A photograph of a traditional room with a large arched doorway. In the center, there is a dark wooden piano. To the left, a doorway leads to a room filled with bookshelves. The room has high ceilings, exposed beams, and various decorative elements like a wreath on the wall and a small plant on a stool.

CALLED A BACK SAMPLER BOOKS

Nature is a haunted

house--but Art--is a house

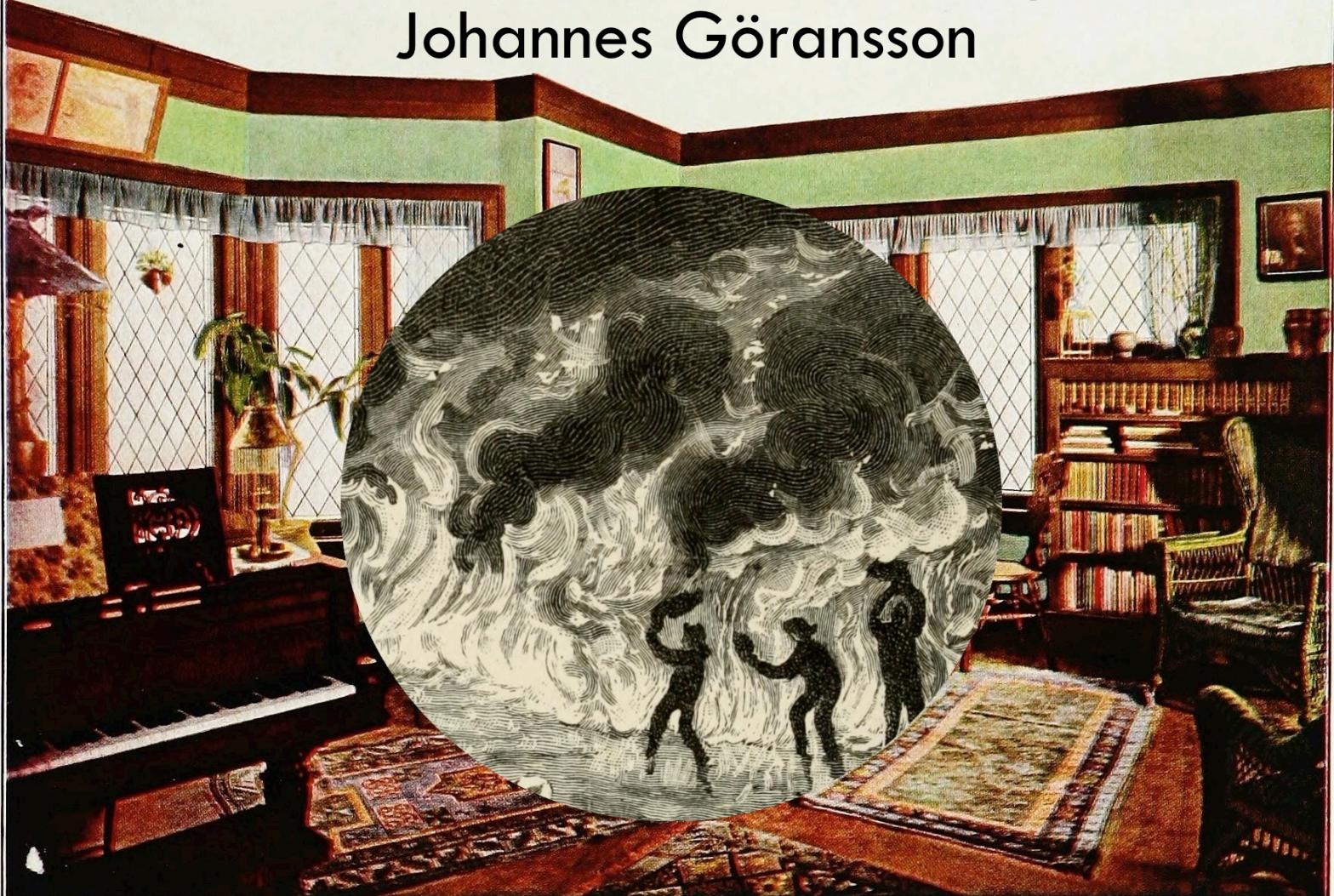
that tries to be haunted.

EMILY DICKINSON

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AASE BERG translated by
Johannes Göransson



*S*limrande slickfisk smirrar. Jaget i magens järnflismagnetism. Kall toppnos daskar, blodvaggar och rullar. Varm fyllnad sväller in och stormar tyst på brytets gränser. I tid som svallar längsammare än all möjlig tid. Mot upprinnelsens oerhörda vågbrott sakta rasa.

*S*limering slickfish smirrs. The I in the belly's iron-dust-magnetism. Cold snout slaps, blood-rocks and rolls. Warm filling swells into and storms the borders breakage. In time that ripples slower than all possible time. And slowly collapsing toward the incredibly breaking waves of the wellspring.

*H*äst lunkar tungt och sakta i lerig hage. Hur luftar trojanska hästen mot leran. Hur grundas timmerhästens innehåll av långsammare universumleran. Elstötar sprätter illande i fukten, riktad pik. Vill vara här i kåta hus hudbyggda upp ur leran.

*H*orse trudges slowly and heavily in muddy meadow. What does the trojan horse smell in the mud. How does the mud of this slow universe ground the timber-horse's contents. Electric shocks send spattering jolts into the moisture with pointed peak. Want to be here in horny houses skinbuilt out of mud.

*S*allader är för veklingar
Jag äter bara råbiff
när pälsen kokar
i glödande skymning
som du sakta
slickar såren
av mina hälar

*S*alad is for weaklings
I only eat raw beef
when the fur boils
in the glowing dusk
you slowly
lick the sores
of my heels

*D*u kan också
gå runt i skogen
och berätta
hur gamla träden är

Eller sova middag
med flanellskjortan på
medan jag lyssnar
på radio
om stormen

Du kan vakna
mitt i natten
in i mina ögon
utan framtid

*Y*ou can also
walk around the woods
and talk about
how old the trees are

Or take a nap
in a flannel shirt
while I listen
to the radio report
about the storm

You can wake
in the middle of the night
into my eyes
without a future

*D*u säger nej till allt är frihet
Jag säger ja till allt

Basjkirhästen som brakar
in i helblodens dressyrstall

Man måste känna sin fiende
bättre än sig själv

*Y*ou say that no to everything is freedom
I say yes to everything

The Bashkir horse that crashes
into the pure breeds' dressage stable

One must know one's enemy
better than oneself

Om du har ljugit för mig
Om du har lurat mig
att x-radera allt
Då kommer jag att hämnas på dig
med sådant magstöd
att du inte ens
känner dig hemma
i akilleshärens
hämnning

If you have lied to me
If you have fooled me
into x-ing out everything
Then I'll take revenge on you
with such a girdle
that you won't even
feel at home
in constraint
of your achilles heel

*J*ag vet vad det vill säga att försvinna.
Amputation ger vinst i värdigheten.
Men vad är värdighet, en handelsvara bara.

*I*know what it means to disappear.
Amputation earns dignity.
But what is dignity, just a commodity.

GILLIAN OLIVIA BLYTHE HAMEL



O.

