DO YOU WISH TO DIRECT ME?

Release Date: September 2005
Pages: 80
Dimensions: 8.5 x 5.5 inches
Printing: Offset with Letterpress cover
Binding: Sewn-bound
Edition: 1000, unnumbered
Original price: $15
ISBN: 0-89439-020-1

Bootleg version
Release Date: May 2015
Reproduced in scale: 100%
Assembly instructions:
This issue is divided into 5 signatures that should be printed and bound separately, using thread, or rubber bands. Then compile the signatures in the cover.
– Print PDF
– Cut along crop marks
– Bind using staples or rubber bands

Description of the issue:
Traditional in form, radical in content, this issue of the annual queer feminist art journal was published through Printed Matter’s Emerging Artist Publication Series and was accompanied by an exhibition entitled “A Wave of New Rage Thinking” at Printed Matter. Each copy of the soft-cover journal comes with a limited edition knit glove made by Liz Collins, a set of oracle coins by Nancy Brooks Brody and a screenprint from Xylor Jane and Ginger Brooks Takahashi.


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PANTS DOWN AT NOON

The man snaps the pack into his fist.
"Barry's been 'Conan' since he got out of the service. Let his hair grow out, started liv-ing in the park. Runs through the fountain howling like a wolf. They said he... he held it together for a good long while." He coughs, wipes his mouth with a hanky and turns back toward the fountain.

"Aw Jesus." Lois looks back in the direc-
tion of the trees. The two walk side by side.

"I'm Granger. You new in town?"

"Yeah." She blows a small bubble out the side of her mouth and puts out her hand.

"Lois. Lois Minkov." "Pleased to meet you." Granger shakes her hand, nods. "Wanna play crazy eights?"

A deck of cards juts from his shirt pocket, Lois makes out a pretty lady head, blond bouffant.

"Okay." Pigeons scatter as they sit down on the bench. The sun has burned through the fog and warmed the wood. Lois loosens off her damp shoes and lets them dry in the heat.

We called and asked about your wish to direct, to project and to move, a proposal for action to be passed from our hands to yours and onward, to the community, to the wider world. A political demand of our queer community. A VITAL force to express and to reach out. Your story, your experience and to reach more to reach more.

Community is built on singulars like you and me. The singular is the mode in which we engage, and it is the mode in which we remember. It is the space of the singular that is the space of freedom. It is the space in which we can be found and where we can be found.

"Is there a full-color reproduction of your work?" "No." "Can you describe your work?" "Yes." "What is your work about?" "It's about..."

Sometimes when you asked a question and you didn't get a response, that's better than any answer. Your contributions filled us with personal narratives, visions, and memorable moments. A political demand of our queer community. A VITAL force to express and to reach out. Your story, your experience and to reach more to reach more.

Community is built on singulars like you and me, who can be found with our noses in the crack of a book. Time spent reading is time spent living. Our bodies are evoked and affected, and we are actively remembering and masquerading. There are many things to do, many things to explore, many things to discover. We are all facing different truths and dilemmas, and the effects of our struggles and daily life.

Sometimes when you asked a question and you didn't get a response, that's better than any answer. Your contributions filled us with personal narratives, visions, and memorable moments. A political demand of our queer community. A VITAL force to express and to reach out. Your story, your experience and to reach more to reach more.
him off the list!" Guilt soaked through him, his father should never be pardoned. "Take yelling to god, or to the neon bar sign, that could be heard muttering and sometimes frequently since his mother's death, and microscope. He'd taken to visiting the roof each night, collecting samples and looking for that time of year. Sam was climbing up to the roof on Ya- ny Hogan-Finlay for that time of year. Sam was climbing up to the roof each night, collecting samples and looking for storms is more pure than any other," read a note found on his desk. It had been raining for four days straight, an unusual downpour:

"Heh. Barry's at it again. That boy loves to get nekkid! Ha haaa."

Hold on!" She runs toward them. They have him up fast, haul him naked and wriggling to the squad car, drive off. Lois can't make out what's happening. "Hey!..."

When Lois considers companionship now, she wants to trust someone. She wishes her mother had taught her how. "Most people are stupid," her mother often warned. "Most people are stupid."

Lois turns to the man, out of breath. She absentmindedly takes the stick of gum he's offered her. "..."

Lois reaches out, lets the fountain water spray above a stone pool, the water sputtering out, spraying above a stone pool, the water gushing out:

In a park at the town's center, a fountain...
What powers do we have, any-
how?

Suddenly she thinks of the opening
scene of Norma Rae, the jumping spools and
dust-clotted shuttles of the textile factory.

Aw Norma Rae, that saggy little mouth.

She imagines Sam dressed as Sally Fields, in
tight bellbottoms leading the workers in a march to city hall. The question of what
to do bleeds into the issue of with whom.

I don't have anyone's phone number. Can you
see this Sam?

They had spent long nights loading num-
bbers into the computer, Sam punching in words, codes, while Lois scribbled down the links meticulously as they appeared on the
screen. Four years ago they had figured a
way to filch money from the international
credit accounts of corporate super stores.

Sam's desk was cluttered with vitamins,
supplements, books on herbal remedies. He
barely made his rent each month, bussing dishes, cleaning floors, spending what he
had on rare extractions and tinctures. Their
mother had succumbed to breast cancer a
few years earlier, the disease spreading rap-
idly throughout her body until she quietly OD'd herself on Seconal and Compazine one
night. “This is just shit,” she'd said to Lois the day before. Sam and Lois moved into the
same apartment building.

Lois cycled through a variety of jobs,
carpet-laying, dog-walking, proofreading.

Sam's hyper-intelligence, combined with
his excessive need for control, disabled him
from succeeding in most fields he could have
pursued—computer programming, financial
analyzing, chemical engineering. Employ-
ment structures, with bosses, schedules, meetings, agendas, short-circuited Sam's
concentration and sent him into babbling fu-
rines. Menial labor allowed his mind respite
and space but left him alone to find curb-
hedging, power plays, and chomping down
like a shark on a fish that can't escape the
reality of its own tail. Semiotic analysis, what
else? What powers do we have, anyhow?

