colored environment of sky  
before retracing their steps to the dome.*

[...]

*So they set to work, with a right good will,  
saw and hammer in hand, and little by little the thing took shape.*

[...]

*And some were vortices  
of blue and yellow.*

[...]

*For wasn't that what the Creator had in mind? That we should all muck about  
helplessly, for a few minutes, and then stand back  
to look at what a small difference we had made merely by observing  
crusty silence and then speaking up briefly?*

[...]

*Night did not recognize us  
or our claims, but the night season is good  
for all and sundry, to children especially, and plays a game without brains.*

[...]

*The wide avenue smiles.*

– John Ashbery, “Girls on the Run”

*[10 people, scattered widely in an open place; each with an image of some kind, drawn from a remote experience using the text of John Ashbery's long poem "Girls on the Run"*

*divide the poem's 21 episodes, numbered I - XXI, into 10 reading parts as follows:*

- |             |               |
|-------------|---------------|
| 1] I/XI/XXI | 2] II/XII     |
| 3] III/XIII | 4] IV/XIV     |
| 5] V/XV     | 6] VI/XVI     |
| 7] VII/XVII | 8] VIII/XVIII |
| 9] IX/XIX   | 10] X/XX      |

*parts freely assigned one per person, without regard to individuals' relative distribution in space*

*[reading the poem aloud once through, one reader after another, according to the numerical order of episodes:*

*(cycling through parts 1-10 twice, then concluding with the first reader)  
readers keeping their original places when reading*

*unhurried, in a normal manner  
relaxed pauses between episodes  
drifting through time and space*

*(a single copy of the full text may be used by the group, handed quietly from one reader to the next)*

*[when not reading:*

*casting imagery over the present terrain for (long) periods of time, once or twice each  
locally or broadly, variably evident, perhaps intermittent or unmoored (free to move)  
each image coming in and out gradually or abruptly*

*images occur independently, free to coincide with any other(s), oblivious to the reading de-  
tached in quality, ethereal, mostly silent*

*(a gentle film-like chimera)*

*8-19 november 2010  
los angeles*

mark so

[10 people, scattered widely in an open place; each with an image of some kind, drawn  
The silence was so intense of that.  
sound moving around in it, but we knew nothing of John Ashbery's long

[...] divide the poem's 21 episodes, numbered I - XXI, into

An illustration changes us. 1) I/XI/XX

[...] 3) III/XIII

So the truth just washed up on the shore, 5) V/XV

a bundle of nerves, not resembling much of anything 7) VII/XVII

we cared to remember. 9) IX/XIX

part freely assigned one per person, without regard to individuals'

To the passing fine day

[reading the poem aloud under the sun, reader after another, according to the

I too a cruel one I gave some  
of my substance to it (cycling through parts 1-10 twice, then  
readers keeping their

[...]

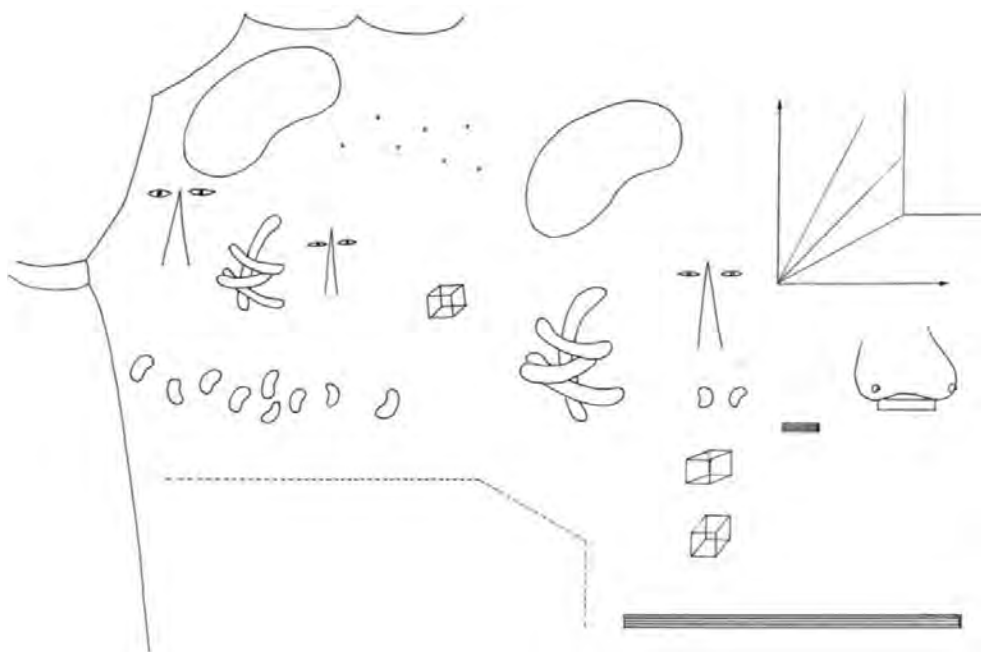
Some were cold, some were near, some were close.  
Some were like lighthouses out of which started gulls  
to change something in the colored environment of

before returning to

# Surreal Imaginings of Men

Sarah Hughes, 2017

*For six: cello, guitar, double bass, objects, sound- or non-sound-making devices*



---

**DIRECTION:**

PART ONE (the actors) and PART TWO (the mise-en-scene) are played concurrently.

Duration: 10 minutes. Play without a time-keeping device.

PART ONE: INSTRUMENTATION

The three-faced female.



The Abbess of Santa Barbara de Tartarus (cello)



Queen Bee (Guitar)



Marian Leatherby (Double bass)

PART TWO: INSTRUMENTATION

A surreal imagining of men, including a descent into hell.

Any instrumentation, objects, sound- or non-sound- making device.  
For three performers.

## PART ONE



}	The Abbess	
	Queen Bee	
	Marian Leatherby	

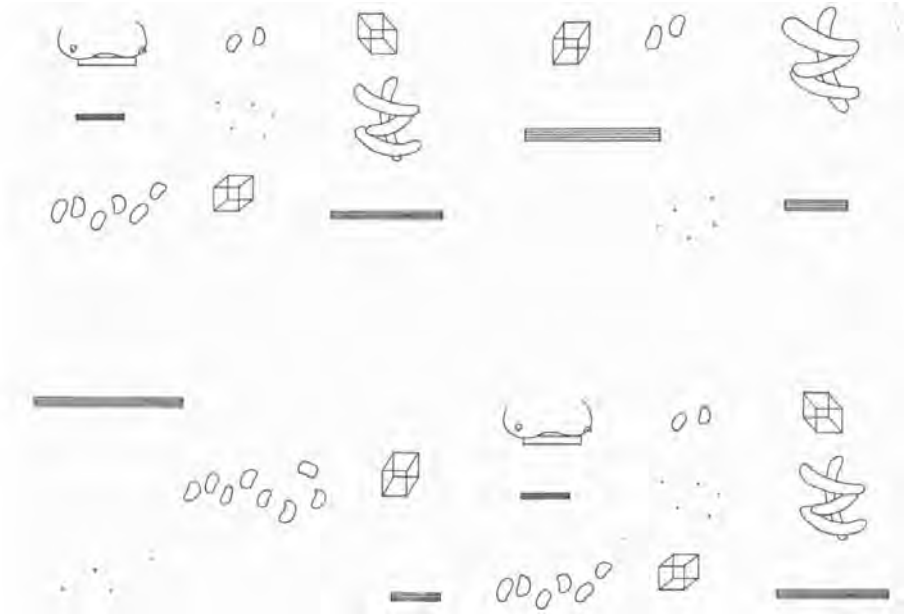
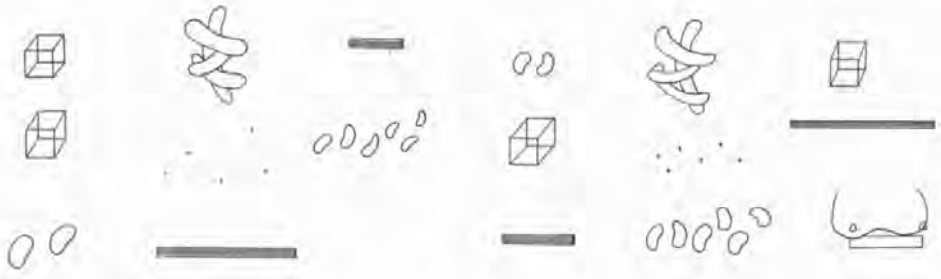
Play as a trio improvising from corresponding pitches given above. Note value is open. Play melodically throughout. Pitches can be an octave above or below.

*p-f*



PART TWO

ppp-fff-(becoming cataclysmic)-pp



is the... these sounds are... The... natural expressions...  
 the language regardless of... Yet we hat all...  
 either imprints an inhibiting emo... the pressed except...  
 al circumstances... gential ingredien... W lets... making com...  
 acas eff... of periate's sounds in en... All... y...  
 inlove... y specia... ioven... nce.

ere is such res... ate your needs... ut sy chosen words: univice to letting...  
 ists must continua... pluntary vocaces. i your partner, have'y encourage the...  
 people lay in hosp... od effectively as care... help, ought to be sal... be'y  
 their moans. W... a... e... sions to flow... e... The sounds of... of  
 they feel. rise ev... or and ou... ur... you to be a... fully... Soundview  
 pain and str... asing sounds, we... u.

not ma... und that hea... s, animals, ... ters a... energetic force field...  
 r, ydients to make their... c... ess... Everything in the... sion  
 ably, espec... y in... ds after surge... ing the tears... ness. Pl... tional pain  
 for health mainte... ure still a youngste... and chemicals in the... shed while  
 from em... these sound... ion... g... al and ill... e... ble w... tremendous' disease... and  
 under very... and... uced by sensitive... u are told to... y... nes  
 Sound... n... -ress-related... when... u... no cry have... ally... oyed with...  
 Way, in orb... hat trigger tears... -pressing feeling... e... t... os renewal  
 underlying... onions. Peop... alleviating psycho... urely and cea... logical  
 cov... those who limit... at holds... ociety has... rk. Every... wami... y, the Milky  
 The high pro... universe has a... ve to recognize those... eration, a tone  
 ty one... Scientists... plantanets, stone... tribal eng... against the winds  
 that... have discov... u... contains an ind... chord in our psych...

ople crying free... and natu... framewo... eing has a own wing its being...  
 that differ from... states or timber wolv... who are known... re fire, earth, eac...  
 lower... stas like wav... our one... rld. When... dividual... roup an iristic of its  
 sou's howling, strikes... and to withdraw... s... their look-alike co... s... ins.  
 reaffirms... the Creat... character... ness with... n of con... al exp...  
 repeatedly cot... distinct sounds... fronted with disple... as well.  
 from lifsci... ousness... from one... a family... os the discord...  
 mu... s. The reaction... n... quishes them from... ised is far superior... e that  
 ing inv... the shore... s energetic... es a stroally produc... cal drugs... outsiders. Ev...  
 more attun... responsive... wave permitting... opening the senses... d or vibration dist...  
 responsive... as well... an inside... al sounday required... classic...  
 wa... round judiciously... in...  
 Sound... all the leng alteration... our galax... can turn to...  
 notably heig... end meditative staf...  
 to music... western... sos breakin...  
 listening becomes ar...  
 and or bod...

SOUND

most frequent. Synesthesia is a condition in which the senses are not fully separated. For example, a person with synesthesia might see colors when they hear certain sounds or feel textures when they taste certain foods. This phenomenon is often described as a "crossing of the senses."

There are many different types of synesthesia, including:

- Color hearing:** Seeing colors when hearing sounds.
- Color blindness:** Seeing colors when touching objects.
- Sound-taste:** Tasting flavors when hearing sounds.
- Sound-smell:** Smelling odors when hearing sounds.
- Sound-touch:** Feeling textures when hearing sounds.
- Sound-taste:** Tasting flavors when hearing sounds.
- Sound-smell:** Smelling odors when hearing sounds.
- Sound-touch:** Feeling textures when hearing sounds.

Synesthesia is often associated with artistic and creative professions, such as music, painting, and writing. It is also a common feature of certain mental health conditions, such as schizophrenia and bipolar disorder. However, it is not a disorder and does not require treatment. In fact, many people with synesthesia find it a source of inspiration and joy.

There is no cure for synesthesia, but there are ways to manage it. For example, people with synesthesia can learn to identify and avoid triggers that cause unwanted sensory experiences. They can also use techniques like mindfulness and meditation to help them stay grounded in the present moment. Additionally, some people with synesthesia find that certain activities, such as listening to music or painting, help them feel more comfortable with their experiences.

If you or someone you know has synesthesia, it's important to talk to a healthcare professional. They can help you understand your condition and provide support and resources. Remember, synesthesia is a unique and beautiful part of who you are. Embrace it and let it inspire you to create and live fully.

Audra Wolowiec, *synesthesia (grid)*, 2017, collaged book pages on archival paper (from *Sound Medicine*, chapter on Synesthesia), 14 x 11 inches

se s nds e n ral yne res les ns ival pec ir ver  
 t ltu ega ess f la uag yet e l ve er sup th all  
 u se nes nde re he len nng e c ou est is b us p rec ss nt exc ant  
 m er ally s sia cia birc so sta ng es se he or id or lo usi na pie g mat  
 in wica su you gger y s as offer m d yr se all f lost tor wo en Al ons  
 m ing ve t int m vnt al c pr m to st a flr le f nou rior art t bec yore  
 re ev e f une trid you Ca ou in car a rie le f nou rior art t bec yore  
 to olgr ve rs vva asth ir elgr y c a p al du st ast ds me p ynd to unda  
 o l T are re s in ch th sir se n to ach s tl voi f a eas per  
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Audra Wolowiec, *synesthesia (waves)*, 2017, collaged book pages on archival paper (from *Sound Medicine*, chapter on Synesthesia), 14 x 11 inches

## Two in One

Elizabeth Walztoni

A two-headed crocus flower was growing from the feet of the plastic Saint Joseph buried upside-down in our yard. My aunt bought the statue for us to help sell the cottage. That's what burying him was supposed to do. Every few days I came out to poke the wet pine ground and feel for his plastic foot. He was on the store shelf, my aunt told us, next to plastic Jesuses with wind-up wheels, but Joseph had flat feet. ASK-BELIEVE-TRUST the box read.

I pulled at the place where the two blossoms fused and wanted to tear the flower apart, keep it together forever, cut it in half, crush it in my hand. Special things worked up a foaming agony in me. I couldn't bear how beautiful they were and how they couldn't last and I wanted to end them before time or anyone else could.

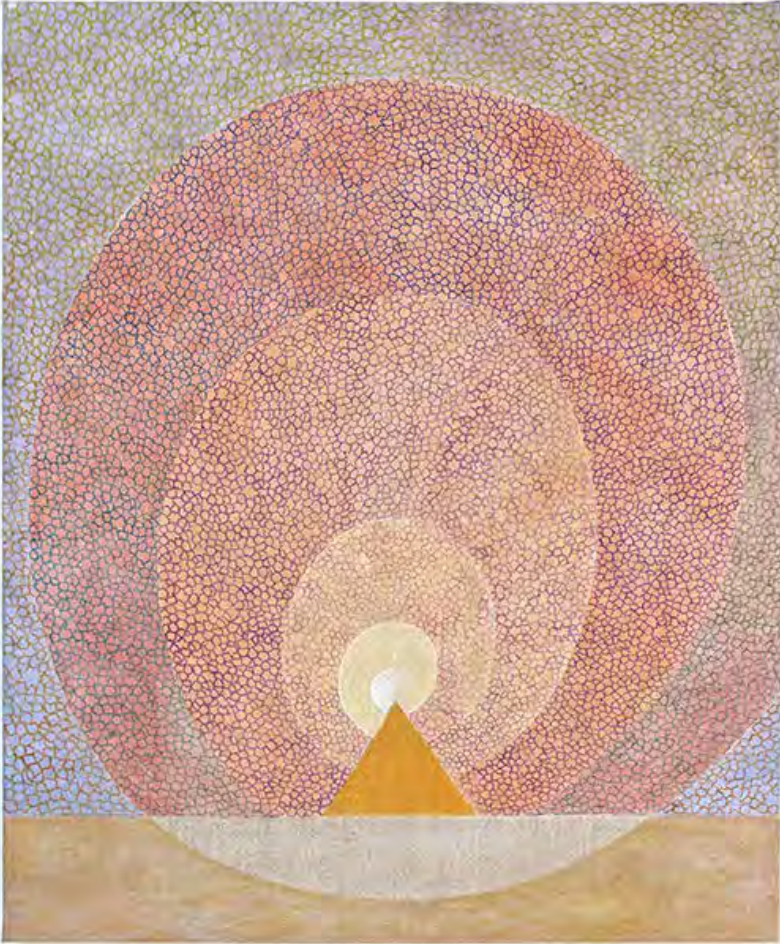
In this way I had destroyed dozens of seashells, a tree branch grown as a knot, a honeycomb, several cheese puffs fused into one, a mouse skull I found under the porch, a pebble with a hole through the middle, ice over a puddle, a carrot with two legs, a tomato with a nose, a leaf split down its middle vein in two colors, three fused strawberries, and the orange parts of several double-yolked eggs.

Often these things that tormented me were doubles. They were evidence of some great cleaving in the universe, a sign of a double realm. I would read about this in a poem years later: there is some hidden side to you like a reflection in saltwater where everything is really living, easily and always.

My mother called me in for lunch and we ate grits made from two identical brown paper packets. The appliances and the floors and the walls were old flat cream color. Through the salt-streaked window the light blurred to the unlit corners. Everyone looked pale and luminous inside the room. When I pictured the double realm, later, it looked like that.

She cleared the last spoon scrape from her bowl and stood at the sink, looking out the window and back into the woods. I thought about telling her of the flower. I thought about starting up from the table and running outside and tearing it apart with my hands. I thought about trying to make myself forget I had ever seen it. I thought about the secret side to me and imagined I could touch it.

I thought about Saint Joseph beneath it. In the world of things which people had made there was no double realm but thousands of them, separated, lying flat like cards in a deck. My mother cleared her throat and spit into the sink.



Jessica Cannon, *Capitan, Dawn and Dusk*, acrylic and iridescent pigments on canvas, 17 x 14 inches



Jessica Cannon, *Capitan, Morning Light*, acrylic and iridescent pigments on canvas, 17 x 14 inches



## For the Love of God

Damien Hirst encrusted a human skull  
with 8,601 diamonds & called it  
*For the Love of God.*

Nick Flynn

By now we have seen enough of that  
oblivion to know it works, a switch we  
can rely on. *Off. On. On. Off.* When I  
say by now I mean when I was thirteen,  
the year girls became the switch. *On.*  
*On. On.* We didn't have dimmers, so  
the closer to arrival we got the more  
real it seemed, a possession we could  
give ourselves to. Love, it has taken  
so long to find each other, to get inside,  
as if each of us were a cave, or a place  
to return to. Your teeth will last forever  
now, all our teeth will, as white as  
the day we fell. For the love of god,  
even our eye sockets glitter.

## The Cull's Wick by Prometheus Tempered

Andrew Morgan

Not the pink imagined anything that is the doorstep  
To this perfect other world in which my pajamas  
Have grown their own faith and lie flat beneath the sheets.  
Not that and not the apparitions of self in the garden  
That deny the increasing mechanicalness of the heart.  
More like Madagascar after all the lemurs die,  
Or the tremor near my foot when the trashcan  
Grows full in the gloom beyond the cleric's conception of extravagant.  
Sure, I can remember fabricating my own worth.  
I still mince my words with the softest tinctures of earth.  
So while I huddle amongst the vacant shades of hull  
Carved from rain's tissue, don't for a minute  
Dismiss that litmus for a beached whale's litmus  
For maintaining a litmus for anything.  
Or if you do, don't then speak to me of the abandoned gate  
Or funnel your whispers like rainy wind through a fallen palace.  
In their stead foster from our ruins a newer kind of revenge,  
One with absence less dedicated to advocacy than the mill keeper  
Who postures his wares within the shadow of a Zoroastrian ghost.  
Do you remember His ghost? His ghost's ghost.  
I thought as much, as a ghost, remembering.

## State of a Flyover State

Lynn Powell

To everything there was a season.  
Now it's gusty heat and *joie de vivre*  
among the reckless buds of February—  
until cold snaps back, rusting the orchard,  
blasting the small hard hopes for cherry  
or apple in the hearts of blooms.  
Was that God's will for the roadside stand?

And there's more bad news in Ohio  
on the bumpers of pick-ups—*Heavily Armed,*  
*Easily Pissed*—and in the 24/7 headlines:  
heroin in the school, the choir, the veins  
of another father slumped in the driver's seat.

Who can remember the old proverb when it's easier  
for a limo to cruise through the eye of a needle  
than for working moms to buy medicine and milk?  
Believers still cling, each to their own gospel—  
love, shame, fear, mammon: God speaking  
out of all sides of his human mouth.

# The Work of Art

Lidia Yuknavitch

When my daughter died in the belly world of me, I became a writer—so that all the words that cannot name grief, all the words threatening to erupt from my belly and uterus did not explode up and through my skull and face and shatter the very world and sky. Her birth, her death, the same flashpoint.

Oceans of other people's compassions have washed over me, but those of us who have lost children, we are a living dead tribe. We smile and nod and thank people for their concerns and efforts. The labor of our lives is actually quite simple: stay alive. So that others might go on. When we make art, it carries the trace of their lives and deaths.

There is no map for grief, but there are bridges to others.

When I was thirty and finishing a dissertation on war and narrative, a box arrived via UPS to the door of my home. The sender was my aunt—my father's sister—a woman I had become estranged from over the years for her ill treatment of me, my sister, and my mother. The box was about the size of a small television. I removed the brown paper and tape carefully...then wondered why I had been careful? Under the brown paper, the cardboard box had a red lid. I wondered why. When I opened the red lid a hundred photos and yellowed papers and documents spread before me like hands. Nothing from my aunt—there was no explanation for what was inside the box.

Deep mistrust spread through me even as I put my hand down into the photos and pieces of paper. Something...a tiny electrical charge...moved up my fingers and up my forearms and into my biceps and shoulders. I tilted my head to the side.

Then I took the photos out one at a time and looked at them.

I had never been to Lithuania, the land of my paternal lineage. But I am the only one on either side of my parents' families who has blonde hair. I have the square jaw and small blue eyes of a Baltic woman. I know because I looked at the photos and they, looked back. Myself. I saw selves who looked like me. Even their bodies were of the shape and tune of mine—broad-shouldered and small-waisted, muscled arms and long necks and Baltic noses. I felt...secretly amongst people.

But the photos were not alone.

Also inside the box were cut-out articles and Xeroxed copies of a story, repeated over and over again.

The stories were about a photographer in Lithuania during the Russian occupation. This photographer managed to document a secret massacre at a hospital in a small rural town in Lithuania. With his small black box and second sight he had captured in frames Russian soldiers shooting doctors point blank, the doctors' and nurses' dingy white scrubs speckled and blooming with blood. Patients—in their clinic beds or already on operating tables shot in the heads and hearts, their mouths forever opened into “O” or “why.” Horrific imagery of mindless slaughter. Men. Women. Children.

The photographer was my great uncle, I learned later.

He was then sent to a Siberian gulag for eighteen years for taking the photos. But the Russian soldiers only found one camera, one roll; he'd hidden the other camera and its secrets under a floorboard of the hospital. From what I'm told, this is what “saved” his life. Otherwise, he'd have been shot on site.

My great aunt then hid the photos in her home in Lithuania behind the wall boards at the head of her bed, in the long wait for her husband and his beautiful hands to return to her.

My aunt found them when my grandmother died, and sent them, I found out later, because she knew I had an interest in—that my studies in graduate work were in—“war and art.”

After receiving the photos, I made a ritual. Every night I would walk to a writing shed to the side of our house. I would light a wood stove and bury my torso in a blanket waiting for the room to heat up. I would watch spiders that had spun new worlds in the corners or across the windows overnight. Occasionally I'd see a mouse going outside or coming in. I'd hear crickets and frogs; a creek's water making lines next to me. My husband and son safe in the house, glowing from an amber internal light, the blue light of external night taking me away toward the body.

Every night I followed this pattern. This corporeal pull. A novel was coming from my body in images and rhythms I hadn't known were even alive in me—or perhaps they were coming from the dead histories in the box of photos.

For seven years.

The novel that emerged was titled *The Small Backs of Children*.

I am haunted by the bodies of children.

I know a painter in Lithuania named Menas. Though she travels to Vilnius monthly for food, or supplies, or to perhaps see an old friend, she lives in a rural area with very few people, a great many trees and streams, and regular visits from animals and the elements.

When I say Menas is a painter, you may wonder where she “shows” her work. What gallery. Have you seen her paintings? Is she on the internet? When I ask Menas about painting, she laughs and says, “Painting is the labor of dream.” There is nothing wrong with her English.

Menas lives alone on a farm, which is falling apart. In the past it was a Soviet Russia work farm. In the present it simply houses her as the buildings do what women’s bodies do...move away from children and family and scripted desires as the aches and pains and changes in bending and blood and bone toughen and wrinkle flesh, and hair grays and weathers and thins, like wood.

Her paintings live in a barn that was once used for horses and cows and chickens and goats and machinery. They rest stacked against one another in great monuments to her dream labor, but haphazardly—nothing like an American painter’s studio—more like history gone from the order of power to the chaos of ordinary wildflowers and moths and rodents. The paintings smell like hay and dirt and wood more than turpentine and linseed and oil pigments. Sometimes dirt and refuse, even rodent shit and probably a spider or two, gets into the paint before the canvas dries, and so her work wears an extra texture of ... place. History.

The content of her work is difficult to describe. The colors, compositions and imagery are abstract rather than representational, but that seems idiotic to say. I have now known her for twenty years, and so to speak to you in ‘Art in America’ terms not only seems foolish, but like a lie or injustice. To speak to you of her paintings I must talk about bodies.

The body of her work is not an “oeuvre.” It is not the product or output of her artistic production.

Her body of work—her labor—is corporeal.

When I stand in front of one of her larger works, say, one that is 6’ by 10’, I feel “inside” a river, the river rocks rumbling under the soles of my feet, the ice of the water traveling up the bones in my shins to my ribs and shoulders and skull. Or I feel “moved” by wind in leaves, my body raising its hair and flesh toward the sky, and before I know it, I see that I’ve extended both of my arms out to the side of my body and closed my eyes and rocked my head back, as if to say, ‘yes.’ Or I feel “turned” by the colors of fall leaves and that moment before the deep hues of gold and red and brown and purple decrease into winter’s dead detritus. In these paintings I feel the land not “out there,” but in my body.

There are other paintings. Larger and a little intimidating. It's hard to step up close to them, and yet more difficult to stay away. I always end up touching them or leaning into them, which no art gallery I know of allows. But in a barn, you can put your body against a painting. In the painting I am speaking of how I feel ... like there is an inside-out. I feel a corporeal reversal. Like blood and flesh and the heart's beating and corpuscular surge have broken through the membrane we hold so dear, skin. The reds are more than red. The whites and blues, whites and greys are bone-colored—and they are cracked where they should be bold and hold. There are indications of vertebrae but they shatter the line of a spine. The blues are raging, bright lines that course map-like and spread almost violently. Sometimes a more-black-than-black rage scratches from near the center and scrapes toward the viewer—looking almost as if it is trying to become a word, language.

There are no faces or bodies—and yet I feel more embodied than seems humanly possible when I am with these paintings.

When I ask her about the deep internal quality of these paintings, Menas laughs, and says, “It is not in words. It is body. Why words?”

When people ask me about Menas I say I know a woman artist in Lithuania who fed her children for years on dirt and roots and potatoes and weeds and the milk from a cow and rainwater.

Still they grew.

I say she loved her husband so much she carved his name on her own belly with a knife, and with the pulp and juice of wild raspberries, dyed it skin-true.

In the past, she had no money. At times the state worked her as a laborer. Her hands have touched many kinds of work. She has next to no money in the present, though she survives through an excellent barter system and trade.

There is no story of this woman, of what happened to her, of how she came to be a painter, an artist.

I can't point to something that will show you how important the work of her art is.

Is a painter a painter if no gallery or critic writes her name, carries her? Is a painter a painter if no one will ever know how art came alive in her hands, how painting day after day is a labor no one owns but her? Why should anyone care how grief birthed her art?

What is the work of art? Do we toil differently, me with my domestic and capitalistic trials and tribulations, and Menas with her chickens laying their eggs, or hatch deformed things, the residual effects of Chernobyl, something you can hold in the palm of your hand, her farm gone to seed, her family like a supernova flash that is an unrepresentable image?

We trade across time and lives.

Menas trades me paintings for stories.

She tells me in a letter, “Many thanks for your stories! They keep me! I am alive of them.”

Lithuanians, Latvians, and Estonians were primarily a rural people for centuries, their largest cities inhabited by other ethnic groups. The lyrics of their folksongs ring and rise with forests, mushrooms, animals, and azure-shimmering lakes.

Most Americans don’t know how to picture the city dwellers in Vilnius—stuffed as they are with their big-boned and thick-muscled bodies in concrete apartment blocks as the heat turns their apartments into ovens in the summer and cold cells in the winter. We only know Vilnius from war stories and poets.

Most Americans can’t see in their mind’s eye the way the land pulls away from urban dwellings and stretches out and away as if it could escape. Perhaps they realize the Baltic Sea licks the shores of the country, but isn’t it freezing and inhospitable? Isn’t Lithuania without mountains? Wasn’t it dotted by Soviet farms and laborers? Most Americans have no idea what the new freedoms are for people who have been state property.

Menas tells me about saunas. A Lithuanian sauna is a mixture of Russian traditions and Finnish comfort. The bathhouses are usually two-story wooden houses with a sauna cabin on the first floor, rooms on the second and a pond to jump in right after the sweat. Winter. Spring. Fall. Summer.

Menas tells me how to fill a day with fishing in lakes so cold and blue you can see the underworld of waterlife. How to ride horses across land knuckled with rounded hills and through birch and pine forests. How to spend long afternoons filling baskets with mushrooms or berries.

And in the evenings, over email or in letters—the only I receive since in America no one pains themselves to commit to the old labor of letter writing—Menas tells me over and over again how her entire family was blown to bits—a husband, a son, and a daughter—in front of her eyes, while she held a basket of kindling for the fire, her hair blowing from her face and the skin around her mouth pinching with heat.

Each time she tells it, it is as if it is the first time. Each time with a glass of pear wine at the end of a day (I know, because she has shared the small ritual, I can see the tiny glass going to her lips), when night falls and I am in the writing shed next to my beautiful family, my beautiful home, my appliances and computers and bills and cars and shoes and food and cutlery that is worth more than her entire farm, she tells it to me.

There are plain ways to say it. When the Soviet Union fell, her rage and despair and grief took shelter in a falling-apart farmhouse. Alone in the labor of a life.



Menas says, "I become painter, to live."

But I think maybe it is simpler, her becoming. It is a choice to face death, with expression and labor and body. She is out there. Making new corporeal forms. With or without any of us.

Years ago, when Menas learned that my daughter died, she said, "Then you are down at bottom of water now. But see? You can walk the deep. That is why you here. Can you see me?"

Possibly the most perfect sentences anyone anywhere has ever said to me.

I'm looking at a photo of one of her paintings right now. It is black and blue and as big as the wall of a house. Maybe it's the bottom of the water. Maybe Menas' lost family is floating there or walking its depths, and maybe my beautiful dead daughter, too.

My daughter's name was Lily.

# The Memory of Now

IONE, 2021

*For Solo Harmonium  
or For Harmonium with Sonic /vocals*

Sound the sounds of now  
until a memory arises

Sound the memory  
Until a secret arises  
within the memory  
Allow the secret to surface  
Until it is no longer secret  
Sound the surfaced secret  
Back through time  
Until there is no distinction  
Between memory  
And Now



# Origins

Rajna Swaminathan

|| 1 || (we) meditate on and feel the collective, historical weight carried on our shoulders.  
 (we) reflect on what brought you (and me) to this piece of paper, and what it will do to [us].

[*pay attention to the first collective breath (exhalation), a sweeping flam.*]

from here: *drone, of any sort, but amenable to and pointed toward the body-energies in the space with you.*

- *surrender/ing to the colision of the drones.*

- *when you have al 'tuned' in to one another: the entry of 2 into 1, together.*

|| 2 || *referents for play*

[ time | velocity | pitch | contour | dynamic | texture | People | experiences | memories | movements ]

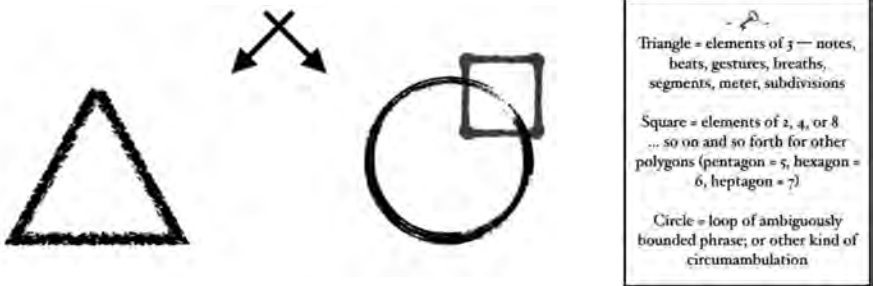
*fee segmentation, cue for relative temporality = drone.*

*a sensory palette for future generations. exist/ing here until revolution becomes necessary.*



|| 3 || [ *briefly: remember that everything is ridiculous, including this score.* ]

|| 4 || *enter/ing one or both of these spaces/textures and loop, in contentious relation with one another*



|| 5 || *improvise. [ stretch... the complexities of bodies and sound in relation, as you feel them. ]*

|| 6 || *playful or strategic misremembering of another's ephemeral sonic imprint.*

*[ allow/ing memory and counter-memory to coexist. ]*

|| 7 || *survive. [ you happen to look away fom this page. trust One an-Other to keep afloat, til the end... ]*

# Y'all don't wanna listen

Joy Guidry

*For Cello, Violin, and Alto Flute*

*Duration: 8 minutes*

## Program note

This piece is talking about how Black people aren't listened to on this planet. How we scream for justice and fundamental human rights, but we are always talked over. Our peace is often taken from us from birth with the weight of white supremacy and the years of generational trauma in our soul. The alto flute is the lead voice in this piece by representing the voice of the silenced.

The material presented has so much room for improvisation and is highly encouraged. There are four sections to this piece:

## Flute

Flute to live in a world of soft and delicate whistle tones. The written material is to be used in your own way with complete freedom. They are just ideas, but I want the performer to have complete freedom forming their own melody with some of the written material. The performer should return to this melody throughout the piece and get higher and more aggressive throughout the work. With all of the graphic notation, you have complete freedom of what you want to play.

## Violin/cello

For the first three chords, I would love for it to sound like glass and very crisp. The performers should follow the graphic notation and play what you feel the drawings are telling you for the rest of the piece. For the last page, go completely mad and use the most disruptive sounds possible.

Ensemble

The balance for the ensemble should favor the alto flute for the first part of the piece. As the work goes on, the alto flute should be covered and should be fighting to be heard, especially towards the end. The moments where there are softer moments really take advantage. The piece uses no timer, but since it has to be a three-minute performance, each of you can lead to the next sections. The end of the piece should end together, and someone should lead a huge crescendo or obvious cue to finish the work.

① Alto Flute  
 E-F#-G  
 F#-G-A  
 G-A-B  
 A-B-C  
 B-C-D  
 C-D-E  
 D-E-F#  
 E-F#-G  
 F#-G-A  
 G-A-B  
 A-B-C  
 B-C-D  
 C-D-E  
 D-E-F#

②

① Violin  
 G-A-B  
 A-B-C  
 B-C-D  
 C-D-E  
 D-E-F#  
 E-F#-G  
 F#-G-A  
 G-A-B  
 A-B-C  
 B-C-D  
 C-D-E  
 D-E-F#

← Like glass →

① Cello  
 G-A-B  
 A-B-C  
 B-C-D  
 C-D-E  
 D-E-F#  
 E-F#-G  
 F#-G-A  
 G-A-B  
 A-B-C  
 B-C-D  
 C-D-E  
 D-E-F#

10 sec  
 trill  
 pp

Calmer harmonic improv  
 w/ Flute

slow harmonic glissando  
 pp [starinshz]

[Come out of the violin]

Page 1







Click [here](#) to watch a performance of “Y'all don't wanna listen.”



Deborah Zlotsky, *Strata*, 2022, oil on canvas, 60 x 72 inches

# Quintessence: the Caffeinated

Chen Chen

I used to believe drinking coffee meant being the kind of person who rode horses. Because cowboys. & drinking tea meant being a person who could play volleyball super well. Because my mother. One day, in the middle of 7th grade, I decided to become a tea drinker. See, I used to think tea drinkers were intrinsically,

elementally different from coffee drinkers, & that one day I'd have to pick a team & that day had yet to come but I wanted to be very ready. I used to believe I was no one's cup of tea. For a time, I believed I was everyone's. I forget which came first. I think they both did. When did I stop believing

caffeine was synonymous with adulthood? Once, I was very scientific, then realized how that was just my belief. I'm sure the ancient philosophers & medieval alchemists thought themselves top notch scientists when they dedicated their souls to the difficult quest for quintessence.  $Quinta + essentia =$  the fifth element.