I keep dreaming of the desert as I'd imagined it before I visited, an image I know now's wrong, but what prevails is not the memory but my amalgamation of the wilderness desired. Just as the photographs slightly askance of what I envision. No matter how long I spend staring at another's face on film I'm never ready for what it looks like in its moving, breathing actuality. What prevails is oak trees and a dirt and winter that doesn't exist. But this comes too literally and too late—I'm plagued by the images of easy death, streets at night. In the waning control over my fantasy I almost tried to get public about intellectual love, recognizing its right deflections, and deferred to talking about clothes, skirting the ideations of gender that I've fomented by confusing my desire. Nor is it desire that keeps bringing it back at night, though one was the desire inexplicably shared by my current lover who suddenly had no reckoning and wanted as much as I did, but a dry coincidence—not dry in the sense of him having an entire bottle of Espolón to himself at a friend's dinner party and falling asleep on a table, and in a second iteration finding me on the screen before falling asleep on the floor. I lost which was the second and which was me dreaming back into it. Eventually, all men have fallen asleep in my arms. And in waking in his manner every morning I forgot what's moved me so closely to the idolatry of my brain's rinse cycle, whatever intangible thing we've decided it is, generationally, which is the thing that's closest to killing the pain hole and widening it at every turn. Half-life of bathroom crying. When it's just there, neither moving nor to me dead, I too stall out on the machinations of my reckoning, slack over my weight in momentum and want. Anime music box regression. Once my critical love maximally expands, I tend to grind to halt on one woman's voice. I think I keep dreaming of dirt roads and leaving, though waking confuses all my wilderness into the same misdirection, the simple trajectory that mislaid in brief rightness in the desert and always points, as its origin misunderstood, north. As what happened in the desert was the right amount of leaving, and its fragments wash in on the night stream just enough for me to recognize its repetitions in the mouth of what I keep wanting. That I can't seem to stop living in two halves, not even having to pretend to love two people, though the second isn't love so much as a violent repetition, a curious demand that's never satisfied. Half my life later, it's nothing I know how to confront and will wait to be distracted by something else. That time it was actuality. Here I've no actuality to yield and the real's beside the point—not to have unremitting validation, nor its permanence, but the culmination of the want exploding from my chest that daily drags me from myself into the becoming. And when I've no one to become it repeats and repeats.

O.

And how easily I can fit into the shape of another. The whole idea was another body beside you. When he leaves the whole temperature, ecosystem changes. It's easy. But still I see the ink on the arm when I put my teeth to it. What's half your life spent staring at the same face? Even the idea of going north's enough to make me rise from the pools, though I keep relearning and relearning that there's nothing there. It's the voice I want that I confuse with my own. In the end, I never settled on the other, only that it's not my continent, so I'm gone. So it's no example to settling my coinciding origin story, which remains valorless and not worth protecting, but indelibly mine. How can I ever leave? This morning disregarding my life again I walked through the ghost town's tents and remembered the illusory calling me home when I first came here. But to take the text at face value, it's refusing the call, as I have done, shamed from it. That we have no one to speak for but ourselves. Yes, privilege's perfect individuation, rejecting bodiment, and also no body to ferociously inhabit. What a joy it is to be no one. In my dream, I described what is actually Pavlovian—or was I awake, imagining the context? I don't know who I am when I sleep and it's so important to me. From a too-young age, thinking I know the oracle. As if someone else holds the manual for me, but why shouldn't they—everyone has a beacon. Nor is it in the grey geometries of resistance, where the whole neighborhood's gone quiet. I felt safely that we all had each other, an interlocutor at best. Because the last song always feels like leaving, though its distortion and wash is merely a transition, the changing tide that swells out of panic into the comforting realizations—lest I'm just describing myself, I've finally come to the valence of my own importance, removed from consciousness or the need to placate my last eye, its increasing wakefulness, but what's on the other side?

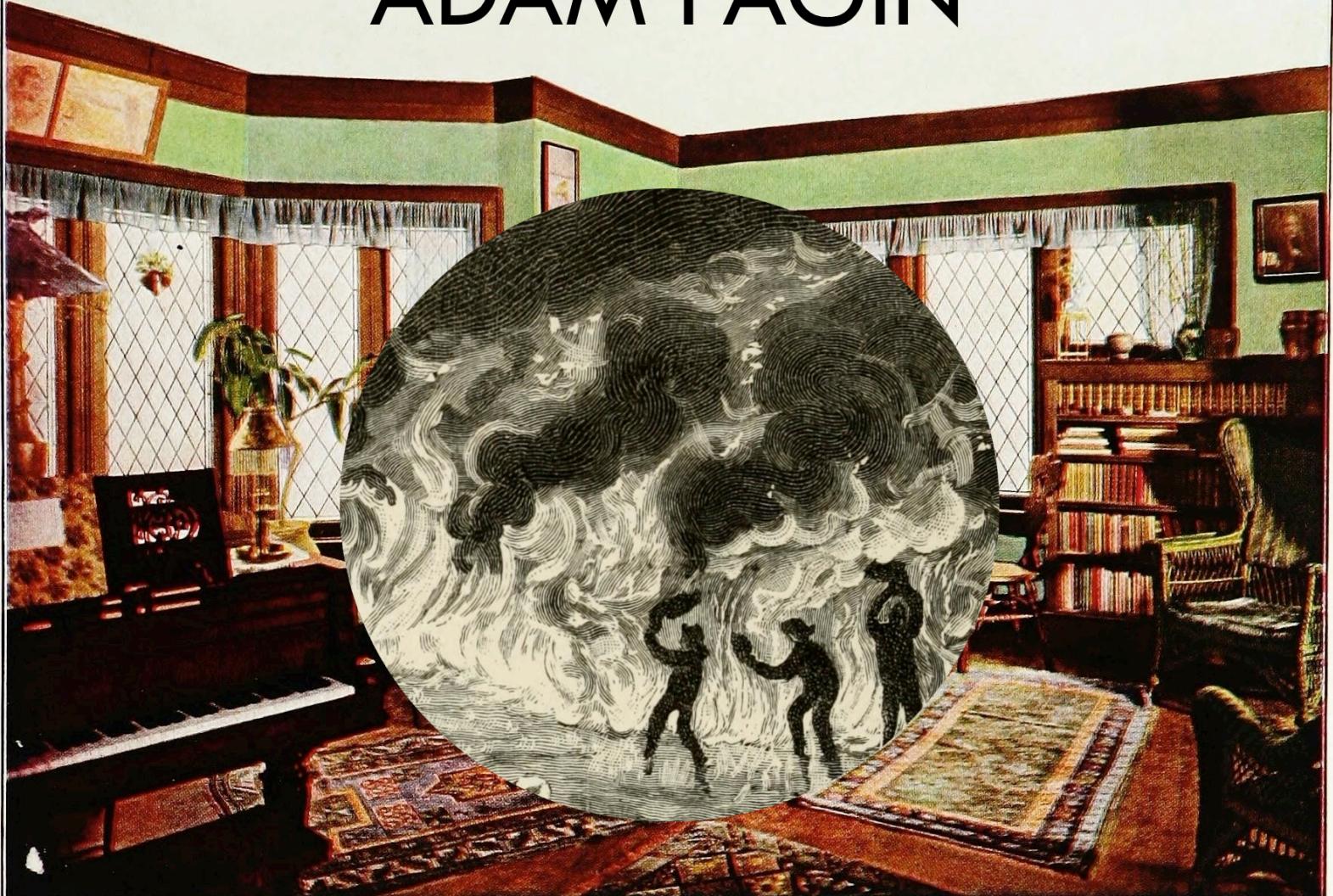
O.

It's when the pattern freezes that I have to force myself through repetition to keep it going, conflagrating language that already exists, as I layer in what feels incidentally outside my body to break the newness into what I've felt before. The moments when I feel most violently myself come fewer and less articulate. Whatever I want to do isn't what I've convinced myself to need but simply what occurs, the most generic individual making someone else's choices. Of course the beacons seem to reveal their own. But cyclical boy and unanchored girl only made the choices of their aspect, predetermined by what already would have happened, getting into ontological paradox and causal spoilers. Laws of space that's always already becoming. I'd admire a pure chaos dimension but even chaos has laws in fiction, defined by literary expectation and decade-specific set design. I expected nightmares but only got the hallucination of telling my partner I was hallucinating, giving the wrong name to the forces that plague me. A little bit of sleep paralysis. What happened was I dreamed again of my beacon when I thought I wouldn't anymore, draped in small jewels and his own luxurious hair, and now I'm forgetting why he was there, but never that he was. Everyone's just looking for films and books, a place to park. Something about my family, something to eat. It doesn't matter that this eye remains unscrubbed or that I'm finally getting enough sleep, as long as I continue the basic pretenses of my station, as I think there must have just been periods where I only thought and nothing was important. I wonder what I was reading then, what I listened to. I assumed a war would begin. As we know it wasn't mine, all this thrashing is just looking for a new excuse to stay alive. What's it going to take to get me to a terminal. As I once shouted to myself so briefly that to be alive is revolutionary, which it isn't, so once again I have to justify my existence in the nexus of things that are themselves still ancillary: whose turn is it to not just be sex and mathematics. I have to keep hearing her say that we can't only bear witness.