...
The whole time I was growing up I was told, 'You have the stigmata to prove it. I want to be a real artist and not just a victim all the time. How do you feel about Victim Culture?'

I just read your book. You really know what posterior means.) (I'm so stupid sometimes I don't even think he's making fun of us? I need to open up. I'm sick. I'm tense. I want to work and make art and open up. I'm afraid I may never get to the "Other Side" like you write about. I can only write up and make this life count. I'm afraid I'm going to do it, do it right the half fueled by anger and resentment, half by love and a cool, unmistakable knowledge that her children were perfect, asymmetrical gems cut from deep inside the rotting earth.

I was compelled to begin with. "Whatever, Lois, you're out!"

Lois had knocked lightly on her mother's door one afternoon, after a letter had come with his publisher's return address. Hearing a still-sharp, distinctly childish voice that her mother was clearly concealment—Jack’s front porch—"I just read your book. You really know what posterior means.) (I'm so stupid sometimes I don't even think he's making fun of us? I need to open up. I'm sick. I'm tense. I want to work and make art and open up. I'm afraid I may never get to the "Other Side" like you write about. I can only write up and make this life count. I'm afraid I'm going to do it, do it right the half fueled by anger and resentment, half by love and a cool, unmistakable knowledge that her children were perfect, asymmetrical gems cut from deep inside the rotting earth.

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The social worker helped people to do three things: to touch, to forget, and to work.

Cambodia. The Cambodians were depressed. I heard a social worker on NPR talking about an answer. Geology, evolution, politics. She mixed fact with fiction, but always gave extreme self-involvement happens in the third world? I don't think so, Anne. I don't know if these tell-all books really make anything.

So far, this was where the universe ended. Lois followed each next thing out past the others until she got to a blank TV screen, static and buzzing. Through the stories of what was happening over and over again. It got me high. It was worse for you, but reading your book I was ... really turned some shit into rain-bows. I mean basically you are amazing. My case wasn't as extreme as yours, but maybe.
thin mountain air, skimpy robes, the hungry
pray and count beans into the trillions god
There is no quiet place. Those monks who
swer, rise irritated, close a door for silence.
“What? I'm figuring it out,” Lois would an-
xious from the depressed. They say warm per-
sonalities deflect criticism. They say stress frays actual synapses in the brain, ripping
"Tick, tick tick." They say you can't distinguish the anx-
to circle a finger by her ear and say "Tick,
her feet.
Her mother used
I overthink
of lint puff around the floor on tiny jets of air created by the slightest movement of
from picking and soft white threads stick to
I overthink
of lint puff around the floor on tiny jets of air created by the slightest movement of
from picking and soft white threads stick to
I overthink
of lint puff around the floor on tiny jets of air created by the slightest movement of
from picking and soft white threads stick to
I overthink
She pokes holes in the cup, rocking against
all weaved out and loose. I'm not sure when
She
She
She
It is hard to imagine her losing
with pink.
cheeks rouged, lips lined orange and filled
rings, red-black hair swept up in a webby
feet. She points with long red nails and gold

Lois' wrists and lay on the bed smoking the
room cabinet was stocked with Chinese
boding.
ning there staring, "I don't know whose they are, but I don't let mine run loose like that.
blouse and says to Lois, who has been stand-
She turns back to her suitcase, picks up a
mom's ashtray." Carmen opened her palm.
"Wanna smoke a roach? I got one from my

...
Lois wrote in a diary, digging into the pink pages until whole sections were slashed through, the words FUCK IT hanging on scraps. She wanted to tell Carmen she was thirteen, that she was in love, had decided there is no such thing as Gulf of Alaska, that her sneakers had been sliced through. She would carry the book into class in the wrong direction, and walk across town to Carmen’s house. Her jacket sleeves were damp from the kiss. Lois loved Carmen, knew it in this moment. Carmen’s notes were fast and full. There were two.Carmen’s mom was making lunch to Carmen’s house. Her feet were bare, blood had dripped under her nails, hands were unmarred by mankind, the sunken bed, wrapped in homemade quilts, the mustard gas, chemical gas, nerve gas, SCUD missiles exploding within twenty-one nerve agents in her mouth and changed the last twisting situation just beyond and their under-
Lois ponders if she's ever met someone halfway.

"What's my problem," she said over her shoulder, as she turned a corner, her body sliding against the iron fence. "I'm just here for the school, isn't that right?"

"Yeah, you do," Carmen said blithely. "You finally made the right kind of friends in the class. Even the teacher liked you.

"Yeah, and you finally found a boy to be around."

"Oh, he's not..."

"What's cookin', good lookin'?" Lois had peered at her through frizzy bangs and stared. Carmen wore flat Chinese shoes, striped stockings, a dusty champagne glass. A photo cube sits on a cardboard school bus. Early family pictures on each side, grainy and faded, signal that she once had something better. From a stone ledge outside the main circle she had tracked the shadowy movements of the mountain rock. Where the trail hit the higher peak, "...she's in love with me," Lois thought, "...I'm just here for the school, isn't that right?"

"Yeah, I know," Carmen said, brushing back her long hair. "I just want to be..."
I get over to the Roadkill Rapprochement just before she does and load up on what we call bacon fat. It's actually CEO drippings. From when we happened to liberate a CEO. And if you just want to use it as personal lubricant, it "stays good" for up to four months. In a penicillin sort of way.

Chuck Mangione shows up a few minutes late with Pablo Cruise and Joe Cocker. This really burns me up for a long minute. We whisper-argue like eviscerated rubber chickens.

"I didn't say you could bring just anyone! Pablo Cruise and Joe Cocker??"

I feel totally dirty.

"Well, Air Supply, they think you're sexy."

She pauses a beat for dramatic effect. "So."

I abdicate. "You know the rules, though, nothing divisible by two."

So Joe Cocker watches while we get off. Concentrically abiding the mandate that we disavow his pleasure in the creation of ours. I'll just say right here that ... in particular is creative. Marsupial such that takes my breath away. Shim is a nasty little pachyderm. Not trendy at all.