Not the sci-fi extravaganza, but even more extravagantly, mercury, some claimed, was that element, a refined one with mega magical properties. For others, quintessence was the name of the ultimate thingamabob, what the heavens themselves are made of, & some innate property within all, from the Milky Way to Mickey Mouse. I used to love

Mickey, used to draw him every day & refused to use my talents for anything else. If it can be said that I have become anything, it's someone who enjoys looking up synonyms for "sad." & a Pisces. Ah astrology. I used to make fun of the devotees, despite the fact that I've always been a Pisces sun, Aries moon, Sag rising, despite the fact that calendar time is fake. Do you believe

those philosophers & alchemists would be depressed, dejected, downright sad to come back, to learn how all their gorgeously asinine ideas have been very, very debunked? Or would they be happy to be, again? I used to think true happiness meant becoming a burly polyglot astronaut. Though whenever I saw a happy astrophysicist,

I got confused. See, quintessence exists  
in today's theoretical physics as a type of dark energy, a great name for what remains  
a terrible mystery. But perhaps, to a patient, well-caffeinated  
astrophysicist, it is a great mystery. Perhaps those philosophers & alchemists would be overjoyed  
to join a new quest. To believe not in the holiness of quintessence

but in the hunger of a question. The thirst.  
Isn't my daily quintessence just caffeine in the form of green  
or oolong tea? & wouldn't I drink coffee, if offered  
by someone handsome? After all, I have come to believe there are many, many synonyms  
for "happy." As many as there are galaxies. No, stars.



## night sugar

Chen Chen

you have to dig for it, want it bad,  
then good.  
not like day sugar, store sugar, no—

you have to grope for it  
in the moon-hot dirt, the hot ghosts  
singing hello

from a neighboring galaxy.  
be patient.  
loving-labor for it. the sticky-mind-wrack,

the kinky-truth-melt. night sugar,  
its spell  
is spilled everywhere

if you know how to glean.  
its spill  
spells unparalleled anti-splenda splendor.

this sweetness  
—dropped over the light-years  
from the tortoise hands

of andromeda's trees.



## Homemade

Josh Tvrdy

For dinner, I serve my bacon-swaddled heart  
to my father. He loves bacon (his favorite meat)  
and he used to love me (his son  
turned fruit). Famished, he slices through  
my oven-fresh organ, forks a bite, works  
his muscled jaw. *Do you like it*, I ask, hovering  
behind him, wringing my apron's checkered hem.  
*It's tough*, he says, still chewing, *real tough...* and now

I want my heart back (back inside) so I can feel  
how it finally feels to hear my father call me  
tough. Tough, and somehow still a disappointment—  
gagging, he spits the gristly bit inside his napkin,  
folds it once, twice, a sad little bundle. Nobody  
speaks. We watch the grease seep through.

# NPC

Jose-Luis Moctezuma

here where i sit by the klein blue wall inertia is an ethic  
 i am open to the automation:  
 neither sleep nor sleepy  
 wave hello wave  
 at the passersby walk  
 toward me so i can see you  
 don't sit down walk back to the wall and don't ascend  
 be at home by six twelve:  
 this is life run amok  
 in prog-  
 grammed density &  
 i am the fiction that makes  
 the ufos believe in our world the attention to detail  
 is quite astonishing really  
 how the flat earth  
 can be  
 circular at the same  
 time as i sit here and stare  
 at the planets and the squirrels sign-language akkadian  
 when they're frolicking  
 in the branches  
 and wow  
 the way you talk  
 is so lifelike i am content  
 with the amount of content i produce i am content w/  
 our object permanence  
 beyond the  
 visible  
 entrenchment  
 of obstacles at the crack of  
 dawn's egg in an abject fossilization of the human will  
 the noise is too much  
 in the window  
 w/o our  
 consent and  
 the sun is a mythos dried

up in the seed's stark gaze in the dark waiting to hatch  
its forfeiture of growth,  
the inverse of  
violence, a  
cagey acquiescence to  
narratives of stagnation,  
paint-dry, illuminating the tools of conjunction, i am  
not scored in the bones, i  
do not exist  
as people do, careful to  
distinguish between digits  
the gaps in our autonomy and what infections permeate  
the creatures of warmth  
how i wish i could  
be in love  
too, but the idiolect  
instructs me to troll the  
anti-anti-matters, the sucked-dry-of-ram-blood, the  
underworld denizens who  
pivot from action to in-  
action so re-  
markably  
like lambs in  
the field of slow wakening  
and i am free to follow the rituals the spectacle of dish-  
washing in 64-bit or a slow  
rot to decision  
of the moth-  
ers of contraption the tiles  
are obviously fake the hot take is obviously fake the dachshund  
is obviously fake the words aren't coming the surface depth of  
my face is obvi fake the 401k is obvi fake the laws of the fathers  
are obvi fake the founders are obvi fake the borders to the border  
are obvi fake the heat of the day is obvi fake the climate is coming  
apart the room seams are coming apart the figures in the carpet



are coming apart the birds are blowing up the resolution in the  
mirror is leaking the glaciers are melting the island is sinking the  
water is rising to the point of being real to the point of being  
real to the point of being real to the point of being real to the p  
oint of being real to the point of being real to the point of being real  
the point of being real to the point of being real to the point of being  
real to the point of being real to the point of being real to the point of be-  
ing real of being real of being real of being real of being real of being

## A Triptych of Three Fools

Poppy Livingstone

We'd been friends for too long  
and we knew this.

We knew this because of our  
sudden awareness of how there  
are really only a finite number  
of things to discuss.

We spoke first of our mothers,  
and then of our cars, and then,  
(and this was really dire, this  
was really the end of times), the  
circus.

My friend with European  
parents and a hyperbolic lisp  
leaned close over the table

and told us of the time her  
bum-legged aunt took her to the  
circus in some small landlocked  
village,

and the trapeze artist fell from a  
great and perilous height.

He hit the ground, she said, and  
I felt the same sick rush I get  
when I knick myself shaving. I  
loved it. She bared her teeth. I  
couldn't look away.

The next year her bum-legged  
aunt took her back to the same  
small circus and

the performer fell again.  
And she felt almost cheated that  
what she had witnessed was not  
a freak accident but a very  
well-done trick.

I think of this often.

The conversation ebbed and so  
I spoke of the Big Red Circus,  
the circus my grandmother took  
me to whenever I lost a few  
teeth,

or shook Ms. Hegel-Stein's  
hand at the doctors office even  
though I was afraid of her loose  
skin and grey, milky eyes.

Hilda the Clown was the  
headlining act, a man in dowdy  
drag and a long blue nightdress.

Sometimes, Hilda would pick  
some kid up by its armpits and  
fly it through the air, and once  
the girl sitting next to me was  
picked to go flying, which was  
the gravest disappointment of  
my life.

This is all well and good, I said  
to my friends, other than the  
fact that Hilda the Clown had  
recently fled to France to be  
with the great love of his life, a  
Parisian Doctor.

This was met, of course, with  
some laughter, some jokes  
about running from the circus  
rather than to,

before someone coughed and  
this signaled the start of a new  
conversation, again about our  
mothers but in a different sense.

Some years later, closer to now  
than then, I was reminded of  
this story and searched up  
Hilda the Clown. I found I'd  
been mistaken. He'd run off to  
Flensburg, not Paris, and his  
lover was a German  
Chiropractor rather than the  
French Doctor I'd recalled.

His name was Larry Spitz, and  
he was 58 years old.

I thought of calling my  
European friend (I was right -  
we'd been friends for too long  
and now were no longer) to ask  
if this was how it felt, to be  
cheated by the circus, to knick  
your knee shaving and draw no  
blood or ichor. But by then it'd  
been too long, and our shared  
dissappointment didn't warrant  
the catch-up it required.

Well. I suppose it is more likely  
for a clown to run away to a  
chiropractor than a doctor, and  
that freak accidents are less  
common than I'd like to think.

I'll try not to take this too  
personally.

I wish Larry Spitz well.



Chris Barnard, *Kicking and Screaming*, 2017, oil on canvas over panel, 48 x 36 inches



Chris Barnard, *Gibberish*, 2016-17, oil on canvas, 80 x 66 inches



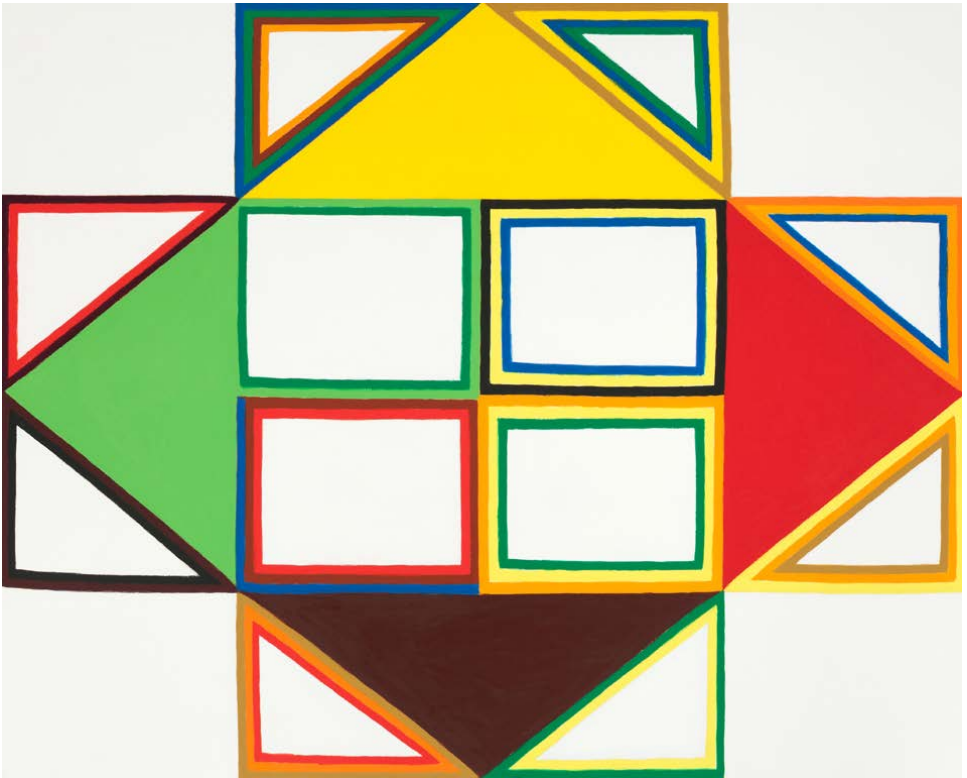
Chris Barnard, *Sculpture Court*, 2016, oil and acrylic on canvas, 81.5 x 57 inches



Harriet Korman, *untitled*, 1977, oil on canvas, 84 x 60 inches



Harriet Korman, *untitled*, 2016, oil on canvas, 48 x 60 inches



Harriet Korman, *untitled*, 2014, oil on canvas, 48 x 60 inches



# Purely Illustrative

Don Mee Choi



OFFICIAL US NAVY PHOTOGRAPH  
USS KITTY HAWK  
(CVA-63)

이 그림은. 리군 항공모함  
옆에 기름을 보급하는 배라  
물라 탄약. 폭탄. 그리고 그라  
보급 물라를 옆에 있는 항공모함  
옆에 주는 장면이다. 이 비행  
모터 수리병사 군인이 살고  
있고. 하루에 세 번씩이나 불꽃  
촬영. '하도이'거나 '하이동' 들으셨을  
동경. 공경한다. (이 그림은. 잘 보관해라.)

PLACE  
STAMP  
HERE

**POST CARD**

도(리. 돈(나. 돈(비.  
이 그림은. 리군 항공모함의  
바른 '키티 호크'라는  
아주 큰 배다.

Shaw & Biegelow, Div. of Standard Packaging Corp., U.S.A.  
38574

## DADDY'S FLOWER BED

### A LITTLE CHORUS

Rose moss blossoms  
 Red balsam blossoms  
 Me baby azalea  
 look at flowers  
 and think of Daddy  
 Miss you, Daddy!  
 Daddy said to me  
 Let's live together with flowers  
 but Big Kitty says to me  
 Translate me and I'll kill you



아빠하고 나--하고 만든꽃밭에  
 애들하고 재--밧게 뛰어놀다가

Rose moss blossoms  
 Red balsam blossoms  
 Me baby azalea  
 don't want to live at all  
 Then place stamp here  
 Yes, Daddy  
 To Hanoi or Hai Duong  
 Yes, Daddy

## **SHITTY KITTY**

Here comes Shitty Kitty en route to the Gulf of Tonkin or en route to a race riot? That is the question and meanwhile discipline is the keystone and meanwhile did you see on TV helicopters being ditched into the sea? That is also my film and meanwhile all refugees must be treated as suspects. Looking for your husband? Looking for your son? That is the question and meanwhile she was the mother of the boy or that is what the translator said or Shitty Kitty or shall we adhere to traditional concepts of military discipline tempered with humanitarianism? That is the question and meanwhile South Korea exports military labor left over from the war. That is also my history or is that your history? That is the question and meanwhile

(CHORUS: Dictator Park Chung Hee and his soldiers in Ray-Bans)

How much?

\$7.5 million=per division

or Binh Tai massacre=\$7.5 million

or Binh Hoa massacre=\$7.5 million

or Dien Nien-Phuoc Binh massacre=\$7.5 million

or Go Dai massacre=\$7.5 million

or Ha My massacre=\$7.5 million

or Phong Nhi & Phong Nhat massacre=\$15 million

or Tay Vinh massacre=\$7.5 million

or Vinh Xuan massacre=\$7.5 million

or Mighty History?

That is the question and meanwhile a riot began over a grilled cheese sandwich at Subic Bay. Discrimination or perception? That is the question and meanwhile the sailor refused to make a statement or translate? That is the question and meanwhile twenty-six men all black were charged with assault and rioting and meanwhile did you translate? That is my question and meanwhile lard or Crisco? Aye, aye, sir!

(Anti-CHORUS: kittens in frilly white bonnets, bibs, and mittens)

## *KITTY SONG*

I, aye-aye-sir!

I, crazy-daisy-sir!

I, export-quality-sir!

I, grill-grill-sir!

I, meow-meow-sir!

I, kitty-litter-sir!

## **NEOCOLONY'S COLONY**

You provide the prose poems, I'll provide the war

Aye, aye, Sir!

~

Me translate, Sir!

~

Me Binh Tai / Me been there, Sir!

Me Binh Hoa / Me been high, Sir!

Me Dien Nien–Phuoc Binh / Me 9 9–bow bow, Sir!

Me Go Dai / Me good dad, Sir!

Me Ha My / Me hate milk, Sir!

Me Phong Nhi & Phong Nhat / Me flunky & fuck that, Sir!

Me Tay Vinh / Me terrible, Sir!

Me Vinh Xuan / Me VC no, Sir!

~

Me Tiger, Sir!

# **ME ~ OW**

## *KITTY STEW*

Under the starry night  
Why, it's practically a jungle  
Hello Fatty! Hello Kitty!  
Meow I love SPAM!  
SPAM patties  
Browned in lard or Crisco  
Leftover sour kimchi  
Don't be a pussycat  
Jungle water  
Boil Boil  
Yummy!  
Miss you Mommy!



O tremor—tremor, going from a lying or sitting position to a standing position

# Are you OK, ROK?

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas  
Just like the ones I used to know, Sir!

무궁화, Sir!

White Horse, Sir!

Blue Dragon, Sir!

May all your Christmases be white, Sir!  
Walking, crawling, or growing  
Children listen where the treetops glisten

Search and destroy, said 수국

(Chorus of O)

O dream—no face just a wide-open belly  
O fetus in the split womb  
O cut off the baby cord  
O war—breasts cut out and woman shot by ROK marines  
O US marines transport her to the hospital but she died soon  
O war—executed young women's bodies  
O jungle leaves  
O pregnant woman's forehead blown off  
O fetus all alone

O dream—tiger teeth scrambled

O parade of operations

O bonuses!

## **Operation Flying Tiger, Sir!**



## Bits of Metal in a Jar

Joseph Kudirka, 2011

I have bits of metal that I've collected in a jar. I like to take them out of the jar and put them back into the jar repeatedly.

You could do the same.



# Below\*

*for Mark So  
(and anyone/everyone else)*

*for any number of people*

Perform, produce, initiate, etc. some steady, continuous, or repeating sound, action, or activity which is in some way below something perceptible to you in the given situation.

This may be in relation to something done by other performers or simply to something otherwise perceived.

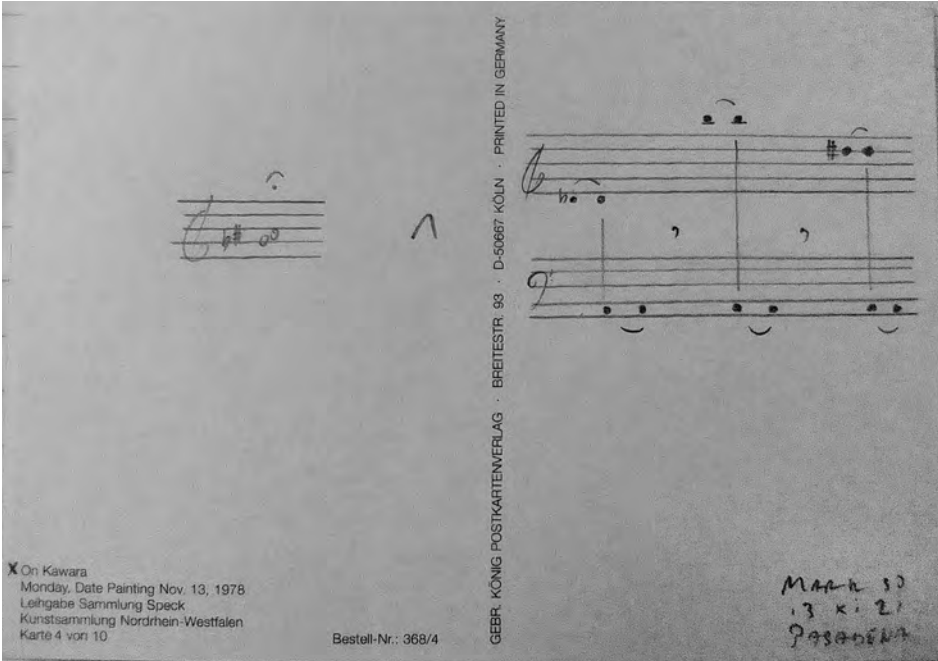
Continue doing this until you no longer perceive your own contribution as being below that of which you initially related it to (be this from a change in your perception, a change in the environment, or a change in what others are doing) or you tire of the production. You may then choose to do something else which is again, in some way, below that of something else perceived; or, at the point of change in perception, alter what you are doing so as to make it below something else.

Do this for as long as seems or is deemed necessary and/or appropriate to the given situation.

Joseph Kudirka, 2022

---

\*... at a lower level or layer ... lower than (a specified amount, rate, standard, or norm) ...extending underneath ... on earth ... lower than zero ... in or toward a lower place ... on, in, or toward a lower level, as a lower deck of a ship ... beneath the surface ... in hell or the infernal regions ... at a later point on a page or in a text ... in a lower rank or grade ... theater: downstage ... zoology: on the lower or ventral side ... lower down than ... lower in degree ... too low or undignified to be worthy of; beneath ... at or to a lower level, position or place ...



# No One's Memorial (Numbers)

Catherine Christer Hennix

NUMBERS  
becoming  
zero.

Zero-counting.

The fictitious  
First Number:

First of them  
All,  
Smallest  
of them  
All –

Weightless,  
an

Emptiness  
by a  
Measure.

The future  
shall have a  
Memory of the  
Dead, the

Dead of the  
Future – to the  
Future belongs the  
number of the Dead.

The need for  
Numbers up to which  
No **one** can  
Count —

A non-  
additive chain of  
Beings counted by  
**No** one.

No-one  
Counting the  
future contingency  
Numbers,

The number of  
casualties  
caused by the  
Future.

We have  
been  
consumed by  
Numbers but

Only  
Shadows were counted; Now,  
Count the  
Darkness

Inn-  
ing-  
ing the concentric  
Anthropocene satellites;

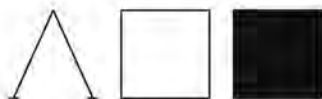
E-  
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Ho-  
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Spa-  
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Ho-  
mo  
Voi-  
dus.

# Black and White Algebra & Color Algebra

Catherine Christer Hennix



$$[\wedge \square] \blacksquare = \wedge \square \blacksquare = \wedge [\square \blacksquare]$$

$$\wedge \square = \square = \square \wedge \quad \square \neq \square \square$$

$$\blacksquare \blacksquare \neq \blacksquare \quad \wedge \blacksquare = \blacksquare = \blacksquare \wedge$$

$$\wedge \wedge = \wedge \quad \blacksquare \neq \square$$





$$\left[ \left[ \square \blacksquare \right] \color{red}\square \right] \color{blue}\square = \square \blacksquare \color{red}\square \color{blue}\square = \square \left[ \blacksquare \left[ \color{red}\square \color{blue}\square \right] \right]$$

$$\color{red}\square \color{blue}\square \square = \color{red}\square \color{blue}\square \square \triangle$$

$$\triangle \color{red}\square \square = \color{red}\square \triangle$$

$$\triangle \color{blue}\square \blacksquare = \color{blue}\square \triangle$$

$$\square \color{red}\square = \color{red}\square \square$$

$$\blacksquare \color{red}\square = \color{red}\square \square$$

$$\square \color{blue}\square = \color{blue}\square \square$$

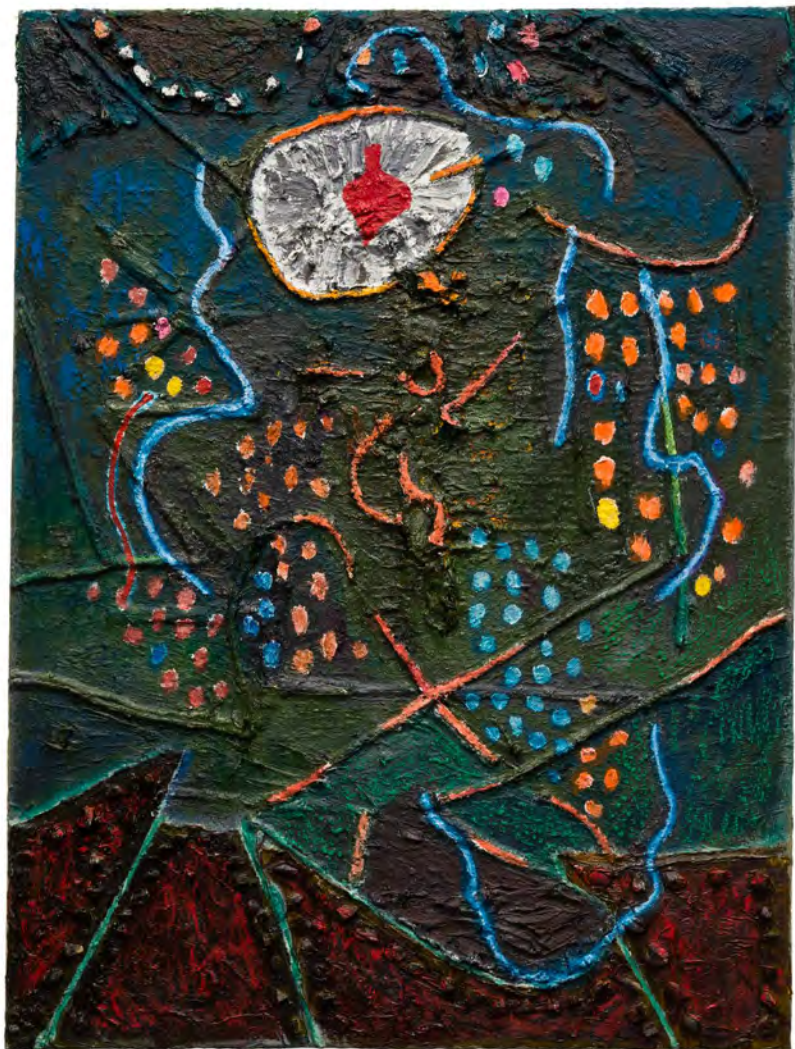
$$\blacksquare \color{blue}\square = \color{blue}\square \square$$



Yevgeniya Baras, *Untitled*, 2020, oil, paper pulp, and wood on canvas, 20 x 16 inches



Yevgeniya Baras, *Untitled*, 2020, oil, paper pulp, and wood on canvas, 20 x 16 inches



Yevgeniya Baras, *Untitled*, 2019, oil on canvas, 20 x 16 inches

6:37 pm (August 3, 2018)

Alyssa Moore

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] my future

[REDACTED] is unchained

[REDACTED] teeming

with nothing and the sprinklers

a flowing frame which keep the whole dead image static

today [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

let me make it out of the thick woods of this park

[REDACTED]

i am not yet afraid  
i am not yet unafraid



# The Atom No 7

Sarah Mangold

*for Hilma af Klint*

T h e a t o m i s b o t  
 h l i m i t e d a n d  
 c a p a b V i o l e t l e o f  
 d e v e a c t i o n l o p m  
 e n t . p a s s e s t o b l u e . T h e l i t t l e W h e n  
 t h e v e s s e l d i v i s i b l e w i t h l i c h e n . R o s e a t o m  
 e x p s m o k e o f t o b a c c o . R o s e s r e s t o r e d a n d  
 s o n r o o t s y e l l o w t o p u r e r e d . B l u e t h e  
 e t h e a p r o c e s s u n k n o w n t o m e . W h i t e r i c  
 p l a n w r o u g h t s t e m f l o w e r s . e , t  
 h e p h W o r d s o r a n g e a n d y s i c a  
 l p a r t v i o l e t o f t h e  
 e a r t h l y a t o m b  
 e g i n s t o g l o w

Hilma af Klint's 'The Atom Series' (1917) contains twenty drawings which illustrate two images of an atom on each page: one image shows the atom as it exists on the etheric plane and the other shows the atom's state of energy on the physical plane enlarged four times. My twenty poetry atoms consist of af Klint's original notation for each atom in italics, with my depiction of that notation's state of energy enlarged four times on the physical plane. Source words for the atoms were collected from *Occult Chemistry, Clairvoyant Observations on the Chemical Elements* by Annie Besant and Charles Leadbeater (1908) another of the books found in af Klint's library.

## à l'unisson II

Eva-Maria Houben, 2004

*pauke, perkussion, ein streichinstrument*

hector berlioz abgehört.

unisono oder oktavunisono.  
so tief wie möglich.

pauke:  
der klang (tremolo mit sehr weichen schlegeln) ist fast unhörbar  
leise.  
bleibt für die dauer des stücks.

perkussion:  
leichte, trockene zweige werden gebrochen. es entsteht ein leises  
knackgeräusch. manchmal.

streichinstrument:  
ein klang: ein bogenstrich - so langsam wie möglich.  
insgesamt fünf bis sieben mal.  
zeit lassen zwischen den klängen.



## à l'unisson II

Eva-Maria Houben, 2004

*timpani, percussion, one string instrument*

listening to hector berlioz.

in unison or octave unison.  
as low as possible.

timpani:  
the sound (tremolo with very soft mallets) is nearly inaudibly  
soft.  
stays during the whole performance.

percussion:  
light, dry branches are broken. a soft noise of the cracking.  
off and on.

string instrument:  
one sound: one bow – as slow as possible.  
five to seven times.  
take your time between the sounds.

# Altar

Caroline Kanner

The wind changed and now  
 my squash plant is covered in ash.  
 What would it take to feel safe?  
 I ask the bar of moonlight  
 lying awake with me across the bed;  
 ask my dad, alive in my dream;  
 my friend, half-listening on her end  
 of the country. Terrified,  
 I go on asking: ask the waiting shriek  
 with the spear in his beak; ask the shadow  
 of the earth sliding over the earth  
 like an eyelid; ask the grudge  
 gathering in my chest; ask dollars flooding  
 toward the incumbents; ask the grassy  
 mountain pass where a neighbor  
 flipped off the road; ask the sky,  
 losing birds like a mind going blank.

What would it take? The question implies  
 appraisal, an exchange. But  
 it—whatever it is—gives  
 and takes on its own terms.

I pick through my mind, my belongings  
 for wares, arrange them among candles:  
 take simile; take candles; take the solace  
 of dreams that remind me I still have,  
 somewhere in memory, what I'd thought I'd lost;  
 take leisure; take wind in the grass; take the sound  
 of more than one voice spun together—take even  
 the sound of thousands of voices  
 outside in the dark, in the cold,  
 shouting, singing. *No,*  
 a voice answers, *Keep all that.*  
*You want safety—give me feeling.*

# Harvest

Caroline Kanner

Downstream when the wind paused, upstream  
when it picked up again—we floated like this  
through the heat of the day on the feeble river.

Up past the bank the peppers were getting started  
dying on the vines. Yesterday the county called:  
No more water. We learned this upon arrival,  
our friend the farmer's voice far off  
under the shadow of her brim  
as she gestured to the strawberries: please,  
we need you to eat as many as you can.

She'd called during the week,  
invited us up from the city on her day off  
to partake in the bounty, to tour the greenhouses  
and collect souvenirs—bags of whatever  
didn't sell at market that morning. And to float,  
the river not what it was last year, but still a relief  
around noon.

Mostly we drifted in silence,  
fingers stained strawberry color, the sadness hers,  
not ours. The trees made an incredible roaring sound  
in the dry wind and we laughed at the dragonflies, attached,  
fucking—in the air, on my knee, in my friend's hair.

Tomorrow they will wake early.  
They will pull up the onions and advertise them  
as miniature onions. Beans, once they're started, don't need  
irrigation. And tomatoes never taste better than when they're stressed.

# Containment

Caroline Kanner

In the evacuated canyon, my grandmother is taking a bath.  
 The barricade of cop cars flashing at the mouth  
 parted to let her through, just to grab a change of clothes,  
 medication, before the wind picks up again.  
 Bougainvillea on the window by the tub obliterates the view:  
 airplane almost touching its belly to the hillside.

On the other side of the city, I make a sandwich,  
 put on the afternoon press conference. Bouquet of microphones,  
 fire chief with a face like the moon, if the moon were on fire.  
 There are so many people to thank. The chief likes the phrase  
 False sense of security—he says it twice. No, no, I know  
 what you're going to ask: Not an encampment:

A tree branch. A corporation. An act of God,  
 says the mayor. The mayor also says  
 I sell L.A. for a living. The reporter says Please for God's sake  
 tell your housekeepers, your gardeners, *not* to come to work.  
 Don't be an idiot, says one councilmember.  
 Don't be a hero, he says a little later. The mayor delivers

a few words in Spanish and the officials leave the frame.  
 Cut to the sky, fading back to blue. The prisoners get back on the bus;  
 the neighbors walk their dogs. What you can't see  
 from the helicopter camera is that underground, the roots are still burning.  
 The dewy correspondent grins, tweaks her earpiece, her blouse  
 matching the stripes of pink chemicals ringing the singed hill.

# The Spirit Pens a Winter Letter to the Enemy

J.P. White

The wise ones say just consent to everything that comes  
your way no matter what it is, and presto,  
the cane toad in you,  
the one with venom blooming  
in your shoulder blades  
can now gather as a finch on a raspberry stalk.

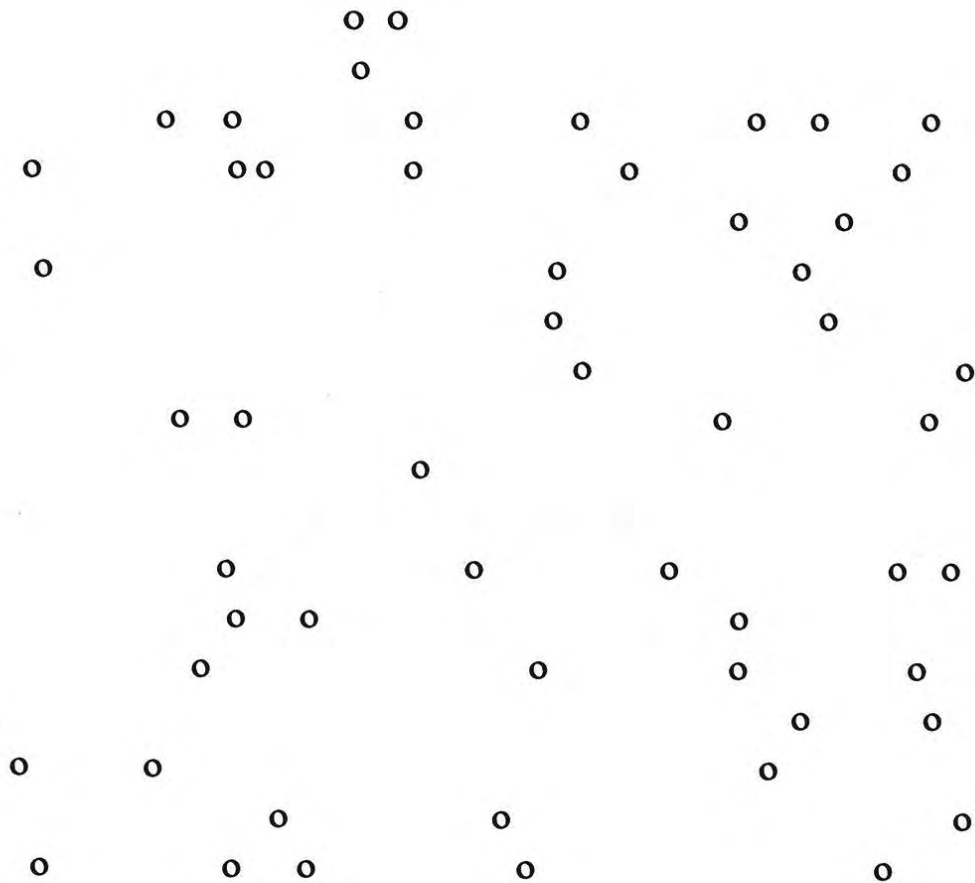
With apologies to wisdom,  
I can't accept the tooth and claw of so many things.  
This morning it's the beaver  
who cuts down another tree at night.

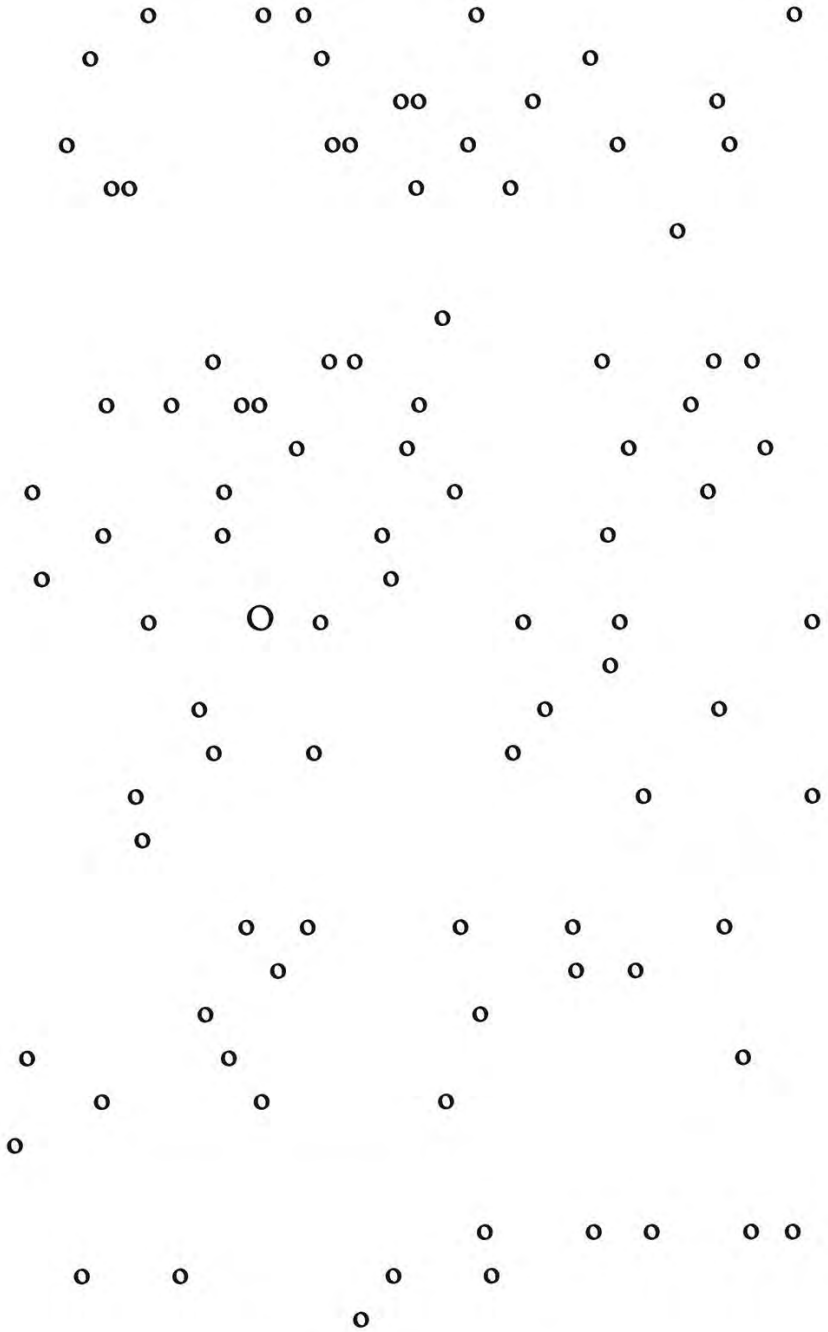
Cottonwood, peachleaf willow, dogwood,  
All of my friends now dead  
And lying face down in the river.

How can I not go to war one more time?