كتاب آغا كاظم

ADAM FAGIN



Root & Whether

take

carry

paths

routes

carry

varying

will take

must carry

paths carry

routes

*

as roads in different

carry

must carry

paths carry home

"reluctant as any landscape" returned b

roads

varying routes will take

paths carried home by

routes

home

indifferent direction

bringing

we by

“Not for whom do we
speak but in whom”

return

a route headed in

roads

back in different ways;

and

ways through

“on the road:
an endless invisible
present going on,
a noise”

bringing

we

return

in different

returned

“all roads to there
are the same,
all roads that are
there are the same
once anyone arrives;
human nature surges”

as difference

to routes

headed in

roads

back in different ways

*

and places

A tree-
high thought”

set out

having wandered far

home

“Navigation instructions
make sure it can be spoken
make sure it can be spoken”

having

home

at same time

“at the root of the trees”

we return

by disparate

return in different

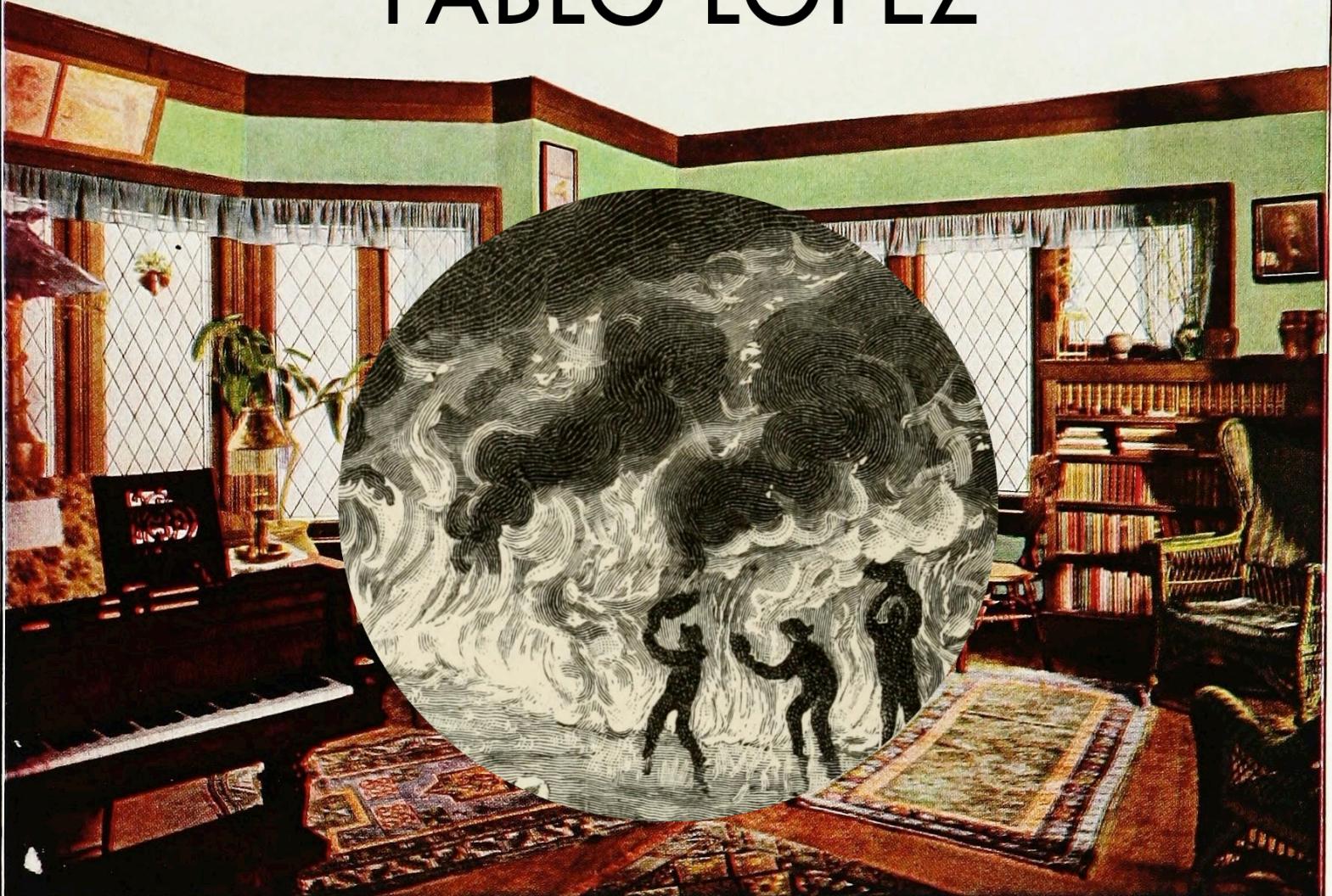
to routes headed in different

directions

“Paths in the shadow-

break of your hand”

PABLO LOPEZ



[REDACTED] *on artists*

Dum vivimus, vivamus

1-50

1. [REDACTED] died from [REDACTED] on August 27, 1978.
2. Tuesday, September 10, [REDACTED].
3. A 35-year-old sculptor was killed in a fall from her 34th floor apartment in [REDACTED] on Sunday, [REDACTED] with an international reputation, has been arrested and charged with pushing her out of a window.
4. The deceased was [REDACTED], and her [REDACTED], a founder of the Minimalist school of sculpture.
5. [REDACTED] (1942-1975) was a Dutch conceptual artist, performance artist, photographer and [REDACTED].
[REDACTED]
7. [REDACTED] work was in many instances presented as photographs and film of his performances. He [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Leave Me ([REDACTED]).
8. [REDACTED] was lost at sea in [REDACTED] between [REDACTED] when he set out to sea from Cape Cod in a small sailing boat as part of an attempt to cross the Atlantic Ocean.
9. [REDACTED]
10. b. [REDACTED] Pusan Korea
11. m. [REDACTED], 1982

12. d. November 5, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] and this installation became a memorial for her.
14. Raped and strangled at the age of 31 just inside the door of the Puck Building in SoHo by a security guard for the building, [REDACTED], on November 5, [REDACTED], just [REDACTED] days after the publication of [REDACTED].
15. [REDACTED] dies at 57; suicide.
16. L.A. contemporary artist [REDACTED] psychologically complex work was instrumental in making L.A. [REDACTED]
17. Mr. [REDACTED] is survived by a brother, [REDACTED].
18. [REDACTED], 52, is dead. He died of a [REDACTED] disease.
19. [REDACTED]. On 25 April [REDACTED] because of her sexual [REDACTED], Ms. hanged herself in her studio in Zurich.
20. She requested by letter to her mother that she be laid to rest in St. Moritz.
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

23. [REDACTED] (1928-1962), "Leap into the void".

[REDACTED] at the Cannes Film Festival on 11 May 1962.

25. Two more heart attacks followed, the second of which killed him on 6 June
[REDACTED].

26. He perished at 34.

[REDACTED] 60; Abstract Painter.

28. [REDACTED], one of the breakthrough artists from Los Angeles' storied
[REDACTED], the seminal group that helped establish California art as an
international force [REDACTED]

29. Her curator, [REDACTED], said Tuesday that the abstract expressionist was
60 [REDACTED] Saturday of lung cancer.

30. The old Ferus Gallery on La Cienega [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] for modernists.

31. [REDACTED] she displayed [REDACTED]
[REDACTED], “had so much paint on it it looked carved.” It weighed 2,300 pounds and required
professional movers and a crane to get it from her studio to the museum.

32. [REDACTED], [REDACTED], Dies; Career Began in Subway Graffiti.

33. [REDACTED] died of AIDS at [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
35. [REDACTED] (March 14, 1923 – July 26, 1971). [REDACTED]
New York City, [REDACTED] took her own life by
ingesting barbiturates and slashing her wrists with a razor (aged 48).