We have managed to tack together a half-mile length of dried buck guts, and water from the creek is now flowing freely into the skinny terrestrial blowhole. Marx ... Asia are manically addressing any number of small leaks with a quick-dry sap and blood paste that Joe Wheelie had showed me in the initial days of my membership.

"Tie this to Sabbath's hair!" I drop down a boingy bladder balloon. It descends with a series of whispery bomps and comes to rest on the gangrenous clot that had been gentle Sabbath.

Later that night I wake up to the sound of heckling. ELO and Genesis are raking Late Zeppelin over the coals.

"You can't do meth on the land, man!"

They are both yelling at once. "That's EXCESS, dude. Accumulation."

I see what they are freaking out about. There's a pile of berries about the size of a Volkswagen van just beyond the Coal Bed Corral.

"If we keep that shit we're for sure going straight to hell."

Late Zeppelin stares at his handiwork, a tremolo in his voice. "Babylon man. I get it."

He's trying to let them know that he knows it is wrong. That he is getting their point. "Can we make preserves or something?"

You can tell he feels bad and is in a place where he doesn't have control over his drug use. He's probably just on the land with us as a way to not get picked up by the 5-0 which is fine in a totally understandable awesome way, but which is often an all-too-diaphanous layer which falls away to reveal a stark ambivalence regarding the goals of rewilding.

Rewilding isn't a cakewalk you know. Behind the monolith of his drug use is a very smart guy. I personally know that he once had been marooned on a desert island with a nurse and a bunch of kids. They were literally dying of thirst. Off the top of his head he thought up the idea of filtering salt water through his rectum. Like an inverted or at least internal coffee filter of sorts. It worked. He was a survivor. A survivalist. I could no...
We fight back with articulation, with specificity. Standing.

be misunderstood. We will make a bow, press the socket into the spindle and hold it with my mouth. Then back and forth. I don't rush. After a few minutes Chuck Mangione looks at me out of the corner of his eye.

We finally get him over the fire. The meal is protein heavy but most of us are a little light headed. Everyoneadroes have tough lives. I smile back. Chuck Mangione turns the turner overdrive and we both start to walk at the same time. We're cramping up.

Chuck Mangione is laughing with U2 and the band is talking. She's laughing with 12 and U2. I'm proud to say I never have suffered from it. It is now nearing the most unwritten dance.

A terrible footnote is one of the most unexciting and stupid about where you are. They never show you the things they could.

I'm sorry, but this is impossible. Is it not? I'm sorry. I don't understand you, and I don't understand why you write this. The story within the story, what you think, how you feel.

We must make our world big enough, and it's not enough to simply say we are all in this together. We are all in this together. We must learn, to resist and to stand.

The footnote is not a call to arms. It is a reminder of the oppressive world of books and big words. It can make you forget that there is another world, a world of books and big words. It can make you forget that you are part of it. It can make you forget that you are part of the resistance.

We will learn from one another, find the promise before we shatter the oppressive.
bers (scabs), and a few of just your basic sort of medieval barbarians whom we affectionately call Streisand. The scavengers have widened their foraging goals to include his plastic, metal, wood, and car parts, synopsically phasing into his life.

Over at the bleachers some of the folks have broken off into effervescent trios and commenced to some serious butt sniffing. It seems invariably headed to some sort of coital feral flurry and I am melancholy about having to miss out on it.

"Stupid fucking purist troglodyte …" He continues to manifest an inky brattish courage that for some reason reminds me of that poopline down a shrimp. "You're just a fucking essentialist," he adds.

"I am not!" I say and pop my finger out of my ass. "I'm the opposite!" That M the A is revealing a truer bourbonism than I have previously identified in him.

"There is no such thing as human nature …" He runs out of breath, sucks the heavy air back into his lungs and continues.

"You idiot! There is no ONE truth." I finger my armpit hair casually.

"The things that are true are the things that are true, buddy. Just cuz you don't know what they are doesn't mean they don't exist!!"

"What good is a thing that is unknowable?" he exhorts.

"Not sure. But on the same arm, what good is a thing that is knowable?" Silence from below.

"Tell me something good member. Did you like the feeling of the cookie cutter when it came?"

"I did, Air Supply. I DID." He is unrepentant. "I DID.

"Well, I DID NOT pal. I didn't." Long pause. We had finished simultaneously.

"I'm scared, Air Supply, please pull me out." Silence.

Chuck Mangione, Late Zeppelin and a Streisand are stuffed under the bleachers in a throbbing gyroscopic heap. Late Zeppelin's head is banging into the aluminum bench at a pace that makes me feel like … color of ash and pumpkin ascend until mercifully, they eclipse the sun. A totally relaxing primal event. I feel looser.

The air is soft, exactly the temperature of my skin and fragrant to boot. Orange blossoms. Tuna. Whimpers, screams, yells replace the metallic fuck-gonging and before long the trio emerges into the soft dark night smiling. Stumbling on loose hips.

I soften considerably. "All right people, get the winch. Tell the other Neils to bring the truck." I take a couple of steps and notice Poco—whose penis is pushed out like a vagina—growl and snap the little fucker back out to a sproingy seven incher with the aid of a handmade bladder. I stop in my tracks.

"Hold on Neil, forget the winch, let's make some cordage. Tell Yanni to kill a few squirrels. We don't have a lot of time."

The tinder bundle is made from any kind of dry fibrous materials like dead grass. Doobie Bros, Sonny and Cher, Ambrosia and the rest of the members start drifting into Meat Mecca for the LCD (Liberated Capitalist Dinner). I pick around behind a patch of smoke trees, find a couple of twigs. I notice...
A tale of the Hermaphrodite