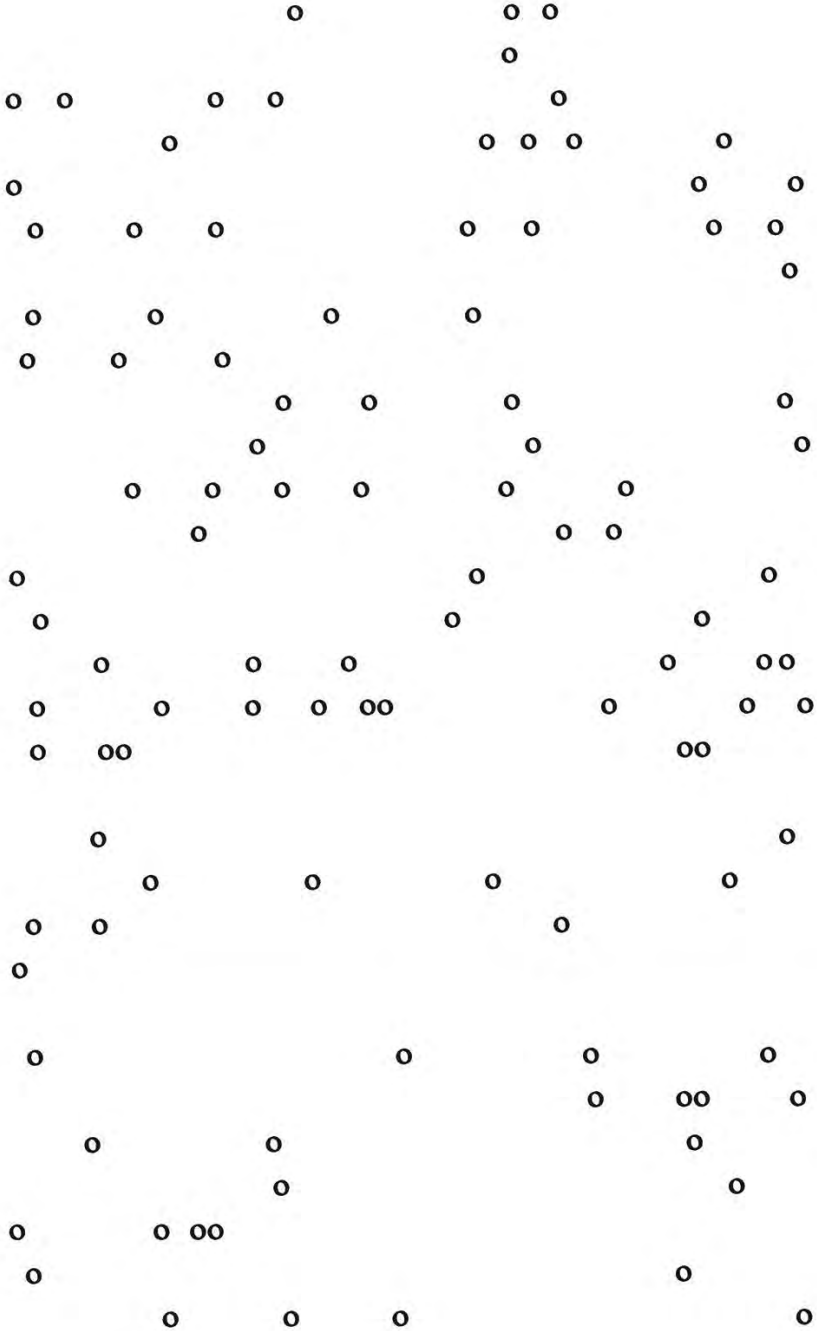


Nicholas Scrimenti, *Saint John of the Cross*, 2022, photograph  
*Facade*, 2022, photograph









# Fragments

Rachel Blum

I spoke to the loneliness.  
When I came back  
my mouth was full of leaves.

Inquire further.  
Or no,  
you must not inquire any further.

In the absence  
there was barely  
a small dish of you.

It was terrible,  
but I tried  
to keep still.

\*

May I ask you a question?

in the co-created novel  
it is raining hard  
and I am daydreaming  
your bright strength  
for sheltering

\*

The baby in the heart  
of any personal age  
is breathing milk  
with tiny lips  
like softer diamonds.

\*

I am holding my breath  
having forgotten  
my breath will come

home.

\*

What would you do with your  
freedom?

same as I did yesterday  
with my skin intact

so

I might dance a moment  
by natural windows,  
or let my mind wander  
through rain on the screen  
without pretending  
comprehension

\*

It is customary  
to drape the mirrors.

# Untitled

Rachel Blum

Last night I began a poem called  
For The Writing Prompt *Vows*.  
I vowed not to shoot the messenger.  
I said I would not burn the bridge  
between my bed and dreaming.  
We said there is a land of make believe  
but the castle people are ghosts.  
I said as often as possible  
to notice the pink dawn sky,  
light expanding  
behind apartment buildings.  
And you said we can take walks  
in any sort of weather.

# Untitled

Rachel Blum

It is Christmas Eve in Becket  
in my dream.  
Tell me what it means to you,  
what your rib is saying  
in my poem.  
The night before you gave me a silk gown.  
Inconclusive design of diamond art.  
Steady veranda  
from where are we watching the sea

*this is  
intended beautifully*

# Cemetery

Scott Aumont

From Poet's Hill they could see the perimeter: a high red brick wall capped with long concrete inverted arches, each punctuated by a flat block architrave.

"It's bigger than I thought," she said.

"Hmmm." He looked but thought nothing in particular. He looked in the opposite direction: intermittent trees amid a mass of grey gravestones.

They had wandered through for no purpose other than to pass the time, to just take a look. She talked about a cemetery in Athens she visited three years ago, before they met; the lovely old florid tombs and how she got confused about the direction out. He mentioned Pere Le Chaise, which he found really romantic.

"Check out all these differently designed crosses."

"Yeah right," he said, "I s'pose they're kinda like logos."

She laughed.

"You know, like marketing. I guess that's what it was... different organizations with their own brand of Christianity."

He sensed she was disinterested, either in the topic itself or the way he was pursuing it.

She moved aside to examine something else.

"These roses are amazing."

Internally, he chasmed. There was his own train of thought but also the awareness that the direction hers had taken was probably of more worth. Away from abstractions and concepts, to the immediate. The here and now. Nature, growth, beauty and color.

"Yeah, they're pretty incredible."

A row just under hip height: bursts of spiraled, mauve petals. Oddly in contrast, she thought, with the brown, bare and barbed frameworks supporting them.

"Funny how ugly the rest of the plant is though," she remarked.

"Yeah, it's like they've channeled all their beauty into the flower, the rest of the plant gets zero aesthetic energy."

"Yes, the rest is for defense."

"Right!" he replied, perhaps too eagerly.

They continued along the path, which dipped and turned to the right. It appeared to circle toward the entrance, which prompted them to

think it was time to leave. They rounded another turn and were closer to the opposite wall, when she halted.

“Wait, have we passed it?”

“No, no, it’s further, definitely along this wall.”

He glanced at a cluster of tombstones noting that he hadn’t really bothered to examine details. Names, dates, completely overlooked in his self-conscious reveries.

“Miller, died 1973,” she observed, “no birth year.”

“Oh, here it is,” she corrected, “1970. A baby.”

Johnson. Vogler. Allen. Rothman. 1935. 1959. ’71. ’85. The information quickly lost sense for him.

A cool wind rose.

He hugged his body, then took a sweater from his backpack.

“Yes, it’s dropping,” she said. “Let’s find that exit.”

He returned to looking at the wall: a solid line of red brick topped with its repeating scoops. Along the base was a haphazard garden of small stumpy bushes. He followed the wall with his eye, discerning no break at all as it continued into the distance over a small rise.

“Is that the corner up there?” He pointed.

She squinted. “I don’t get it. Isn’t this the road we started on?”

“Jesus!” He laughed. “It could be. It certainly looks like it. Come on, we got turned around somehow. Let’s just follow the wall. It’ll have to take us to an exit.”

In silence they reached the corner they thought they noticed earlier. He shrugged and motioned to the path and the perpendicular wall with its repeated design. It was quieter; behind the wall, a side street, residential. At the next corner, they continued to the right to what they believed was the opposite of their original ingress, then on to the end of that side and the next corner and the next. When they passed the Miller Johnson Vogler assemblage, he looked at her to see if she was noticing it. She looked at the wall, the sky, around behind her, the path ahead, into the center. Her head flipped around, the breeze playing with her hair.

He faced the wall at the lowest point in the loop. He crouched, and leapt with his fingers outstretched, but they missed the top by a few inches. He tried again. Then he stepped back and leapt vertically, just to look. He did

it once more.

Puffing now, he turned: “I think I can see the roof of that service station at the end of Hawthorn Road. It was just across from where we entered. It’s nuts. The entrance should have been here. We’ve definitely been all the way around, right?”

She looked at him then along both walls, frowning. She muttered something that sounded like ‘what happened?’

He gave a laugh, like stones settling.

She pulled her coat tighter. The wind had picked up. The traffic noises could still be heard. And nearby, a rhythmic scraping. At least two people, on the other side of the wall.

“Hey!” he shouted, moving quickly to the wall. “Hello! EXCUSE ME!!” He held his breath. They must have heard him. The steps were fading.

“HEYYYY!” Now at full voice, he walked rapidly, in parallel to the noises on the other side.

“We can’t find the entrance!!” she called, but the pedestrians could no longer be heard.

He turned and looked at her, held out his hands. “What the fuck! They must have heard us.”

“Fuck this, I’m calling...” he paused “... the police I suppose.” He fished out his phone and punched in his passcode. He froze.

“I don’t have a signal. Try yours.”

Hers wasn’t working either.

They turned their phones on and off. Held them waving in the air. They went to the center of the cemetery and held their phones aloft, necks craned, gazing heavenward for signal bars.

They sat by a curbside on the central avenue. Beneath a tessellated grey sky, two crows issued plangent squawks. At the periphery a steady hum of traffic, broken by the whine of acceleration or the cumbrous rumble of a truck.

“Something weird is happening.”

“Weird? What do you *mean*?” he said in his supercilious tone, deployed when she said something insufficiently precise.

“Well for fuck’s sake, this is not *normal*!” she spat. “How can there be no exits? All the way around?”

“Yes, I know, I know,” he said, impatient at himself, at everything. He adjusted, conciliatory. “I’m sorry.”

Her concern triggered in him a need to protect, to be practical.

He swung his arms forward and stood up, feeling his body, shunning the strangeness.

“Ok let’s forget the exits for now. We heard people walk past,



right? So we'll go back to the wall and make sure we get someone's attention. We'll throw shit over if we have to.

On North Road, afternoon traffic coursed rhythmically.

A bicycle could be heard: a whirr of tires, the bounce of springs.

"Hey, we're stuck!" he started early with his shouting, walking towards the oncoming bike, staring at the wall at its supposed position. He broke into a trot, then a run. "*Hello! Excuse me! Can you hear me, on the bike? We can't get out! Heyy!*"

He gouged a palmful of turf from the garden bed and flung it skyward. The debris smattered against the top of the wall, a few pieces trickling over. He wheeled around for something more substantial and she ran into him, frantic, holding a nice sized rock. He took it, turned, and sent it over the wall.

The rider had passed.

"It's okay, there'll be others."

When they reached the corner, the cyclist was gone but the clunking of the crossing signal, *dugadugaduga*, rang out.

She wove her fingers together and crouched so he could place a foot in her hands. She staggered and he broke through. The next time it held but his fingers scraped short of the ledge.

Frustrated, he landed in a squat, hands in the dirt.

"Why is it so fucking high!"

*Because people are dying to get in*, she thought, but didn't say it.

There was a bark of child's laughter and a woman's voice urging 'honey' not to pull on something.

"Excuse me! Lady?" she said loudly. "Can you help us?"

"HELP!!" he added in full voice.

"Don't freak them out," she said, then yelled again "we're stuck in here! We can't find the entrance."

"We *need* to freak them out. HEY YOU! With the stroller!"

But they had moved on, perhaps crossing the road.

"God, we must sound like a practical joke. Ghosts calling to be let out."

Their phones read 6:17pm.

"Well, this place is technically shut now. But we must have missed the entrance gate somehow. Let's do another circuit."

She sighed. "Alright, come on."

In sixteen minutes they were back at their intersection, the walking signal punching hollow beats like drips in an empty basement.

The sun leached amber on the horizon. Not hearing any pedestrians, they became reconciled to the possibility they would stay

the night. She wondered if he had realized it, and he was trying to read whether she had concluded it so that he might conclude it himself.

“I have to use the bathroom.”

They went into their separate ends. The concrete floors were covered in a moist gunge. When she emerged, she said, more cheerfully: “anything of interest in there?”

“Not really.” He shook his head. Well, he *had* looked. An array of urinals, etcetera. But he also hadn’t really looked at all. When he had entered the bathroom, he thought now as they walked up to Poet’s Hill, he had only wanted a moment of forgetting, a break from whatever they were going through. What was he to do in there? Look for a clue? Graffiti from some previous hapless cemetery goer? Alone, he hadn’t thought at all about their predicament. He simply took a piss. Tuned out entirely. Should he go back in, this time focusing on their problem, seeing what could be seen with that frame of mind? And what was he thinking about now? Not the problem at hand but rather that he hadn’t been focusing on it during the break.

From Poet’s Hill they had a vantage of the surrounding area. On all sides a horizon of roofs, treetops, wires. The sky various dark greys shading to a smear of pumpkin orange in the west. On North Road, cars slid towards or away from the dimming dusk. Traffic and distant construction noise drifted over the walls into their central bird-chirping grove. They got their phones out, and looking in different directions, zoomed in on spots on the cemetery wall. Doing the splits with their index and middle fingers, they made their walls rush in on their screens. Standing and rotating in opposite directions, they each scanned the entire perimeter of the cemetery, or at least the segments they could see despite the obstructions of trees, bushes, the lodge and the restrooms, and the growing darkness.

They lay spooned. He fell asleep quickly. She listened to the susurrus of leaves overhead and the sporadic ragged sigh of a passing vehicle. Her mind was a manic thief fingering every divisible topic in her life. She thought fleetingly and unproductively about her relationship, her job, her mother, her apartment, her clothes, her exercise habits or lack thereof, tossing aspects of each negligently into a disordered heap.

And yet she retained a sense of the absurdity of doing this while huddled against her boyfriend under a tree in a cemetery they didn’t know how to leave. She vowed to meditate and recalled past meditation efforts, ‘practices’, based around focusing on the breath or external sounds, or isolating parts of the body from the toes upward. Had she ever really done those practices successfully or were they mere lifestyle ornaments, the cursory attempt at which made her feel more well-rounded? Self-

disappointment swept over her. The mind truant and unruly, she made her body as still as possible. Unmoving, without a twitch of muscle or nerve. Her neuronal activity, too, should soon completely pause and nothing would move at all and she understood at once that this null animation would be the precursor to, or somehow itself the equivalent of, true vitality.

He was dreaming. Again, the confined wandering, this time not in fatigue and confusion, but laced with adventure. It didn't matter that the cemetery was bordered with an unbroken wall; within there were gilded paths, rises and hollows abounding with vivid sublimities. Expectancy grew and whelmed into rapture, breaking the gestalt.

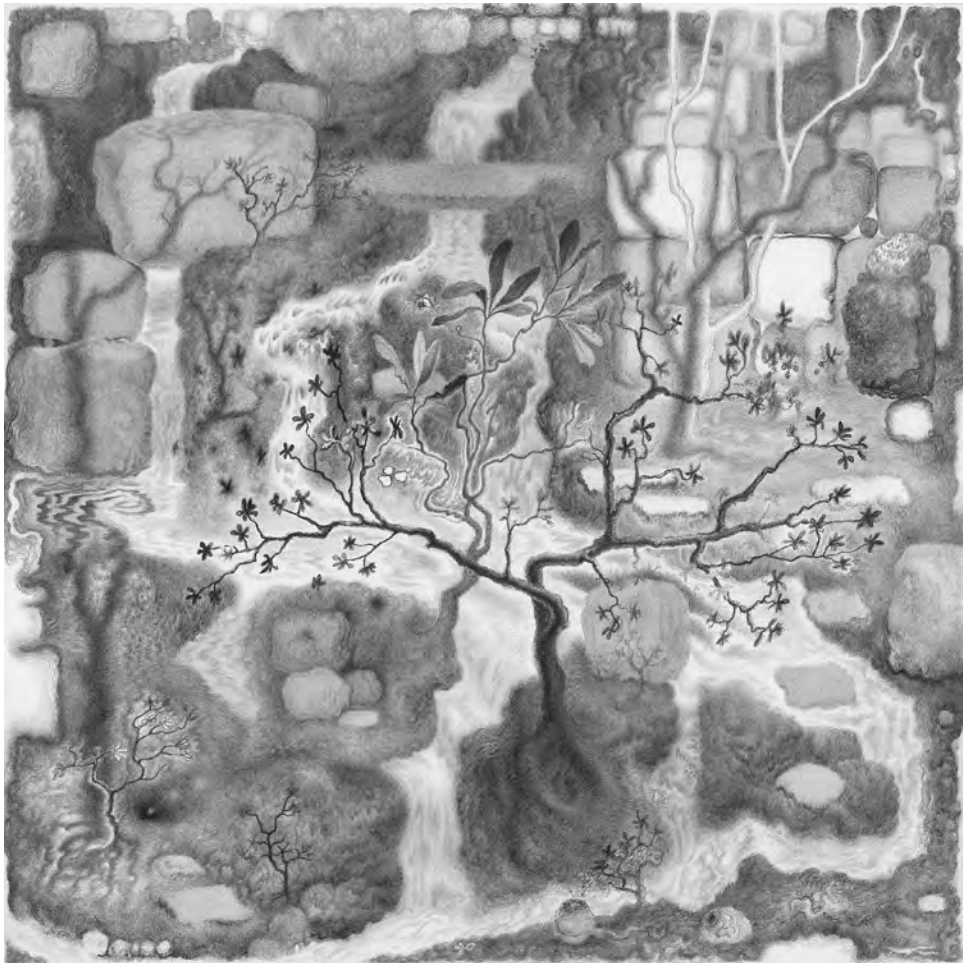
Awake, he pushed up on one elbow and clasped her shoulder, murmuring: "ss'nother level."

In her groggy coming-to, she thought he was telling her they had to leave, there was some exit available, and that it had to be used right now.

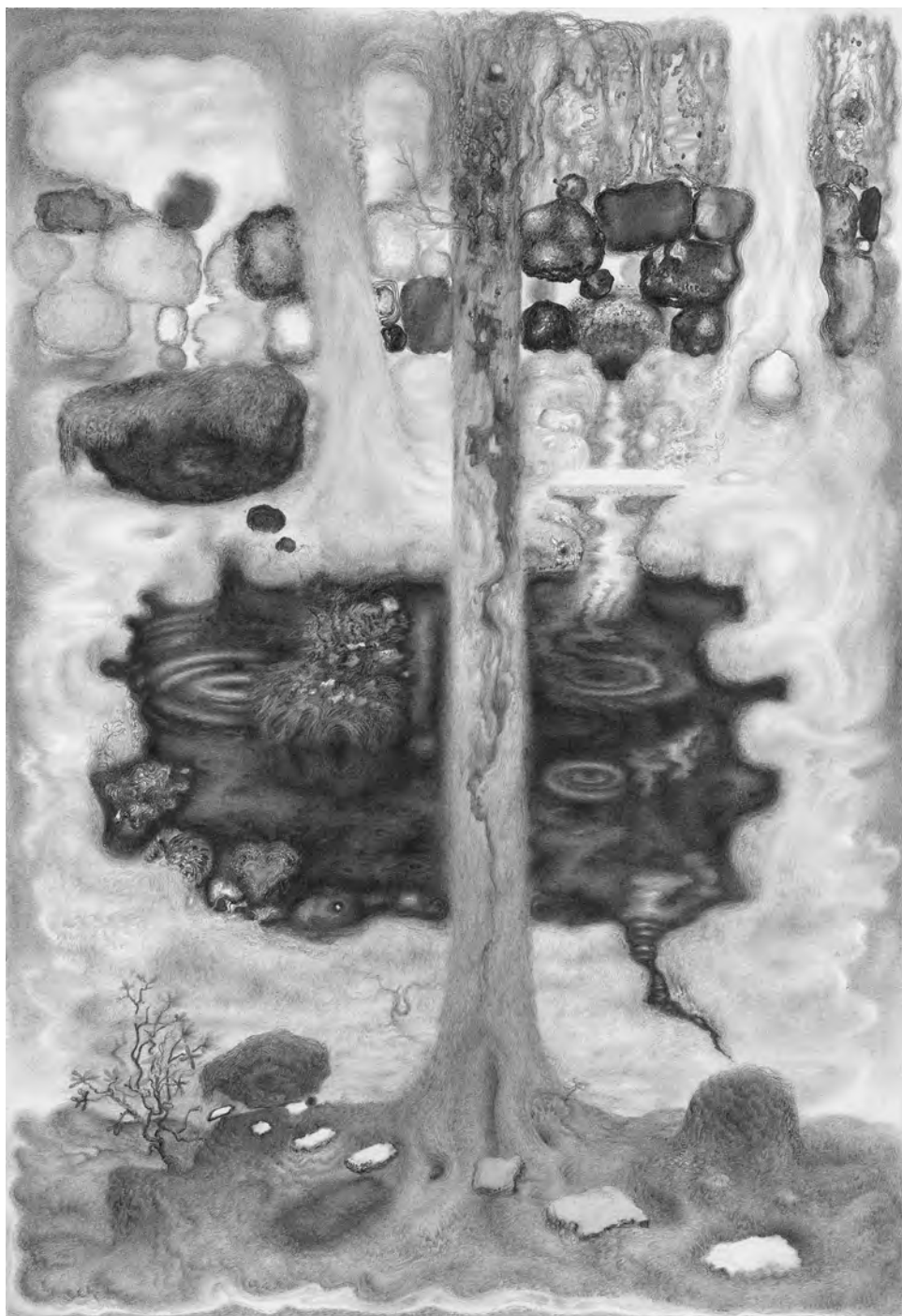
"We should go?" she said, as she rose on one arm herself, pain and stiffness in her limbs, shoulders, hips.

But his utterance was already nonsensical to him. *Sorry, sorry*, he muttered, and pulled them both back down onto the cold Earth, the unbroken low roar of the traffic in the distance.

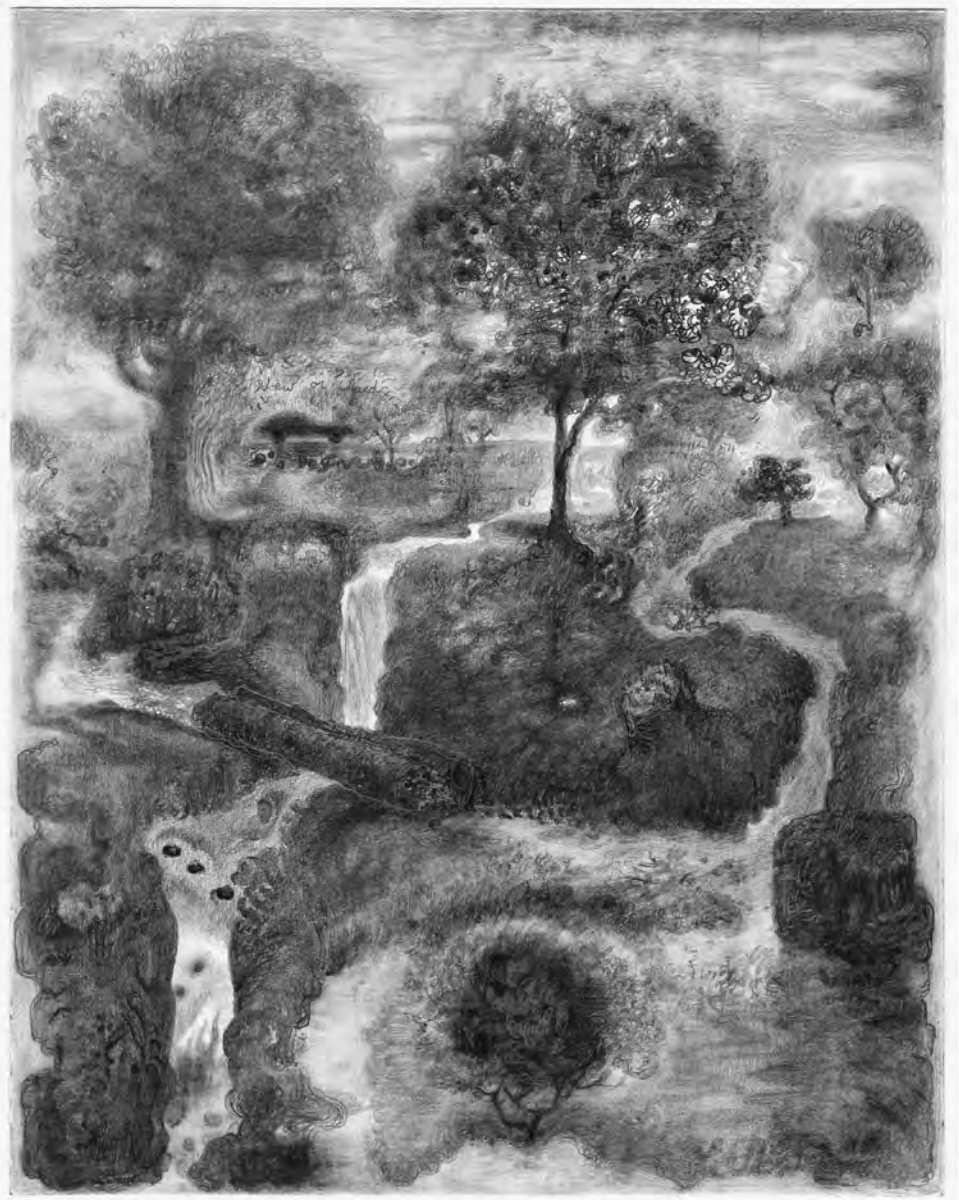
They lay blinking, as the trees, sky and graves gradually took shape.



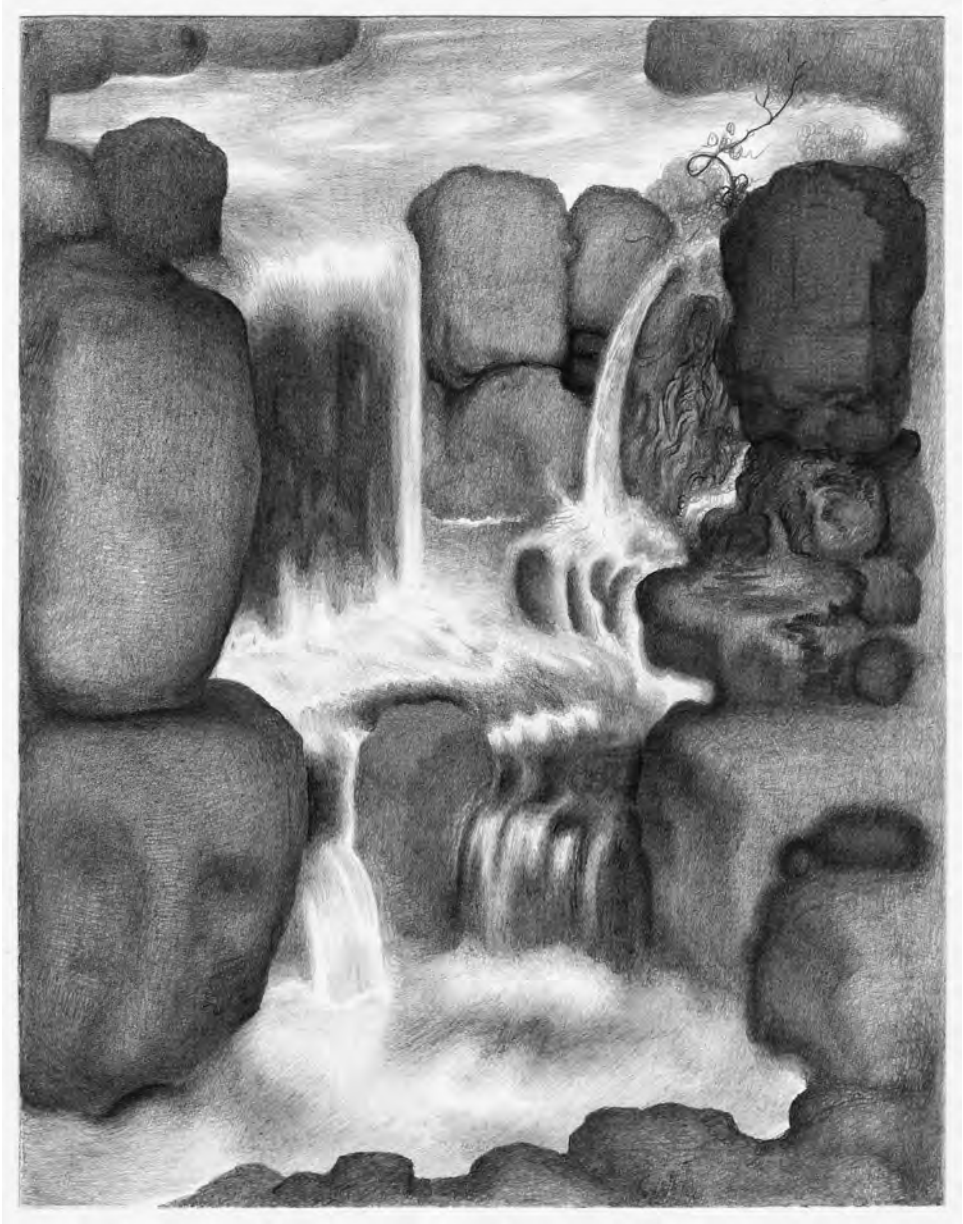
Joshua Marsh, *Common Cause*, 2017, graphite on paper, 11 x 11 inches



Joshua Marsh, *Dark Pond*, 2017, graphite on paper, 14 x 9.5 inches



Joshua Marsh, *New or Used*, 2020, graphite on paper, 7 x 5.5 inches



Joshua Marsh, *Else*, 2020, graphite on paper, 7 x 5.5 inches



Kyle Staver, *Godiva*, 2009, aquatint etching, 10 x 8 inches





Kyle Staver, *Study for Sisyphus*, 2022, mixed media, 11 x 8.5 inches

# The Body of our Father

Marija Peričić

1.

We were in a hurry. We had an appointment with the solicitor. With crowbars, we broke into our father's locked suitcases, looking for the title deeds for the property. We found the cases to be full of 1980s porn on VHS, their covers sun-bleached to shades of pastel.

2.

The briefcase then. My sister in the shed hunkering down over her mauve platform sandals, jimmying the briefcase lock with a screwdriver and never breaking one pillar-box-red acrylic nail. The briefcase disgorged photos of unknown women; of me as an infant, naked, bathing in a rocky stream; a Yugoslav pilot badge; a silk scarf with a pomegranate pattern; three Parisian identity cards; expired work passes from Saudi Arabia; airline tickets to Iraq; a fake Rolex; three gold rings; and a wedding band engraved with my mother's name.

3.

We met with the solicitor, John Johnson, a corpulent Scot. He pronounced his name like Jawn Jawnstn, which made it an even more unlikely name. In his office there were piles of paper rising in towers from every horizontal surface. While we were talking, his mobile phone rang (marimba at full volume) and he didn't know how to set it to silent, so he shoved it, still ringing, into the bottom desk drawer, covered it with papers and slammed shut the drawer. We could hear the jangly notes sounding faintly out and his desk vibrating softly.

4.

At the hospital to collect our father's personal effects. I used the loo, and when I came out I found my sister draped across the reception counter, pleading tearfully with the receptionist, a blond girl with a tired face, who was shaking her head.

"Please?" my sister asked, tears cracking her voice, "Can't you make an exception? Just this once?"

She wanted to see our father's body, I knew.

The receptionist went on shaking her head, no. Against hospital policy.

My sister's eyeliner had run down the corner of her right eye and the wet mascara had matted her eyelashes together. The receptionist looked from my sister to me and back again.

"Please?" my sister said again.

The receptionist sighed said she would have to make a phone call. She told us to wait and gestured to a phalanx of shinely upholstered chairs waiting nearby. We sat down. The room was dusty pink, grey and dark green. It was worse than that pale green scrubbed lino of hospital dramas. There was no one around. We waited. There was a tv high up on the wall, blaring about scandals in the love life of George Clooney.

The receptionist came and told us that they never allow bodies to be viewed in hospital, but they would make an exception for us.

Would we wait 20 minutes?

She gave us the bag of his things. It had a drawstring and was made of blue transparent plastic marked 'Patient clothing'. I opened it, and it released a wave of stale sick-smelling air into my face. Inside was a pair of mismatched flannelette pyjamas and some underwear. I wish we hadn't collected it.

5.

After a while, a woman came up, a black-haired slim whip of a thing, who said, in an Irish brogue, that her name was Mairead. She must have been about fifty, and had her black hair slicked up into a quiff and curled like a duck's tail at the back. She had frosted pink lipstick on and a pancake of makeup, which had settled in the deep lines of her face.

"Follow me please," said Mairead. She turned and bustled off.

We walked behind her along a corridor.

We turned into a room marked 'Linen.'

We were swiped into a private area.

We went down a cold concrete walkway, one side open, and the rain blowing in.

Mairead opened a door and there was a room like the hall of a cheap hotel, and a chair with a skirt on for modesty of its legs. Mairead told us to put our bags on that. A tall man appeared, his face kind and hairless. He opened another door and there was my father, there he was, laid out on a metal gurney in a tiny room.

He was covered with a sheet and his head was tilted far back, chin pointed up at the ceiling. I was afraid. My sister went and hugged him. I stood just inside the door. The room was very cold. I didn't want to touch him. I went to stand behind his head and looked down at his face.

Mairead and the tall man watched us with respectful faces from the hotel hall room. My father's eyes weren't quite closed. There was liquid still inside. His eyebrows were tufts, his nose was a beak, much sharper than when he was alive. His eyes were hollow. Cold radiated from him. His mouth was open. I could see inside.

Mairead came in.

"Do you want to hold Dad's hand to say goodbye?" she said.

I didn't answer. His hands were under the sheet. I didn't want to touch him. I didn't want to hold his hand. My sister lifted the sheet and tried to pull out his hand. It didn't move, his arm was immobile, rock hard, frozen at the elbow. Mairead came and together they wrestled with the recalcitrant arm, trying to detach the hand's grip on the other forearm.

I looked away. There was a picture on the wall of a tree with autumn leaves in varying shades of pink and orange, which was probably painted in the 1980s by some well-meaning post-menopausal woman. I looked back and my sister was holding our father's hand in her hand. His hand was a large and yellow object, heavy-looking. I didn't want to touch his hand. There was a gaping wound on his arm, where he had fallen at home, and a hole in his wrist, dark red and purple.

I laid my fingers on his shoulder, which was covered in a white hospital gown. It was cold: cold and hard, as though he'd been stuffed. I touched his chest lightly, over his heart. His ribs rose up domed and unnatural. Even his hair was cold. I stroked it with one finger.

My sister asked Mairead if she could cut some of his hair to keep. Mairead whipped out a pair of scissors and my sister snipped away. I felt scandalised. How he would have hated that: cutting his hair when he was dead. In my mind I see could him cursing in Croatian under his breath and making that dismissive gesture with his hands, like he was flicking water off them.

I looked at his face and his eyes winked at me. I hallucinated it. It wasn't real. I knew it was only imaginary. But I felt ok. Tata and me, we are the same kind of animal, you see.

## Are you Sitting Comfortably?

Steven Churchill

This palsied body's nervous over-  
reactions quiver limbs in in-  
consistent fits and starts,  
authored by nobody but  
premature brain's impulses,  
diverted by deadened  
intellect's pointless pontifications.

Expect arousal. It is an alienation  
from proper bodies' smooth movements.  
Inside lubricated neurons fire freely through  
sensual spaces as sensitive endings rub each-  
other. Then they easily change  
positions, impatient.

My mind's heavy debts are  
collected with interest, only once  
clinical ears paid for the privilege  
to listen with rehearsed concern  
to ego's agonies, baited again  
and again.

I picture a painless ending,  
falling asleep beside a loving other.  
Writing isn't living though. I die  
each time I hit the page.

The glare of memory  
wakes me with a fright.  
And then I'm sitting here  
in this chair that's not  
the kind people relax into.

They know it's only  
for the time being,  
after all.

Sunlight shimmers on the leaves -  
suddenly they're studded with a  
million tiny lights, blinking on  
and off, sending me messages  
that disappear in an instant.

Only those who've learned to walk  
in their thoughts can join me here.

They can take their time,  
I'm not going anywhere.

## Other People's Leisure

Steven Churchill

I can walk a few steps  
holding on to a frame,

but when I want to go  
somewhere, anywhere,  
I have to push this  
wheelchair, or else  
someone pushes me.

Everywhere I go,  
someone comes with me.

I can use a motorised  
wheelchair if I want,  
but then I'm trying not  
to run into anything,  
anyone, so I don't notice  
places, faces.

Still, there are moments  
I think "this must be what it  
feels like" to move without  
pain, without pressure,  
the next moment waiting  
just up ahead.

When I look out of my bedroom  
window at the trees, my eyes  
are always drawn to the same  
spot between the branches,  
where bits of blue sky poke  
out from beneath the green.

## How to Get Out, How to Cope? Or, Comment s'en Sortir?

Steven Churchill

With a question mark, comment s'en sortir?  
is all the times I kept trying one more door,  
picturing myself with others, on the inside,  
but got left sitting in this dead-end chair,  
its life-long shadow between me and them.