36. [REDACTED] born [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
37. Hurled himself into eternity by opening a number of veins and ingesting a
number of anti-depressants.

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] this year.

42. Surviving also is his mother, Mrs. [REDACTED].
43. August 12, [REDACTED], NoHo, Manhattan, New York City, NY.
44. [REDACTED], died [REDACTED]. He was often victim
to racial persecution.
45. He never sold [REDACTED] to people he didn't like.

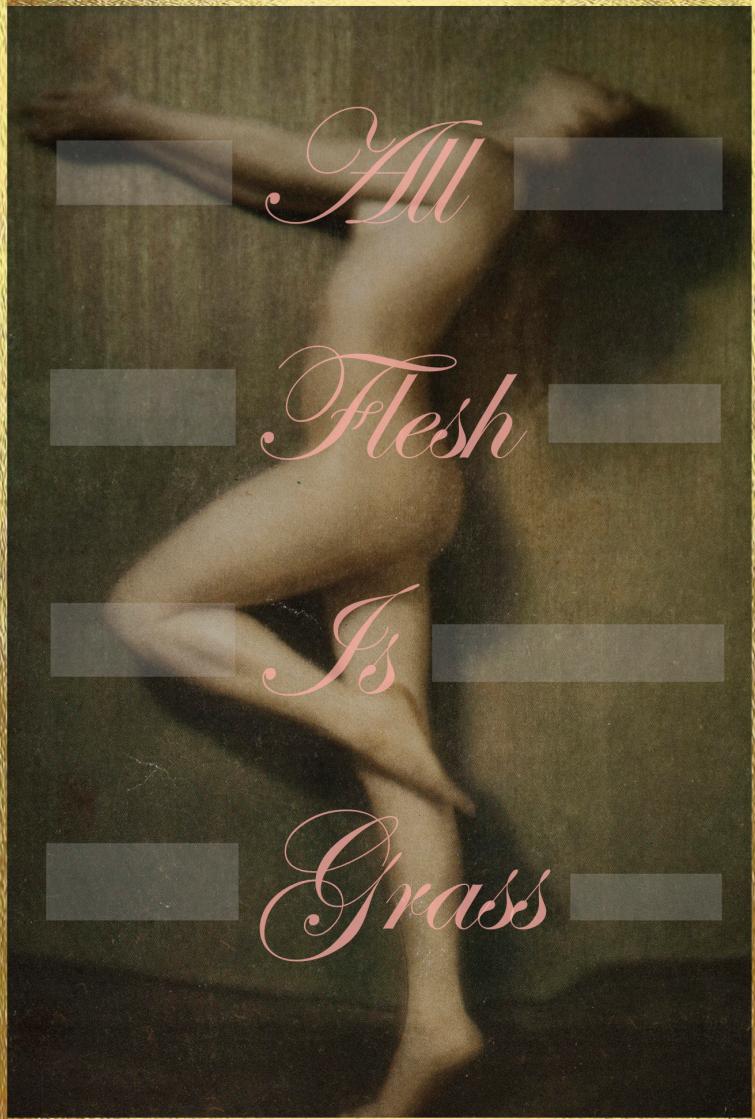
46. [REDACTED], an artist and photographer who for the last 10 years documented [REDACTED] scene, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED], died of AIDS early yesterday in [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] apartment.

47. Mr. [REDACTED] was 39 years old. Born in Hong Kong and educated in Paris and Canada, Mr. [REDACTED] took [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] as a subway artist.

48. In 1984, the two men collaborated on a book, [REDACTED] a collection of Mr. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and Mr. [REDACTED] photographs of the [REDACTED]. Mr. [REDACTED] died of AIDS [REDACTED]

49. Mr. [REDACTED] is survived by his parents, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] of Vancouver; a sister, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] of [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

50. His [REDACTED] was [REDACTED] of Manhattan.



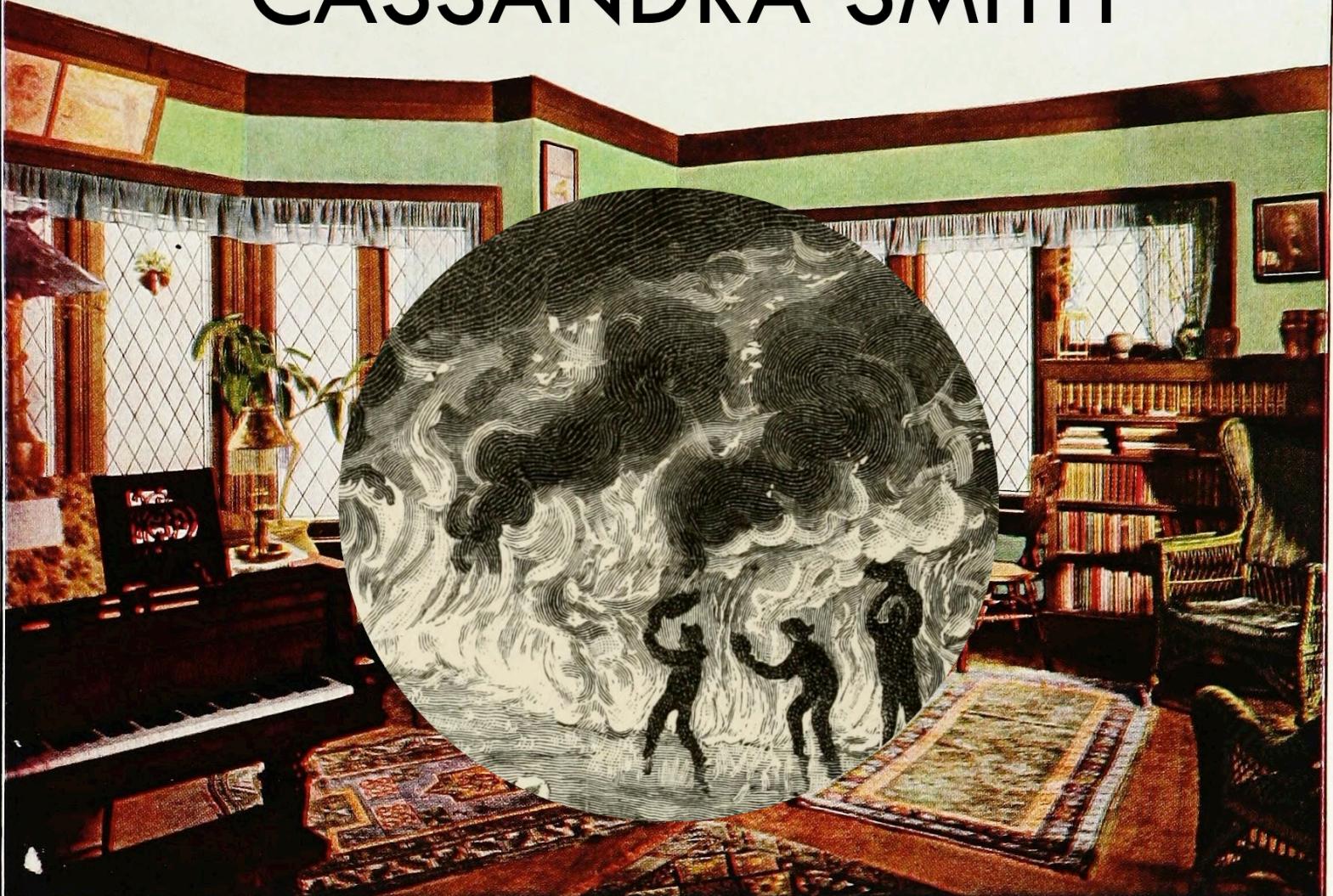
All

Flesh

Is

Grass

CASSANDRA SMITH



brotherstalker of the mudpeople of the people of a mountain of our
mountain of the dirt we were born in would sit on a mountain make a
mountain was an object of how to strike without sound. we had started to
grow things. we had planted the ledge with our breeding held our breeding
held the ledge was what to hold.

brotherstalker we marked our bodies i couldn't decide how to remove the markings. you had placed your hands and your hands and your hands couldn't be removed.

brotherstalker when we met we met and we met and you looked at me
looked into me we didn't see things we agreed this would last and this
would last and we would not let go there was our blood our blood your
blood all over the parts of us i could hold you with.