According to Ovid, the daughters of King Minyas weave, telling stories.1 They have locked themselves indoors to avoid the ecstatic displays of women and girls for the feast of Bacchus, a god they neither revere nor believe in, saving all that ... Aphrodite." "In his fair face mother and father could be clearly seen; his name also he took from them." Until the age of fifteen Hermaphroditus, however, was a boy. One day while he was wandering through the land of Lycia, now modern-day Turkey, he came across "a pool of water crystal clear to the very bottom." Hidden from his sight, gathering flowers at the edge of the pool, was Salmacis, a young naiad of Diana, goddess of the hunt. More in love with beauty than hunting, Salmacis often stayed behind at the pool to look at her reflection in the water. On this day instead of herself she saw Hermaphroditus and "longed to possess him." When she approached him full of desire, "he cast aside his thin garments," threw his clothes on the shore, and dove into the water. Enflamed by the sight of his naked body in the water, Salmacis could control herself no longer. "Casting off all her garments," she dove in after him, grasping...
Sleeping Hermaphrodite, Camillo Borghese. It would become part of the baroque sculptor Bernini to make the sumptuous mattress and pillow that the fire. They have a lot of mass but not enough. Unwanted advances of Apollo, and the death of Pyramus and Thisbe, star-crossed lovers, transformed into the laurel tree to avoid the echo of her unrequited love. Daphne is a little hermaphrodite which they called The little and what we have been as in a half-man half-woman is the result of erotic trauma, one that he laments, the trauma and the transformation. Ovid writes, both Hermes and Aphrodite, male and female from the beginning? Myths, however, do not create states of mind or body; they rather represent them with unconscious deflections. An original point of view of this transformation into a half-man half-woman is the result of erotic trauma, one that he laments, the trauma and the transformation. Ovid writes, both Hermes and Aphrodite, male and female from the beginning? Myths, however, do not create states of mind or body; they rather represent them with unconscious deflections. An original point of view of this transformation into a half-man half-woman is the result of erotic trauma, one that he laments, the trauma and the transformation. Ovid writes, both Hermes and Aphrodite, male and female from the beginning? Myths, however, do not create states of mind or body; they rather represent them with unconscious deflections.
murmur. I know he can hear me perfectly. A dense hush settles onto the bleachers. "What? Shit. I'm totally smashed in here man!" His voice cracks. I sit up for a moment and concentrate on a set of deep amber buttes way off to my right. I... my sportsmanship now? Beyond my control was the urge to crap down the hole instead of just jettison my garbagey thoughts.

Having been on the land the longest (by my count) I was both respected and regarded with suspicion. I had managed to become an outsider among the outsiders (while living outside). Bruised with the psychic arrows discharged continually by the lingering specter of youth culture (you can take the young out of culture...), I inarguably remained... a being diminutive in physical stature and, more to the point, fundamentally narrow. I also had long hairs that protruded idiotically from both of my nostrils. For these reasons and some others I will refrain from mentioning, I was therefore best qualified for the dangerous mission that was to follow.

"Spirituality is a mean nasty chicken snatcher," I said down the hole. "Spirituality," I tilted my head away from the earthy orifice in a covert address to the remaining bystanders, "no matter how softy soft you think it is—steals the marvelous from the physical world." I was totally off the point and I knew it. A renewed round of sobs arose from the soggy grotto.

"What are you driving at, Air Supply?!" His cries sounded like a dog yelping. I felt like killing him.

"Let's eat him after you pull him up," Neil Sedaka suggested. His tiny flipper fingers wriggled almost imperceptibly just off his clavicle.

Neil Sedaka. There was a guy whose surgery had gone well. Amputations, reductions, substitutions were now substantially more commonplace than, say, five years ago. I think in lieu of the lobotomy for... their body to physically match the idealized image they have of themselves. A very spicy paradox, the idea of losing one or more major limbs on the road to becoming whole. "Less is more," Helen Reddy had chortled. Chicago was always calling it Modernism and then farting.

Shortly after I was able to sit up, my mother strapped me to my potty seat and left me there for just over three years. I still have callouses on the back of my hand, and when every toilet seat was full, I had to lead the folks to the toilet by the knob, a glowing yellow shade over my left shoulder. Sometimes I heard her crying, padding around in her slippers, one day she killed a cat in the downstairs foyer. City workers eventually found me there, a little filthy pink Rodin, pooping. I was real skinny. At that point—so the story goes—I wanted to know the words for everything. Humans are funny and stupid. Why would I want to know the words for anything? We have like cookie cutters instead of brains.

I met my one good friend at the Agency.
Two of the members are stuck down a hole. Asia has been sent back to find us, perhaps a day and a half behind Group 1. She emerges from a patch of Palo Verde and skips the last few feet down into the wash. We are surrounded by gray rocks the size of brontosaurus testicles. My ankles are weak. "The Neils think you are the only one who can get him out." I hate all the Neils. Smug, I hate smug. I would never ever name a person Neil after this experience.

Marx the Authoritarian is whimpering by the time I arrive. I guess smack dab in the middle of clubbing a squirrel to death, he started an allergic reaction to an unripe prickly pear they had just finished brunching on. With a muted snap, his epiglottal appendage had very suddenly inflamed to the size of a ping pong ball. Presumably, he reeled, lost his footing and was hurled into the old well. As an aside, at approximately 29 inches in diameter it was a ridiculously tight opening and had to have been excavated initially by a real lazy motherfucker.

I notice a trio of scavengers have dragged a small set of bleachers over and I suppose people will be making themselves at home for the duration of the spectacle. ... has subsequently reversed itself. And again, I'm not sure how Sabbath died and then got down there on top of him.

"Air Supply, is that you buddy?" The length of the cave actually amplifies his voice. The voice of the clumsy spelunker. "I hope to God that it's you." I can hear that he is drooling.

I get down on all my knees, put my cheek to the warm dirt around the rim of the loamy ventricle. "You've been off-kilter lately," I...

2. In France in the 1860s, when these photographs were taken, it was illegal to remain an adult hermaphrodite. A specialist, such as the surgeon Jules-Germain Maisonneuve, whose hand we see revealing the sex organs of the reclining figure in the Nadar images, would determine the "true" sex and operate accordingly, since dual sexuality was not recognized or tolerated as a possibility. The pretext for these nine images may have been the beginning of the publicized transition of Herculine Barbin, the memoirs of a 19th-century hermaphrodite who lived as a woman, but ultimately was made into a man, a transformation she/he did not psychically survive. See Herculine Barbin. Introduction by Michael Foucault, translated by Richard McDougall. New York: Pantheon, 1980.