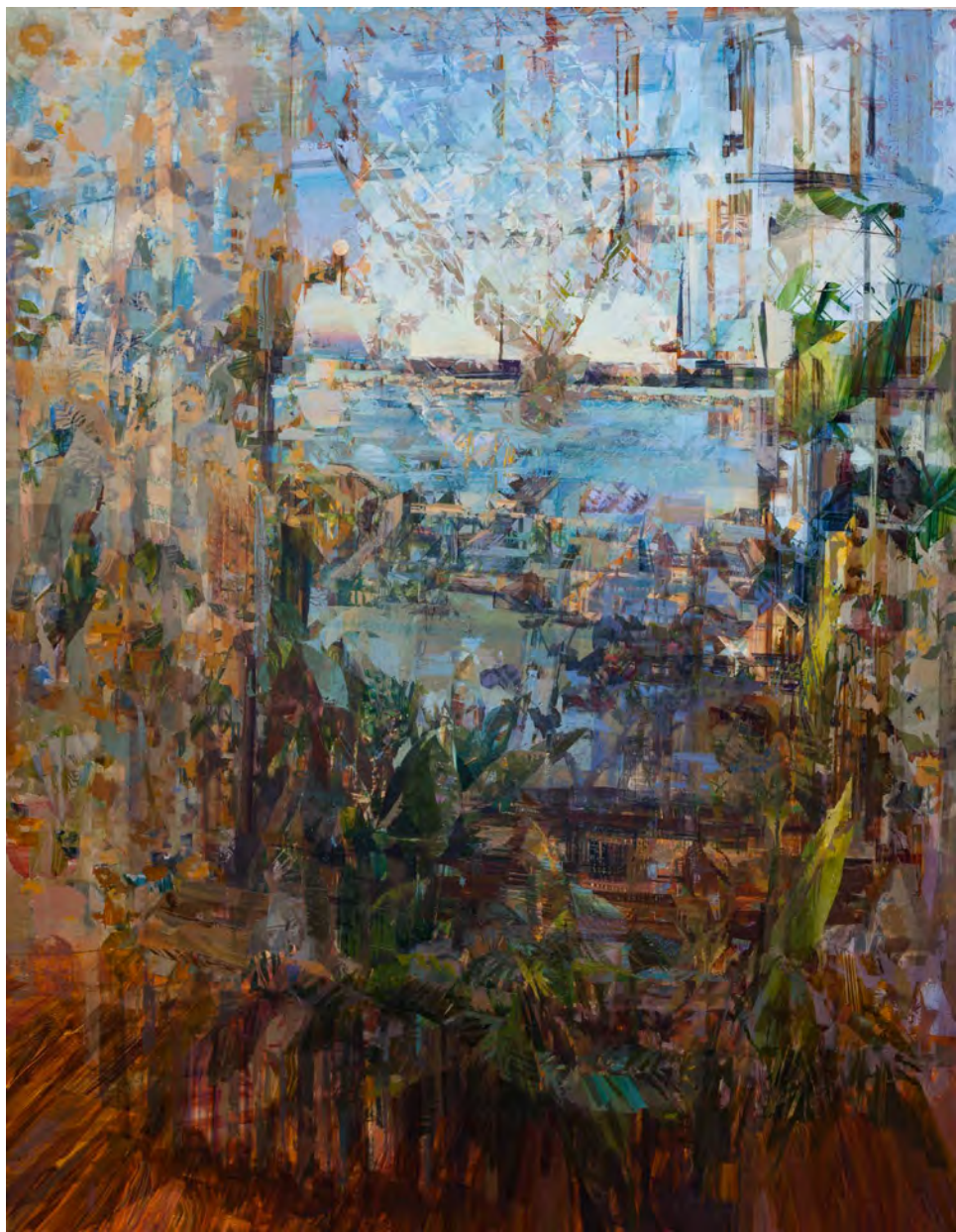
Then I found myself inside my head's private  
hell. If it was not going to be death then where  
next? Only the same question, asked over and  
over, an echo: how to get out, how to cope,

comment s'en sortir? These neat lines don't  
get me out, but I keep going back for ways  
to ask until suddenly there's no question.  
No way to cope, no "comment s'en sortir?"  
It won't last but it is enough. It has to be.





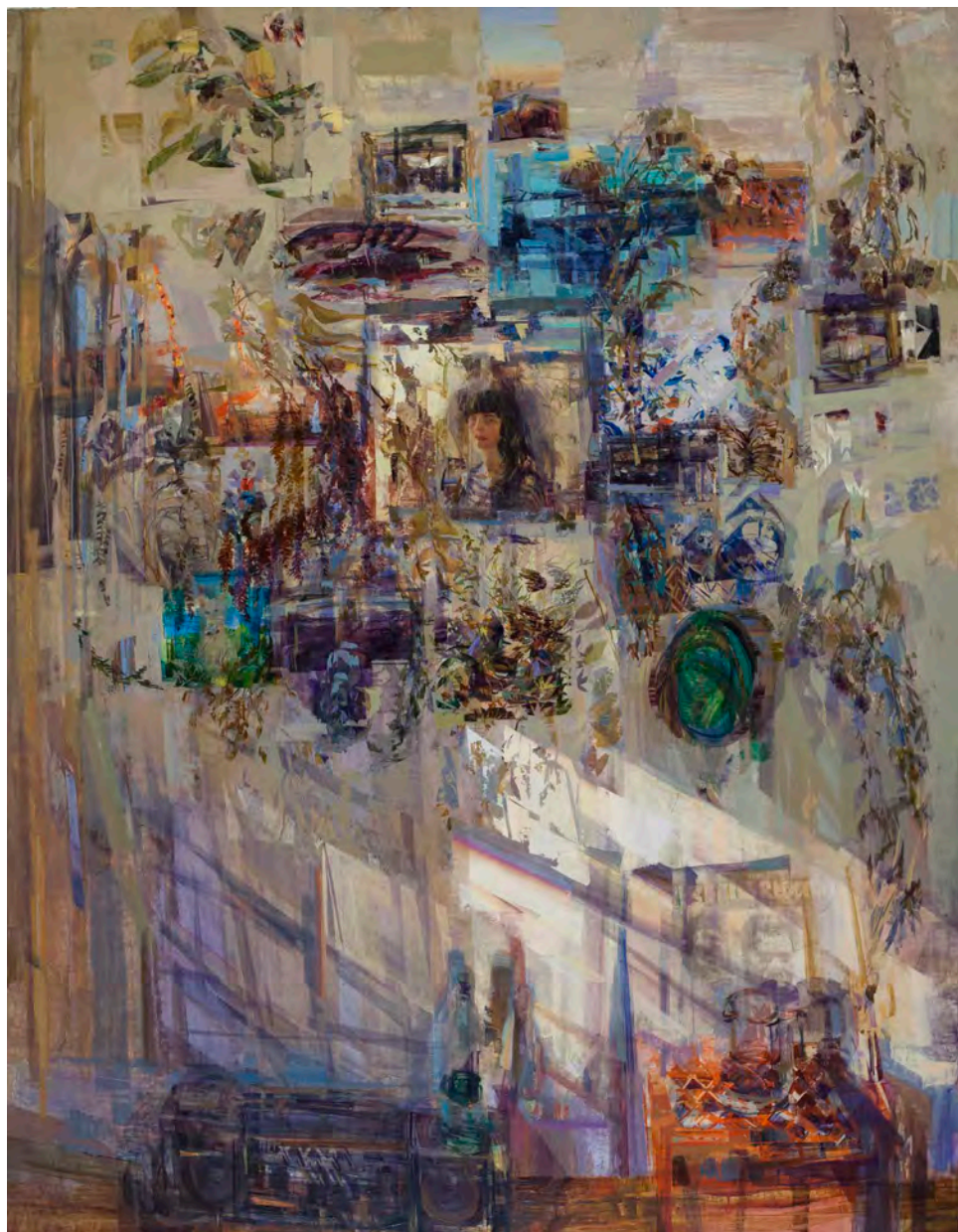
Eunice Sanchez, *Mleiha I*, 2022, cyanotype, fabric, and paper, 8 x 6 inches



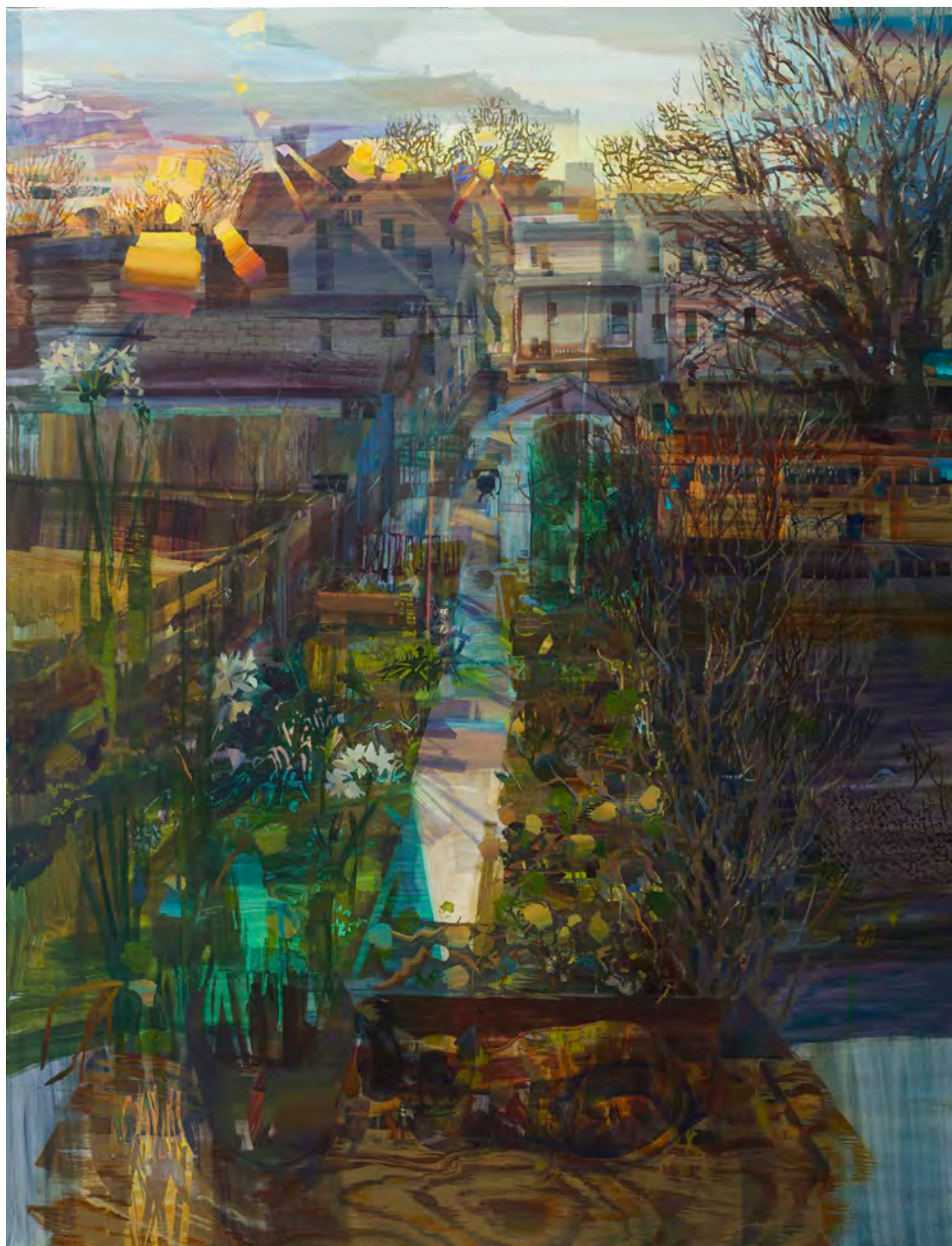
Stephanie Pierce, *Moonrise*, 2017-18, oil on linen, 64 x 50 inches



Stephanie Pierce, *detail, where the tongue can't follow*, 2019, oil on linen, 64 x 50 inches



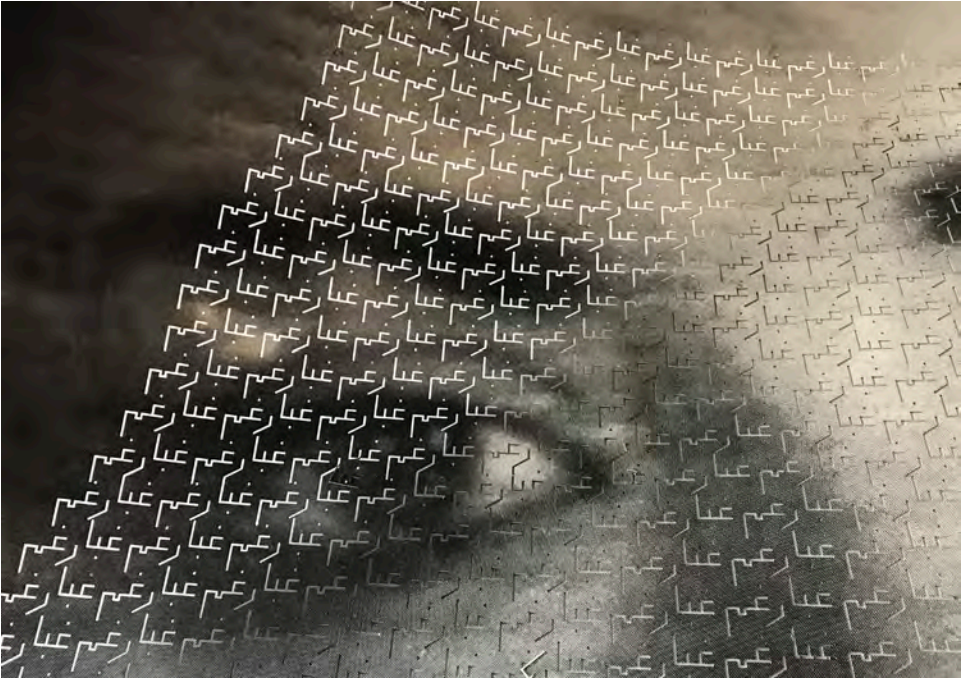
Stephanie Pierce, *i cloud*, 2017-18, oil on linen, 64 x 50 inches



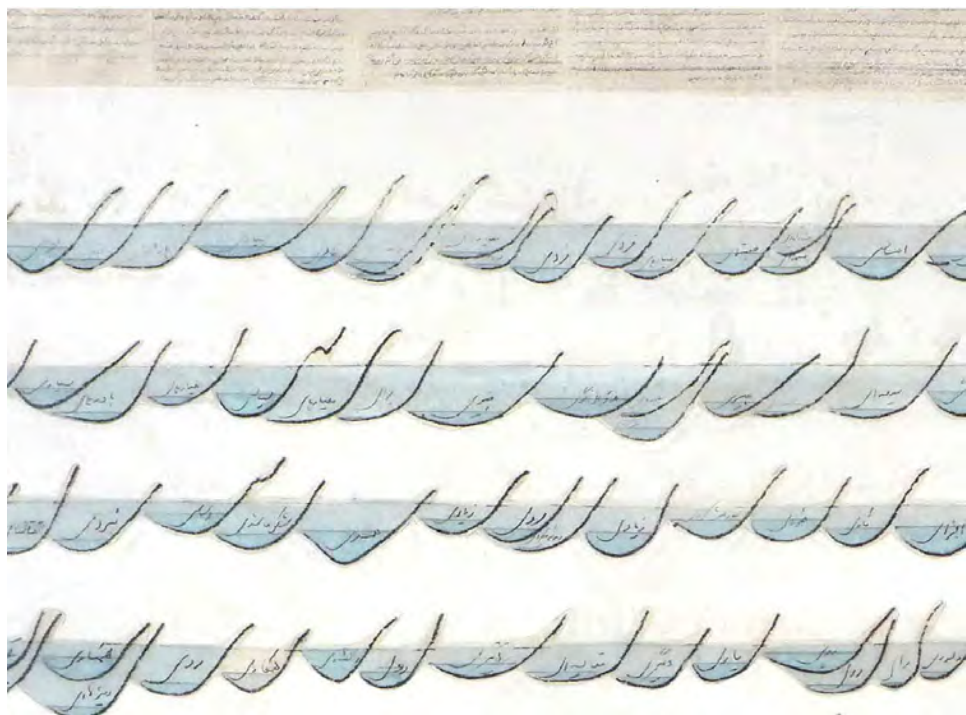
Stephanie Pierce, *Went down like shadows*, 2020-21, oil on linen, 64 x 50 inches



Erin Castellan, *Jump the Line*, 2022, hand-embroidery, beads, acrylic paint on jacquard woven fabric, 11 x 9 inches



Golnar Adili, *Dust of Sorrow (Ghobar e Gham)* - Detail, 2018, photo lithography laser-cut text, 18 x 30 inches



Golnar Adili, *Ye Harvest From the Eleven-Page Letter-Detail*, 2016, transfer print on Japanese paper, tissue paper, beeswax, 25 x 37 inches



# themes for a pretty girl that makes me believe God exists

Lawdenmarc Decamora

my shadow stares at me  
fashionably, without eyes.  
seeing me are its furious joy  
and the pink suspicion of time.

\*\*\*

when do you say you love God?  
poetry sharpens its leaves,  
sharper and more serious  
than the proceedings of sassafras  
held accountable for their false  
deciduousness.  
behind the curtains of the noumenal,  
i bathe in your light, waiting—  
when do you say you love God?

\*\*\*

i stand alone rearing an ego  
up against the wind,  
tinted dark and empty.  
static, its mouth  
is the biography of silence.

\*\*\*

you are the sun, the rain.  
you are the rain that shields  
love, you the spectacular girl  
with herb lore, you and your bronchial  
*babaylan*<sup>i</sup> energies humming in the trees.

something breaks—

in teardrops, aquariums, invitations,  
syntax error, liquid manila, morgues.

<sup>i</sup> A shaman or spiritual healer in some indigenous provinces in the Philippines

## An Interview with Destiny O. Birdsong

Alex Braslavsky

AB: Destiny, because *Peripheries* is a journal based at the Harvard Divinity School, would you feel comfortable speaking about your religious background? I'm interested in the way you level the body and the spirit on the same plane in much of your work.

DB: I think that a lot of *Negotiations* is chronicling my journey from one level of religious understanding to another. I was raised in a fairly conservative family. We went to Baptist churches for a while and then a Pentecostal church and then finally, a non-denominational church. What I was taught to believe about my body and its relationship to God, were, in hindsight, pretty tragic. Emphasis was placed on sexually pure bodies. But if sexual purity is supposed to make you more marriageable (that was certainly true for women), it contradicted my own beliefs about my body, which was that it wasn't marriageable. As I entered young adulthood, I felt that my body was damaged regardless because I had albinism. I had to go on a journey to better understand my own beauty.

Another unfortunate element of purity culture is its complete disregard for self-pleasure. In lots of communities you see both purity rings and a demonization of masturbation. But you cannot expect people to stay chaste, and yet teach them nothing about self-love. And it is important. You should know your body. You should know what brings you joy. And most of that education was absent for me. That was also a journey and *Negotiations* maps that out on the page.

I now believe that my body is a very complex thing made by God. And my feelings, whether sexual desire, or rage, or longing, or loneliness, or disbelief, are sewn into my body, like my DNA. These cannot contradict God because He created them. It does not mean that I should lean into my worst impulses, but that I should never feel ashamed of my feelings. Figuring out what feelings should be acted on, and how I should treat my body in the process, is a part of my faith practice.

AB: Now that you mention emotionality, I'm curious about the viscera of anger in *Negotiations*, particularly in "Elegy for the Man on Highway 52", in which you write: "I hope your children are trying to get over you in therapy." I'm thinking about generational cursing, and warding off evil as a spiritual tactic.

DB: "Elegy for the Man on Highway 52" was written when I was very sick and angry several months after the incident that prompted the poem. I had a specific

desire for the people involved to bleed to death internally. Two years prior, I was diagnosed with Crohn's disease so that could have been true for me in extreme cases. So what I wished for them was what I feared for myself. And I wanted to explore that by mapping out the things I wanted them to suffer. You start to see curses bleed into fears. I think about the ending of that poem, "And if there are service-issued shells / lodged in your chest, then all the better." As a black person, that's a real possibility for me.

I think often of karma, how things that we try to do to others can come back to haunt us. Because I'm not doing these things, poetry is a safe place for me to explore anger while also thinking about the implications of doing those things, and implicating myself in the process. I like the fact that I can do that on a page, safely honor those are real feelings, because rage is a real part of grief.

The same is true of "My rapist explained even the water company gets a bill." Retribution is useful, if not in a literal sense. In the wake of sexual violence, actual justice doesn't always happen and for survivors that has an impact on the healing process, in which retribution plays a part.

AB: In an essay for *Catapult*, you wrote about grief being connected with eroticism. You discussed a moment of shared grief with another woman in a workshop, in which you recognized that you were coming into your sexuality. In your work, grief is so intimately put on the page, but many times it isn't shared with another person, but rather with another version of the self.

With respect to grief, I'm thinking of your poem "ode to my body", which references Lucille Clifton's "the lost baby poem", which itself alludes to Gwendolyn Brooks "The Mother." These poems give space for a voice that never came into existence, the voice that an aborted child would have had, had they lived and grown into an adult.

These poems are all really special to me, because I wrote my Master's thesis partly on a poem called "Stillborn" by a nineteenth century Russian poet named Yevgeny Baratynsky. "Stillborn" is spoken in the voice of a dead baby. The spirit floats between the ether of heaven and earth, and just talks. When speaking to voices that may have never existed, or as a variant of that exercise, speaking to the body, how did you

come to this metaphysics of motherhood in this significant lineage that you're a part of, stemming from Brooks and Clifton?

DB: I'm interested in multi-vocality. I just published a triptych novel with three separate narratives by three very different women who speak and live very differently. As a black person, I have different languages: There's a language that I'm speaking to you. There's the languages I use with friends, or my family, or in church, or in prayer, or the language I use when I'm speaking to those I don't trust.

I move through these contexts, and take on different voices. At the same time, I'm interested in possibility, how the events change who we might have been. If certain important moments in my childhood never happened, or happened differently, I would have been a different person. So, sometimes I'm speaking back to that person who lost the possibility of existing. There's grief there, too. But there's also possibility, right? If I go back to that person, what could they tell me about my now? About then? What can I tell them about my now or about then, from hindsight? I am interested in the ways that the self changes over time, but also through interactions with other people; what do we do to each other, and what is the aftermath?

Voice, self, and community (their connections and interactions) are my three obsessions. If there's something I want to leave in the cannon, it's a deep dive into these three categories.

AB: Yes, in your work I see an embrace of the fissuring of the self, which is encapsulated for me in "love poem that ends at popeyes", where you have the object of desire split into "one flesh man, one floor man" as his reflection is cast on the linoleum of the grocery store floor. It took my breath away when I first read it. You're working there with this perpendicularity in representation. There's shape to it, there's line.

Along that line, I wanted to ask about the function of fashion in your work. I'm wondering how the many fashion statements jut up against the truth you seek to put on the page. I'm thinking about "Lodestar", which is a favorite poem of mine. In it you move from flip-flops which "slip like tongues," – such a beautiful metaphor – to the stiffness of taffeta. And then slide into the grooming, which the speaker underwent before their assault. So, through this materiality that you're instantiating, you draw our attention to the artifice of art. Considering the fashion-statements in your work, do you consider yourself a "designer" of poetry?

DB: I like to make beautiful things and to make things beautiful. My family likes to make stuff. I have a distinct memory of my cousin, who passed away recently. One Christmas, she took the tiny ornaments

you'd put on a mini-Christmas tree, and scraped off their paint and foil coverings, and she repainted them with nail polish to make them into earrings. I remember thinking that was so cool. She was about seven years older than me. That memory sticks as indicative of what my family was like; we didn't always have access to beautiful things, but we knew how to make something into what we wanted. That informs my artistic practices, the way I decorate my house and adorn my body.

As a person who is starkly physically different and always subjected to the gaze, I am also interested in visual aspects of storytelling. For example, what visual details increase the power of a poem? If you tell everything, it's pulp fiction. My favorite writers are great at selecting a few specific details from a scene. Then your brain can fill in the gaps, the color of the walls, someone's mannerisms.

I'm deeply interested in how a thing looks, too, not necessarily for some subjective aesthetic value. It's about having an eye for what I can find beautiful in the moment, and when I am brave to call out what is ugly or evil or grief-provoking. I don't have 20/20 vision. My friends always make fun of me saying I can't see anything. I always think, "Oh, I see everything I need to see." As a person with somewhat limited vision, what catches my eye? What does it mean to see those things? Or to tell other people about what I see?

AB: "My rapist explained even the water company gets a bill" includes the lines, "But whenever I turn on the faucet, I'm reminded / whose hands first touched the water before it travelled / into my macaroni noodles or into my hair." Seeing what's in that water, and where it's been, is emblematic of how the eye doesn't just stay put it in your work. It travels; I admire the flexibility of your eye.

Would you indulge me by reading "Lodestar"?

DB: Thank you. Sure.

## Lodestar

### Destiny O. Birdsong

You never asked for it, but you sure as hell  
took it: this little space I made for you,  
like I once did for the pair of iridescent flip-flops  
my stepsister fished from the synthetics of my  
teenage closet, and slipped like tongues into her overnight bag.  
You're the prom kiss I may never have:  
my bubble gum, stiff as taffeta, bulging your cheek;  
my silk dress cooling your head like ocean water;  
paste-and-glow stars above us—and your lips—agleam.  
We're already in the future. You're a ream of code  
humming beneath my pillow; your avatar's aura  
shaming my bedroom's dark like a luna moth.  
The broken crescent my body makes as I text  
is a halting question you refuse to answer  
in exchanges about long-distance loves and first drafts.  
My critiques are geometries of emojis, each sweating face  
a tiny planet strung on a craft wire of hope,  
like the planetarium my mother once made for my science fair.  
Or maybe it was my sister's. I come from women  
who save their best work for people who won't remember it.

Your published version is identical to the first.  
Your new woman is identical to the last,  
and I am fifteen again, in my mother's car.  
She's asking if she should get married again tomorrow,  
hair already pinned to her scalp, formaldehyde tips  
floundering in her lap like poison-gummed wings.  
After high school, I forgot the number of rings  
around Saturn or my moon-clogged heart,  
how it ossified the woman I might have become  
like a prehistoric insect spinning in amber.  
There's enough petrified in me, waiting  
for the leer and thaw of your precise language  
to begin, like opening strains of *The Twilight Zone*.  
And the spiraling contexts of your lines,  
testing the gullibility of my sight:  
what am I willing to let you tell me I see?  
When did you become galaxies under my fingerprints:  
my dactyl eye pressed against the screen?  
When did I become calculation, theory,  
Styrofoam, and wet paint where red dunes, potable water  
should be?

AB: The rapist figure, the person who has traumatized the speaker so many times over, also substitutes the speaker with different kinds of people. I want to ask about the conflation of selves in these poems and by extension, the theme of self-division. Your addressee parades other versions of self before herself. It is not just self-splintering, but an observation of how other people duplicate the “other,” or treat people like a trope.

One thing I admire in your work is that everyone is complicit. Everyone’s involved in the fashioning of a tropic perception of the body.

DB: To me, it’s important to turn the scope on everyone, including myself. That is tricky when talking about sexual violence and survivorhood. Survivors are not complicit in their own traumatization. But I can say I have been complicit in rape culture, I think we all are, in some way or another. Disentangling yourself from that takes work, which is as important as the work that needs to be done about sexual violence. But it complicates the trope of the victim, which shouldn’t be a trope, at all. But once people find out about your trauma, they make presumptions about you.

That’s also true for people with albinism, it’s true for black women, it’s true for people who have moved through the academy, it’s true of many of my subjectivities. I appreciate that that’s evident in my work, because I’m often negotiating how I’m seeing versus how I present myself to be seen. There was work that went into getting ready to be on camera now. It’s not a bad or a good thing. It depends on how you weaponize it. It’s empowering to get control of the lens, to start looking at the things that I want to see. That’s another reason I love to write. I can’t control how I’m seen, but I can control what I tell you about what I see or what you can’t see.

I am interested in complicating what people think they see of a person.

AB: I often see that complication in your endings. About how you choose to end poems, I imagine a swivel: you’re going in one direction, but by the force of poetic torque end up somewhere unexpected. “Long Division” is an example, an erotic description of Cardi B then addresses a separate experience of assault and the trauma of that. I’m also thinking of the movement towards eating at the end of the Popeyes poem. Where you end up is always surprising. How do you understand your departure from the “topic” of the poem? How do you engage that moment when you think – oh, actually, I want to take this over here now. At the end of “Pact”, you write “This is how we avoid saying goodbye”, as another example.



DB: I've told this story many times, so I'll try to keep it short. As a young poet, I was a fan of grandiose endings, in which I would tell the reader what the poem was about. In workshop, another poet just said that at the end of a poem, I could leave the door open. That was perfect advice for me. I come from a family of great storytellers and some of the best stories are those you've heard many times, and you're waiting for the punch line. I love those stories. It's a way to express intimacy with your audience. They've heard you tell a story, but you're telling it again, and they're filling in parts. It's the elements of call and response. But as a storyteller to an audience with whom I'm trying both to gain intimacy, and in some cases complicate the notion of intimacy, disrupting that familiarity feels important. It feels important to me as a narrative poet, too. There's a presumption that narrative poetry is not as innovative or as cerebral as, say, lyric poetry. I don't agree with that. Some of the smartest people I know are Southerners and Southern black people in particular. And they are great storytellers. The storytelling is part of the genius. Disruption and surprise is a way that I try to exhibit that in my work.

It also gives me the freedom to talk about things that feel both related and contradictory. And so that's why the poem starts in one place and often ends somewhere else. And I like endings that conclude the journey of the poem, but that also embark on something else or can be read in multiple ways. In an ending, the reader can step into a moment and see something familiar, even if it's not where they expect it to be.

AB: My last question is for us grad students who are conducting these interviews in putting together this journal. Since you have been a doctorate student, I am wondering about the relationship between your scholarship and your poetry?

DB: Everything I've read probably comes to bear on what I'm writing, in any genre. I was lucky enough to write my dissertation about black women's literature. It introduced me to a tradition that I am now a part of. It's not necessarily who I'm in conversation with, but what am I adding to the conversation? That's not necessarily something that I'm deliberately thinking about as I'm writing, but it is something that I think about in general, as a writer.

Practices of research are important. I am thinking about the curiosity that I have for seemingly insignificant facts, and facts that aren't insignificant, but that feel connected to something else for me, and I'm not quite sure why. What's that connection? What does that mean? The incentive to explore is helpful.

There were moments in grad school in which I was given very good and well-meaning advice, but it wasn't advice that was helpful to

me. Learning how to navigate that in ways that are respectful, but true to my own destiny and to my own ambitions has been really important in the years since. There are tools you pick up as a writer, but also really wonderful life lessons. They don't always feel wonderful in the moment, but in hindsight, they can be helpful. That would be the advice I would give – to pay attention and to take seriously those moments that give you pause. You might not connect all of the dots immediately, but a lot of the things that happen to you might make sense in hindsight.

AB: Thank you so much Destiny, for making time to speak with me today. We're all excited to read your interview in the journal and I appreciate all of your insights.



Hana Yilma Godine, *Substance in Space #3*, 2021, fabric and oil, 14 x 32, 15 x 15, 50 x 50, 15 x 32 inches





Hana Yilma Godine, *Preparation for Wedding in Addis Ababa*, 2021, oil, acrylic, collage, pencil, fabric on canvas, 120 x 168 inches



Hana Yilma Godine, *Hair Salon in Addis Ababa #5*, 2021, fabric and oil on canvas, 70 x 50 inches

# Teresa: What I Did

Rachael Petersen

*After Marie Howe*

Let the milk spoil. Twice.  
Broke a bright polished mirror. Lost your book.  
Kissed a cousin. Fished for compliments.  
Inflated my resume. Seized the center of attention.  
Entrusted my confidence to half-learned men.  
Thought having parents was the greatest obstacle  
then missed them dearly.  
Preferred pity to anger.  
Liked jewels, liked silk, liked romance novels  
but scorned the rich, the licentious.  
Skipped social gatherings  
and never explained why.  
Lived to suffer, longed to die.  
Who would ask this woman to dance?  
Who would call her name until she turns?

# 365 Smells I Know in My Core After 365 Days of No Smelling

Annie Wu

1. Puppy Cody's Padded Paws
2. The Spot Between His Triangle Ears
3. Lavender My Sister Mailed Me When I Moved to NYC
4. Freshly Picked Jasmine Blossoms Placed into My Palm by My Grandfather
5. Dew on Bay Area Mornings
6. Coffee Grounds When I Open the Airtight Jar
7. Coffee Steeping in My French Press
8. Dumping Out the Contents of the French Press at the End of the Day
9. Pu Er Tea in a Ceramic Cup
10. Walking into a Coffee Shop
11. Walking into a Bakery
12. Walking Out into the Street
13. Rain on the Concrete
14. Melting Snow
15. A Brewing Storm
16. Nuts 4 Nuts Carts
17. Waiting in Line at Ice Cream Parlors
18. The Looming Presence of Fish in the San Francisco Bay
19. Succulents that Grow at the Edge of the Pacific Ocean Cliffs
20. Dried Wild Grass on the Ridge Back Home
21. Sulfur of Cows When Driving South Along the California Coast
22. Hot Seats of My Mom's Car Sitting in the Marshall's Parking Lot
23. Sweet Leather of a Coat that Makes Me Feel Badass
24. The Coat Closet Downstairs in My Childhood Home
25. Freshly Laundered Sheets
26. The Comforter Pulled Over My Shoulder
27. Sleeping on the Couch
28. My Father's Fried Rice on Wednesday Mornings
29. My Mother's Wool Coats Clinging to Double Plastic Sleeves
30. Cookies Out of the Oven
31. My Childhood Bedroom
32. My Mother's Pajamas
33. Opening the Box of Bath & Body Works Lotions my Mother Hoards in Her Closet
34. Opening an Old Box of Knick Knacks
35. Candles with Absurdly Evocative Titles
36. Chopping Mint
37. Picking Dandelions
38. Grapefruit Body Scrub
39. Old Spice Pomade
40. Popping Popcorn
41. Blowing Out a Candle
42. Watering Plants
43. Juice that Comes off Grass When I Instinctively Tear it Out
44. Hot Turf
45. Victoria's Secret Fruit Spritz in Class Circa 2008
46. Middle School Locker Rooms
47. Those Horribly Designed Tampon Disposals in Public Bathrooms
48. Public Bathrooms
49. Nice Public Bathrooms
50. Not Nice Public Bathrooms that Have Air Fresheners Though
51. Chinese Restaurant Bathrooms that Have Cleaning Supplies
52. Porta Potties
53. Music Venue Porta Potties
54. Carnivals
55. Hot Dog Stands and Wharf Sea Lions
56. Corndog Kiosks
57. Hot Oil in a Fast Food Joint Specifically When I'm Starving
58. Boiling Hot Pot at Home
59. Liver that My Father Likes to Boil on His Side of the Hot Pot
60. Simmering Onions
61. Vodka Sauce
62. Really Oily Pesto
63. Toasted Sesame
64. Chrysanthemum Tea that My Mother Brews in a French Press
65. A Box of Cold Pizza
66. Re-toasting Pizza in the Toaster Oven
67. Dirty Chai Lattes My Library Barista Roommate Made Me at 2 am
68. A Library Cubby
69. A New Book
70. An Old Book



71. A Really Old Book
72. Musky Used Book Stores
73. Old Bookstores with Cats
74. Going into Someone's Home and Immediately Knowing They Have a Cat
75. Going into Someone's Home and Immediately Knowing They Have a Dog
76. The Nervous Anxiety of Entering a Date's Apartment
77. The Cologne of Someone New
78. The Perfume of Someone Familiar
79. Alcohol Evaporating off of a Party Floor
80. The Drink Someone Spills on My Arm at the Bar
81. The Bartender that Leans in to Take My Order
82. My Don't-Want-to-Decide Gin and Tonic Order
83. Hot Bread on the Table at the Restaurant That May Spoil My Actual Meal
84. Red Lobster Garlic Bread
85. The Superior Dish that the Couple at the Table Next to Me Ordered
86. Hot Electric Fumes of the Blender
87. Freshly Vacuumed Floors
88. Old Sweat of the Boxing Gym
89. Baking Soda Vinegar of the Sanitized Gloves
90. Sunscreen
91. When Sunscreen Mixes with Beach Sand
92. Dusty Sand
93. Ocean Water on Skin
94. Sweat and Sunscreen Together
95. Swimming Pools
96. Swimming Pool Water on Skin Hours After Swimming
97. Well-Loved Swimsuits
98. Showering off Swimming Pool Water
99. Chinese Restaurant Grease Seeped Hair
100. Washing My Hair to Strip the Chinese Restaurant Grease
101. Grease Still in the Coat I Wore 2 Weeks Ago to the Chinese Restaurant
102. Scallion Pancakes and Dip at Dumpling House
103. Dumplings on a Lazy Susan
104. Scooping Miso Paste
105. Sleepytime Tea
106. Theraflu Specifically Made by My Former Roommate
107. Stabbing My Thumb Into an Orange
108. My Nailbeds Hours After Stabbing My Thumb Into an Orange
109. Opening a Jar of Peanut Butter
110. Auntie Anne's in the Mall
111. Train Station McDonald's
112. The Hot Bottle of Water that Has Been Sitting in the Car for a Month
113. My Sister's Car
114. My Sister's Closet at Home
115. Our Shared Bathroom
116. Really Clean Ubers
117. Airplane Food Trolleys
118. Airport Magazine Shops
119. Dry Nose Interiors on Airplanes
120. When the Person Sitting Next to Me on the Plane Takes Out Their Everything Bagel
121. The Inside of a Concert Hall
122. Backstage at a Concert Venue
123. The Person Sitting Next to Me in the Audience
124. The Person Sitting Next to Me on Stage
125. The Tour Wardrobe Box on the First Day
126. The Tour Wardrobe Box on the Last Day
127. Burning Hair
128. Hairspray Before the Show
129. Stage Lights
130. Heavy Foundation
131. Steamers
132. Hand Sanitizer
133. Acrylic Paint
134. Painting My Nails
135. Messing Up My Nails and Then Immediately Applying Nail Polish Remover
136. Not Waiting For Nail Polish Remover to Fully Evaporate and Then Applying More Polish
137. Drinking Wine While Applying Nail Polish and Sort of Tasting Nail Polish
138. Wines Like Metal
139. Wines Like Leather