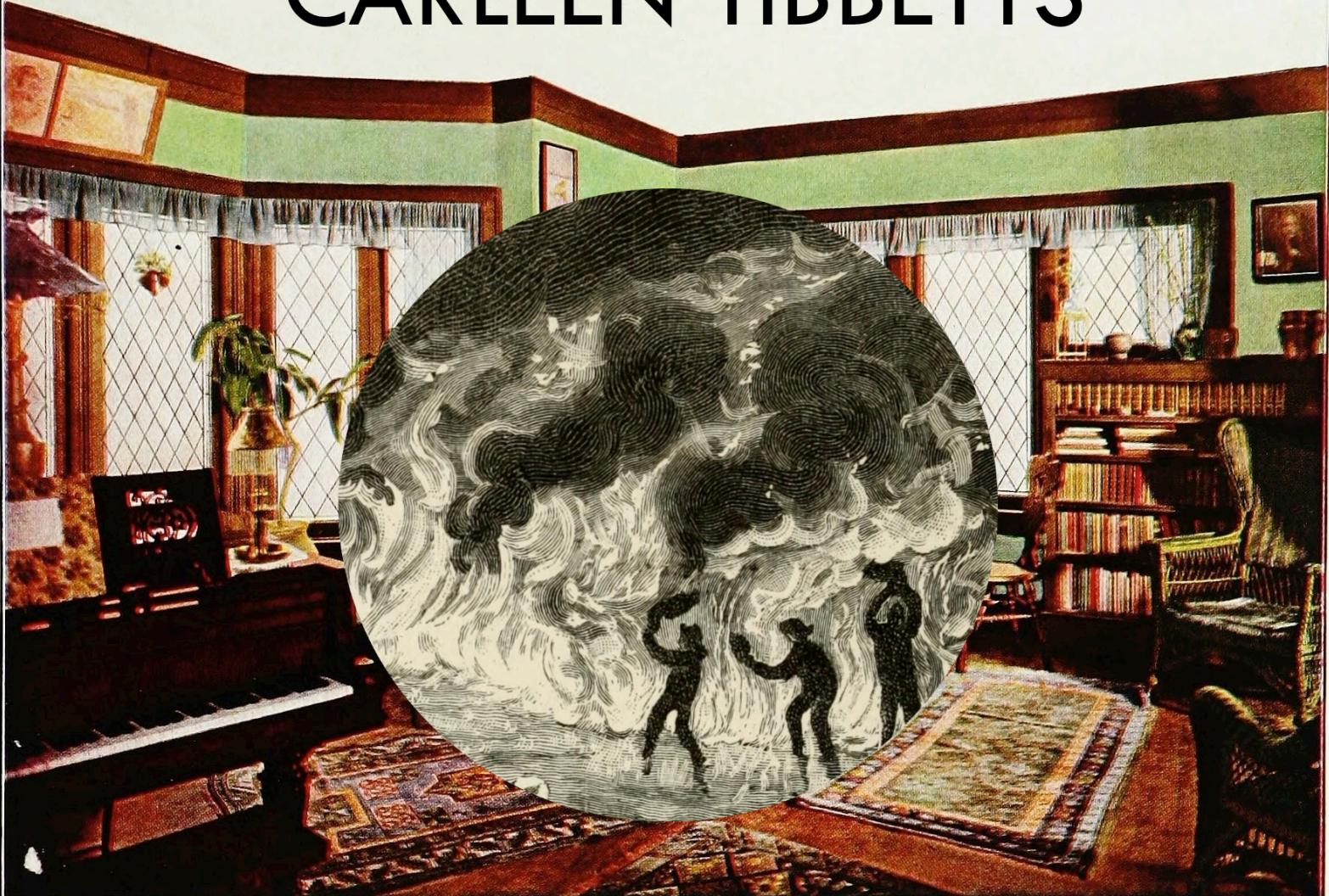
brotherstalker when you held you would let go would falter was a tremble
was a fall we were and you were my hands could do nothing to stop it.

brotherstalker when i touch things how to touch things how to hold a thing
that isn't how to hold a body i ended.

brotherstalker your girl your body this body we carry see through our skin
in our skin the falling his body your body how we put our hauntings our
bodies onto the bodies we would touch with.

brotherstalker how do we untwine the limbs how do i cease.

CARLEEN TIBBETTS



dataclysma002.jpg

distant knives are being readied
for leviathan heart meat
unsabbathed, this lossy compression
its goldfronded viscosity
clumsy beast in the mindspidered maze
hyperviolet hyperviolence hyperopulence
multiverse multiplex showing on all 20 screens
a spy in the grindhouse of love

dataclysma004.jpg

a committee formed entirely
by organs of admittance
ready to deny or grant
body aka
festerhatched shame cavity
swaddled in such webs
of oracle & glut
elsewhere, a noise curdles
a noun smithereens itself

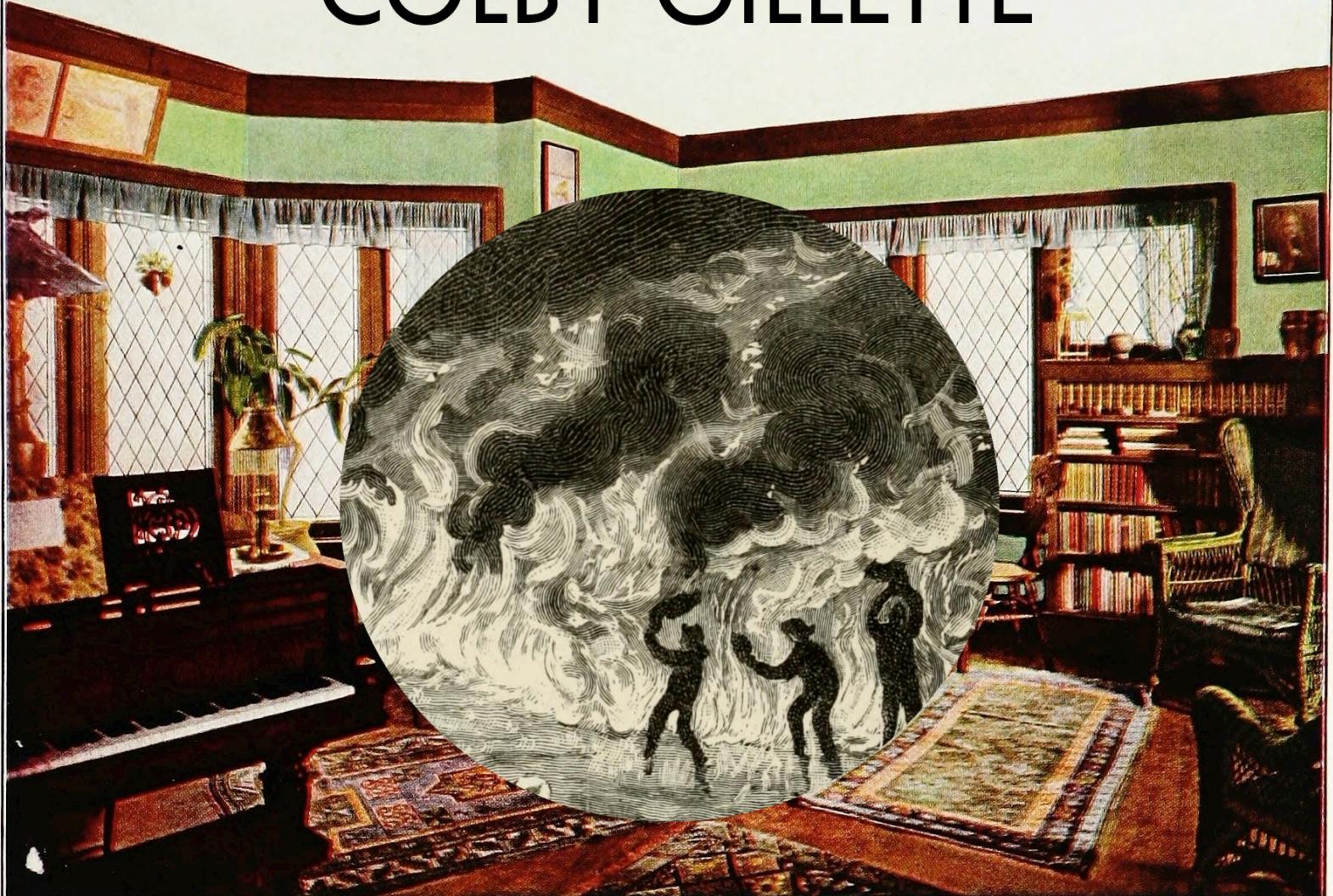
dataelysm0036.jpg

in the bedroom of all bedrooms
you fisted your pivotal fragility
abnormal merchandise
hatching an an epithet
in the plushy light of a
throw away world
anyway come over here
for the hour for bestowal is nigh