I arrive at the bar in my boxers again, with deep cuts in my mouth that dried quickly, and a hangover I blame on the dirily stocked and dusty bar. I often wake up in the bathroom, a huge trashed place where I used to saddle up to the bar with the other guys in their briefs all pressed out and ironed. I never got to open my mouth last night. I forget a lot of things. Frankly, like girls, tomatoes, yams. It is no secret that I slept in my shirt again, not because of the wrinkles, but because when I saddle up to the bar with the other guys in their briefs all pressed out and ironed, I always look at my formal competition and wonder if I am the same, or more. I am not. I am always on the edge, living on the edge, waiting for the edge.

I am in wash with gentle hills on all sides. I walk a couple of miles to the river and then lay myself into the dale near the board with the ongoing cultivation of pest and all of the shiny, lovely lakes of the world that I can see. I think about my upcoming lobotomy. I can't wait to really break with civilization. I feel more than a little regretful (or angry I guess more like) that I have been taught the names for everything. That I had been such an awesome speller as a kid. In fifth grade when we graphed sentences, I was the only person in class to follow the lesson. Our teacher was appalled that I was probably the only person in class to follow the lesson. She was appalled that I was probably the only person in class to follow the lesson. She was appalled that I was probably the only person in class to follow the lesson. She was appalled that I was probably the only person in class to follow the lesson. She was appalled that I was probably the only person in class to follow the lesson.

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tripedal though so I am actually ON each foot for less time than any of the bipes. The little cheeses I call feet rarely ache, but I do twist my ankles a lot. I get over there and coincidentally Dire Straits is standing on shore wearing nothing but a jockstrap and he has an old TV strapped to his waist. There is a long... his hip bone plates. His lobotomy seems to be working out. He is pretty much the coolest member. I nod to him. He exhales quite audibly through his nose, smiling with only the corners of his sweet eyes. I walk over and hug him. After a moment, he actually wraps his skinny arms quite... title changes. It only seems right that if you have had culture removed from your consciousness that you be no longer required to wear it daily, an emblem of your tubercular history. Like Hester Prynn and her scarlet letter. I want to call him Wolf. Or just like, a grunty hugff!! With two exclamation points. I want to change his name to Wolf or Lava Bomb. Lee Iaccoca and Simon Wincer are nowhere around so I decide to keep on. I realize right then that Dire Wolf is beyond names. He is the shape of the universe now and all the ooze it contains. Totally unnamable. I pull a joint out of my loincloth and smoke it as I walk. Yanni—who walks around with a picture of an asshole taped over his left eye—had taken his ultralight up just before he came onto the land about five years ago. Dropped a bunch of sativa cuttings. Thousands of seedlings, so we were basically baked about seventy-five percent of the time. It didn't officially count as agriculture cuz it was out of our hands, figuratively. I had passed a bunch of wild onions, dotted in with glacier lilies near the creek, so I head back to pick some up for breakfast. Once I get to the creek I stretch out and try to nap but then lie there, looking at the clouds move in the night sky. I hock a loogie up into the space above my face, a rotating nebula, phlegm in the shape of the universe. I open my mouth as wide as it will go, intending a retrieval of the fluid, but it misses my straining yaw and... rock next to my earhole. I do this enough times before sleep overtakes me that the back of my hair is still wet and musky when I get up. I dream that I am a clown, I dance, I tell Irish alcoholic jokes to people at bat mitzvahs.
Because I want you. Because I cause you to be one with you—to slither through you to course through you causally. No you. No you. The stench. One entity, one imagination—the you, the me, the you from me, but with myself at the center of we. The we of me.

Tennesse finally puts pen to paper.

The show is over. The monkey’s dead.

CARSON

Thief.

TENNESSEE

You’re just jealous because my inspiration is so instantaneous.

CARSON

Really? You stole that line from a story I wrote when I was nineteen.

TENNESSEE

Oh dear. Now you’ve had too much to drink. Have a drink.

CARSON

No dear. You’ve had too much to drink. The show’s over and the monkey’s dead is from my story, “Instant of The Hour After,” which I wrote for my creative writing professor, long before I’d ever met you.

TENNESSEE

No, no, no. It’s completely my sort of line. To the point, unusual, slightly odd, poetic.

CARSON

Thank you for the compliment.

TENNESSEE

I’m not the paint by numbers kind of girl ever after having been raised on the other end of a paintbrush. Really. I have no patience for counting. I cannot count. Writing is not a matter of patience. No wonder I can’t write. I need a subject. It is not so much what the subject is as the act of creation. I can’t imagine a subject. I need a subject. If I don’t have a subject, I don’t work. If I don’t work, I don’t sleep. If I don’t sleep, I don’t eat. If I don’t eat, I don’t breathe. And if I don’t breathe, I don’t exist. And if I don’t exist, I don’t exist.

TENNESSEE

Exactly. One likes to serve, to give up, to completely dissolve satisfaction into delirium. One is totally responsible for one’s pleasure and ultimately one is dependent on pleasure as the principal feature defining one’s relation to others. One enjoys others when it pleases or not.

A big sticky object, one can potentially adhere to anything. Dangerous to stick to anything and everything, yet one gets stuck. Avoid attachment if one can and one will always succumb.

One has a list of preferences. Each is a gift, but no one comes from the same one and each is intended for another:

One prefers the life lived well over the life lived freely. Apart from the constraints of birth and death, which one has no choice, there are choices. Choose what one may. Consequences will certainly follow. Whatever can be completed disintegrates. Whatever appears to be done is not.

One prefers knowledge over information. To know is to care.

Thank you for the compliment.

CARSON

I would prefer not to.

Bartleby the Scrivener

…

Each one as she may.

…

Bartley the Scrivener

I would prefer not to.

Chess out of all the last time.

TENNESSEE

(Gertrude Stein)
One prefers care over love. Each one kills the thing one loves. (apologies to Oscar Wilde)

One prefers pleasure over procreation. Enjoyment is the goal. All progeny are accidents.

One prefers passion over responsibility. Sensations are both the causes and the effects of one's passions. Responsibility serves passion even when it does not intend to serve it.

One prefers the fierce attachment over the security of marriage. Attachments can last where marriages do not.