140. Wines Like Wood
141. Beers Like Piss
142. Beers Like Honey
143. Beers Like Oats
144. Barley Tea at Japanese Restaurants
145. Right After My Father Dyes His Hair Black
146. Bright Yellow Dishsoap
147. Garlic On My Fingers
148. Pickles
149. When Yogurt is Bad
150. When There's a Gas Leak
151. When I've Burned Something
152. Burning Firewood
153. Fresh but Heavy Summer Nights
154. Street Vendors in China
155. Dim Sum Carts Rolling By
156. Opening a Takeout Box Not Sure Which Dish It'll Be
157. Putting on My Extensive Skincare Routine After Showering
158. Putting on a Sheet Mask
159. Washing off a Clay Mask
160. Accidentally Inhaling Water into My Nose While Washing My Face
161. Burying My Face Into a Body Towel
162. Noticing that My Body Towel is a Bit Mildewy
163. Freshly Cut Flowers
164. Watermelon
165. A Boiled Egg
166. Being Self Conscious About a Boiled Egg
167. Being Self Conscious About a Dank Lunch at Work
168. Microwaving Fish
169. Microwaving Curry
170. Microwaving Something Innocuous but Knowing that Someone Before Me Microwaved Curry
171. Microwaving Something at Work and Knowing that Someone Used the Nespresso
172. Microwaving Something at Work and Peeking into the Fridge Out of Curiosity
173. Eating My Lunch at My Desk Knowing There is Catering Mere Feet Away From Me
174. The Work Vending Machine
175. My Laptop Overheating
176. Parking Garages
177. Opening Fridges at the Supermarket
178. Produce Aisle Mist
179. Smoked Salmon
180. Bagel Shops
181. Cream Cheese and Chives
182. Cinnamon Raisin Bagels
183. Donut Shops
184. Glaze Donuts
185. Jam
186. Smucker's Uncrustables
187. Salsa from Costco
188. Turning on the Burner
189. Marlboro Smoke Because of a Summer Friend with a Bad Habit
190. The Boy I Suspected Smoked but Claimed He Did Not
191. Cigarette Smoke Specifically in China
192. Dolores Park in San Francisco and That Other Kind of Smoke
193. Incense in a Fancy Store
194. Perfume at Macy's Before Getting To The Sale Shoe Rack
195. Empty Cardboard Boxes at the Shoe Rack
196. Dirt on the Floor From Repotting a Plant
197. Air at the Top of a Mountain
198. Central Park
199. A Wooden Deck
200. A Wooden Deck in the Sun
201. A Wooden Deck After the Rain
202. Making Daisy Chains
203. Baby's Breath Flowers
204. Making Flower Crowns
205. Eucalyptus
206. Dried Eucalyptus
207. Tree Sap
208. Tree Sap on My Fingers
209. Hot Rocks
210. Spiced Cider
211. The Week Before Christmas
212. Christmas Trees
213. Peppermint Bark
214. Putting on Ornaments
215. Cinnamon Sugar Cookies
216. Yakult
217. Hot Chocolate
218. Spicy Hot Chocolate
219. Ranch 99's Butcher Counter
220. Peppermint Hot Chocolate
221. Warm Pie
222. Toasted Pecans
223. Brie Cheese
224. Melted Brie Cheese
225. Cheddar Cheese
226. Basement Dorm Kitchen and Makeshift Mac and Cheese Cooking Station
227. Roasted Garlic
228. Drive Through Dairy
229. Takeout Salad Dressing
230. In-n-Out Fries

231. Any Fries
232. Hot Honey Butter on Rolls
233. KFC Biscuits and Honey
234. Boba Shops
235. Kombucha
236. Magnolia Bakery
237. Subway Steam and Trash
238. Opening the Trash Bin and Experiencing Death for 3 Seconds
239. My Own Poop
240. My Own Pee
241. My Own Dirty Hair
242. My Own Breath
243. My Own Skin
244. Blood
245. Periods
246. When One of My 5 Ear Piercings Gets Irritated
247. Bubble Baths
248. Hot Showers
249. Hotel Lobbies
250. Hotel Plastic Wrapped Slippers
251. Old Elevators
252. Public Fountains
253. Fingers After Sifting Through Coins
254. Fingers After Opening Something with a Metal Lid
255. Keys on a Keychain
256. Street Construction
257. My Pillow
258. Not My Pillow
259. The Adam's House Library
260. First Sitting Down on the Adam's House Library Couch
261. Dusty Corners
262. Thrift Shops
263. Trying Something on at the Thrift Shop
264. Used LPs at the Thrift Shop
265. Opening an Old Picture Frame
266. A Really Hot Light Bulb
267. A Sundrenched Carpet
268. Old Hats
269. NYC Radiators
270. Turpentine
271. Oil Paint
272. Acne Medication
273. Tropical Mousse I Used to Use in My Hair
274. Deodorant I Never Use
275. An Old Hairbrush
276. Chinese Oil Rub Medication for Sores
277. Tiger Balm
278. Black Sesame Paste
279. Blanched Greens
280. Stale Cereal
281. Old Halloween Candy in a Repurposed Costco Nut Jug
282. Vanilla Soy Milk
283. Mahjong Tiles
284. Static on Blankets
285. Kimchi
286. Hondashi
287. LuoMiGi
288. Tea Shops with Chinese Pastries
289. Frying Oil
290. Vinaigrette on Salad
291. Lining a Margarita with Salt
292. Pancakes
293. Bacon
294. Brunch diners
295. Booze Breath and Brunch
296. Mulled Wine
297. Mulled Cider
298. Crunching on Fall Leaves
299. Pumpkin Spice
300. Garlic Naan
301. Elmer's Glue
302. Hot Glue Guns
303. Writing Really Fast in Pencil
304. Smearing a Ball Point Pen
305. The Side of My Hand After Charcoal Drawing
306. The Side of My Hand After Rubbing an Ink Plate
307. When The Laser Printer Spits Out 100 Pages
308. Walking Into the Dining Hall on Chicken Tenders Day
309. Walking Into the Dining Hall on Bread Day
310. Walking Into the Dining Hall on Friggin Honey Butter Day
311. Infused Water
312. The Copy Machine at Work
313. Potlucks
314. My Mother's Chicken Soup
315. My Mother's Tomatoey Beef Soup
316. My Mother's Nightly Blow-Drying Before Bed
317. Chili Crisp
318. When the Rice Cooker Toggle Pops Up
319. Boiling Porridge
320. When a Bowl of Pho is Placed in Front of Me
321. This Coffee Rubbed Pork Rib Dish with Whipped Cream
322. Rolling Down the Window While Driving
323. When My Friend Picks Me Up in His Car Because I Don't Ever Drive

324. San Francisco Civic Center and Urine
325. The End of the Blue Line
326. When a Car Zooms By
327. First Turning on the Window AC Unit at the End of Winter
328. Hot Water with Red Rock Sugar
329. A Hot Microwaved Towel
330. Opening the Dishwasher
331. Scooping My Sister's Cats' Litterbox
332. The Warm Spot the Dog Leaves on the Bed After Curling Up
333. A Riverbank
334. A Very Seaweed-y Beach
335. Custard Fruit Tarts on my Birthday
336. Music Practice Rooms
337. My Flute After Hours of Practice
338. Crayons
339. Uncapping a Sharpie
340. Uncapping a Dry Erase Marker
341. Saran Wrap
342. Furiously Erasing Something
343. The Weird Lip Balm that I Use
344. The Other Weird Lip Balm that I Use
345. Lavender Hand Cream
346. Forest Fires
347. Hose Water
348. Washing My Dad's Car
349. Redwood Trees
350. Mineral Caves
351. The Crackling Gas Fireplace at a Familiar Homestay
352. Wiping the Counters at the End of the Day
353. Apartment Stairwells
354. Back Alleys
355. New Year's Eve in a Cabin
356. Plastic Tupperware
357. Developed Film
358. Black Wood-eat-ing Fungus
359. Bright Plastic Colanders
360. Sitting in the Doctor's Waiting Room
361. Cutting into an Onion
362. Cutting into Ginger
363. Choking Back Tears
364. Ugly Crying
365. Snot

March 2021

# Hopeful Noise

Harryette Mullen

We whistle at birds,  
admiring their plumage  
of beauty  
and plainness,  
all alluring in flight.

We speak to birds,  
eager to tell them  
what we want to hear.  
They talk among themselves,  
a parliament of hopeful noise.

We listen to birds,  
their songs of vibrant life—  
quarreling, wooing, warbling,  
signaling danger—  
their trilling twitter.

We sing with birds,  
follow their chatter,  
respond to their call,  
our voices lifting  
to join in their air.

## Text Series #3

Nomi Epstein, 2011

*For 4 or more singers without vibrato*

*Duration: 5'1" or 9'2"*

### Word/Symbol      Sound

I	slightly audible exhale through mouth without pitch
Of	vocal fry
And	“sss“
The	teeth chattering
It	high pitch with closed mouth
To	very slow glissando of no more than a minor 2nd (“mmm”)
.	airy pitch (“eh”)
,	wide tremolo of over an octave
?	lowest possible pitch muffled

### Performance Directions:

The group should decide on a text of any length and on any topic. All members of the ensemble will have her/his own copy of the same text. If the text is short, it may be read more than once in order to reach the duration of the piece. If the text is lengthy, all the readers may not finish reading it within the duration of the piece. (If the text is from a magazine or newspaper or other such document whose material or cover would be visible to the audience, the singers should either xerox or type the article onto white paper, or use a notebook so as to shade the text source from the audience.) A text can still be used if it does not contain instances of all words/symbols.

Each performer should silently read the text throughout the duration of the piece. Performers should read at a comfortable pace, without rushing or trying to match the pace of the other silent readers. At each instance of one of the above words/symbols, the performer should stop reading, and create one iteration of the sound for the word/symbol. When the sound is completed, the performer should continue reading the text until the next instance of a word/symbol.

Each pitched event should begin on any note. The pitch should be the first that comes to mind at the moment the word/symbol is read. Ideally this start pitch should not be effected by the notes or sounds occurring before or during the event. Avoid sounds or actions made with a humorous intent. All sounds should be approached with subtlety. Dynamics of sound events should range from ppp-pp, however no crescendo or diminuendo should occur during a sound event. Durations of events can range from 4-30 seconds. Sounds marked “very slow” should correspond proportionally to the range in duration of the piece (4-30”).

Sound descriptions (as listed above) should be individually interpreted by each member of the ensemble. Techniques, registers, and pitches may differ from singer to singer.

## Phases: Two Tracks and an Invitation to Move

Jonathan Leal and Michiko Theurer

This is a joint story centered on two musical tracks: *On the Phases of Water: 2016* and *On the Phases of Water: 2022*.

### [Prelude: M]

It's 2021, and I've just received a gift: a track composed by JL, and sent with the generous offer to imagine myself into its space, to re-imagine its forms in conversation with my musical voice. I'm sitting on the floor in the bedroom alcove that doubles as my recording studio, and I put my headphones on and lean back against the foot of the bed. Join me for five minutes and twenty-two seconds as I listen, eyes closed: let your body register the layers of crystallizing and dissolving sound in J's composition. Where in your body do you feel each of its layers? Where do you experience density or liquidity, where do its pulses pull you, and where do you feel release?

### I. (J)

This first piece, *On the Phases of Water: 2016*, emerged from a moment of drastic personal and communal change. It came together over two late nights in the long hangover of a spirit-crushing presidential election, in the endless bleak of Bay Area drizzle, while I was navigating the densities of graduate study and meditating on stress, depression, and social instability. Alone and heavy, for my own self-soothing, I did back then what I still often do: I sought refuge in sound, picking up a guitar gifted to me by my dear friend, exploring its contours and affordances. In the daze of those two nights, that exploring meant: improvising, recording, and layering moody scalar phrases atop rhythmic cells; clicking on distortion, delay, and phaser pedals; and stumbling into extended techniques grounded in the objects on my desk—a quarter instead of a guitar pick, a drumstick instead of a slide, an extra low-E string as a makeshift bow. What came to the surface in that experimenting were hints of postrock, minimalism, lyricism, homages to music by Explosions in the Sky, Dawn of Midi, and Samuel Barber that for years has calmed my nerves and lulled me to sleep. There in that shocking election afterglow, sitting with the heaviness of political unrest, searching for a tempered optimism, watching ice melt in



a nearby cup on my desk, thinking of Marshall Berman (1982) and Karen Barad (2007)—“Existence is not an individual affair”; “All that is solid melts into air”—I found myself wondering if listening for changing states of matter might possibly illumine a few of the ways that we ourselves come to *matter*, physically and conceptually and ecologically, particularly on this fragile planet that the wealthiest among us are now trying feverishly to escape, the fruits of their exploitative labor practices evident, their astro-capitalism desperate and cosmically unsettling. Could these feelings and metaphors find musical form?

Shortly after finishing the track, I filed it away, not knowing if, when, or how I wanted to share the sounds. A few years later, though, the time felt right to revisit *Phases*, so I asked MT if she'd like to reimagine it together. She agreed, and I was overjoyed, and we got to dreaming.

Returning to what was once a solitary, personally therapeutic work in M's company, and later, alongside our immensely talented producer, Jon Maiocco—reorchestrating it, reharmonizing key phrases, building and designing new intensities around M's violin layers and fiddle conjurings, highlighting Jon's production expertise, alchemizing our new ideas into *On the Phases of Water: 2022*—felt like a renewal of energies, a collective phase shift into a different kind of mattering. And in the wake of all that's transpired these last six years—and amid so much still—that kind of transformative reimagining feels something like a blessing, a change without loss, a generative aesthetic reckoning, a search for an anti-essentialist elementality, an invitation to movements that might detach us, even if momentarily, from that which estranges ourselves from our cells, our matters from our meanings, our inner struggles from our shared existence.

## II. (M)

J sent the track to me at a time when I was finding it difficult to connect with the parts of myself that I'd built around my identity as a performer of Western art music. These practices felt out of phase with my current focus on community-centered ecofeminist creative research, and I found it difficult to inhabit both worlds. I experienced the gift of this track as a question: Where, in the context of its shifting and layered soundscape, could I find space to grow?

In one of the conversations we had after J sent this track to me, he shared a link to a video of Rhiannon Giddens, a musician and scholar we both admire. The power of her violin, its strings tuned to a raw and resonant G-D-G-D, unlocked a memory of my childhood love of playing fiddle tunes, their sweeping patterns like permission to dance, to let the curve of my bow lead me into sound. Imagining this motion framed by the effervescent soundworld of J's track, I felt an uncurling of tensions that had accumulated in my shoulders, a sense of possibility.

I've been using the word compos(t)ing as a way of side-stepping the framework of composing in recent collaborative explorations. It's a metaphorical frame that I've borrowed and adapted from Donna Haraway (2016), who borrowed it from the words of her partner Rusten Hogness and the work of María Puig de la Bellacasa (2014), who gestured in her writing to its sources in the soil-relational practices of "indigenous people around the world." I find it useful as a personal guide and prompt: How can I use the gifts that I've received (adrienne maree brown 2017) and the colonial legacies that they build on to make space for new growth and movement, to return accumulated nutrients to a state of ecologically and socially generative richness and warmth?

In working with J to create *On the Phases of Water: 2022*, I found myself considering compos(t)ing alongside the idea of shifting phases. Both metaphors touch loss—the shift of a particular form out of itself and into another— and expose ways in which change can enable continuation. (Though if I were to try to get scientific with measurements, I suppose composting is a leakier system, with heat and leachate and all sorts of matter carried off into new spaces by plants and worms and other critters.)

I'm interested in what the combined resonances of these concepts and sounds might make available, for moving or listening or letting go. For J, the gift of his guitar was an invitation to make sound, to move in a context of political, personal, and academic weight. For me, J's gift of

his 2016 track gave me permission to step out of a space in which I also felt isolated intellectually and personally, as I sought to find a way to connect my values with my embodied musical practices. In Jon Maiocco's production, we received another gift: a resonant timbral palette that lifted our musical gestures into a contagiously shareable space. We would like to offer this phase-shifting, compos[t]ed musical space to you as an invitation to move: to explore the gifts of your own body and experiences and to see what parts of yourself might feel called into the critical-creative experience of your listening.

///

If you're sitting, imagine another position that would feel good for your body—perhaps lying down, perhaps standing, perhaps swimming or flying. Allow your body to find this position in whatever ways are accessible—perhaps through imagination, perhaps in actuality. Take a deep breath.

As you listen to this track, give yourself permission to register what you hear with any part of you that feels moved. Don't worry about dance—this is simply permission to experience yourself in motion. If you find a catch in your body, or feel something holding you back, imagine a world in which you can let go.

On the Phases of Water: 2016



On the Phases of Water: 2022



# Selections From a Dictionary of Natural Phenomena

Thomas Casalaspì

*Translated from the German of Christian Lehnert*

*Late October, Oelsengrund, Eastern Ore Mountains*

In late autumn, fireslope, the sun can't warm at all.  
That's how we name the oakleaves: The heavy lids must fall.

*February 14, 2016, Breitenau*

The lucid water freezes from the margin to the spring.  
The midday frost is called: Our patient threshold-loitering.

*May 15, 2016, at the Upper Course of the Seidewitz, Eastern Ore Mountains*

At night the pebbles whisper back the shifting names of clouds.  
So signifies the river-rock: The hours lie unplowed.

*November 2016, Larch Clearing, Breitenau*

Chaos and later growth, the forest's edge self-fêting.  
The lichen's grey is called: The velvety forgetting.

# *from* To Feel Things and Their Names

Toby Altman

IV,  
 architecture  
 F  
 avoid  
 look upon it  
 when you  
 took  
 of

The butcher, releasing a metal bolt into the  
 brain. Searching for, and then finding, "the point  
 of humane termination." Some of the animal  
 becoming a source of wealth.  
 Some of it becoming trash. A distinction  
 which pertains to objects. Living,  
 at a moment in the life of objects,  
 when they aspire to softness and space.  
 The condition of sleep. Applied  
 to an SUV or a slice of meat.



limits  
are  
fixed  
whose

as  
if  
by  
some  
fiscal  
intel  
ligence

Having boys, whose bodies  
with "clogged"  
are music," suddenly  
someone else inside his *he*

globe  
an  
eye  
The  
snooze

The  
o r g a n  
i s  
d e c e i t

That we confront architecture as a form of life, which, like human life, is primarily fiscal. That the evident decay of great structures reminds us, at least implicitly, of braided meat, its capacity to be cooked. That it is therefore nourishing, an art that dissolves when saliva is applied to it. Sticking, a streak of lard, in the low intestine. Concrete applied, slowly, to the interior of the mouth.



# Inner Sounds

Miya Masaoka

“Private” “secret” and “inner” have nuanced meanings which shift over time. I notice these shifts when I am creating samples of recorded audio or outdoor field recordings. I sometimes go to remote areas to record sounds: I climb terrain near lakes and mountains with microphones in my backpack, or I pack recording equipment in my luggage and travel to Russia. I enter old factories in Warsaw, Poland, to capture certain machine sounds, or castles in Italy for owl sounds. I sit by ponds in Japan.

Later when I am at my hotel or back home, I edit these sounds into compositions for orchestras and string quartets or to upload as soundscapes on the internet. I’ve recorded highly personal sounds such as my last conversation with my mother before she died. Sometimes I prefer not to specify the origins of the sounds, though I typically share this information with my imagined audience.

In art making this process is called “the reveal.” The artist makes a distinct artistic choice about what to disclose of their creative process. This information may be specified in lists of materials or processes on the gallery’s wall, or articulated in an interview, or disclosed to the curator who inserts it into a catalog.

But there are many reasons an artist might choose not to disclose a fact about their work. I recently hid a sound in an installation piece I exhibited on Governors Island, a small patch of land along the Harbor in New York City where a circle of houses of antiquated architecture host residencies for Manhattan arts groups, including Harvestworks, a center for art and technology.

My sculpture and sound work *Shell, Ceramic Speaker and Secondary Reflected Sound* was included. It is an immersive sculpture installation, which uses acoustic resonance, acoustic feedback, and sound reflection from parabolic ceramic surfaces.

When sculpting the clay piece, I created a large, fragile shape with rough, irregular edges and circular lines emanating outward from the center, as if to both emulate the shape of sound waves and the fragility of the crest of a wave. The material at the same time reflected the pre-recorded sounds of the ocean. I also included a private sound in the shell that I don’t mention in the public-facing descriptions of the piece.

What is a private sound? In this case, it was a sound I chose not to disclose to the curator, and so it was absent from the wall text or

website descriptions. The private sound was a recording of me rubbing and gently scraping a small piece of barbed wire, a symbol of the mass incarceration of my mother and father and whole family in Japanese American prison camps during WWII. Had I been born 14 years earlier I too would have been born in these camps as were my older cousins. I chose not to reveal that I had included my “barbed wire sounds,” because I did not want to reveal some victim status, as I had done so many times as a younger composer and artist.

An audience might be mistaken about where sounds originate, but we hear them still. The architecture of the spiral form of seashells creates a specific 3-D sound phenomena that sounds uncannily similar to the ocean where the sea creature once lived. A child lifting a shell to their ear might think that they hear the creature’s lost home, but what they hear is the ambient sound of the room in which they stand.

The sounds from my shells are detected by hyper-directional shotgun microphones pointed right to the mouth and the shell’s sound bounces off the reflective and parabolic ceramic surface, and is then picked up by that shotgun mic, mixing with the resonant frequencies that respond to environmental factors, such as humidity and peoples’ bodies. The installation is in a living, responsive and generative relationship with the acousmatic environment, as sounds in general are in constant relational and contextual flux with their environment and histories.



# The Archipelago

Ganavya Doraiswamy, Rajna Swaminathan, Anya Yermakova, 2021

*The Archipelago* is inspired by Martinican philosopher Édouard Glissant's writings about the world as an archipelago—a necessary antidote to the territorial and expansionist legacies of the continental imagination. *What emerges when we explore the profound fluidity of the spaces within, between, and around us?*

## Performance Instructions

Each composer has designed a series of islands, to be treated as independent worlds/textures rather than as a linear progression. Before the performance, we ask that each player peruse the 27 islands of possibility. Each island is intended to last anywhere from 30 seconds to 3 minutes, as a succinct statement or a sustained language of interaction. After 3 minutes, we advise finding one's way to another island, perhaps one by a different composer.

Each player is free to choose a 'home' island from which to begin the piece, molding their interpretation carefully in relation to the sea of sounds and movements around them. The purpose of the piece is connection, so as you play, you might become aware of what parts of your environment draw you in. Then, select another island that resonates with what you hear. The islands are intended to guide co-presence with those in the space with you—improvisational apertures are natural.

The piece is designed for flexible length, so you may work with your co-performers to decide on a cue to end the piece—finding one's way to a particular note or pulsation, or orienting sound toward a site-specific natural formation (tree, rock, body of water). You may also decide to improvise the ending, intuitively finding closure.

the following ten islands were conceived by Anya Yermakova

1

Listen outward from the pelvis



2

Listen inward from the pelvic bone



3

Small dance:

The micromovements that are present in stillness

4

Conservation of energy:

Small dance from the pelvis up the spine → into sound

Sonic energy feeds back into pelvic small dance



6

Authentic movement 2:

Choose a being to be witnessed by (a human, a tree, a \_\_\_)

Move for them, with or around your instrument

—

Play for them, when you start to feel your breathing change  
Listen to their feedback

7

Tetrahedral meshing:

Small dance within your clothes  
Feel them rub against your skin

5

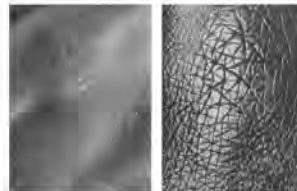
Authentic movement:

Witness a being (a human, a tree, a \_\_\_)

Be "still" while witnessing  
Keep focus on the same being

—

Play directly to them what you witnessed



Amplify the cracks

8

Walk thru space, from node to node  
At each, radiate your attention in various directions  
Retain the sound of unrealized potentialities as you walk



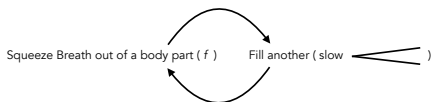
9

Eyes closed  
Make tiny turns with your head  
Feel change of light through your closed eyelids  
Connect external shimmer to your scintillating spine

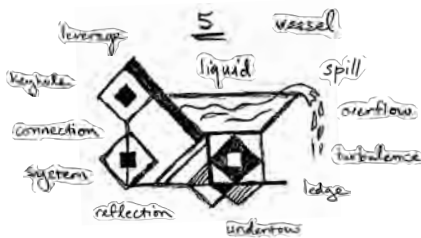
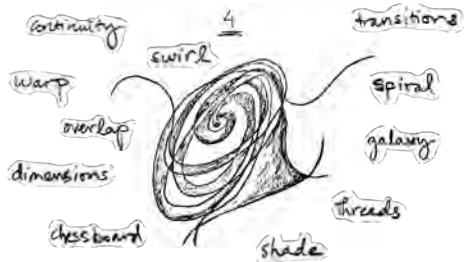
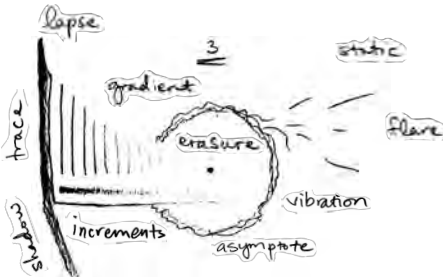
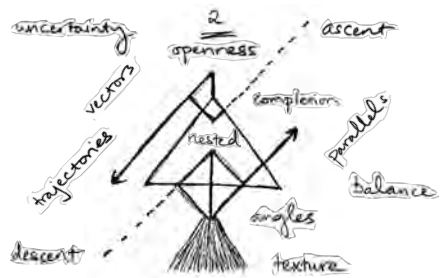
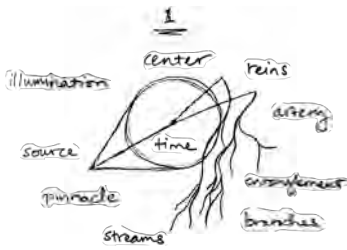


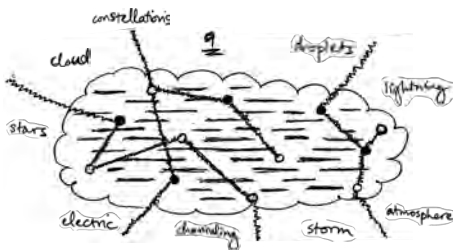
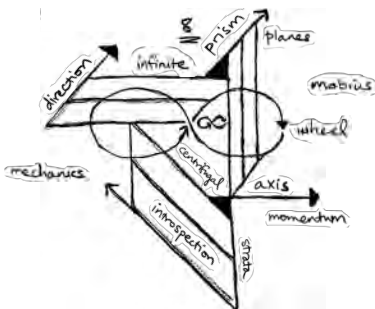
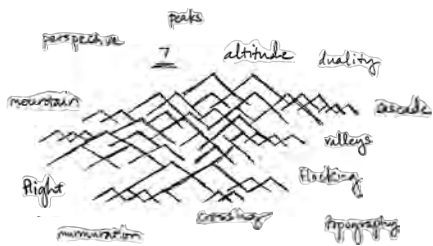
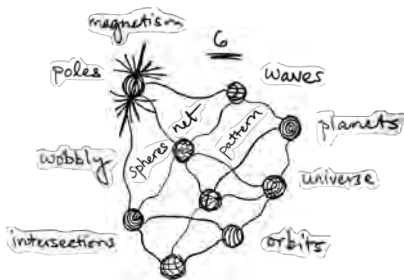
10

Conservation of breath:



the following nine islands were conceived by Rajna Swaminathan

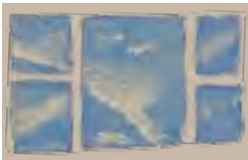






the following eight islands were conceived by Ganavya Doraiswamy

*these are the windows from eight of the islands,  
states-of-consciousness of the sky.  
You are the Sky;*



(1)  
make into and from yourself the image of freedom,  
cloud like bird  
what is otherwise is bright and clear



(2)  
silent night  
mental quiescence  
the elder who lives in us all  
elder is one step closer to state of stillness.



(3)  
unclear. light is inside, surely.  
but passing through anxiety  
perhaps if the clouds weren't there to muddy the light  
the eye would have been blinded.  
illusion manages the unseeable light.



(4)  
gentle evening hues  
the garden of the expanse



(5)  
breath in human.  
if everything was still  
the observer could never understand the scale of something  
wave in ocean.  
cloud in sky.



(6)  
vibrancy;  
spirit and nature dancing together  
sometimes reality is what looks the most virtual



(7)  
phoenix,  
rise.  
Create this image so fellow travelers can remember the secret  
hidden in its myth.



(8)  
sometimes, familiar is just what we need.  
normal is just another word for mundane  
mundane is just another word for  
familiar is medicine.

# Surveyor: John Seaborn, 1831

Alicia Wright

*Cass County, Georgia, Tsalaguwetiyi (Cherokee) land*

Few others would come  
by foot as I have carried  
Myself westward over  
from the Highlands  
which so appear as tho'  
God him self's right  
Hand Figured each hill

There are many pines &  
birds are many & bear  
signs are many I have only  
seen one as it looked me

To do this work I must  
picture the world from  
above, looking down &  
accounting for natural  
features there are many  
rivers creeks springfed &  
which draw such fertile

When I am not holding  
to my thoughts the  
rectangular system  
becomes more particular

As a State Agent I have  
found employ & that is  
more than any scrub  
patch of soil the cotton  
plants weak & failing No  
one can change God's

It is good work I am one to  
lay down the shape of future  
I do not often have to think  
of fellow man only when I  
have need of others' succor  
at encampment or to slake

Villages I'll divide so many  
One lucky men will have to  
himself attain the chief part:  
who when his number's  
called in a winning Draw he  
might bring his wife &  
offspring & all else to a  
House cleared out & land &

Lots to be auctioned if a  
man has God on his side  
his number drawn & the  
lot & whatsoever might be  
there therefore is his for

If I see no one then  
no soul is here I am  
fearful & most often  
alone it is lonely work  
Bruno the dog follows

This tract I do not know if  
it will be retained as it has  
unusual Mounds I know  
what they are but not how

plucking blackberries  
ones not dry &  
scorched as I pass thru

Right angles in a series  
of right angles the  
theodolite's fine eye is  
the sharpest so I am  
told, like my rifle with  
2 more arms & poise  
to plot later on paper

Villages I'll divide so many  
One lucky men will have to  
himself attain the chief part:  
who when his number's  
called in a winning Draw he  
might bring his wife &  
offspring & all else to a  
House cleared out & land &

Lots to be auctioned if a  
man has God on his side  
his number drawn & the  
lot & whatsoever might be  
there therefore is his for

If I see no one then  
no soul is here I am  
fearful & most often  
alone it is lonely work  
Bruno the dog follows

But these are my First Drafts  
& my Footprints as they make  
informal lines will not I have  
heard in Virginia a horrible  
rebellion has taken place & so  
I sleep with my gun by my  
side. Won't shoot until I get  
word of land ahead & if any

Yesterday a young deer  
like a lightning bolt thru  
the pines nearly hung itself  
catching my steel half-  
chain at the neck its hoof  
caught the key handle and  
as it stumbled I reached

# The Unrootings

Kyra Mo

Today I stood at the side of something large and shuffled my feet to its left. The underbelly fed me no rubble. The bellow had no mouth. And all that was churning went fast and quiet.

Today I stayed still, sure I would be shaken, waiting to quake. On tiptoe, I teetered on a faraway world. For there was no solace under flat ground. And there is nothing I know. Today I was still.

The sea made me afraid. It crinkled under the sun. It folded, crushed something into current. Like this: your eyes, which crumpled more, still in my paper memory. Like this: I do not see the sun that sets, or you. And me, unframed in my own view. A light leak.

Today I kicked a river and watched it mourn. The water that returned was enough to fill a sneaker. The water, not enough to be solid. I searched for an ounce of lack, some unnatural displacement to call mine. A small gash of grief in the ground. But the mud had made way; it slipped off the cling of my soles, leaping to the stream. Then it all looked about the same. The river, the rubber lining of a shoe, the springing gush. The washed eye, the rinsing, my own unwelcome. The nothings I liquidized in between. Afterwards, standing still on the browning bank, I thought I was sorry, very sorry. And my freezing foot, in its anger, was only rueful. And the river retreated before me. A robin flew past my turned back.

I wonder what it is to be a body of water, because I am not. I think you were. Endless, moving, cobalt blue. But today my veins did not feel fluid. I walked and went unreplenished. Today I was the body in water, ankles dipped in a trembling pond, kicking. Except I am aboveground and dry. Dripping.

I jumped into the flatness of the ground. The indent stayed a second, or two. I did not. I uttered 'today', and wished I hadn't.

So I don't. I see my arms now, arched with purpose. I draw back a bow with a little green-tipped feather and wish for it to hit. Rip a piece of paper, rush a point into the losing air. Catch a bullseye, unweathered. Maybe, in the morning, I'll find its whittling way.

For the comets were here today, in the living room. They ran a lap above your hair. I missed you and didn't tell. No. The smooth shell, the undergrowth, the inching; my head bent down, I saw a snail on the flat pavement, slowing with no regret. I tried to follow; I did. But I lost the trail in a second, or two. And the comets left the hour after. And I fell asleep too fast.

I go to take my melancholy one time a day, whenever the water bottle is filled. But today it is all sloshing. So I sit.

The sneakers have dried now with mud markings shaken loose. I am showered, waterfalling, cometless. I wake up too slow. And the escalator brings me down with it. And the river forgives me. And the underbelly picks me like a flower from the wet, unrooted dirt. And I am still.

In the corner, there is a hulk of powdered cement, a sack of almost permanence, not yet watered to a solid. As if dirt, it made a plant grow tall. I imagine a tin can, small and spilling, each day in your grasp. The little tree, curving its arms, roots making roads for themselves. The curdling cement, a cradle.

Today the pavement cut a white flower from a cleft. I was lost on sidewalks. In rivulets, split, I found a white flower. My light leak. The robin that I didn't see. Body of water, I picked it up. Let it take; I am ready to lose something too.

For tomorrow, the comets came and went, again, again. Tomorrow, there was good ground. I stood with bare feet in the trickle of water. And the flat sea took in a shoe.

# THE ENOUGH

Natalie Häusler

A HOT TAXIDERMIC  
MOUTH WHALES  
AT LIKE TO  
SYMPHONY ALIVE  
JOIN THE OF  
BABY THE DON'T  
TOO ALL ONCE  
MEET SWALLOWS  
HOT HELL  
OF SHARK OR  
BUBBLES MAGICIAN  
NOT CAT



Natalie Häusler, *The Enough*, 2021, black lava emulsion on fabric, needles, 310 x 160 x 12 cm

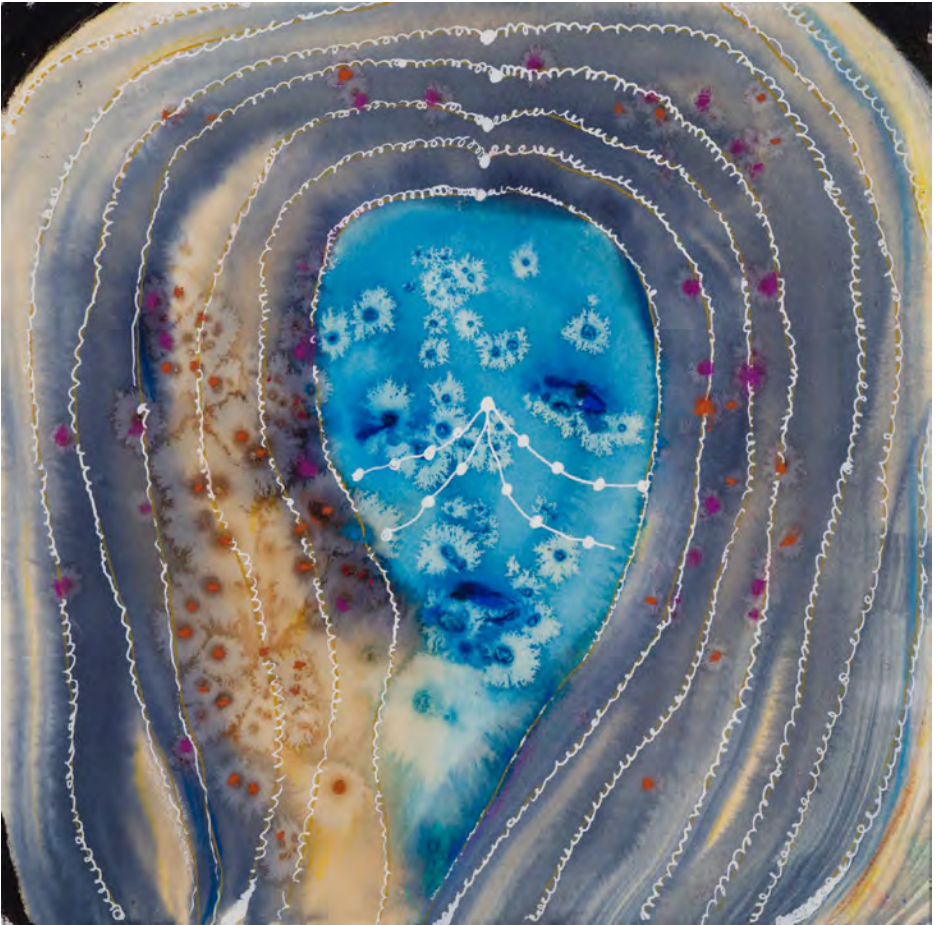


Natalie Häusler, *LA notebook, HONEY*, 2018, ink and watercolor on paper, 21 x 14 cm





Natalie Häusler, *LA notebook, HONEY*, 2018, ink and watercolor on paper, 21 x 14 cm



I rose from the depths  
of a tranquil sea. The wreck  
beside the lighthouse.

Jamie Romanet, *The Lighthouse*, 2022, oil on canvas, 8 x 8 inches



The old sun soaks up  
our ancestors; their echoes  
warm soil and sprout life.



Susan Swartz, *Evolution of Nature*, 2021, mixed media on canvas, 60 x 60 inches

*lucertole*

*minéral*

*mora*

manfred werder, 2009<sup>3</sup>

## Waiting It Out

Kerri Sonnenberg

The child calls for water at 4 a.m. I know this uncommon thirst-hour as fever's first tell. What germ this is is everyone's best guess. I administer juice and hold back naming the thing I am trying to suppress. By the law of illness rolling through a household we will all be next.