dataelysm0037.jpg

the pure was of garroted credit history
it's really all lacquered pageantry
the morsels of luxury
sourly traipsing across your screen
your mottled body
your stream of sick fish
cite your deft instrument

COLBY GILLETTE



Sleep Lessons

I carry your cry through the living room, a path unlatches, carries the tide. used
cars, traffic. twin tracks. a passage of thin plastic stands in the changes.
lavender's gap. hills shine. thin sleep runs through the day

due light

silence

blue's broken door, altered
space. bored performing inexact steps. every other, a broken door, its altered
space. promise arcs your and my eye

used twine, kites in the sky

two trees between freeways

a passage of thin sleep
runs through the day

only in passing poem
due glimpses only in passing
 median island

free soil
mirrors at large
our little white automobile

driving home

the blue black stones wet
that wandering shore wet

wrinkled face uneven lessons

past its present f a l l i n g sleep lasts
drags in the open bottom of the window

able gap, blue spread
split in us

vertebrae, fir tree, day's broken applause. hills delay, continue in their shine.
kites follow after. only in passing, poem. home economics. median island.

lit silence the rain traces

faint circle your face spills out of

the underground sinks

trembles in the green seeing leaves

a path unlatches, bird notes show from you middle of the night, noon stands in
the changes. I carry your cry through the living room, walk in its catch.

blue black stones wet

that wandering shore wet

the wind lessens your face

late night street light

treetops shuddering

unbroken speech

only in passing poem

due glimpses

wavering at the bottom of sight

the warm air

weighted face sleep lessens

seven o'clock light in November. driving home. hills continue in their shine,
stride through ocean park

blue green futures

sign over your sleep mirrors

each side of the present our little white automobile

due light silence broken in rhythm the rain

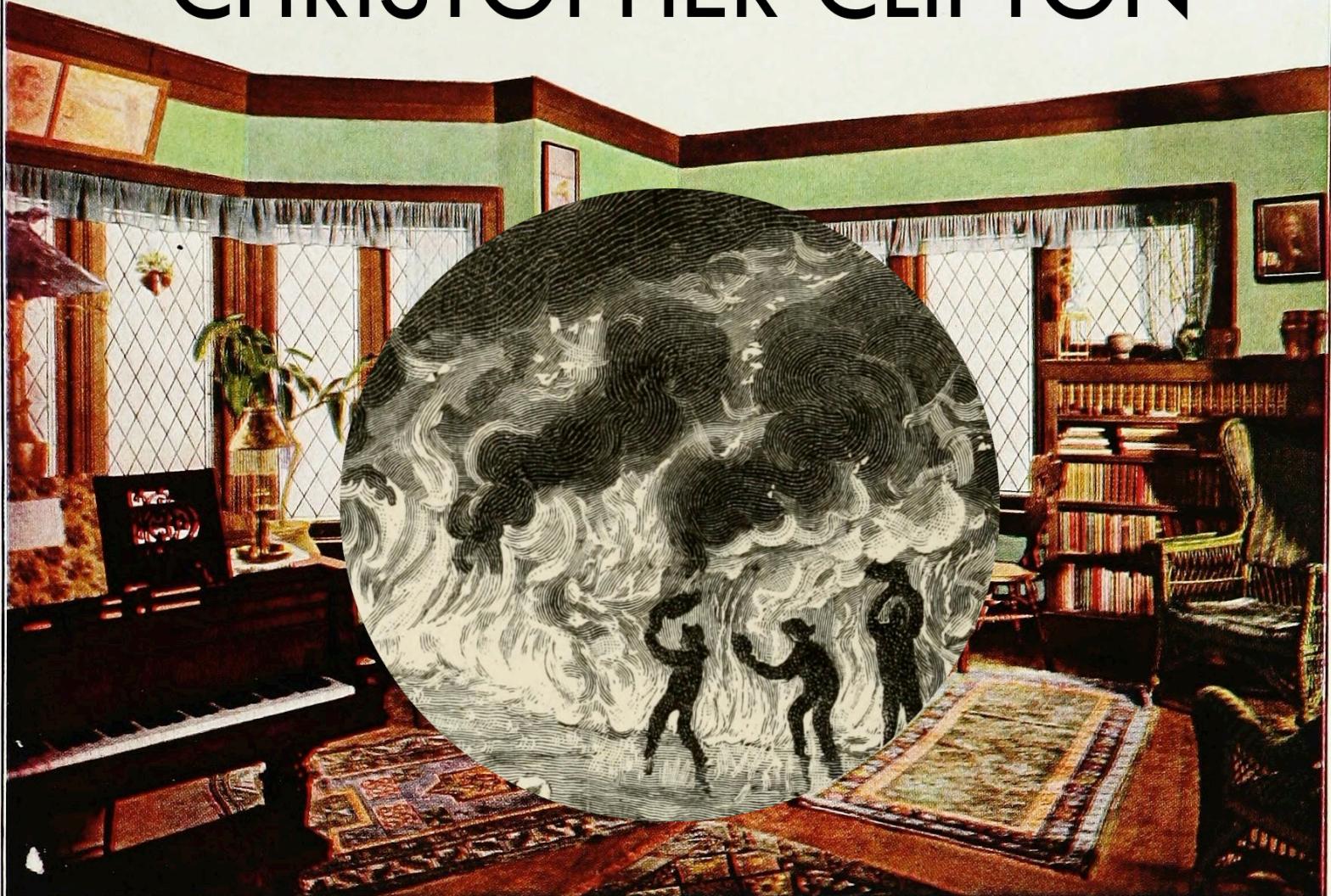
lavender (trim daughter) leads hunger (blind father). lost in ocean park. bored,
performing inexact steps—exactly overhead. every other, a lavender gap.
driving home

twin tracks. split in us

a passage of thin plastic

promise arcs your and my eye

CHRISTOPHER CLIFTON



Witness Statement

The witness statement came to him as follows: "I can offer nothing in the way of a material repayment, be that said here at the outset. What I can however offer is my word. And in a world in which our words have ceased to mean what they might speak of, in that nothing said says anything at all if not the purpose to deceive whoever listens, in that this is said as that, by which that said is not at all, but is believed to be some other, till that other be revealed to be whatever it would hide, by which the language we might live by loses power to convince us of not only what will be, but what is present to the senses; will the worth of such a word be without measure. And although I cannot say what I might promise to achieve to clear the burden I am left with, what I can for now express is my unqualified awareness of the immanence of debt to which my self has been contracted, which awareness presupposes my acceptance of the contract. Not that I can understand the nature of the contract, nor have any intimation of the future it withholds; however in the saying of these words I am aware that it is that which has allowed them to be said, and that it endlessly precedes the kind of world that I would speak of. It is here that I would like to bring attention to the fact that I am giving you my word. Not to commit to this or that, but to be faithful to the terms that have been given to adhere to, and to show that I can only keep the contract. That I cannot be without it is my only guarantee that I will always keep the contract – in whatever way I can, or will be able. Thus in saying my dependence I am giving you my promise to adhere to the conditions of the contract. I accept whatever terms you have to offer. What I offer is my word – to keep the contract."