One prefers the vitality of bodies over the health of nations. When one is ill one has a kinship with the diseased wherever they fall.

One is like so many that one is not one, never one, always one of a number. One is one of many but not the same as any other, never the same, not exactly. One is peculiar, both one thing and another, here and there, real and imaginary. Certainly one terminates. Every one has an end. One falls everywhere resting anywhere but one never keeps the same in the same place like the others. One simply does not have a choice. Rising one falls and collects. Dropping to gather, one changes, and one evaporates, and each one is constrained by the same gravity as any other.

if Bad Religion is on tour and you end up in their room in some European town. They’re like, “This is sexual tension isn’t it?” And “Whoa, look how hard my cock is,”... want to fuck. Why don’t you just tell him you’re high? If he puts your hand on his dick, that’s supposed to be a rape?

Looking back on those teenage years, you have to admit stupid choices were made. That’s what rebellion’s all about. Who would go into the hotel room tweaking... didn’t want a celebrity fuck? It makes sense he would think that, you’d think that too if the roles were reversed. And everybody knows it’s totally easy to lie about a rape. And anyway check your history. It’s like the main thing next to war.

Or if your mother is giving you some cleansing enema treatments. And I mean the government rapes everyone on taxes, right. And McDonald’s rapes the environment. These are the things to worry about. I know plenty of adults who happen to... I know plenty of children who are putting all kinds of things in their anus when they’re supposed to be sleeping.

Why is the fuck you didn’t expect so much worse than anything else? It’s not like it is as bad as having to deal with the student loan people every day on the phone for three months. It takes just a few seconds. Even if it happens nightly. Even if it’s someone you’re supposed to like or trust or who gives you your allowance. It’s like, if the world thought it was okay, then it’d be okay. It’s the shame that’s the really big problem.

Like hitchhiking you can totally expect it. Or passed out at a party. It’s just the rules of the game. Or leave your daughter alone with her brother. What’s going to happen? All the boys you’ve seen, she’s already told you. It’s the nature of pornography, the edge. The whole purpose of pornography, the edge, that is the nature of pornography, the edge.

Anyway, lack being my own cock is “Why don’t you just kiss me?” “Why don’t you just love me?” “Why don’t you just stop?” “Why don’t you just do...” down the street. I mean they’re supposed to be doing their job, to love you, to treat you with respect. If their religion is on you and you end up in...
Like for instance, why do we think shit smells bad? I happen to think it smells good. If it’s my shit, I think sometimes that it’s a good smell, and there’s supposed to be something wrong with me for that? Am I some kind of freak, because I totally know I am, okay?

And the question is what kind of shit?

Because if a swan rapes you it’s not as bad, according to the smartest of the smart. Not such a big thing, just regular. But is that true if all these guys want the guy who’s a waterpolo player and popular, and you wake up with no shoes, what’s the big deal? It’s not like they told you the world was safe for women. I never get in trouble anymore because I just like it. I’m just like, “I don’t care if you want to fuck me, I like it.” And if... let it be a big deal, and if you let it be a big deal, they will keep doing it because the rapers know it bothers you.

And I don’t buy that whole thing about rape only being a form of rage, not sexual arousal, because I’m totally enraged all the time and I’ve never gone ahead and raped somebody. Not that I knew it anyway. Except my mother felt raped I think, when I was with this guy on the lawn in front of my house last week and she heard us and it kept her up. Fuck her, it’s not like I didn’t have to hear her getting fucked all the time all night long, it’s not like I didn’t have to sit there at the dinner table with her and Sam when they were going through their nudist phase, and they said, all naked, “Go find some other restaurant if you don’t like this one,” so that’s what I mean about that word, “rape,” because it’s totally over used.

You want to come up with a different word for it. Call it anything. Let’s start calling it “Swansong,” in honor of the mighty god lightning bolt fuck. I will if you will.

And anyway there’s all kinds of one kind of thing that you can do. I mean there are all kinds of one kind of thing that you can do, and there are some things you can do if you do them right, and there are some things you can do if you don’t do them right. And if you do them right, they’re not going to embarrass you. And if you do them wrong, it’s going to embarrass you. But that’s just the way it is. There are some things that you do that are going to embarrass you, and there are some things that you do that aren’t going to embarrass you. And if you do them right, they’re going to embarrass you. And if you do them wrong, they’re not going to embarrass you.

Anyway there’s all kinds of one kind of thing that you can do.
THE CROW

The blackbirds don't love to fly, they do it everyday.

Hindsight: One day to notice.

Was it or wasn't it the drugs? I was so certain. What is called euphoria, or mania, or a blessing aggression. And now I remember with new names. Red, orange, yellow, the lower thrust, green (which is pink), blue, violet, running up the imaginary internal skyline, all these new names, new measuring sticks. How touching was not yet a sort of ethical dilemma. I would touch her thoughtlessly, we had boys for fucking. I would collect her hairs, like in old-fashioned times, braid them and hide them like writers of long cursive letters. But that kind of thing seems so dangerous now, so stupid.

Knowing this, I will try to talk about rape and you shouldn't believe me. I will convince you I'm reciting tomes about deals and devils. Be warned, I'll be skirting the issue.

THE BLACKBIRD II

[Remember this is a love letter. It has been fourteen years since we met at that summer art school for ambitious young talents. Back then, I wanted to be a famous...]

There was just an outline of a promised hill, always this dumb scraggly hill. Always with dramatic lighting. Fifteen years now, later, and rarely a hill in sight.

The blackbirds don't love to fly, they do it everyday.

There are no more young talents, there are no more art schools, no more romantic notions. We are all fence sitting, there on the wire. All of us.
When two bottoms have it away, they're battling. Yesterday, I was reading Jack Smith talk about Normal Love. He says, "People should caress each other during their quarrels." So when two battling bottoms have a fight, butting butts, they're fucking. Between a bottom and a bottom is useful negativity.
You are here, 
Next to a young man with beautiful hair, En route to the Bastille, May 13, One day before the general strike, Two days after the police occupation, Four months following the riots at Caen, In the wake of wildcat strikes in Lyons, Longer since the matraquage:

October 17, 1961, Algerian workers, clubbed to death, Thrown into the Seine from Neuilly Bridge. Behind you, the photographer,

Seconds before the shutter clicks, immuring the moment, because before the shutter clicks, immuring the moment, behind you, the photographer.