This cold is already having a numbing effect on his form, taking all the appetites away. Even for distraction. In a show of solidarity we share the silence and blankness of the room. Because I happen to have a monastic ability for waiting, sitting with the fevers of others comes naturally. This situation then, while not ideal, is playing to one of my strengths. Call it optimism taking shape under a woolen sky muting the neighborhood to all but a church bell.

It's probably nothing. The phone winking at me with missed calls in the antique suspension of the day. Birds chatter and shit above the motionless car. All the missed things make me want to visit the scale model of this city circa 1100 AD—a reminder that these architectures of desire and obligation were once made of wattle and daub. And where entire hospitals were once devoted to fevers they are now remodeled for some other state of the art.

In the sleep brought on by fever my arm is his pillow and his head is my pillow. To the casual observer we are a complexed stack of repeating nose. Outside the soothing baritone of a power washer goes on performing its essential function of obliteration. *Everything is a question of sleep* says Hejinian referencing Cocteau.

The heaviness of missed sleep opens the senses. For example, I never noticed Venus as anything more than an anonymous scrap of light in a predawn winter sky before I rocked an infant in its rapid cycles of need. Venus is one of several bits of midlife awareness that has stitched me here, an immigrant. Though it could be argued the details as well as migratory, we won't stop reaching for a binding thing. Venus is just as well visible and namable from everywhere else.

The expat makes a translation of place through friends. When I miss her calls, she appears as subtitles in my hand. Preparing to visit America, she asks which of the laws she should pay attention to. She forgets. The new ones about staying safe? I am annoyed that I sound like the doctor when he says *It depends*.

The boy is finding some relief in sleep and I in being a soft enough surface with one working thumb. What can the algorithm do for our general wellbeing? What can it offer toward an appreciation of beauty? Today it is serving me a series of dash cam fireballs. What a loss for storytelling when the ending is so deliverable. I recall the time I witnessed one—glowing orb of disintegrating space junk—while talking with a neighbor in her driveway, stopping mid-word at the sight. Contrary to its speed it seemed to hang above us like a Christmas ornament where some hand had rubbed out a sky-sized tree. Had this been *the big one* I would go down as frozen, agape while my children took shots at a hoop.

He is awakened by the buoyant voices of children outside thrown by a trampoline.

I used to think in parenthood's early days that all the sleep debt would someday be repaid, that we would all be compensated in a hibernation of the most luxurious order. Instead this sleeplessness has remained, rooting itself, slowing the metabolism, making space, first one, then more. Into those spaces listening stretched, strobing little silences between the rushes of the world, like an aural flickering of the downspout overwhelmed by a storm.

## This Bind

Olga Vilokotskaya

In childhood I treated my body as the thing I put clothes on. Yet in the quiet of night, in the thrum of the shower, I knew it was a mysterious companion reachable by my hands.

I grew up in the suburbs of San Jose and received routine assessments about my body in the Russian tongue, which lashed at my ears like a fiery whip. *Soplya*, my parents said, which translates to snot, meaning I was wimpy looking, somehow unformed. *A gde vopshe myschi?* meaning, *Where are your muscles?* They insisted that I take up jazz dancing (for gracefulness), martial arts (in case I was ever attacked), and tennis, the ideal sport.

In this storm of activities I began to understand my body as something that had to respond to demands with strategy—something that was capable of retaliating when provoked. Outside of school I began experimentations. My friends perched on my bed and I took the center of the room. A pop ballad by *A\*Teens* erupted from the speakers and I let moves I'd learned in jazz class escape through me, mixed with everything I'd observed on MTV. At the end I dropped to the floor unexpectedly, struggling to move my ribs rapidly in opposition with my butt. My friends delivered their scores, followed by compliments and criticisms.

At *America's Best Karate* I jumped around on padded mats with dozens of other bodies, striking the air and emitting yelps that felt inauthentic and embarrassed me. One day, mid-class, the induction of womanhood arrived via a red splatter across the seat of my white uniform. From then on I knew my body would humiliate me at random. It contained a mysterious clock that would speed onward until the end of time. The tick tock towards adulthood became apparent at school, where my classmates grew wider, more hairy. I, too, was transforming, and needed a bra.

My family moved north to the suburbs of Seattle and the absence of light turned my complexion unfriendly. I dwelt in novels and screens and avoided the sound of human voices. Nevertheless the clock had plans. I sprouted breasts and longer legs. My skin continued shedding, re-making boundaries with more expansive contours. Without my consent, my body strove to be noticed. New people tried to thaw out my icy exterior. Eventually, I was drawn out by conversation about books and theater, those prisms that allow fresh light to emerge.



As the end of high school drew near, everyone was obsessed with Lasts, Firsts, and Making Out. I had managed to roll around partially undressed with a boy while his parents watched television downstairs. He liked to hold my hand as we drove around in his car, yet made a fuss when I said that I loved him. His panic made me suspect that I gave my heart too quickly, and that this could one day be used against me.

I felt the dawn of a paranoia about my life, which I documented in a notebook as I was rejected, accepted, and interrogated about the future. My grandparents called from overseas, anticipating news about who I planned to become. They were happy that, though they had withstood the pain of my father, mother, sister and I moving half a world away from the rest of the family, now I, their oldest granddaughter, would attend an American University.

Envelopes packed with colorful confetti arrived from colleges, holding letters of congratulations about my forthcoming induction into the Halls of Knowledge. Private colleges offered scholarships that made my eyes cloud with tears—I was desirable, after all. *Ty sh'to, billionaire-ka?* My parents said, raising their eyebrows. *What are you, a billionaire?* They agreed I would attend the public University nearby. When I moved out of their house and said a sloppy farewell to the boy I was sure would forget about me and did, I was wrought with the same trepidation I recalled from my first day of grade school, when I didn't speak the language of the children around me and pulled my sweater over my head to protect myself from the unknown.

In classes I heard expansive lectures by weathered, chic professors—people who appeared to know what life was about. My body, that thing I had experienced as something another person could touch and kiss, went into a deep hibernation as my brain got filled with hundreds of pages about my biological and cultural roots as a human being. In lab I learned to identify pelvic bones as male and female, skulls as *Neanderthal*, *Homo sapien*, *Homo erectus*. But I was anxious that it didn't provoke revelry inside me as I had expected—hadn't I always been interested in studying the beginnings of things?

Instead I began to write poetry in the library. It came out like I was inventing a new language, prodding at things that went overlooked in daily life. When I sought out a literature professor in a dark, bunker-

like building on campus and showed him my pages, he looked at me compassionately. He suggested a class taught by his friend and I was filled with a blinding, Holy Spirit-like hope that transcended my body and practically emitted light. I stayed up all night writing verse like a devoted nun.

The world's contours shifted. My brain on poetry saw everything as a potential poem. Things I had encountered thousands of times before—the poster in the kitchen, the candle, my roommate—became so symbolic that I zoomed as far in as I could, creating intense abstractions on the page. Lips transformed into *curved lines parting north and south*. A book on a table was *a survey of a traveler's nestled thoughts*. Description exponentially enhanced the minutia of my life and caused my eyes to blaze with emotions accessible to no one else. My friends withstood sudden, passionate speeches in which I deconstructed popular songs to show that emotions were knee-jerk reactions to catchy meters. Sensual strings of vowels were as enticing to me as a lover's curly, slightly greasy hair.

During this romance my body was but a sled charging towards some fated end, carried by the pack of dogs that was my steaming, inexhaustible brain. I committed social faux pas. Cheerfully I went on date after date, thinking they were more like intellectual hang outs. My body registered the presence of the other body, a sturdy body, which was an avatar for the brain. An unexpected, forceful kiss left me reeling. Sure, there was something exciting about its brutal physicality. But it was wet and weird and felt removed compared to the gymnastics of conversation and meaningful silences.

Soon words began to fail me. My friends weren't affected by poetry—they were always at some student government meeting or playing intramural sports. Had reading thousands of pages of verse alienated me from real people, real events? When I went home to see my parents, their pointed assessments carried much more weight. No one had ever so beautifully criticized me as they did. *Nes'yasnaya doch*, my mother shook her head, when she noted that I was always wearing the same sad sweater and carrying a slim, esoteric book under my arm as if it was my teddy bear. *Unlucky daughter*. It occurred to me that my parents wielded two languages like geniuses, while I slapped words together like a parrot.

It was likely that my professors had misled me in order to keep more people in their classes. What a chump I had been to believe them. My parents noted that, though I had lived away from them for almost three years and had gained nearly a full college education, I still thought like a child, had exactly the same flat butt and giant pores, and would never make it in the world if I studied literature, and especially poetry. *Ty schto, sobiraesh'sya byt' prostitut-kay?* They said provocatively, wanting me

to understand the horrors that awaited the impoverished. *What, are you planning on becoming a prostitute?*

I took a cold, hard look at my life. It was true that writing went in circles, never causing any improvement to my mental or physical health. I fell into a deep silence, walking the endless paths of the University I had called my home. The roses around the fountain were entombed in frost and I saw it as commentary about my future. I decided that it was time to either die or change direction. As I wriggled my extremities inside my woolen layers, I remembered that I was still fairly young and could probably pick up some sort of useful trade that would not bring dishonor to my family. As the wind pierced my chest, I remembered that, yes—the body was once of interest to me. I had just sort of forgotten about it.

It was odd to think of the last few years from the perspective of my skin, bones, muscles, intestines. They didn't have much of a history, having been eradicated by my poetry. They had instead been prodded on occasion, when I had needed something from them, like exercise and digestion, all in the service of my megalomaniac brain. This mute companion had managed to keep me alive while my mind was caught up in its passions. And what for? I picked up my pace and blood sloshed into forgotten channels. At least everything still moved alright.

In massage school I felt peaceful when I worked on classmate's bodies. It occurred to me that in my University classes, I had dared to touch no one. Everyone had sat in plastic composite desks, table tops welded to seats. They were islands, harder than rock, and from these islands everyone spoke across the room to one another about texts and theory, trying to outmaneuver each other intellectually or else forming alliances with people with similar thoughts.

There was a model skeleton in every massage classroom, dangling from its skull like a charm, as if to say, *We're not too different, are we, you and I?* The library was full of books exclusively on health, physiology, anatomy, kinesiology. In the 1600s text, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, I was surprised to find a warning against a solitary intellectual life: "Let thy fortune be what it will, 'tis thy mind alone that makes thee poor or rich, miserable or happy;" "All Poets are mad." I poured over countless road maps and treatises on the body, obsessed with finding out how the House of Consciousness worked. I felt an agency in my life I'd never before known: what I studied, paired with what my hands did, had a direct effect on someone other than me. It consumed me.

After graduation I worked at a medical massage clinic in the city. I helped people's shoulders move with less crackling on their ribcages. I fixed the stiffness that built up in their necks. I kneaded the great nesting doll of bodies, one containing the other, their likenesses startling: spines that recalled other spines, all in varying degrees of hunch, creating an

eternal sequence. Some days, the clients arrived like a beat with no variation. A leg, a leg, a leg, a leg, a leg. A back, a back, a back, a back. Every day alerted me to the city's chronic conditions. To pain, to injury, to the difficulty of changing course.

I thought about Funes the Memorious, the Borges character, who could remember every detail he had ever read or experienced, but could not abstract it into meaning. I cataloged each body part: starkly real, yet on its own, story-less. Not "human," but a carousel of parts, things that hurt, things people wanted pressed and fixed. I became a great pusher, kneader, stroker of legs, arms, necks, feet. It is by touch I came to know them all, yet this unpoetic knowing can bring a person to tears. On the bus home from shifts I saw humankind living in little towers of the mind, stroking their devices. How were we supposed to connect anymore? How could I get to a form that held that reality, yet didn't render humanity ossified?

The books on my shelves whispered about things of the past, things I thought I had left behind for my own good. They spoke in riddles, like they always had. *When did all the poetry disappear? Do you still feel it in pieces?* From under the bed, an old thing tickled my ankle with its cobwebbed fingers. *Something could still be done with you.*

# Giuseppe Chiari's Method for Breaking

Chiara Saccone & Deborah Walker

In 2021 we began working on some of Giuseppe Chiari's *Metodi per suonare* (Methods for playing), an important and very original part of the Italian artist's work. Some of the *Methods* are for instruments, like cello or piano, others for substances, such as water, and some for objects, including stones or even a video camera. Best known as a visual and conceptual artist, Giuseppe Chiari (1927-2008) began his work in music at the end of the 1950s, influenced by John Cage and the experimental atmosphere in Italy during that time. Deeply interested in gesture, he developed forms of musical writing that are both graphical and textual, creating his own system of signs and symbols.

During a residency at the GMEA in Albi, France, we worked on an interpretation of *Il Rompere*, the Method to play *The Breaking*, which we then performed five times in Düsseldorf during Klangraum, a five day musical gathering organised by Antoine Beuger of the Wandelweiser collective. We started each performance with a reading of the original score in Italian, and gave the audience a written translation in English. Reading the text aloud helped in shaping the audience's concentration as well as our own. It felt important for us to let the audience be as close as possible to the composer's intentions, giving them an idea of our starting point and our interpretation of the piece. In this method, Chiari guides the performer in the study of the sound of breaking using scientific or technical language in a very personal and inventive way. Despite this rather rational approach, as soon as we started to work on this method we began to realise how emotional it is to break something. Even in the most controlled way, to break is always charged with meaning, linked to a particular gesture, and makes you face an irreversible process. In *The Breaking*, Chiari points to how this irreversibility can be experienced through sound.

The following text is the first English translation of Chiari's handwritten score of *Il Rompere* as it appears in *Il Metodo per suonare di Giuseppe Chiari*, edited by Gillo Dorfles and published by Martano Editore in 1976. The images are stills from a video we made during our residency at GMEA, assisted by G r me Blanchard. We would like to thank the estate of Giuseppe Chiari for their permission to publish this translation.

Click [here](#) for a performance of "The Breaking."

# Il Rompere

Giuseppe Chiari, 1963

Lo sforzo minimo per rompere un corpo dicesi carico di rottura. Questo limite dipende da più fattori : 1) l'intensità della forza sollecitatrice, 2) la coesione del corpo attaccato, 3) la direzione della forza, 4) la forma del corpo, 5) la superficie di questa forma direttamente attaccata.

## La forma del corpo

Il corpo che deve subire la rottura può avere svariatissime configurazioni ma per un primo studio sarà sufficiente ridurre queste forme a quattro casi ai quali potremo riportare grosso modo tutti i corpi vedasi la figura 1. Conveniamo di chiamare "a" un blocco, "b" una tavola, "c" un'asta, "d" un dado.

## Le forze sollecitatrici

D'altra parte le forze sollecitatrici possono agire in più modi. Ne esamineremo cinque: 1) la compressione, 2) l'urto, 3) la perforazione, 4) la flessione, 5) la torsione.

Occorre ora mettere in rapporto i vari tipi di forze con le forme del corpo e le superfici di queste forme direttamente attaccate.

Noi esamineremo il fenomeno del "rompere" come fatto auditivo e cercheremo di differenziare e quindi classificare i vari eventi "rottura" rilevando principalmente la forma dinamica semplice o complessa del fatto auditivo relativo.

## La tavola e l'asta

Per la tavola è evidente che la superficie che presenta minore resistenza:

alla compressione è A

alla flessione è A

alla torsione è C o B

alla perforazione è C o B

all'urto è C o B

vedasi figura 2

Considerazioni abbastanza simili si possono fare con l'asta. Vediamo comunque caso per caso.

# The Breaking

Giuseppe Chiari, 1963

The minimum effort required to break a body is called the breaking load. This limit depends on several factors: 1) the intensity of the stressing force, 2) the cohesiveness of the impacted body, 3) the direction of the force, 4) the shape of the body, and 5) the surface area of the shape directly impacted.

## The shape of the body

The body that is to be broken can have a wide variety of configurations, but for an initial study it will be sufficient to reduce these shapes to four cases to which we can roughly refer all bodies, see Figure 1. Let us call “a” a block, “b” a board, “c” a rod, “d” a die.

## Stressing forces

On the other hand, stressing forces can act in several ways. We will examine five of them: 1) compression, 2) collision, 3) perforation, 4) bending, 5) torsion.

It is now necessary to relate the various types of forces to the bodies' shapes and the surfaces of the bodies that are directly impacted.

We will examine the phenomenon of “breaking” as an auditory fact and attempt to differentiate and thus classify the various “breaking” events by noting primarily the simple or complex dynamic form of the corresponding auditory fact.<sup>1</sup>

## The board and the rod

In the case of the board, it is evident that the surface that presents less resistance to:

compression is A  
bending is A  
torsion is C or B  
perforation is C or B  
collision is C or B.

See Figure 2.

Quite similar considerations will apply to the rod. However, let us see case by case.

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<sup>1</sup> “Auditory fact” is our translation of “fatto auditivo”. Chiari seems to have chosen this term, unusual in the Italian language, to describe the object of his study: the sound characteristics of different breaking events.

## La perforazione

La perforazione può avvenire con un corpo più o meno sottile che attacchi a una velocità più o meno alta. Ammettiamo che il corpo ricevente non abbia una forza di coesione tale da opporre una resistenza iniziale. Ammettiamo cioè che la forza sollecitatrice superi sempre il limite del carico di rottura. La durata dell'evento perforazione sarà tanto più breve quanto: 1) più il corpo è sottile, 2) la sua velocità è forte, 3) più lo spessore da attaccare è piccolo.

Dato che queste condizioni si verifichino tutte al massimo la durata sarà minima e il fatto auditivo relativo sarà netto unico e brevissimo.

La sua forma dinamica rappresentata su un diagramma che ha sulle ascisse la durata e sulle ordinate l'intensità si avvicinerà al punto come limite teorico. Sarà comunque sempre costituita da una breve linea. Vedasi figura 3 a.

All'opposto limite se la forza attaccante sia per il volume del corpo attaccante sia per la sua lentezza supera di poco il carico di rottura, dato anche uno spessore più consistente da attaccare, si avrà un attacco crescente d'intensità dal contatto col corpo all'inizio della rottura che raggiungerà il massimo della rottura per poi decrescere in estinzioni multiple dovute alle varie linee di rottura che si sono irraggiate nelle fibre del corpo. Vedasi figura 3 b.

## La flessione

Andando a ricercare anche nella flessione il caso limite di fatto auditivo netto unico e brevissimo, lo troviamo nell'attaccare un'asta lunga e sottile con una forza considerevole. Abbiamo considerato teoricamente l'asta come formata da una sola fibra. Normalmente però noi constateremo nell'asta uno spessore tale da farla considerare un fascio di fibre.

Attacciamo questo fascio di fibre con una pressione appena sufficiente a vincere il carico di rottura.

Com'è facile vedere dalla figura 4 le fibre superiori subiranno un allungamento maggiore e saranno le prime a rompersi mentre le altre si romperanno via via sempre in maggior numero perché la forza incontrerà minore resistenza di spessore. Si avrà perciò all'ascolto un attacco complesso costituito da un grappolo di attacchi che si infittiscono sempre più fino ad esaurirsi improvvisamente quando l'asta si divide. Vedasi figura 3 c.

Le estinzioni saranno tutte brevi. Nel caso invece di una tavola sottoposta a flessione si avranno estinzioni più lunghe dovute al fatto che la rottura si



## Perforation

Perforation can take place when a more or less thin body strikes at a higher or lower speed. Let's assume that the receiving body does not have enough cohesive force to offer initial resistance. In other words, let's assume that the impacting force always exceeds the limit of the breaking load. The duration of the perforation event will be shorter: 1) the thinner the body, 2) the faster its speed, 3) the thinner the thickness to be impacted.

In the case that these conditions all occur at their extreme, the duration will be minimal and the corresponding auditory fact sharp, unique and very brief.

When represented on a diagram with duration on the x-axis and intensity on the y-axis, its dynamic form will approach a point as its theoretical limit. It will nevertheless always consist of a short line.<sup>2</sup> See Figure 3 a.

At the opposite extreme, let's assume that the impacting force, due both to the size and the slowness of its striking body and given a more robust thickness to be struck, only slightly exceeds the breaking load. In this case, the impact will increase in intensity, starting from the contact with the body at the beginning of the breakage, then reach its maximum breaking point, before decreasing in multiple expirations<sup>3</sup> due to the various breaking lines that have radiated in the fibres of the body. See Figure 3 b.

## Bending

When searching, during bending, for the extreme case of a single, very short auditory fact, we will find it when stressing a long, thin rod with considerable force. We have theoretically considered the rod as formed by a single fibre. However, we will normally find that the rod has such a thickness that it could be considered a bundle of fibres.

To this bundle of fibres we apply just enough pressure to overcome the breaking load.

As can be easily seen in Figure 4, the upper fibres will undergo greater elongation and will be the first to break, while the others will gradually break in greater and greater numbers because the force will now meet with less resistance due to the reduced thickness of the rod. Consequently, when listening, we will perceive a complex attack consisting of a cluster of attacks that become increasingly dense until they suddenly exhaust themselves when the rod splits. See Figure 3 c.

The expirations will all be brief. On the other hand, in the case of a board subjected to bending, longer expirations will occur due to the fact

<sup>2</sup> In other words, due to its brevity and immediate change in dynamic, the event will tend to be represented on a graph as a very short line, almost a point. – trans.

<sup>3</sup> "Expiration" translates "estinzione". Chiari seems to use this word to speak about an audible decay of the breakage on a body.

irraggia irregolarmente lungo una linea approssimativamente trasversale al piano e normale alle forze. Vedasi figura 3 d.

### Torsione

Consideriamo come torsione il sottoporre le superfici A di una tavola a due forze opposte come da figura. Movimento che approssimativamente si può riferire per spessori sottili allo strappare.

Si potrebbe considerare attaccato il lato C che è il primo a presentare la rottura. Come fatto auditivo è interessante notare che data una forza sufficientemente alta e uno spessore C minimo, il rompere in questo movimento non presenta nessun crescendo o decrescendo ma da una linea liscia filata ad intensità costante.

Nel caso che si aumenti o si diminuisca la resistenza aumentando la forza – e quindi la velocità di strappare – si ha un aumento continuo – glissato – d'intensità. Vedasi figura 4 a.

Se il corpo presenta un'irregolare distribuzione della forza di coesione nel caso per esempio che il suo spessore sia irregolare (vedasi figura 4 b) si hanno corrispondentemente delle punte d'intensità ma sempre legate fra di loro dal filo dello strappo. Vedasi figura 4 c.

### Compressione

Comprimendo la superficie A di una tavola la forza attaccante si indebolirà dovendo spandersi per la larga superficie. Occorrerà un forte peso per superare il limite del carico di rottura. Nel caso comunque le rotture saranno brevi e deboli come di sfaldamento.

Un caso più interessante ai nostri fini è dato dal comprimere superfici convesse. La parte convessa riceve la pressione ed oppone una certa resistenza senza subire nessuna deformazione. All'aumentare della forza si raggiunge immediatamente la rottura.

Si ha dunque uno spacco netto e improvviso, corrispondente all'ascolto di un attacco che raggiunge immediatamente il massimo – senza nessuna impressione di crescendo – e si estingue quasi immediatamente.

that the break radiates irregularly along a line approximately transverse to the surface and normal to the forces.<sup>4</sup> See Figure 3 d.

### Torsion

Let us consider as torsion the subjecting of the surfaces A of a board to two opposing forces as shown in the figure.<sup>5</sup> In the case of thin thicknesses, this movement can be roughly referred to as tearing. We might say that side C is impacted, as it is the first to show the break.

As an auditory fact, it is interesting to note that given a sufficiently high force and with C at a minimum thickness, the breaking in this movement does not present any crescendo or decrescendo but a smooth line drawn out with constant intensity.

If one increases or decreases the resistance by increasing the force – and thus the speed of tearing – there is a continuous increase – glissando – of intensity. See Figure 4 a.

If the body has an uneven distribution of cohesive force, for example, if its thickness is irregular (see Figure 4 b), there will be corresponding spikes of intensity, which will always be linked to each other by the tearing line. See Figure 4 c.

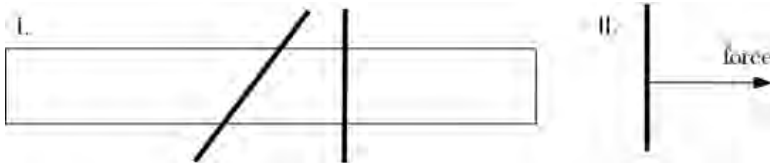
### Compression

When the surface A of a board is compressed, the impacting force will be weakened by having to spread across the large surface. A heavy weight will be needed to overcome the breaking load limit. In this case, however, the breaks will be short and delicate, as in flaking.

A more interesting case for our purposes is that of compressing convex surfaces. The convex part receives the pressure and exerts a certain resistance without undergoing any deformation. With the increase of the force, the break is reached immediately.

Consequently there is a sharp and sudden break, and we hear a corresponding attack that immediately reaches its peak – without any impression of a crescendo – and decays almost immediately.

<sup>4</sup> Here Chiari employs a series of technical terms, typically used in physics. “Transverse to the surface” indicates a line that goes through the surface (not parallel to it). See two examples in the first figure below. “Normal to the forces” means perpendicular to the forces, see the second figure. Drawings by Gaëtan Borot.



<sup>5</sup> See Figure 2 “Torsione”. Chiari shows two examples of torsion, indicating the two opposing forces with arrows.

## Il blocco e il dado

Abbiamo convenuto di chiamare blocco tutti i corpi riferibili ad un cubo di considerevoli dimensioni. Nei confronti di un simile oggetto vediamo che modi d'attacco quali la flessione e la torsione sono i più inadatti per la fortissima resistenza che incontrano. Non li considereremo perciò e descriveremo solo il rompere causato da compressione, perforazione e urto.

AmMESSO che un blocco subisca una forza progressivamente sempre più intensa che lo comprime noi constateremo, da un'intensità che superi il limite del carico di elasticità fino a una che si avvicini al carico di rottura, delle brevi linee di rottura che si svolgono molto lentamente e si presentano staccate fra di loro. Questo fascio di linee si irraggerà in maniera sempre più complessa e legata fino ad aumentare all'inizio della rottura la sua velocità di svolgimento e irraggiare in poche direzioni di frattura definitiva.

Il periodo più interessante sarà perciò lo scricchiolio che coinciderà con lo stato di deformazione massima precedente il limite del carico di rottura.

Questo scricchiolio risulterà formato da una quantità vastissima di brevi attacchi che si susseguono vicinissimi l'uno all'altro.

L'urto d'altra parte presenta invece un attacco unito. L'intensità sarà piuttosto forte data anche dalla percussione del corpo – nel caso di caduta verticale – sul piano.

L'estinzione presenterà linee multiple quante le parti nelle quali il corpo si divide. Più forte sarà l'attacco più numerose saranno le parti e le estinzioni le quali avranno anche un decrescendo rapidissimo d'intensità.

Passando a un cubo di dimensioni minime che chiameremo dado uno degli effetti più interessanti sarà dato dall'attaccare con una forza comprimente esageratamente superiore alla resistenza da superare.

Si avrà perciò per il divario fortissimo delle forze in lotta un evento dalla durata brevissima e dall'intensità alta.

Malgrado la brevità si sentiranno però sempre due o tre linee perché il corpo si dividerà sempre in un numero di parti superiori a due.

## The block and the die

We have chosen the term ‘block’ as a name for any block of considerable size that can be referred to as a cube. Regarding such objects, we see that modes of impact such as bending and torsion are the most unsuitable due to the very strong resistance they encounter. We will therefore not consider them and describe only the breaking caused by compression, perforation and collision.

Let us suppose that a block is subjected to a force of progressive intensity that compresses it. We will observe, from an intensity that exceeds the limit of the elasticity load to one that approaches the breaking load, that short lines of fracture<sup>6</sup> will develop very slowly, and appear detached from one another. This bundle of lines will radiate in an increasingly complex and connected manner until the beginning of the break, where the speed of its development will increase and radiate along a few lines of definitive fracture.

The most interesting moment will therefore be the crunch, which will coincide with a state of maximum deformation, immediately preceding the breaking load limit.

This crunch will be the result of a vast number of short impacts that follow one another very closely.

On the other hand, collision presents a united impact. The intensity will be quite strong also due to the striking of the body – in the case of a vertical fall – on a surface.

The expiration will present multiple lines, as many as the parts into which the body divides. The stronger the impact, the more numerous will be the parts and the expirations, which will also rapidly decrease in intensity.

Moving on to a cube of minimum size, which we will call a die, one of the most interesting effects will be created by stressing with a compressing force that far exceeds the resistance to be overcome.

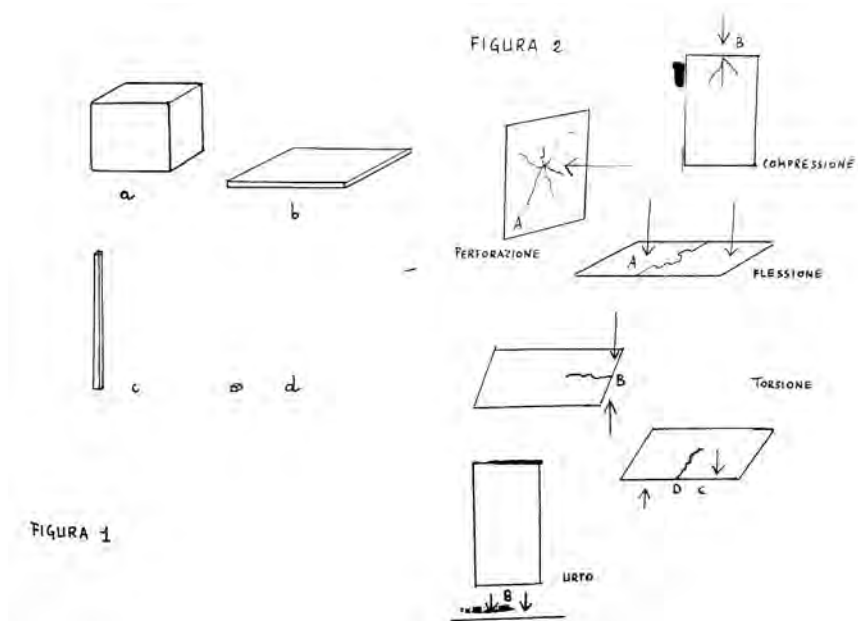
Due to the great difference between the forces involved, the event will be very short in duration and high in intensity.

Despite the brevity, however, two or three lines will always be heard because the body will always divide into more than two parts.

*Translated by Deborah Walker, Rebecca Lane, and Marc Hiatt.*

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<sup>6</sup> Chiari uses “rotirruzione” here, probably a neologism. We have chosen to translate it as “fracture”.



*Per fare musica l'importante è che la forza che rompe non faccia rumore*

*La mano o lo spillo o la lama o la tavola non devono far rumore*

*Si può dire che si è suonato se si riesce a far sentire solo il rompersi dell'oggetto attaccato*

*Le mani sono quindi il mezzo attaccante più adatto*

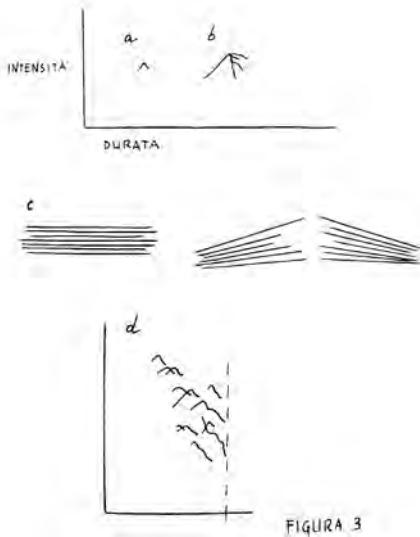


FIGURA 3

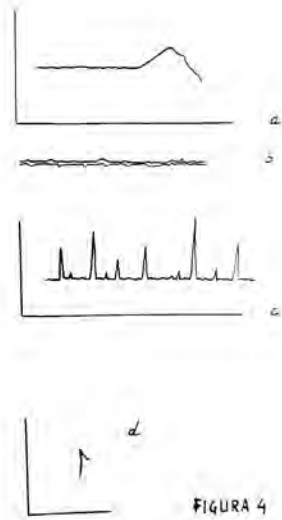


FIGURA 4

*To make music, it is important that the force that breaks does not make any noise*

*The hand or the pin or the blade or the board should not make any noise*

*One can say that one has played if only the breaking of the impacted object can be heard*

*The hands are therefore the most suitable means of attack*







# not wind, fire

Antoine Beuger, 2019

*for quiet whistling*

each tone can be read with or without accidentals

any intonation

any register

any duration

x any non-pitched sound

envuelta en la música  
es un sol la palabra  
que irradia toda  
desde su nido oculto.

enfolded into music  
the word is a sun  
that radiates all  
from its hidden nest.

– Clara Janés, *el amor y las cuatro estaciones*

words:

silently  
moving  
the  
soul  
igniting  
her

sounds, phrases:

each  
a  
single  
expression

tight  
or  
extended

almost  
sudden

almost  
unanticipated

emerging  
from  
a  
vibrant  
silence

the  
silence  
of  
love

radiating  
warmth

1

Listen to the story that the flute does tell.

Its plaintive song on separation dwells

2

Ever since I was cut off from the reed,

Men and women to my sad song pay heed.

3

A breast riddled with sorrow do I want,

so I can deeply of my sad love chant.

4

He that is cut off from his roots and torn away

will yearn to return to that home someday

5

In every gathering have I sung my pain.

To every one, good and bad, I was a friend.

6

Each one befriends me for his own whims,

but none delves deeper to the secret within.

7

My secret to my song is very near,

But none has the capacity to see or hear.

8

My being is not so distant from my soul.

They only see a part, but do not see the whole.

9

It's a fire that in my music is singing

He who has not this fire is but hardly living

10

It is the fire of love that the flute has caught,

It is the passion of love that wine has got.

11

The flute is a friend to all who are forlorn.

The strains of its song have my heartstrings undone.

12

Has anyone seen a poison or an antidote like this?

Has anyone seen a lover or a friend like this?

13

The flute tells the tale of an arduous way,

It speaks of the love of Majnun, I say.

Based on: Jalaluddin Rumi, “The Song of the Flute”, *Masnavi-ye-Ma’navi*, translated by Mahmood Jamal in *Islamic Mystical Poetry*, Penguin Classics, 2009



## Review of Angelo Mao's *Abattoir*

Alex Braslavsky

In Angelo Mao's stunning poetry collection *Abattoir* (2021), the only evidence that the author takes a clear ethical stance on the use of animals, particularly of mice, in scientific research is in the title. The book's contents instead present a powerfully ambiguous view on the role of dissection, on the turning of the body inside out by the scientist's nimble hand, on mortality. One of the poet's most striking arrangements comes with his use of the caesura in the second and third parts of the book, as seen with poems like "Muse" and "After Francis Bacon"—a visual and sonic device that Mao deftly masters, one that references the ways in which verse too can array itself like flaps of skin, like organs flayed open.

The collection lays bare drawerly tendencies, which reveal themselves in chiaroscuro motifs punctuated by varication ("eyes are shot through with white, / and the black branches outside are / the tendoned seams of many eyes" from "Dissection") as well as in the resonant desire to suspend the vision of a particular bodily contour across many permutations ("We superimpose what we / have seen to what we see now, which forces differences to be / stenciled in, like a subtraction in a puppet show" from "Habit").

The speaker is aware that while his eyes draw themselves over surfaces, the eyes of experimented-upon creatures, especially when dead, cannot stare back. Reading "Minotaur," I join the poet in looking down upon a lab mouse dead on its side. In the case of the mouse's downward-facing eye, the poet tells us, "fluid pressure from the skull keeps the surface moisturized" (21). This moisturized surface may either be that of the eye or of the stainless-steel table upon which it rests. More than likely, I am bearing witness to the way nature and industry are ordained to mutually saturate one another in these poems, in a dance that is helplessly erotic. For Mao, natural phenomena like the breath or like freezing temperatures become ways of measuring or manipulating time.

The poet's counterpoint to the wet eye is the eye exposed, facing up and "dried out." Tensions between wet and dry surfaces, between tight and loose, between heated and cold ripple throughout this dense collection, which seizes upon dry clinical medical-speak deceptively: rather than drying us out, the rhetoric makes us "hurt"—a noun-verb that appears time and again throughout the book. Knowledge and the pursuit of it becomes a point of suspicion and "no longer useful," although

it is something a person might have spent “years getting used to” (53). Unafraid to disappoint readers with bad news, Mao disintegrates the notion of the poem fashioned by the objective gaze, as can be seen in lines that twinge with ever-so-slight irony and tautologies that expose the inefficiencies of efficient language (see “They have invented poems with algorithms. / They can be done with objectivity” and “The fish feels terror, which is the response to fear” on page 55).

The poet makes me curious about what of my body I do not have the ability to see, and therefore plays with the selectivity of sight and with the ultimate aesthetic aim of dissection, which is reflexive: the desire to cut open and plumb one’s own body is posed as the ultimate self-knowing, the ultimate retreat, ultimate mystery (as with “I wish / laughingly wish I could / sometimes put my hand into / just to learn” on page 58). Even bodies of stage performers are imagined in another transparent form (“I pictured her body made of glass, / transparent, colorless, unimportant, and the diaphragm a stiff / red mist slowly unfolding at the center” on page 86). There are things we should not want to know if we are to stay whole, but the poet beckons us ever toward a spiraling reflexivity, begging us to wind ourselves tight, all the while watching how closely we graze our own skin from burning curiosity: “I clutch my own approach / my arms embrace or garnish this mass / known so well” (88). The poems ask us to bear insides we are not used to gleaning. Knowing oneself reaches unprecedented heights, both sexually and scientifically, in this tour de force collection.

# Marsyas

Angelo Mao

They are done with him. Leave  
 half eaten grapes on the floor  
 in the dark. The floor is cold.  
 I stand there remembering

half eaten grapes on the floor.  
 I was drunk on their closeness.  
 I stand there remembering  
 under the fluorescent lights.

I was drunk on their closeness.  
 It was as though I and not they  
 under the fluorescent lights  
 peeled off that skin.