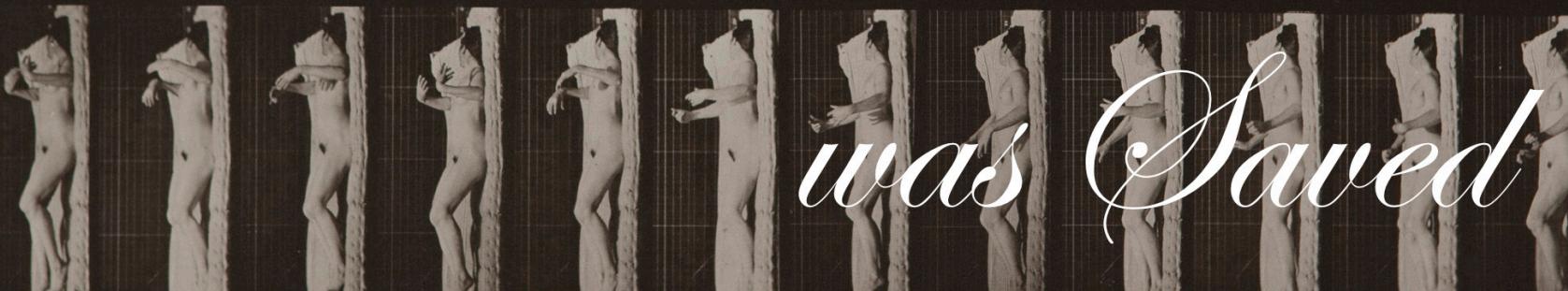
That the naming of the contract had been able to occur was understood to be a sign that it had entered a new phase of operation. That the contract had enabled an awareness of the contract would in other words enable its increasingly efficient operation – for the consciousness to which it had been given as its reason to exist, and as its reason for existence, would by reason of a consequential lack of such awareness in the wake of this occurrence be more willing to entreat its operation, by disowning that which came as a result of its occurrence. That the naming had been conscious of the fact that it was naming not a thing, but that which offered every thing, allowed that consciousness to yield to the conditions of the contract.

The writing of the contract is akin to the translation of a text that opens infinitely inwards, where no page can be returned to to remember what was read there to begin with. It is a version of a text that is as old as any memory, but the proof of which is only to behold in the remainder of the versions that were taken as they were for the originals to care for and to archive.

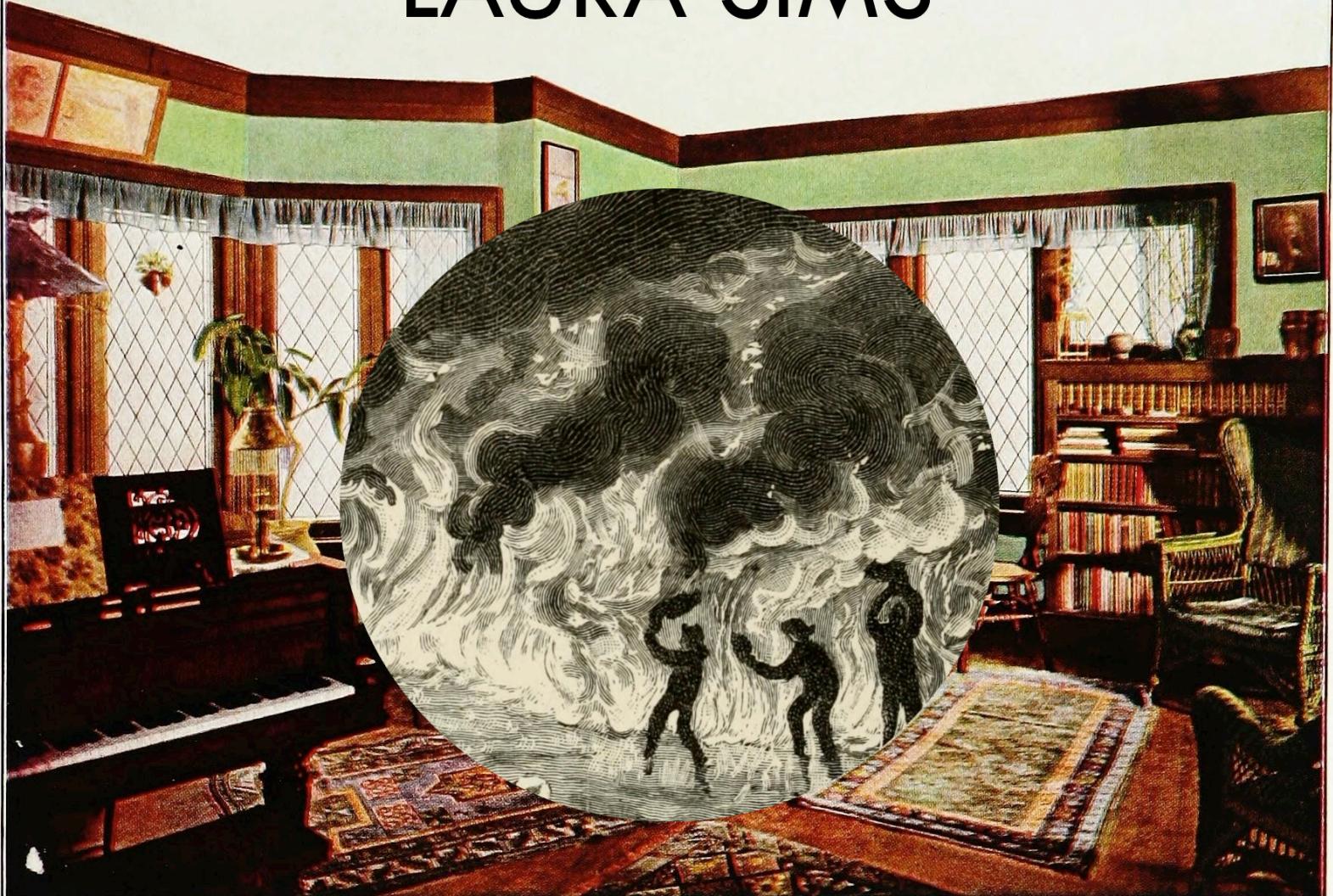
My Life was Ruined

and My Life

was Saved



LAURA SIMS



Walking Dead Love Song 5

Through the world's singed veil the new

order
comes
shambling, legs

roasting cheerily
over a fire. This world has made of us

merciless scythes

Walking Dead Love Song 11

So what
if we were
fools
at least we loved
to watch
the *help me* lights
twinkling
from our
roofs. So what
if on our
tombs
some vandal writes
they never
even realized
they weren't
doing