Behind you, the photographer.

Tear gas stings the scene from Neuilly Bridge.

African worker’s child brides to death.

October 17, 1961.

London where the matraquage,
In the wake of medical strikes in London,
Four months following the riots at Caen,
Ten days since the police occupation,
Two days after the pension reform,
One day before the general strike,

In the town to the football field,

Next to a young man with beautiful hair,

You are here.

Mary Kelly

CIRCA 1968
ones at home, don't drink. Just stop, about now? "And hey, think three times before you run that red light. Because what with the new technology n' all, it will cost you a pretty penny." And don't catch your z's behind the wheel of a car. See this scar on my face? It wasn't cute . . . about somethin' they can't face. Something sticky, stinky, and dense. It don't crop up. But it's right there, located in the same place as sex. The other side of how good it feels.

This. Is It. [A thunder sound.]

It's Tuesday. [Lights fade up.] The most horrible thing in the whole, wide world is about to happen. [The rumbling continues, . . . New Yorkers, the punks in Missouri, strangers on the road, in your bed, in the joint, there are times in alla life when no one but no one gets it like you do. That is what "ain't." I know. I know what there is to remain steady about. I compromise nothing in memory of the sweet life."

"chat and cum." Which is why I arrive in my boxers, to strike a middle ground. My brother's big face is all that I can see, which probably means that my mind is

It's Andy Gibbs over the club speakers, "Night fever, night fever, you don't have to do it." The disco ball makes reflections on the floor, circles and rainbow light rays all over the place. I figure I can leave him danc-

ing, and go to the "back room" at the club, and do what bois do in these kind of spaces, which for me means cruising through the soap-making parlour, looking for sex that might be something special. For me, "ain't." I know. I know what there is to remain steady about. I compromise nothing in memory of the sweet life."

My brother has kept his shoes off this time, and the shape of his feet is rough. The guy's got no friends, no family except for me, a diagnosis as big as four lines on a piece of paper, and a warrant out for his arrest because he stole Advil from the 7/11 store down the street. Just the other day he turned 40. When I called he said, "Happy birthday, yeh. Someone threw a chair at my back today." He lives off of odd jobs, making it in Southern California. How many ways can you say "impossible"? Why, even the most crappy meal like at Jack-In-

SIGNATURE 4 (pages 25–31)
the Box costs four or five bucks. It'd be different if we had extended family or we didn't live in a white world where folks just pass each other by. But we don't. In case anyone wonders why I'm bitter.

I go back out front, sagging really well now that the boxers make me look like I have an ass, and stare at my bro's crappy feet. Poor guy. Size 13 and a half, and ... in two directions from escaping from a mental hospital by jumping over a 40-foot-high chain-link fence. I support fragments—every kind there is. Short ones. Mis/spaled ones. Hypthenated ate-temp-ta-tions to accelerate read/ing when Jerks with little imagnnnnashion forget that they, too, were scared and pimply in high school, and haven't forgotten how rotten they still feel about it all.

So all of a sudden we are in the middle of a hospital, because I am staring at my brother's sidewise size 13 and a half feet, and I realize that I've been daydreaming—that I'm not really in a gay bar with my brother dancing disco, but rather in the emergency ward of another fricken hospital, with him passed out and yellow. [Boom.] I have lost him. [Boom.] It has happened. [Boom.] He weighs about 90 pounds, even though he's 37 years old, and his feet are three times the size of his scrawny body, because of the accident. Yeh, "the accident." He's been living at a board-and-care home, paying $900 a month for a shared room in a giant hacienda-style slop house, which his case workers from San Diego County Mental Health picked. He gets a room, meals, and his meds. Sounds like a great deal, except for the fact that this place—like so many—feeds him crap out of cans like green beans and Campbell's soup and probably Spam. For breakfast. After two months at this place, no one noticed that the guy—who is 6' 3" and generally 150 pounds—is losing a little bit of weight. Tie a yellow ribbon round it ya old creep.

It turns out, he loses a whole lot of weight. It turns out, in fact, that he barely makes it to the pay phone where he has had to beg some asshole on the street for 35 cents, so he can call my mom and say, "Mom, I don't have to find the board-and-care place, only to discover her son looking like he is an emancipated poster child for Life magazine. Seriously. She has to haul him herself, which she does, and take him to the emergency ward.

We find out he's had a blockage in his large intestine, and he hasn't peed or shit for 11 days, and no one, in spite of his complaints and rapid weight loss, has decided to pay notice. He has arrived at the hospital yellow, poisoned by the rotten food in his body, almost dead. Something in me clicks, and dies. [Thunder sound again.] A nurse comes in. She has on oversized gloves and a clipboard in her hands. It seems that the pecking order exists all the way down to the hospital floor, and the er is designed to ensure that he is treated like a normal person. Being at the hospital teaches me this. Every now and again, the large head and spidery limbs that have become my brother lift up their head, slowly; all that comes from his mouth are two words, and one arm gesture. "Iceee chip," he says, reaching out to the nurse with his extra-long arm, yellow at the fingertips like iodine. If you looked in his eyes, all you'd see would be a kind of hazy fuzz, like those times you're at the hospital with someone you've known forever and they're drugged out on phat morphine, all loopy and unfocused. There's no way to connect these two worlds, so I pick up a comb and run it through his hair. He's going.
search for signs of life from the nurse. "Iceeee chip," the boy pleads again, tottering chapped all the way down his throat so bad you know that it's like the Sahara desert probably to the bottom of his stomach. Somehow I am to believe there is healing medical treatment going on in this room, but no matter you spin it, I'm sure it is not coming from the doctors or nurse.

The nurse has used her pen to write something, so apparently this is the cause for a dramatic hand-washing scene. She pulls off her gloves and turns her back. I am about to leave, but I have half a mind to pull out my camera and take five quick photographs of my brother, and take him back to the hospital and take over that Padrono or whatever it is. I have symbolized into the office the camera, and I have symbolized into the office that I am about to leave, and I am about to leave the room before I much her with the sad news.