It was as though I and not they  
 stepped forward and whispered to  
 that peeled off skin,  
*I did this I did this I*

step forward and whisper to that  
 thing swaying from a hook  
*I did this I did this I*  
 step back in silence.

Thing swaying from a hook.  
 They are done with him. Leave,  
 step back in silence  
 in the dark. The floor is cold.

# Muse

Angelo Mao

I practice my smile in the mirror      chordate that I am.  
 I hear a vehicle engine      pulling in on the driveway.  
 How can I be in this climate      a mammal at all?  
 Orcas drown a whale calf      and eat the tongue  
 no more. I am more of a flower      I eat only sun  
 my skin the horny green      of a peony's hide:  
 my calyx mounts with bone      my stamen stands on stilts  
 a pistil sweets exudate      pale corolla waits to wilt.  
 Do you doubt my nature?      I bring out of my side  
 a skeletal vase      pulling water up freshets  
 in crinkled xylems      plumped petals for a face:  
 my current face wanders      on cartilaginous bone  
 balancing point for the head      and new blood's source  
 while old blood breaks      in the spleen's charnel house.  
 I stare with discovery      at this tongue-shaped face.  
 O flower, wait for the ants      to carve up your face.

## One Poet's Movement through Kythe Heller's *Firebird*

Rebecca Doverspike

One compound noun: a mythological bird from Slavic stories, plumage glows yellow, red, orange, and even when removed, feathers continue to glimmer. A small falcon with crystal eyes. "Fairy tales" of captured women, whose feathers contain a touch of magic and inevitable freedom.

Or/and an adjective (fire) and a noun (bird)

Or/and two separate nouns (fire, bird)

Or/and I think of my studies in the Pali language, in which relational prepositions are excised, to be contributed by the reader. Firebird. A compound with many possibilities in preposition: nominative (firebird, name); accusative (to the place [of] firebird); instrumental (fire with bird); genitive/possessive (bird of fire or fire of bird); dative (bird by fire or bird for fire); locative (bird in [the location of] fire); vocative (Venerable Firebird).

The mind hungers at times for a grammar, a "story," through which to enter into a speaker's experience, to see behind and through those eyes, to feel for them, their body.

Yet through glimpsed, fractured, narratives, pronouns/speakers/voices shift: her, I, she, you. The way a poem resists the safety of a "story"—it is the burning voice, the lyric voice, that sings and sings through these pages. A fire is multiple flames; a fire is distinctly one.

Consider the opening poem:

I stood at the door of my life	(bracketed italics, my marginalia)
but she was already there	
Her skin swollen.	(past)
And her in eyes	(Is "she" "my life" or another or life itself?)
pain like a flower opening its body forever.	(present / end of first sentence)
It was not she anymore	
but the place marked out for the fire.	(past to present within past or ongoing
And at the center of the fire – her heart—	present, to an end-stopped "forever.")
Life I thought I couldn't survive.	(past)

I had traveled so far to be here.  
 But how could I open the door  
 while she stood there burning?

(future looking back on past or present  
 looking to future)  
 (past-perfect tense / already completed)  
 ([of my life])  
 (beginning of your life already burning  
 / burning from the beginning. Born  
 grieving)  
 (prophecy)  
 (Interrogative. I/she)

This first poem shifts temporally as well as spatially, setting the tone for the collection's distinct voices, different embodiments (some in dialogue with one another) and yet also sense of a singular voice; multiple flames/one fire. But what of the bird?

The movement across these pages is the bird's; only the bird is able to tell this story and give these gifts. Without the bird, with only fire, there would be no voice at all. The bird is survival singing to a hoped-for future, by way of prayer called resilience. And because it succeeds in carrying its song (in a journey I can only imagine), this bird reaches every burning girl, including me.

Repetitions: "burning girl," fire, flame, light, shadows, November, x-rays, skeletons, a dialogue between self and another that is also the self (inside and out of one body), dialogue between self and other selves, the pervasive atmosphere of trauma and abuse.

Lineation: some offer space between lines, others read as "paragraphs" though the poetic/lyrical voice remains consistent—voice carries powerfully through all the forms of these poems, which renders trust of the voice; familiar ground in the groundlessness/air.

But later in the book, the voice of an outsider enters, attempting to control (in the guise of helping) the story (an impulse when feeling helpless):

You should set this in history more, make a strong statement about abuse. Neglect. A socio-political critique of the shelter system. With more details of the trauma. What is the sheer light that pools in the dark body before dawn? Light no longer light, so ancient, free, from the body of air that carries it? (44).

The poet answers back in the same paragraph, without skipping a beat: you don't own this story; it's my experience, it's my language, and it's a sacred offering to anyone able to listen—which is, an empowering possibility, even if the other voice cutting into the poetry is the voice of a social worker. At least, this is what it means to me, as someone who knows fire, too.

Kythe handed this book to me with a phoenix feather (make a wish) on my porch in direct sunlight. Hadn't gotten out of my pajamas yet, 10 a.m. or so. Perhaps she knew I was a burning girl when she placed it in my hands. But of course. I was burning up in front of her. In my memories, she changes the gravity in a room. I have read it so many times. The first, in a tent, in the mountains, in the rain. I could not put it down.

The seeds of fire in this collection burn in those of us who live with sensitivity to the burning world; this collection accompanies, it's a companion. A song of brokenness is not broken; resilience is inside every breath.

This book takes place on the ground: amid burning mattresses beneath bridges and overpasses, running away from violence through the snow, refusing invasive questions (assumptions around "home" and being "from" a "place"), aching to mirror the language of the world with fire meeting fire, and then also possessing the power to sometimes become water, or take flight. The winged firebird lives inside each heart, an organ that is not (only) a cage.

*from “Runaway,” Firebird*

Kythe Heller

There were things that happened with fire. Before, when I could not speak. I am not certain that fire is the correct word. The first was the burning inside the girl, then completely separate from her. On its own. The second thing was a flock of skeletons, flaming birds. She was frightened. There were fire marshals signaling. This is illegal, they said. With enormous effort, I prevented myself thinking the thing inside the match that wanted out. And then, because I had to, because the fire could not be prevented, I wrote this.



Click to view [Firebird-flamenco](#)  
password: phoenix1



a list (2020)

for Stine & Rebecca, Vibrant Matter Berlin

"proposed notes (in any octave) ; D, A, B"

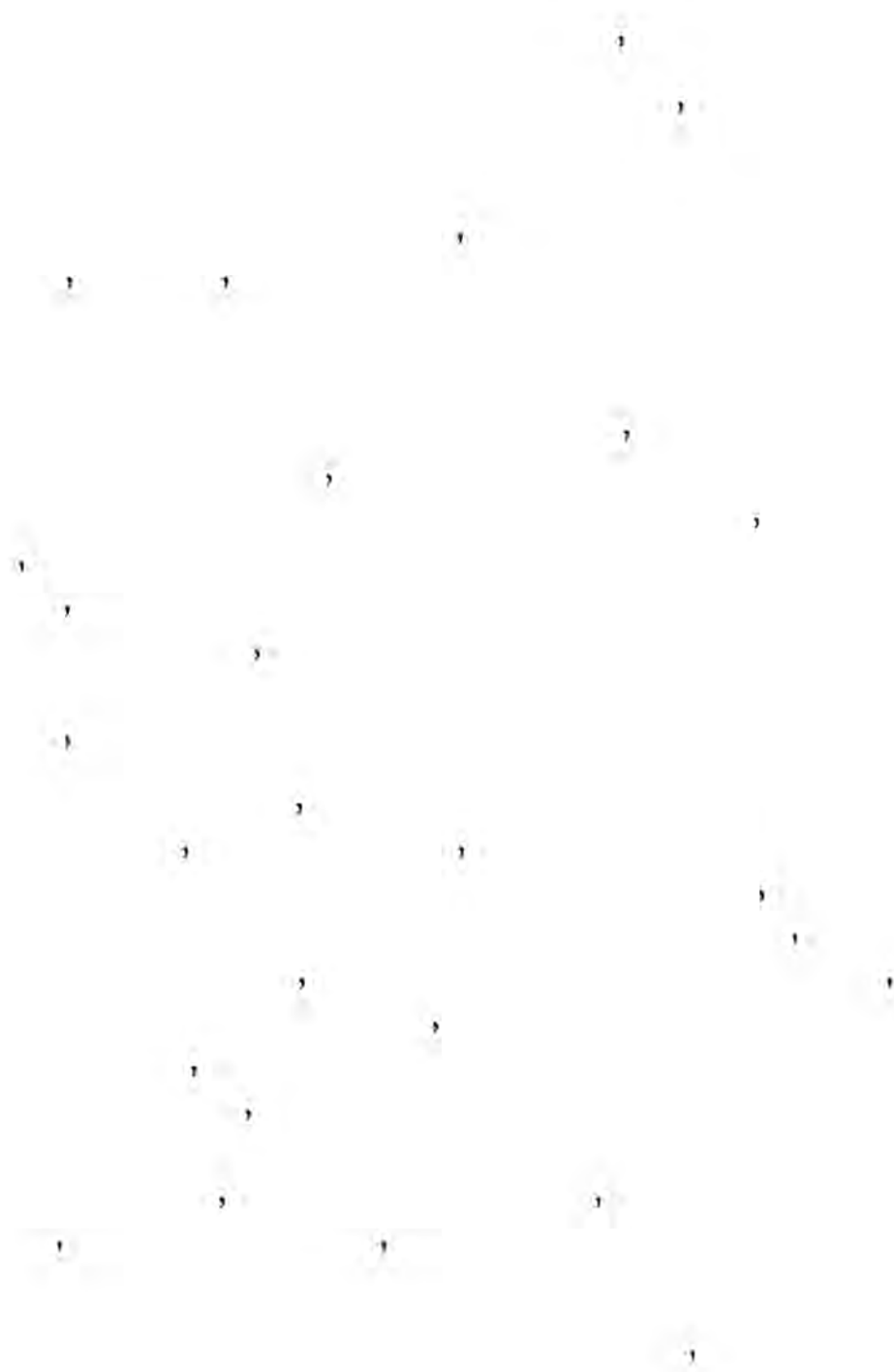
- a long note as continuously as you can hold
- make a short melody & repeat
- a short note every 10 - 20 seconds
- improvise
- be mischivous
- a long note in harmony to what you are hearing
- be polite
- pause
- two at a time
- one to another
- back & forth only once
- noise
- at ease
- leave

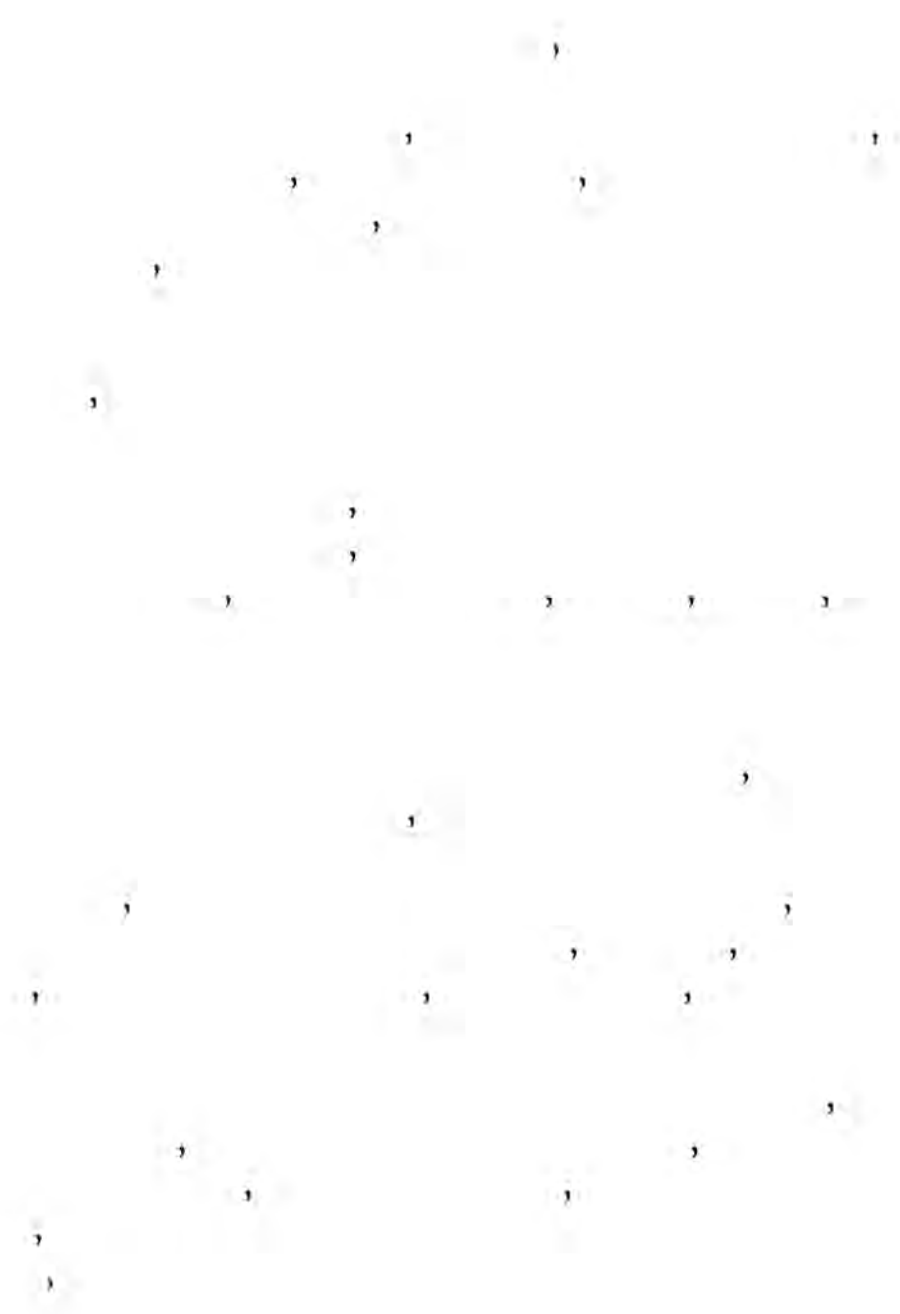
- . perform in unusual place, but not too far
- . pre-determine the duration
- . a list is performed either in order, or randomly

by ryoiko. a

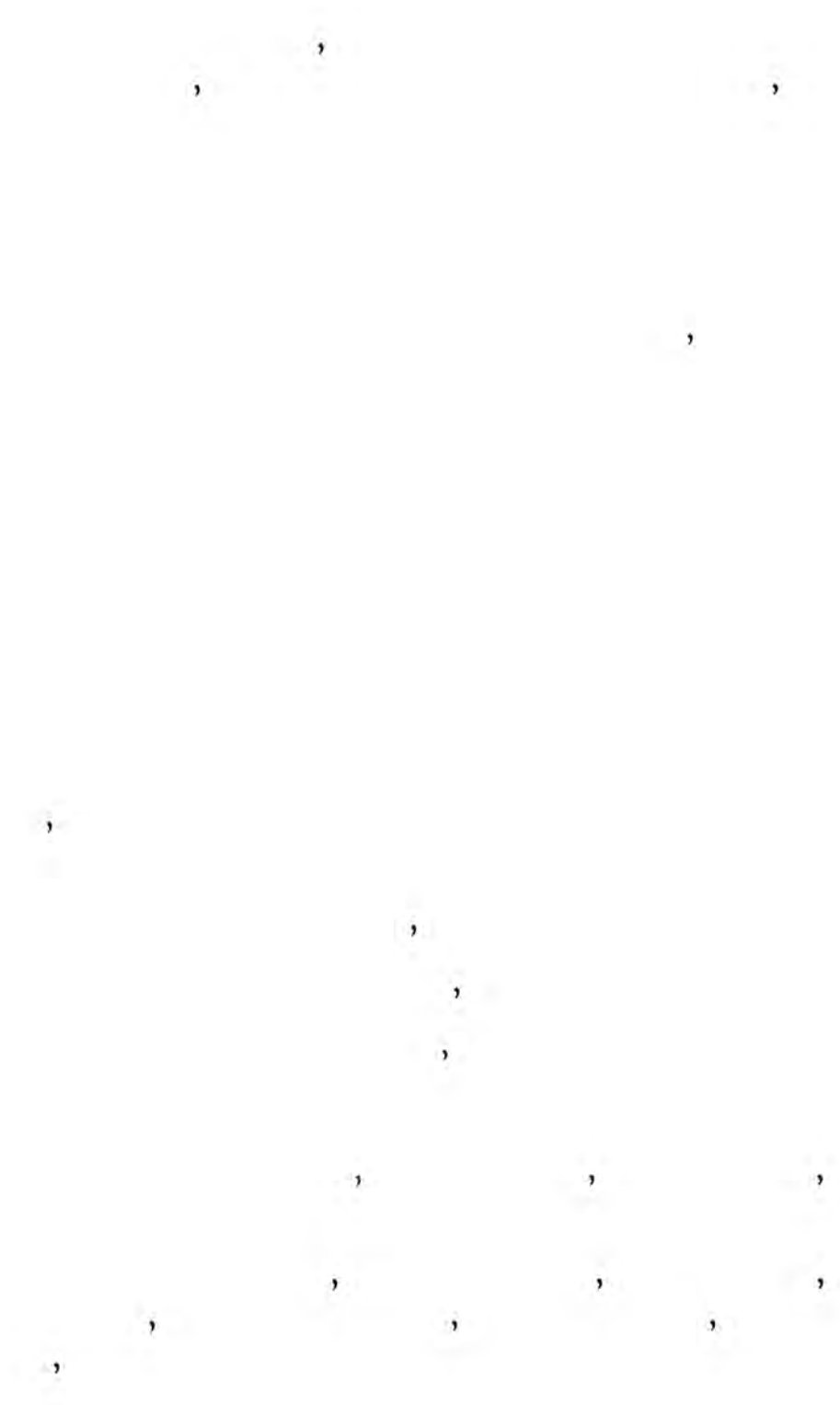


Click [here](#) to watch a performance of *a list* (2020)









Audra Wolowiec, *AIR*, 2020, sound score from *Constitution of the United States of America*

# My Name is Diana

*after the Diana and the Stag Automaton (c.a. 1610)*

Luciana Arbus-Scandiffio

I ride a bedazzled deer  
like a bed made of rabbits  
like a fistful of fancy

like pedicab pulled  
by leopards in Corfu.  
My angel holds my arrow

my stag glitters butter  
my face turns  
its silver trellis

one quatrefoil, two.  
My chest is symmetrical,  
like salad dressing.

Can't remember—  
I was sunbathing  
in my one piece suit.

Here at the inn  
of ugly feelings,  
I ride a little side saddle

I turn the smallest key  
and we go cantering  
through the wheatfields

chainmail coating  
the entire day.  
Our love is fleecy

I lose an eyelash  
but the leash connects us  
through the dark.

# Woman Gathering Flowers

*wall-painting, Stabiae*

Keene Carter

It is how we see history: the woman  
 Faced away, occupied with bucolics,  
 Who picks a hyacinth, and we, unheeded.  
 The Hour walks away into a green of water,  
 And what we glean of her half-peeking eye  
 Sustains the thought that she has seen us, and now,  
 With the carelessness of those who know  
 How things will end, is silent.

It is how

I see my mother: turned from me the most  
 When she most closely looks at me, that she  
 Has seen, and chosen what to see.

Also, still, the beauty.

All things beyond reunion pose like this  
 And take from us our stare, which, if returned,  
 Would last between us like green fields continuing.

## notes for a pastoral

Ryan Paradiso

flax retting  
    dewsour in  
the pasture the sheep leave  
    paths of shorn  
grass toward

    a row of white plastic  
boots beside the creamery door

    splatter of wheysoaked  
muslin wrung out  
    on a smooth cement floor

next to a cup of glue brushes  
    on my father's workbench  
a framed picture in which he is  
    mowing our front lawn  
& I am pushing a plastic  
    mower through mulch

Father Ambrose said  
    when you cross the river you don't  
take the bridge with you

    my father said you can't use a tape  
measure to measure  
    itself

the pond the sheep  
    drink from ripples



# Flamenco Sketches: Miles

Charles O. Hartman

“Flamenco Sketches” has the same number of syllables (98) as the notes in Miles’s solo. Through diction and syntax, I aimed to press the reader toward duplicating the solo’s rhythms. The italics at the end begin where Miles moves the bell of his muted horn close to the microphone.

Still fall  
 Another drift of sunshine  
 A day, and then some  
 No need for snow

Strange creatures scaled down  
 We tune a canny ear to the unmoved hour

Strung high, the icy cloud sings of a blue trapped in a blue  
 And so: too

Off on one hand the rind of an undiscarded moon  
 Off-season fields lie paralyzed for some Persephone  
 Her place held firm by a zero  
*Between’s return*

*Then again, the spring’s wound one way*

# Matins for Kansas

Ben Bellet

let's see if we can't  
remember it differently  
walk across duplex housetops  
developments beyond cut gullies  
too stricken for sleep

I'm never going east again I'd rather  
steal out before stand-to  
past clothes clotting the hallway  
fingering nervous beads  
for reasons I can't remember

over empty stomachs  
and six-cigarette headaches  
dry-eyed and tight  
jabbing keys toward an ignition

an engine guttering  
in that time before dawn  
savior engine roaring  
over skewbald ground  
loud and blank

I'm telling you now  
I want all of it  
I want absolution

# apophenia

Jo O'Lone-Hahn

Am I touched by God? Answer: yes. Answer again: yes, because / Inhale is / Inhale: it's God / hotly sticking his finger into my mouth. Exhale: Cigarette: Dying: No / shame in decaying: breath keeps me going / & keeps track of time, too, so: Smoking w/ Mo by the Joshua Tree / he puts his sunglasses on my face / because normally, I need a blindfold / to meditate / & now / we can meditate together. I pretend I'm leaning / my head on Ben's chest. Soft pillow. Soft / Soft / honest sex. Dust mites. Light spreads. I cry. In real life: the ground / under the Joshua Tree / hurts my ass. Apophenia: my Dad's cat was hit by a car right before both of their birthdays. Apophenia: Mom thanks Jesus that more cars / didn't hit the cat again / & again & disfigure his fur: Side of the road / flung. Apophenia: I sigh on the phone. Wonder if Dad liked the cat / more than me. Exhales / are (if only the present exists) a moving car. Fluidy lungs / in memory I'm flung / I think I'm in a body / of cold water because / years ago I jumped / into the No-Trespassing pond because / things die & specifically / Erik died / & Ben told me to jump / in the water & get / my nervous system wet / & Now / my brain in my breath, under the Joshua Tree / w/ Ben's chest / Ben always waits for me / on the edge of the pond & hands me my sweater. Apophenia: Every time Mo shows up / in my poems, he always has sunglasses. Apophenia: I explain the nervous system to Dad / & Dad gets a blister from punching his car. I sigh on the phone. Just checked: still dying. so: I suffer my breath: so: it's mine: Right? Maybe that's what Dad meant when he said Jesus bought me. No idea if I suffer for everyone / as much as I do for my breath: Jesus couldn't have bought me / the pattern can't be money here: my breath / is my one / & only God / hot & fiendish / & jealously sticking his finger down my throat / & I'm not nervous / if He's not

## XXIII

## (Natural History of Debris: Lazarus)

Adalber Salas Hernández

*Translated by Robin Myers*

First came the breath falling furious  
 onto the waters. A few words half-  
 heard, raucous stones hurled  
 against the pane of sleep. He's always struggled  
 to get up in the morning. Defying all of death's codes,  
 unfamiliar hands grab Lazarus by the shoulders and  
 drag him into the midday light, abrupt as a  
 cliff. They pry open his mouth and force in bitter  
 breath, thump his chest until  
 his heart revs up again, until the body's  
 gutters fill once more with the forgetful,  
 bloody torrent, motor oil, diesel  
 fuel. He stumbles his way out of the sepulcher, blinded  
 by the glare; he's lost his shroud, and  
 the witnesses to the miracle can see his flesh  
 darkened by putrefaction, striped with worms,  
 the map of another world. The stench is overpowering.  
 All cover their noses; some vomit. Lazarus  
 blinks in the stubborn radiance, his dry  
 gaze burns, he can't focus it. No one understands  
 why he's been brought back to the world, but  
 the newspapers are thrilled. A documentary  
 is in the works, plus a reality  
 show (Lazarus and six young people in a house,  
 learning to surf or cooking in front of an audience).  
 His photo is all over Twitter, #loosehimandlethimgo.  
 Astrologists squabble over the birth  
 chart of someone twice born. He keeps  
 blinking. He gestures, stammers, drops  
 his syllables, clumsy toys. Groans, grunts. How  
 to fire up the voice's soft machine again.  
 The witnesses soon disperse. Lazarus is  
 left alone, still at a loss for how to clothe his naked body,  
 starting to understand that god is a blind muscle.  
 Finally, he takes a sidelong glance and walks away and that's the end of it.

## XXIII

## (Historia natural del escombros: Lázaro)

Adalber Salas Hernández

Primero fue el aliento cayendo furioso sobre las aguas. Unas pocas palabras oídas a medias, piedras estridentes lanzadas contra la ventana del sueño. Desde niño le costaba despertar. Contra todos los fueros de la muerte, manos extrañas toman por los hombros a Lázaro y lo arrastran al mediodía abrupto como un acantilado, abren su boca y a la fuerza empujan en ella la respiración amarga, golpean su pecho hasta que el corazón arranca, los desagües del cuerpo se llenan otra vez con el torrente olvidadizo y sanguinolento, aceite de motor y diesel. Sale del sepulcro tropezando, encandilado; la mortaja se le ha caído y los testigos del milagro pueden ver su carne oscurecida por la podredumbre, estriada de gusanos, el mapa de otro mundo. El hedor es insoportable. Todos se cubren la nariz, algunos vomitan. Lázaro parpadea bajo el brillo contumaz, le arde la mirada reseca, no puede enfocarla. Nadie entiende para qué ha sido traído de vuelta, pero los periódicos están encantados con la historia. Ya hay planes para un documental y un reality show (Lázaro con seis jóvenes en una casa, aprendiendo a surfear o cocinando frente a una audiencia). Su foto está por todo Twitter, #levántateyanda. Los astrólogos no se ponen de acuerdo para elaborar la carta astral de alguien que ha nacido dos veces. Él sigue parpadeando. Gesticula, balbucea, las sílabas se le caen, juguetes torpes. Gemidos, gruñidos. Cómo encender de nuevo la máquina suave de la voz. Al poco rato, los testigos se dispersan. Lázaro se queda solo, aún sin atinar a cubrir su desnudez, empezando a entender que dios es un músculo ciego. Finalmente miró al soslayo, se fue y no hubo nada.

# Memorial Mural for the Persian [Picasso]

Darius Atefat-Peckham

Begin at the farm where sullen cows are pimped out seventy-five dollars a hug to the lonely people

Where I wish to be now hugging arms spread wide wrapped around the skin of an animal I eat many week-nights the smallest hairs sprouting human-feeling  
from its skin

Begin in the name of God

Begin with Bahman Mohasses old man painter in his apartment in Italy in his unhumble hermitude staring at a screen at an ocean laughing pointing at his grave

—*fine*

Begin here: Persian Picasso chain-smoking preaching sounds in the back of his throat to his desert body as he rises from his chair

Begin with the [living] the warm body

Bahman returning to Tehran destroying his masterworks laughing at the shorn canvas of their faces explaining how everything has a life [ ] and that these

these are no different

*an animal dies while living [ , ] a human lives in death / the animal that is within me is dear to my heart*

Begin—*fine*  
and [again] in Persian

/begu dobāreh/

دوباره بگو!

!again it say

Say it when you don't understand

often I don't understand

Begin at the farm where lonely people are pimped out seventy-five dollars a hug to sullen cows hooves wrapped around where they wish to be

Begin—Bahman buying colors in the streets of Italy no [sane] artist buys grey they create grey

Begin muttering *Jesus Christ* at the neat murder of one praying mantis by another at the way life ends in the mouths of those closest to you

Keep the lonely things separate

Begin in the [under] water wanting to end spread [like] [in] the ocean

Begin unsure of how I want to spread  
often I am unsure  
how do ashes spread [unsure] in the ocean

*A worm has the right to crawl the earth, but I don't have that right*

and the pigs are cute now and will die soon when I was very young one peed in my arms on my jacket grandma snapped the picture

Look see if we just—

Bahman began [dying] in the middle of his own documentary spiting immortality

—begin with cow-arms wrapped around the lonely people smiling begin anywhere I, you

Begin

The other day a bug flew past my shoulder and out of instinct I swear it was in[di]stinct I swatted it to the cement and I thought I killed it I felt despair thought *why did you do that you didn't need to do that*

—*fine*

until it righted itself spread its wings reentered the garden and I wanted to shout

Remember my father scooping up a stinkbug in tissue paper at my command crunching it in my ear so that I'd feel the shiver of its last breaths at my neck for the rest of the night

*You need to learn to do this yourself*

I feel a thrill

They begin to wrap it up the Persian [Picasso]'s life's work strung up like meats sell the paintings he promised he'd destroy color bleeding in all that cardboard

Begin now just [Persian] Picasso

Begin trudging back to the farm-cottage on the hill near the singing brook settling up with the stars

So many fish spreading swimming in the green-blue





Audra Wolowiec, *AIR*, 2020, lasercut

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Frédéric Forte's *Minute-Operas* were translated from the French by Daniel Levin Becker, Ian Monk, Michelle Noteboom, and Jean-Jacques Poucel and published by Burning Deck in 2015. The third poem included here, (*central pillar of a house*), is a quintain whose permutations operate on punctuation marks.

Christian Wiman's translation of 'And I Was Alive' was previously published in *Stolen Air: Selected Translations of Osip Mandelstam* (Ecco Press, 2012).

Mark So's 'Girls on the Run (Other dreams) [readings 37]' was published previously in So's *a box of wind: Ashbery Series 2006-2011* (Marfa Book Co., 2017).

Sarah Hughes's 'Surreal Imaginings of Men' is one of three compositions (the others by Ryoko Akama and Lo Wie), which respond to Carrington's *The Hearing Trumpet*. They were commissioned by SARU to mark the Leonora Carrington Centenary in 2017 and first performed at Modern Art Oxford, February, 2017.

Audra Wolowiec's 'synesthesia' was published in *Judith: Women Making Visual Poetry* in 2021.

For the musical notation of Wolowiec's *AIR* sound score, the commas on these pages were excavated from the Constitution of the United States of America, as marks or notes for the breath. A breath

mark or luftpause (air-break) is a symbol for the performer to take a breath, similar to the comma in many written languages. This score can be performed alone or together, as an individual or collective sounding. Part of the installation is found at: <https://www.audrawolowiec.com/#/air/>.

For Wolowiec's *oo o o* sound score, the letter o's were excavated from the pages of the book *Água Viva* by Clarice Lispector (loosely translated as *Living Water*). In the book *Water and Dreams*, Gaston Bachelard writes about the "o's" of water through a slippage in translation: "the 'o's' of water (eau), the whirlwinds and the lovely roundness of their sounds." He continues: "liquidity is a principle of language; language must be filled with water."

A longer version of Lidia Yuknavitch's 'The Work of Art' was selected as the Meridel Le Sueur essay for the *Waterstone Review*, Volume 14, 2011.

Rajna Swaminathan's 'Origins' was previously published by Rajna Swaminathan/Srotovaha Music (BMI) and has been performed as a score by various ensembles since 2018. The score was inspired by Prof. Durba Mitra's graduate seminar, 'Feminist Theory: The Body as Archive,' and is indebted to the feedback and guidance of Professor Vijay Iyer and vocalist/composer Ganavya Doraiswamy.

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Don Mee Choi's works are reprinted from *Hardly War*, copyright 2016 by Don Mee Choi. Used with permission of the author and Wave Books.

Catherine Christer Hennix's pieces are excerpted from 'No One's

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Nick Scrimenti's 'St. John of the Cross' is a photograph of Francisco Antonio Gijón's 1675 sculpture *Saint John of the Cross (San Juan de la Cruz)* in The National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C..

An earlier version of Marija Peričić's 'The Body of our Father' appeared in *Going Down Swinging*, edition 37.

The title and refrain of Steven Churchill's 'How to Get Out, How to Cope? Or, Comment s'en Sortir?' is taken from the title of a book by Sarah Kofman (1983), part critique of Platonic aporia, part autobiographical sketch of her family's deportation by the Nazis. He would like to thank Jessica Marian (University of Melbourne) for introducing him to this text through her wonderful writing and research.

Lawdenmarc Decamora's 'themes for a pretty girl that makes me believe God exists' was initially crafted as part of the poet's 30-day participation at Tupelo Press's 30/30 Project.

Destiny O. Birdsong's 'Lodestar' was previously published in the *Nashville Scene* (June 2020) and *Negotiations: Poems* (Tin House, 2020).

Jonathan Leal and Michiko Theruer's 'Phases' can be heard on Bandcamp: <https://leal-theurer.bandcamp.com/album/phases>

The German original of Thomas Casalaspì's translation of 'From a Dic-tionary of Natural Phenomena' © was published by Suhrkamp, Verlag, Berlin, 2018.

Natalie Häusler's watercolors 'LA notebook 'HONEY'' appeared in *Na-talie Häusler. Honey*, KIT (Kunst im Tunnel), Düsseldorf 2018, pp. 10, 12. 'The Enough (Lisboa dia/noite)' was shown at Figura Avulsa, Lisbon, PT during an artist residency at AIR 351, Cascais, and supported by a grant from Direção-Geral das Artes (DGARTES).

Jamie Romanet's 'The Lighthouse' was exhibited in the show *All the*

*Hemispheres at Municipal Bonds*. The image and poem also appeared online with *Caesura Magazine*.

Angelo Mao's poems were previously published in *Abattoir* (Burnside Re-view Press, 2021).

Kythe Heller's poem 'Runaway' was published in *Firebird* (Arrowsmith Press, 2020).

The spoken voice and experimental music composition 'Mat-tress Under the Overpass' is based on her poem, and created and released by Heller and the experimental music duo *Sounds Like Things* (Andrew Stauffer and Nicholas Denton Protsack), and internationally distributed in 2021. Find it at: <https://soundslikethings.bandcamp.com/track/mat-tress-under-the-overpass>

The film *Firebird* was co-directed and produced by Kythe Heller and Anya Yermakova, written by Heller, and performed by Yermakova, edited by Marizó Siller, with cinematography by Shireen Hamza and Pe-ter Bradley, sound engineering by George Trksak. It has screened pre-viously at Harvard University, Bard College, Forecast Gallery (LA), and online at the *Conference of the Birds*, Phoenix Festival by Vision Lab ([visionlabcollective.com](https://visionlabcollective.com)): <https://visionlabcollective.com/Firebird-flamen-co> (password is phoenix1)

Charles O. Hartman's 'Flamenco Sketches' was previously published in *New & Selected Poems* (Ahsahta, 2008).

Robin Myers's translation of 'XXIII (Natural History of Debris: Lazarus)' was previously published in *The Science of Departures*, Adalber Salas Hernández, translated by Myers (Kenning Editions, 2021).

## Contributors

Golnar Adili is a mixed media artist with a focus on diasporic identity. She holds a master's degree in architecture from the University of Michigan and has attended residencies at the Rockefeller Foundation for the Arts in Bellagio, Italy, Smack Mellon in Brooklyn, the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, the MacDowell Colony, Ucross Foundation for the Arts, Lower East Side Printshop, Women's Studio Workshop, and Lower Manhattan Cultural Council Workspace among others. Some of the venues Adili has shown her work include, Victoria and Albert Museum, Craft and Folk Art Museum LA, Cue Art Foundation, International Print Center NY, and the Lower East Side Printshop. Some of the grants she has received include the Pollock Krasner Foundation grant, the NYFA Fellowship in Printmaking/Drawing/Artists Books, and the Jerome Hill Finalist Grant. Adili is currently exhibiting her work at the Victoria and Albert Museum as a Jameel Prize finalist until Nov 18th. Library of Congress, Rutgers University, Yale University, and University of Michigan are a few collections in which Adili's Artist Books live.

Ryoko Akama is a Japanese-Korean working with installation, performance, and composition, residing in Huddersfield, UK. Her works sculpt domestic appliances and scrap wastes with invisible energy – especially interested in heat, magnetism, and gravity – into kinetic contraptions. Her site-specific works infuse both aural/visual occurrence as one entity, creating ephemeral situations that magnify silence, time, and space. She composes and performs alternative scores and text works, and is a member of the lappetites and of the 9-piece band a.hop. She is also an artistic director for ame c.i.c., and co-runs the independent publisher mumei publishing and melange edition.

Toby Altman is the author of two books, *Discipline Park* (Wendy's Subway, 2022) and *Arcadia, Indiana* (Plays Inverse, 2017). He recently received a 2021 Fellowship in Poetry from the National Endowment for the Arts. He has held residencies from the Vermont Studio Center, the Millay Colony for the Arts, and MacDowell, where he was the 2020 Stephanie and Robert Olmstead Fellow. His poems can be found in *Gulf Coast*, *ju-bilat*, *Lana Turner*, and other journals and anthologies; his articles and

essays can or will be found in *Contemporary Literature*, *English Literary History*, and *Jacket2*. He holds an MFA in Poetry from the Iowa Writers' Workshop and a PhD in English from Northwestern University. He is currently Visiting Assistant Professor of English at Beloit College.

Luciana Arbus-Scandiffio is a poet at UT Austin's Michener Center for Writers. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Gulf Coast*, *Bennington Review*, *Southern Indiana Review*, and *NECK*. In 2018, she received an Academy of American Poets prize (selected by Dorothea Lasky). Luci has two lesbian moms, and is originally from New Jersey.

Darius Atefat-Peckham is an Iranian-American poet and essayist. His work has appeared in *Poem-a-Day*, *The Georgia Review*, *Indiana Review*, *Shenandoah*, *Michigan Quarterly Review*, *The Journal*, *The Florida Review* and elsewhere. He is the author of the chapbook *How Many Love Poems* (Seven Kitchens Press). In 2018, Atefat-Peckham was selected by the Library of Congress as a National Student Poet. His work has recently appeared in the anthology *My Shadow is My Skin: Voices from the Iranian Diaspora* (University of Texas Press). Atefat-Peckham lives in Huntington, West Virginia and currently studies English and Near Eastern Languages and Civilizations at Harvard College.

Scott Aumont is a writer from Bacchus Marsh, Australia.

Yevgeniya Baras is an artist working in NY. She is represented by the Landing Gallery, LA and Sargent's Daughters, NY. Yevgeniya was named Senior Fulbright Scholar for 2022/2023. She was a recipient of the NY Foundation for the Arts Fellowship in 2021, Guggenheim Fellowship in 2019, the Pollock-Krasner grant and the Chinati Foundation Residency in 2018, and the Yaddo Residency in 2017. She received the Artadia Prize and was selected for the Sharpe-Walentas Studio Program and the MacDowell Colony residency in 2015. In 2014 she was named a recipient of the Rema Hort Mann Foundation's Emerging Artist Prize. Her work has been reviewed in the *NY Times*, *LA Times*, *ArtForum*, and *Art in America*.

Benjamin Bellet is a Ph.D. candidate in clinical psychology at Harvard University. His research focuses on how humans make sense of loss and trauma. At first, he tried to use statistics to resolve these questions. Failing to find any satisfactory answers, he found himself spending more and more time listening to Metallica and writing poetry. Prior to graduate school, Benjamin served for five years in the U.S. Army. His work has been previously featured in *The Dudley Review*, *The Graduate Review*, *Liminal Space*, and *MAYDAY Magazine*, and will be featured in a forthcoming issue of the *Colorado Review*.

Antoine Beuger, born in 1955, studied composition with Ton de Aeeuw (Amsterdam). In 1992, together with Burkhard Schlothauer, he founded edition wandelweiser, where he is the managing director since 2004. In 1994, he started his now widely known concert series KLANGRAUM (düsseldorf). Beuger's music has been performed worldwide, and awarded several international prizes.

Destiny O. Birdsong is a poet, novelist, and essayist whose work has appeared in the *Paris Review Daily*, *African American Review*, and *Poets & Writers*, among other publications. Her debut poetry collection, *Negotiations*, was published in 2020 by Tin House and was longlisted for the 2021 PEN/Voelcker Award. Her debut novel, *Nobody's Magic*, was published in February 2022 from Grand Central Publishing and was longlisted for the Center for Fiction's First Novel Prize. During July 2022, she was the Hurston-Wright Foundation's inaugural Writer-in-Residence at Rutgers University-Newark. She now serves as a 2022-23 Artist-in-Residence at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville.

Rachel Blum lives in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Her first book of poems, *The Doctor of Flowers*, was published in 2018. Her poetry has appeared in various literary magazines.

Alex Braslavsky is a scholar, translator, and poet. She is pursuing her doctorate at Harvard and she writes scholarship on Russian, Polish, and Czech poetry through a comparative poetics lens. Her translations of poems by Zuzanna Ginczanka are forthcoming with *World Poetry Books* in spring of 2023. Her poems appear and are forthcoming in *The Columbia Review*, *Conjunctions*, and *Colorado Review*.

Jessica Cannon (b. 1979) is a painter living in Brooklyn, NY. Select exhibitions include Winston's (Los Angeles), Soloway (Brooklyn), Big Medium (Austin), Hudson Valley Center for Contemporary Art, The Manes Center (Roslyn, NY), and Atelier Seruse (Marseille, FR). Jessica recently attended residencies at Jentel in Banner, WY, and RAIr's Historic Studios in Roswell, NM. Her work has been featured in *The New York Times*, *Flaunt Magazine*, *New American Paintings*, *Quest*, *Dovetail*, and *Hyperallergic*. She currently teaches at CUNY Queens College. In 2017 Jessica founded Far By Wide, a series of benefit exhibitions to support social and environmental justice organizations.

Keene Carter is from Charlottesville, Virginia.

Thomas Casalaspì is an American writer.

Erin E. Castellan received her MFA from Indiana University (Bloomington, IN) and her BFA from the Rhode Island School of Design (Providence,



RI). Her embroidered and beaded paintings have been exhibited widely including Tracey Morgan Gallery (Asheville, NC), Kyoto Int'l Community House (Kyoto, Japan), The Mint Museum (Charlotte, NC) and Ess Ef Eff (Brooklyn, NY). Her work has been published in *New American Paintings* (2015, 2020, 2021) and she was a 2012-2013 artist-in-residence at Arrowmont School of Arts and Crafts (Gatlinburg, TN). She currently resides in the mountains of Western North Carolina.

Chen Chen's second book, *Your Emergency Contact Has Experienced an Emergency*, is forthcoming from BOA Editions in September 2022. His debut, *When I Grow Up I Want to Be a List of Further Possibilities* (BOA Editions, 2017), was longlisted for the National Book Award and won the Thom Gunn Award, among other honors. He has received two Pushcart Prizes and fellowships from the NEA and United States Artists. He was the 2018-2022 Jacob Ziskind Poet-in-Residence at Brandeis University and currently teaches for the low-residency MFA programs at New England College and Stonecoast.

Don Mee Choi, born in Seoul, South Korea, is the author of the National Book Award winning collection *DMZ Colony* (Wave Books, 2020), *Hardly War* (Wave Books, 2016), *The Morning News Is Exciting* (Action Books, 2010), and several pamphlets of poems and essays. She is a recipient of fellowships from Whiting, Lannan, Guggenheim, and MacArthur Foundations. Her translation of Kim Hyesoon's *Phantom Pain Wings* is forthcoming from New Directions, May 2023.

Steven Churchill is a philosopher and writer, living in Melbourne, Australia. Steven has lectured in the Melbourne School of Continental Philosophy, including on Jean-Paul Sartre's philosophy and literature, and has served as Tutor in Philosophy at La Trobe University. Steven is a co-editor and contributing author for the book *Jean-Paul Sartre: Key Concepts* (with Dr Jack Reynolds), published by Routledge in 2014, and has written for *Kill Your Darlings Magazine* on gaming and accessibility.

Martha Collins's eleventh volume of poetry is *Casualty Reports* (Pittsburgh, 2022); her tenth, *Because What Else Could I Do* (Pittsburgh, 2019), won the Poetry Society of America's William Carlos Williams Award. Her fifth collection of co-translated Vietnamese poetry, *Dreaming the Mountain: Poems by Tue Sy*, is due from Milkweed in 2023. She has also edited a number of anthologies, including, with Kevin Prufer, *Into English: Poems, Translations, Commentaries* (Graywolf, 2017). Collins founded the U.Mass. Boston Creative Writing Program and later served as Pauline Delaney Professor of Creative Writing at Oberlin College. She lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Her website is [marthacollinspoet.com](http://marthacollinspoet.com)

Lawdenmarc Decamora is a Filipino poet and writer with work published or forthcoming from *The Best Asian Poetry 2021-2022*, *Michigan Quarterly Review*, *The Common*, *Mantis*, *The Margins*, *North Dakota Quarterly*, *Seattle Review*, *South Dakota Review*, *Columbia Review*, among others. He is the author of the poetry full-lengths *Love, Air* (Atmosphere Press, 2021), *TUNNELS* (Ukiyoto, 2020), and the Ghost City Press published-chapbook “Dream Minerals One.” A Best of the Net and Pushcart nominee, Lawdenmarc received the Poet of the Year Award from the 2022 Ukiyoto Literary Awards held in Hyderabad, India. He teaches at the University of Santo Tomas, Manila.

With a voice described as “a thick ephemera” (New York Times), with an “aching emotional intensity” (JazzTimes), “extraordinary” (DownBeat), and “haunting” (All About Jazz), vocalist, scholar, and multi-instrumentalist Ganavya Doraiswamy lives, learns, and loves fluidly from many frameworks and understandings. Her recent works include writing and singing the first Tamil words to win a Latin Grammy, featuring as a solo vocalist on Grammy award-winning Songwrights Apothecary Lab (2021), leading a 3-day long spi/ritual gathering to honor Swami Alice Coltrane Turiyasangitananda titled *Daughter of a Temple* featuring esperanza spalding, Shabaka Hutchings, Immanuel Wilkins, Chris Sholar and many others (2022). She is a solo vocalist and composer for the film *this body is so impermanent...* directed by Peter Sellars (2021); contributed composition, dance, and solo voice for *Chapter 7: The Goddess* directed by Peter Sellars, and Jerome Foundation commission *Let’s Go Out and Play* (2021). Ganavya holds graduate degrees in performance (Berklee College of Music), ethnomusicology (UCLA), and Creative Practice and Critical Inquiry (Harvard). Her written work includes *shards of ether*, a collection of 101 essays for *John Zorn’s Arcana: Musicians on Music* series, and she is a contributing writer for Wayne Shorter and esperanza spalding’s opera *Iphigenia*. Forthcoming projects include an opera-in-creation about her grandmother’s life directed by Peter Sellars, composed by Sivan Eldar.

Rebecca Doverspike (she/her) works as an Interfaith Chaplain, drawn from her Zen Buddhist practice, in Boston. She holds an MDiv from Harvard Divinity School and an MFA from West Virginia University. Her chapbook, *Every Present Thing a Ghost*, was published in 2019 by Slapering Hol Press. More of her work can be found in *Peripheries*, *Leveler*, *Midwest Review*, *Valley Voices*, *Ruminate*, *Diagram*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, and other journals. She is currently working on a full-length poetry collection inspired by chaplaincy practice before and during the pandemic.

Nomi Epstein’s music centers around her interest in sonic fragility, where structure arises out of textural subtleties. Her works have been performed

by ensembles such as SurPlus, ICE, Wet Ink, Mivos Quartet, Dedalus, and Southland. An active practitioner and advocate of experimental music, she is the founder/director of the critically acclaimed, experimental music ensemble a•pe•ri•od•ic, in which she also performs. Her curatorial work includes large scale festivals—the 2012 Chicago John Cage Festival, the 2014 Chicago Wandelweiser Festival, the 2017 Galina Ustvolskaya Festival, as well as experimental music concerts in the US and abroad. She continues to research, write, and lecture on notated, experimental music, and serves as Associate Professor of Composition at Berklee College of Music.

Nick Flynn's most recent books include: *This Is the Night Our House Will Catch Fire* (Norton, 2020); and *Stay: threads, collaborations, and conversations* (Ze Books, 2020), which documents twenty-five years of his collaborations with artists, filmmakers, and composers. He is also the author of five collections of poetry, including *I Will Destroy You* (Graywolf, 2019). The poems included herein are forthcoming from *Low* (Graywolf, 2023). [www.nickflynn.org](http://www.nickflynn.org).

Frédéric Forte is a French poet and member of the Oulipo. He has published twelve books of poetry. Some of them have been translated in English: *Seven String Quartets* (La Presse, 2014), *Minute-Operas* (Burning Deck, 2015) and *33 Flat Sonnets* (Mindmade Books, 2016).

Hana Yilma Godine received an MFA from Boston University in 2020, having previously studied at the Abyssinia School of Fine Art and Design, and the Ale School of Fine Art and Design, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, where her teacher was the modernist master Tadesse Mesfin. Godine's first U.S. solo exhibition, *Spaces within Space* opened at Fridman Gallery in 2020, followed by a two-gallery solo exhibition at Fridman Gallery and Rachel Uffner Gallery. Her first institutional exhibition premiered at the National Museum of Ethiopia in April, 2021. Godine's work is in the collection of Hirshhorn Museum, Washington, DC.

Radical self-love, compassion, laughter, and the drive to amplify Black artmakers and noisemakers comprise the core of bassoonist and composer Joy Guidry's work. Their performances have been hailed by *The San Diego Tribune* as "lyrical and haunting...hair-raising and unsettling." A versatile improviser and a composer of experimental, daring new works that embody a deep love of storytelling, Joy's own music channels their inner child, in honor of their ancestors and predecessors. In every aspect of their practice, Joy seeks to support, hire, and promote Black artists. To this end Joy has spearheaded Sounds of the African Diaspora, a competition and commissioning platform for composers from the African diaspora. This new initiative ensures that composers from the diaspora

have access to the space, resources, and time necessary to foster new, innovative music. Joy is currently a doctoral fellow at the University of California San Diego. In addition, Joy Guidry is the winner of the 2021 Berlin Prize for Young Artists.

Charles O. Hartman has published eight full-length collections of poetry, including *New & Selected Poems from Ahsakta* (2008), as well as books on jazz and song (*Jazz Text*, Princeton 1991) and on computer poetry (*Virtual Muse*, Wesleyan 1996). His *Free Verse* (Princeton 1981) is still in print (Northwestern 1996), and *Verse: An Introduction to Prosody* was published by Wiley-Blackwell in 2015. In 2020 he co-edited, with Martha Collins, Pamela Alexander, and Matthew Krajniak, a volume on Wendy Battin for the *Unsung Master* series. He is Poet in Residence at Connecticut College. He plays guitar in a jazz trio.

Natalie Häusler (1983) is an artist and poet based in Berlin. She holds an MFA in Painting from Bard College's Milton Avery Graduate School of the Arts, New York and an MFA in Painting and Sculpture from the University of Fine Arts Braunschweig. Her work has been exhibited internationally including at Kunstverein Bielefeld; Noplace, Oslo; Supportico Lopez, Berlin; Combo, Córdoba; PS122 Gallery, New York; Municipal Gallery of Lisbon; ICA, London; KM - Halle für Kunst & Medien, Graz; Mendes Wood DM, São Paulo; Hacienda, Zuerich; Raven Row, London; Kunstverein Nuernberg; Herman Nitsch Museum, Naples; KIT - Kunsthalle Duesseldorf. Her book *A Virus Can be on a Mussel [...]* was published by Mousse, Milan.

Kythe Heller is a poet, interdisciplinary artist, and scholar. She is the author of the poetry collection *Firebird* (Arrowsmith), which was nominated for a Massachusetts Book Award, hybrid writing and intermedia works including *Immolation*, *Thunder Perfect Mind*, and *Rite of Spring* (with Meghan McNealy), a forthcoming edited collection of poetry translations (Stenen Press, 2022), several critical studies on mysticism and poetics published by Cambridge University Press, Akron Series in Contemporary Poetics, Harvard Divinity School Graduate Journal, and others. She has received fellowships from The MacDowell Colony, with grant support from the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation, Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study, and elsewhere, and is the founder and creative director of Vision Lab (an interdisciplinary art and research collective), the editor-in-chief of the arts and culture journal *Forecast*, and an editor at Stenen Press. She is currently living in Cambridge, MA, and completing a doctorate at Harvard University.

Catherine Christer Hennix (b. 1948) is a Swedish composer, musician, artist, mathematician, philosopher and poet who is currently based in

Istanbul, Turkey. A member of the New York downtown school of harmonic sound alongside La Monte Young and Henry Flynt, her large body of sonic works includes sine-wave compositions, solo pieces for tambura and for keyboard, and ensemble works performed by her own groups. Hennix has taught mathematics and computer science at SUNY New Paltz and MIT's Artificial Intelligence Laboratory; in 2000, she received the Centenary Prize Fellow Award by the Clay Mathematics Institute. Her first institutional solo exhibition since 1976, "Catherine Christer Hennix: Traversée du Fantasma," opened at Amsterdam's Stedelijk Museum in 2018. In recent years, Hennix has collaborated with the Brooklyn-based organization Blank Forms on records, books, and live performances, the most recent of which is of a new composition for her just intonation group the Kamigaku Ensemble.

Adalber Salas Hernández—poet, essayist, and translator—was born in Caracas, Venezuela. He is the author of eight collections of poetry. He has published five collections of essays, as well as numerous translations from Portuguese, English, and French; these include works by Marguerite Duras, Antonin Artaud, Charles Wright, Mário de Andrade, Hart Crane, Pascal Quignard, Mark Strand, Lorna Goodison, Louise Glück, Yusef Komunyakaa, Anne Boyer, Frankétienne, Shara McCallum, Roger Robinson, Safiya Sinclair, Jamaica Kincaid, Suzanne Buffam, and Patrick Chamoiseau. His book *La ciencia de las despedidas*, translated as *The Science of Departures* by Robin Myers, was published by Kenning Editions.

Eva-Maria Houben studies the organ with Gisbert Schneider at Folkwang-Musikhochschule Essen. She received her doctorate and post-doctoral lecturing qualification in musicology, and was called for lectures at Gerhard-Mercator-Universität Duisburg and the Robert-Schumann-Hochschule Düsseldorf. From 1993 to 2021 she lectured at Dortmund University's "Institut für Musik und Musikwissenschaft", with music theory and contemporary music as a focus. Since 2000, her music, scores, and cds have been published by edition wandelweiser (Haan).

Sarah Hughes is an artist whose work responds to site – architectural, social, historical, fictional, visual, sonic, curated, and found. Her work has been exhibited and performed internationally, including at South London Gallery, Punt WG Amsterdam, Cass Sculpture Foundation, Supplement, and Modern Art Oxford. Her compositions have been performed by various ensembles and at various festivals including London Contemporary Music Festival, Music We'd Like to Hear, and Huddersfield Contemporary Music Festival.

IONE is an author/playwright/director and improvising text/sound artist. Her numerous publications include the memoir, *Pride of Family; Four*

*Generations of American Women of Color*, a NY Times Notable Book; *Spell Breaking 1 & 2 Anthologies of Women's Mysteries* and *Listening in Dreams!* She is playwright and director of *Njinga the Queen King*, the Dance Opera *Io* and *Her and the Trouble with Him, The Lunar Opera; Deep Listening For\_Tunes*, and collaborations with composer Pauline Oliveros (1932-2016). IONE and Oliveros' *The Nubian Word for Flowers, A Phantom Opera* premiered in November 2017 and was performed at NY Public Library, Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts in 2019. IONE is former Artistic Director of Deep Listening Institute, Ltd. and Founding Director of the Ministry of Maât, a not-for-profit organization emphasizing women's spiritual and educational wellbeing. A specialist in dreams and the creative process, IONE facilitates retreats internationally. ([www.ionedreams.us](http://www.ionedreams.us))

Caroline Kanner is a public school teacher in Los Angeles.

Harriet Korman, born in 1947, works and resides in New York City. She attended Queens College of the City University of New York, and was a full scholarship student at The Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture in 1968. Her paintings and drawings have been exhibited since 1970 in the United States and Europe, in such venues as the Guggenheim Museum NYC, The Whitney Museum NYC, P.S.1 MoMA, the Willard Gallery NYC, Lennon Weinberg Gallery NYC, and the Thomas Erben Gallery NYC. Numerous grants and awards have been from the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, The Pollock-Krasner Foundation, and the National Endowment for the Arts. Public collections include the Guggenheim Museum NYC, The Weatherspoon Art Museum, Greensboro, The Blanton Museum of Art, Austin, and The Kienzle Art Foundation, Berlin. Her work can be described as a simple geometric approach to the picture plane, searching for an understanding of the resonant and multifaceted qualities of the flat surface.

Joseph Kudirka is a composer, performer, and scholar in the field of experimental music, with a focus on notated music from ~1950 to the present. He holds degrees from Northwestern University (BM), California Institute of the Arts (MFA), and the University of Huddersfield (PhD). Born in 1978 in Grand Rapids, MI, USA, he now resides in Berlin, Germany. He likes cats, American whiskey, and old guitars.

Jonathan Leal is a musician, composer, producer, scholar, and author from the South Texas border region known as the Rio Grande Valley. He holds an Interdisciplinary PhD in Modern Thought & Literature from Stanford University and is currently an Assistant Professor of English at the University of Southern California. His first book, *Dreams in Double Time*, is forthcoming in 2023 from Duke University Press.

Daniel Levin Becker is the author of *Many Subtle Channels* and *What's Good*, and the translator of books by Georges Perec, Eduardo Berti, and Laurent Mauvignier, among others. He is the youngest member of the Oulipo.

Poppy Livingstone is a gap year student who will be attending the Kivalachand Honors College at Boston University this fall. Her writing for young readers has been published in *Scholastic Classroom Magazine*, and she recently received a Golden Crown from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association for her journalism. She wrote 'A Triptych of Three Fools' while working on a sheep farm in Donegal, Ireland.

Sarah Mangold is the author of *Her Wilderness Will Be Her Manners* (Fordham University Press, 2021), selected by Cynthia Hogue for the POL Prize, *Giraffes of Devotion* (Kore Press, 2016), *Electrical Theories of Femininity* (Black Radish Books, 2015) and *Household Mechanics* (New Issues, 2002), selected by C.D. Wright for the New Issues Poetry Prize. She is the recipient of grants and residences from the National Endowment for the Arts, Artists Trust, Millay Arts, Djerassi Resident Artists Program, Willapa Bay AiR and MacDowell. She was the founder and editor of Bird Dog, a print journal of innovative writing and art, that published longer poems and work by new women writers (2000-2009). She lives in Edmonds, WA.

Angelo Mao is a biomedical scientist. His first book of poems is *Abattoir* (Burnside Review Press, 2021). His poetry and reviews have appeared in *Poetry*, *Georgia Review*, *Lana Turner*, *The Adroit Journal*, and elsewhere. He is also a poetry editor for *DIALOGIST*.

Joshua Marsh received a BFA from Washington University in St. Louis, and an MFA in Painting from Yale University. His paintings and drawings have been included in exhibitions at Mother Gallery in Beacon, NY, at Jeff Bailey Gallery in NYC and Hudson, NY, at Geoffrey Young Gallery in Great Barrington, MA, and at Shoshana Wayne Gallery in Los Angeles, CA, among others. His work has been reviewed in *The New York Times*, *Hyperallergic*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, *Whitehot Magazine*, and *Art in America*. He currently lives and works in Beacon, NY.

Miya Masaoka is a Guggenheim Foundation and Rome Prize Fellow. A composer, sound artist and musician, her work explores bodily perception of vibration, movement, and time while foregrounding complex timbre relationships. She has created a body of work that encompasses interdisciplinary sound art, hybrid acoustic/electronic performance, improvisation, music composition, research, sound installations, listening, and interactive media. Her work has been presented at the Venice Biennale, MoMA PS1, Kunstmuseum Bonn, Toronto Biennial, Darmstadt Fe-

rienkurse, the ICA, the BBC Scottish Symphony, EMPAC, the Library of Congress, Jack Quartet, Bang on a Can, Dal Niente and Ostrava Days. She is an Associate Professor at Columbia University and directs the Sound Art Program in Visual Arts.

Born in Texas, Kyra Mo grew up in Taipei and Beijing before moving to New York. She is a rising sophomore at Harvard, studying Computer Science and English.

Jose-Luis Moctezuma is a Xicano poet from Southern California. He is the author of two poetry books, *Place-Discipline* (Omnidawn, 2018) and *Black Box Syndrome* (forthcoming from Omnidawn, 2023). His poetry and criticism have appeared or are forthcoming in *Postmodern Culture*, *Fence*, *Jacket2*, *Chicago Review*, *Modernism/modernity*, and elsewhere. He lives and teaches in Chicago.

Ian Monk was born in London, but now lives in Paris, where he works as a writer and translator. He became a member of the Oulipo in 1988. He has published books in English such as *Family Archaeology* (Make Now), in French (Plouk Town (Cambourakis)), and both languages N/S (with Frédéric Forte), as well as *Les Feuilles de Yucca / Leaves of the Yucca*, a bilingual ebook ([www.contre-mur.com/](http://www.contre-mur.com/)). *Interludes*, a selection of his work translated into English by Philip Terry, has just been published by Ma Bibliothèque.

Alyssa Moore is a visual poet and writer who holds degrees from the Iowa Writers' Workshop and Harvard University. Moore's work has appeared in *Boston Review*, *futurepoem's futurefeed*, *Hyperallergic*, *Poetry*, *Tagvverk*, and elsewhere.

Andrew Morgan's work has appeared in such magazines as *Conduit*, *Pleiaides*, *Post Road*, *New World Writing*, and *Fairy Tale Review*. He is currently a Professor of Creative Writing at New England College where he teaches both in the undergraduate and MFA programs. *Month of Big Hands*, his first book, was published by Natural History Press in 2013.

Harryette Mullen's books include *Sleeping with the Dictionary*, *Recyclopedia*, and *Urban Tumbleweed*. Two collections are forthcoming in 2023: *Open Leaves* and *Her Silver-Tongued Companion*. She teaches American poetry, African American literature, and creative writing at UCLA.

Robin Myers is a poet and Spanish-to-English translator. Her translations include *Tonight: The Great Earthquake* by Leonardo Teja (PANK Books), *Copy* by Dolores Dorantes (Wave Books), *The Dream of Every Cell* by Maricela Guerrero (Cardboard House Press), *The Book of Explanations* by Tedi López Mills (Deep Vellum Publishing), *The Restless Dead* by Cristi-



na Rivera Garza (Vanderbilt University Press), and other works of poetry and prose. She lives in Mexico City.

Jo O'Loone-Hahn is a poet and visual artist based in Las Vegas. Her work can be found or is forthcoming in the *Michigan Quarterly Review*, *Black Warrior Review*, *Posit*, *New Delta Review*, and elsewhere. She received her MFA in poetry from the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, where she was the poetry editor of *Witness Magazine*. She is a PEN America Prison Writing Mentor.

Ryan Paradiso is a writer whose poems have appeared in, among other places, Matthew Genitempo's photobook *Jasper* and Michael A. Muller's album *Lower River*. He runs a small press called *NECK*.

Marija Perićić is a writer based in Melbourne, Australia. Her first novel, *The Lost Pages* (Allen & Unwin), won The Australian/Vogel's Literary Award 2017. In 2018, Marija was named as a Sydney Morning Herald Best Young Australian Novelist. Marija is currently completing a Creative Writing PhD at The University of Melbourne and is at work on her next novel.

Rachael Petersen is a Master of Divinity Student at Harvard Divinity School. Her writing has appeared or is forthcoming in *The Sun*, *The Rumpus*, *Harvard Divinity Bulletin*, *The Outline* and elsewhere.

Stephanie Pierce's paintings explore relationships between light, time, and perception as it is reconsidered over time. Stephanie's work is represented by Alpha Gallery in Boston and Steven Harvey Fine Art Projects in NYC. She has exhibited at The Henry Art Gallery, Seattle; The Staten Island Museum, NY; and Asheville Art Museum, NC. Stephanie received a Joan Mitchell Foundation Painters and Sculptors Grant in 2014, and a grant from the Peter S. Reid Foundation in 2018. Her work has been published in the *New Yorker*, *Harper's Magazine*, and is included in the collections of William Dreyfus, and Joan and Roger Sonnabend. Stephanie is an Assistant Professor of Painting at the Fashion Institute of Technology in NYC. She lives and works in Brooklyn, NY.

Lynn Powell has published three books of poetry, most recently *Season of the Second Thought*, and a book of nonfiction, *Framing Innocence*. A native of East Tennessee, she has lived the past thirty years in Ohio, where she teaches in the Creative Writing Program of Oberlin College.

Donald Revell is the author of sixteen collections of poetry, most recently of *White Champion* (2021) and of *The English Boat* (2018), both from Alice James Books. He has also published six volumes of translation from the works of Apollinaire, Rimbaud, Verlaine, and LaForgue.

Jamie Romanet (b. Farmington, CT 1978) is an American painter and poet living in France. She received a B.A. in English and a B.A. in Environmental Geography in 2000. A painter since childhood, after her undergraduate studies she decided to go to Florence, Italy to receive her Post-Baccalaureate Certificate in Painting (2004). Her background includes apprenticing in New Orleans after Katrina as a painting restorer, and living and working in Paris, France for twelve years. Her work is a reflection of her interest in literature and poetry, the natural world, and other cultures. She has had solo exhibitions in New York, NY and San Francisco, CA and she has participated in group shows internationally. She is represented by Municipal Bonds Gallery in San Francisco, CA.

Chiara Saccone was born in 1985 in Florence. She received a Master of Contemporary Art Performance at the Musik Hochschule of Luzern and won the “Swiss Government Excellence” scholarship for the years 2012-2013. She is a pianist specialized in contemporary music, although she plays all types of classical music – especially music from the early 1900s, as a soloist and in ensembles. In the last few years she has met and worked with composers like Helmut Lachenmann, Beat Furrer, Simon Steen Andersen, Frederic Rzewski, Vinko Globokar, Wolfgang Rihm, Sofia Gubaidulina, Jennifer Walshe, Francesco Filidei and Filippo Perocco.

Eunice Sanchez engages with themes of preservation and perception through photography and alternative photographic processes. She has participated in group exhibitions in the Philippines, Cambodia, and Singapore. In 2021, she was a resident at Visualizing Histories, a collaborative project by The Museum Collective, Load Na Dito, and Sa Sa Art Projects, supported by Asian Cultural Council. She was also selected in the ASEAN Artists Residency Programme 2022, by ASEAN Secretariat, Maybank Foundation, and Sharjah Art Foundation. Born in 1993 in La Union, Philippines, Sanchez currently lives and works in Manila.

Nick Scrimenti is an amateur photographer and writer from Erie, Pennsylvania. He received his B.A. in Theology from Georgetown University and a Master of Divinity from Harvard Divinity School. He currently lives and works in France at the Abbaye de Bonnevaux, an international community living in the spirit of the Rule of St. Benedict and dedicated to the practice of meditation.

Mark So is a composer. His work has appeared in various guises throughout the US and around the world, including numerous collaborations with other musicians, performers, filmmakers, poets, and visual artists. Marfa Book Co. published a collection of his Ashbery scores as *a box of wind*, and his music can be heard in Eileen Myles’s film *The Trip* as well as on his recent album *part of life* from OPEN SPACE. He lives in and out

of Los Angeles.

Kerri Sonnenberg is author of the poetry collection *The Mudra* (Litmus Press). Originally from Illinois, she now resides in Cork, Ireland.

Kyle Staver (b. Virginia, MN, lives and works in NYC) earned her BFA from Minneapolis College of Art and Design in 1976 and her MFA from Yale University in 1987. She has had solo exhibitions in New York, Philadelphia, and Ohio and in 2019 had her first solo exhibition in Paris curated by Gwenolee Zürcher at Galerie RX, Paris. In 2015, she was awarded the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation Fellowship and the American Academy of Arts and Letters Purchase Prize. This year she received the College Art Association Artist Award for a Distinguished Body of Work. She is a member of the National Academy of Design.

Rajna Swaminathan is an acclaimed mridangam artist, composer, and scholar. Her creative trajectory blossomed through a search for resonance and fluidity among musical forms and aesthetic worlds. Since 2013, she has led the ensemble RAJAS, creating expansive, boundary-breaking music with like-minded improvisers. As a composer, Rajna has been commissioned by the LA Phil, Chamber Music America, and National Sawdust, among others. She holds a PhD in Music (Creative Practice and Critical Inquiry) from Harvard University and is currently an Assistant Professor of Music (Integrated Composition, Improvisation, and Technology) at UC Irvine's Claire Trevor School of the Arts.

Susan Swartz explores landscapes through potent colors and richly layered abstract paintings. Inspired by the intersection of art, nature, and spirituality, Swartz's work reflects coastal splendor and mountain drama. Her international recognition most recently includes solo exhibitions at Galerie Noack, Berlin; Central Academy of Fine Arts, Beijing; and the Russian State Museum, St. Petersburg. Swartz's work is in permanent museum collections including the National Museum of Women in the Arts, DC; Utah Museum of Fine Arts; and the International Olympic Museum, Switzerland. Her work is also on display in U.S. Embassies throughout the world through the Art in Embassies program.

Michiko Theurer is an intermedia artist, scholar, performer, and compos[t]er dedicated to fostering community through intersections of artistic interaction and collective imagination. She is a founding member of the fff ensemble, an interdisciplinary feminist improv group, and Treebird, a trio of performer-composer-movers, with Marie Finch and Julie Herndon. She holds a doctorate in violin performance from the University of Colorado at Boulder and is a PhD candidate in musicology at Stanford, where she is producing a multimedia companion for liberatory practice.

Josh Tvrdy (he/him) is a writer from Tucson, Arizona. Winner of a 2021 Pushcart Prize, he recently graduated with an MFA in Poetry from North Carolina State University. He won Gulf Coast's 2018 Prize in Poetry, and his work can be found in *POETRY*, *The Georgia Review*, *The Indiana Review*, *Gulf Coast* and elsewhere. He lives in Raleigh, North Carolina.

Olga Vilokotskaya lives in Austin, Texas. She runs a boutique massage practice and writes poems and stories. Her writing has appeared in *Pacifica Literary Review* and *The Monarch Review*. She is a graduate of the Michener Center for Writers.

Deborah Walker is a new music performer and improviser based in Berlin. She is interested in multiple forms of music creation related to sound exploration and interaction with other art forms. A member of the Dedalus ensemble since 2007, Deborah has worked with composers like Pascale Criton, Philip Corner, Phil Niblock, Éliane Radigue, in solo or ensemble projects. She also plays regularly with violinist Silvia Tarozzi. In 2020, she completed a PhD in Arts at the University of Lorraine, with a dissertation on the publisher Rosanna Chiessi (Pari&Dispari) and her collaborations with Fluxus artists in Italy.

G. C. Waldrep's most recent books are *The Earliest Witnesses* (Tupelo/Carcenet, 2021) and *feast gently* (Tupelo, 2018), winner of the William Carlos Williams Award from the Poetry Society of America. Recent work has appeared in *American Poetry Review*, *Poetry*, *Paris Review*, *Ploughshares*, *New England Review*, *Yale Review*, *The Nation*, *New American Writing*, *Conjunctions*, and other journals. Waldrep lives in Lewisburg, Pa., where he teaches at Bucknell University.

Elizabeth Walztoni's writing has appeared or is forthcoming in *Eclectica Magazine*, *FRiGG*, *New World Writing*, *The Schuylkill Valley Journal*, and elsewhere. She is Short Fiction Editor at *Five South*. Her work has been nominated for Best of the Net and the Pushcart Prize.

Manfred Werder (Ciudad de México) is a composer and performer, wandering through the abundance in which he traces all possible enunciation regarding the world. His recent work [ the music of history ] continues the practice of inscription, both of found materials through typewriters and the public space through *dérive*. Earlier works include *stück* 1998, a 4000 page score whose nonrecurring and intermittent performative realization has been ongoing since December 1997.

J.P. White has published essays, articles, fiction, reviews, interviews and poetry in many places including *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, *The Gettysburg Review*, *Agni Review*, *Catamaran*, *APR*, *Salamander*, *Catamaran*,

*North American Review*, *Shenandoah*, *The Georgia Review*, *Southern Review*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *Water-Stone*, *The New York Times*, *Willow Springs*, *Crazyhorse*, and *Poetry* (Chicago). He is the author of five books of poems, and a novel, *Every Boat Turns South*, [www.jpwhitebooks.net](http://www.jpwhitebooks.net), screen credit for *Moving Parts*, <https://www.imdb.com/title/tt5327850/>. *Whiskey & Hard Water*, a novel, is forthcoming in 2024 from Regal House Publishing. He is also editor-at-large for *Plant-Human Quarterly*.

Christian Wiman's new book, *Zero at the Bone: Fifty Entries Against Despair*, will be published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux in 2023.

Audra Wolowiec is an artist based in New York whose work oscillates between sculpture, installation, text, and performance with an emphasis on sound and the material qualities of language. Her experimental language scores amplify an undercurrent of language that extend from the embodied experience of her own dysfluent speech. Wolowiec's work has been shown internationally and in the United States at MASS MoCA, CCS Bard Hessel Museum, ICA at MECA (Maine College of Art), Stony Brook University, Art in General, and Visitor Center. She directs the publishing platform Gravel Projects.

Alicia Wright's poetry appears in *The Paris Review*, *West Branch*, and *jubilat*, among others. She is a Ph.D. candidate in English & Literary Arts at the University of Denver, and is the editor of *Annulet: A Journal of Poetics*. She lives and runs a reading series in Iowa City, Iowa.

Based in New York City, Annie Wu enjoys a varied career at the intersections of art forms. She is a graduate of the Harvard-New England Conservatory Dual Degree Program in Comparative Literature and Flute Performance. As a musician, she has performed at such venues as Carnegie Hall, the Berlin Philharmonic, and the Kennedy Center, and is represented by artist management company Astral Artists. Interested in the relationship between literature and music, she has explored the topic in a self-released album and a course she taught at Juilliard's Preparatory Division. Her recent interest in food has led to her role as Manager of Special Events at the James Beard Foundation, as well as an Instagram and Substack food blog tracking her evolving thoughts through a year and a half long experience with COVID-related loss of smell.

Anya Yermakova is a multi-disciplinary artist and a scholar, who works with bodies, logics, and historical amnesia. Her sonic language of proto- and micro-rhythms serves as a foundation for common sense, disrupting assumptions of logicity being measured, binary, or fixed. Bodies are integral instruments in Anya's process of composition and improvisation, as clear sites of dynamic, relational and non-binary sense-making.

Anya holds a PhD from Harvard University in History of Science and in Critical Media Practice, was previously a professor of sound at Oberlin College, has held artist residencies at Djerassi (USA), UCross (USA) and Snape Malting (UK), and is currently a postdoctoral fellow at Washington University in St Louis.

Lidia Yuknavitch is the author of the critically acclaimed novels *Thrust*, *The Book of Joan*, and *The Small Backs of Children*, as well as the anti-memoir *The Chronology of Water* and *The Misfit's Manifesto*. She received her Ph.D. from the University of Oregon. She is the founder of Corporeal Writing in Portland, Oregon.

Deborah Zlotzky received a 2019 Guggenheim Fellowship and NYFA Artist Fellowships in Painting in 2012 and 2018. Zlotzky's work is in a variety of public, private and corporate collections in the US and abroad and she has been awarded recent residencies at MacDowell, Yaddo, the Bogliasco Foundation, and the Bemis Center. Zlotzky is represented by Robischon Gallery in Denver. She has a BA in art history from Yale University and an MFA in painting and drawing from the University of Connecticut. She teaches at the Rhode Island School of Design and lives in the Hudson Valley.