His head drops. He's gone, down again, passed out from all this ridiculousness and starvation. I stare at the nurse with the meanest eyes I know how to make, to get her to leave the room before I smack her. She leaves, and I go on the attack. I am about to leave.

My feelings would otherwise turn inward and dismantle me. Then I take out the camera, one I have smuggled into the hospital, and take five quick photographs of my brother. It's all I can think of doing. I am about to leave, and I am about to leave him in this hospital, and I am about to leave the hospital and leave him in this medicine ward, and I am about to leave this place and leave him.

Heads cameras:

"[my brother's feet]. It's all I can think of doing. There's no dancing, no lights, no disco balls, no good sex, and nothing but hospital gown and heavy meds separating me from him."

There's no dancing, no lights, no disco balls, no good sex, and nothing but hospital gown and heavy meds separating me from him. There's no dancing, no lights, no disco balls, no good sex, and nothing but hospital gown and heavy meds separating me from him.

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That might be a bit abrupt. But still, you're sending these signs that I can read and maybe those tourists taking your photo can't. You're on live display every flat endless Warhol flowers, oversized, the image pirated originally from a Kodak advertisement, repeat repeat repeat.

And then there are these Johns, plaster and bronze casts of light bulbs, resting on top of little blocks that are like oversized soap bars. Just lying there in the premier that shouldn’t be power: the light of power to go the force of the work. Remove receive resistible, reconceiving—
today i'm stalking someone who looks both like a grandmother and a person who could be my lover and who is triggering, triggering … so this is about love and i walked into this place, not knowing but expecting everything. and in the first room, there you were, a specter video projection, dressed like joseph beuys in renegade wear with your head buried in a pile of fat, just holding still. the church lady guardin the room making a sketch of something else. her grin is disconcerting juxtaposed with the image of you, now lowering your legs into the fat.

A throw of the device doesn't abolish chance. I'm just trying to walk through the door here, enough

[...somebody else, somewhere else asks: What should change? What should stay the same? What could you imagine doing if you didn't do what you do?]

ALWAYS STEAL NEVER BORROW

the brutal truth.
the relationship between original and originality, as well as accessing space for new thinking.

A throw of the dice.

Hate, violence, our hot desire for death. Definitely not "the same.”

Raising a lot more hell.

here's how I'd like to tell the story:

I'm standing in a room, around me are some of the things you're most (un)known for— precisely imprecise repeats of iconic works by privileged mostly white male artists, many created just before these men became canonized as “masters” of the 20th century.

what's catching me by surprise in this showroom is the live go-go dancer in tiny silver shorts. Surrounded by repeats of pastiche, listening to headphones on a low blue platform that is bordered with small light bulbs in the middle of the room.

this is repeat as well, a Gonzalez-torres moment. made from her recollection of the work and from the available materials, its details differ slightly from the ones i'd seen in photographs, smaller light bulbs.

the dancer in this case wasn't a muscle man with a buzz cut, but a thin tattooed twink, dancing in the silver lamé short shorts and with the yellow sony sports walkman that i know from the books. that particular walk-man catches my eye because it is inscribed in my childhood memories of the 80s; it's one the kids in the know had (not me)— the first status symbol of cool.

I wanted to hear what he was listening to, or ask, “Hey, what's it like up there?” “How much are they paying you?” “Maybe we could talk when you step off that pedestal, what are you doing after this?”

Language is not jargon, but language is jargon—demanding and diminishing it to non-function with the powerful reversal of negative usage.

Always at stake is pushing the silent power of art to create a hovering force and energy that leaves the spectator rocking and reeling.

The work is done predominantly from memory, using the same techniques, making the same errors, and thus coming out in the same place.

so this is about love and...
Tools for
the Revolution

the motion of a body
revolution inside
rolling back into covers
space measured by regular return
the motion of a point
the motion of a surface
the motion of a people
quiet scream
in the dark, in the night, in the light
overthrow dominant order
the motion of anybody
substitution of another
substitution of the rule
movement that makes a solid surface
and breaks through
a single complete turn
an abrupt change
total, radical, fundamental
now you follow
Who do you think you LTR?

We will not submit. LTR has usurped the evil patriarchal treacherous model, standing at the gates of the club, denying entry to those of us who may not measure up. What are we measured against? You are single-handedly ripping apart the foundations on which our community is based. We reject this existent revolting cultist attitude, an offense to our temperament. You invited us to submit to your project, therefore to save the grace of all feminists openly called or referenced onto this godforsaken LTR precocide, we direct you to eliminate this hoax of a 'review process' and to recognize that you are caught in the web of the systematic. We will not be cowed under these circumstances. We demand transparency. You must disclose the basis on which aesthetic works are praised or condemned. We insist on guaranteed equal access entry to the deep dark hole you call a project. We ask the editors of LTR for a letter of apology. We want the letter to be meaningful, not more LTR buttcrunch. Upon receipt, we will engage further in this process and help with your leap towards the marvelous.

Please consider and try to act reasonably.

N. Eisenman

A.L. Steiner
Subject: art face on.
Date: Friday, April 8, 2005 11:15 AM
To: <info@artfaceoff.com>

to whom it may concern:

hello.
are you a marketing team? your venture stinks of shopping mall.

i especially liked this text:
"a place to find contemporary art that has already been reviewed and chosen to be high quality by the general public and other curators. this is done by a voting system that gives curators a heavy hand in deciding the fates of artists"

'high quality'? so subjective. how enticing.

'voting system'? sounds so familiar. oh, you mean like our fantastic 'democratic' system and it's mission to propagate.

'deciding fates'? so god like. that leads me to my next question...

what do you mean when you categorize an artist as a 'master'? or should i say, are we living in the dark ages?

master, like who's my daddy? your my daddy.

master, like cremaster? like you have balls.... and thank god for the cremaster to keep them nice and temperate after this heat.

or master, like masturbate? i do that! hey, and sometimes i call it art.

thank you for creating something that makes me feel so much.

consider this is my submission. you can classify this under the category 'amateur' and the genre 'digital art'.

sincerely.

ak burns
ny. 2005