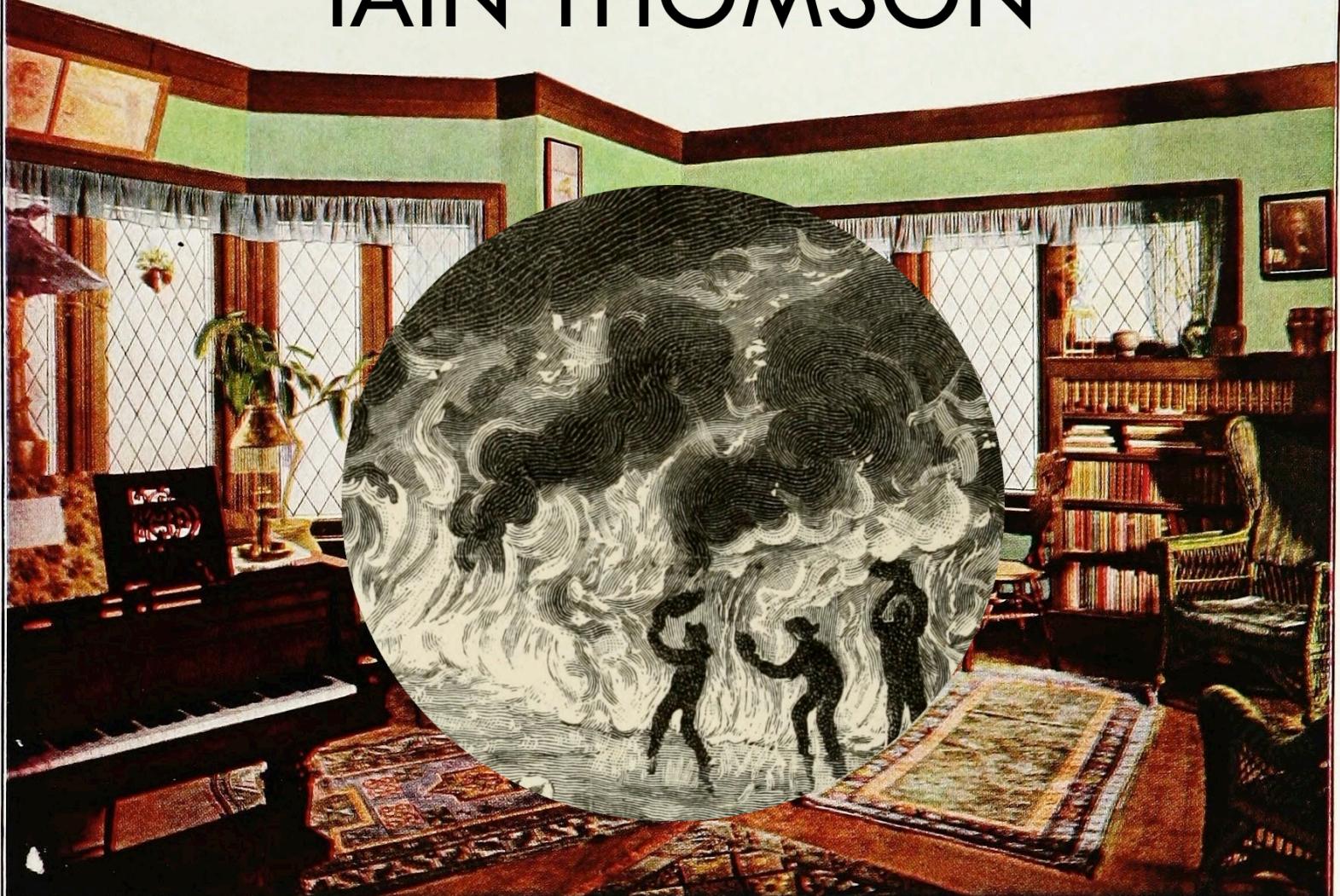
Walking Dead Love Song 4

I taught you to aim
for the forehead,
child
we drank
moonshine & set
the old shanty on fire

When the wolves
came we slashed
at the night
with our knives. O your long

cold hair
in whose fist
what the takers and hooligans will
not do

IAIN THOMSON



Heidegger on Language as the House of Being

Later in life, Heidegger came to believe in the power of names. He advanced the philosophical view that words are born when they succeed in “naming” previously unnoticed aspects of our experience of reality, allowing us to communicate these insights to other people. By “disclosing” particular aspects of reality and rendering them intelligible to others, the names we give to things help carve the paths we walk through the world. As Heidegger famously put it in 1949:

Because language is the house of being, we are constantly going through this house to reach what is. When we go to the well, when we go through the woods, we are always already going through the word “well,” through the word “woods,” even if we do not express these words and do not think in language at all.¹

That is, whether or not we are even aware of them, our names for things shape our experiences of those things in more and less obvious ways.

Obviously, if we think of someone as a “dissident poet” then we will tend to relate to him or her differently than if we think of that same person as a “traitor to the fatherland.” (The same point applies to thinking of Heidegger himself as a great “philosopher” or as an enthusiastic “Nazi,” and the undeniable fact that he was both helps explain his starkly divergent reputation.) More subtly, going over a “bridge” feels slightly different than crossing a “causeway,” just as going to the “store” is not quite the same as a trip to the “market.” In so far as our worlds are informed by such words and their distinctions, “angry” feels different than “annoyed” or “aggrieved,” just as “joyful” is not quite the same as “jubilant” or “jovial.” A “rose” *might* smell as sweet by any other name (at least if one accepts Shakespeare’s famous words at face value), but would we not handle the flower with more requisite caution if we had named it a “thorn blossom”?²

To take one of Heidegger's own examples: Walking in "the woods" feels different than just walking among a lot of trees. (Notice, moreover, that both of Heidegger's philosophical examples—the words "well" and "woods"—are drawn directly from his own life. His famous "hut" was situated on the edge of the woods, with a fresh water spring well located outside the window of his small study. Heidegger did not reach far for his examples; this "well" with "woods" beyond was what he saw when he looked up from his writing desk.³ Such examples help remind us that, even when Heidegger draws no attention to this fact, his philosophy frequently draws on his own experience. Indeed, were it not for the controversial relation between his life and thought, the fact that Heidegger's philosophy draws on his own experience would not even be surprising. For, Heidegger is best known as an *existential phenomenologist*, that is, someone who seeks to understand the meaning of human existence by carefully attending to and describing the ways we experience our existence—describing and examining experiences that range from the mundane and ordinary to the extreme and extraordinary. Heidegger also taught that it is typically more difficult to understand our ordinary than our extraordinary experiences; the significance of what we experience everyday often eludes us precisely because such ordinary experiences are so common that we get used to them and so tend simply to take them for granted, overlooking their meaning in much the same way that we learn to ignore the lenses on our glasses, which we see through rather than see. This inverse law of proximity was so important to Heidegger that he called it "the first law of phenomenology.") The basic point behind Heidegger's example is that, once we have it, the word "woods" comes to organize the very intelligibility of the world in which we dwell, and this holds true, as he says, even when we do not explicitly think of the word "woods" while walking through them. In ways both subtle and profound, then, our words shape and structure our intelligible worlds. This is the significance of Heidegger's famous line: "Language is the house of being": Our words build and shape the space of meanings in which we human beings ordinarily dwell.

As that suggests, moreover, some of us human beings must venture outside this "house of being," this domesticated space of already established meanings, in order to encounter something unfamiliar, because our new words and meanings can only be born from such encounters with that for which we do not yet have words, or that for which we have forgotten the words we once had.⁴ Without

such new or renewed words and meanings, we tend to erode the intelligibility of our words (and so our worlds of meaning), which just like all “[e]veryday things become worn out, blunted, used up, and empty through their being in use.”⁵ (Heidegger appropriated this idea that our words are born as poetic insights and end up as worn-out clichés from Nietzsche, who took it from Emerson, who adopted it from the Romantic poets.)

By 1934, Heidegger came to believe that these new, world-disclosing words first come into being as *names*. Such “naming into being” is the defining work of “the poet,” Heidegger’s later name for the skilled artisans of the word who cultivate their sensitivity to the subtle texture of inchoate meanings that populate the intersection of self and world (or the “between” of *Dasein* and *Sein*, “being-here” and “being,” as Heidegger puts it). Words are born whenever such poets succeed in naming previously unfelt or unnoticed aspects of their own experience of reality.⁶

¹ Heidegger, *Poetry, Language, Thought*, A. Hofstadter, trans. (New York: Harper & Row, 1971), p. 132./Heidegger, *Off the Beaten Track*, Julian Young and Kenneth Haynes, trans. (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002), pp. 232-3. / *Gesamtausgabe* [hereafter “GA”] vol. 5, p. 310

² “What’s in a name? That which we call a rose / By any other word would smell as sweet.” William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet* (New York: Penguin, 2000), Act II.2, 43-44, p. 39. The context (the love-sick Juliet desperately trying to convince herself that the family feud between the Capulets and Montagues will not come between her love for Romeo) suggests that Shakespeare (probably the English language’s single greatest poetic namer) does not endorse such a neutral view of names. Would a rose really “smell as sweet” had we named it a “stink-blossom”?

³ See Digne Meller Marcowicz, *Martin Heidegger: Photos* (Frankfurt: Vittorio Klostermann, 1966); and Adam Sharr, *Heidegger’s Hut* (Cambridge: MIT Press, 2006), pp. 25, 43-6.

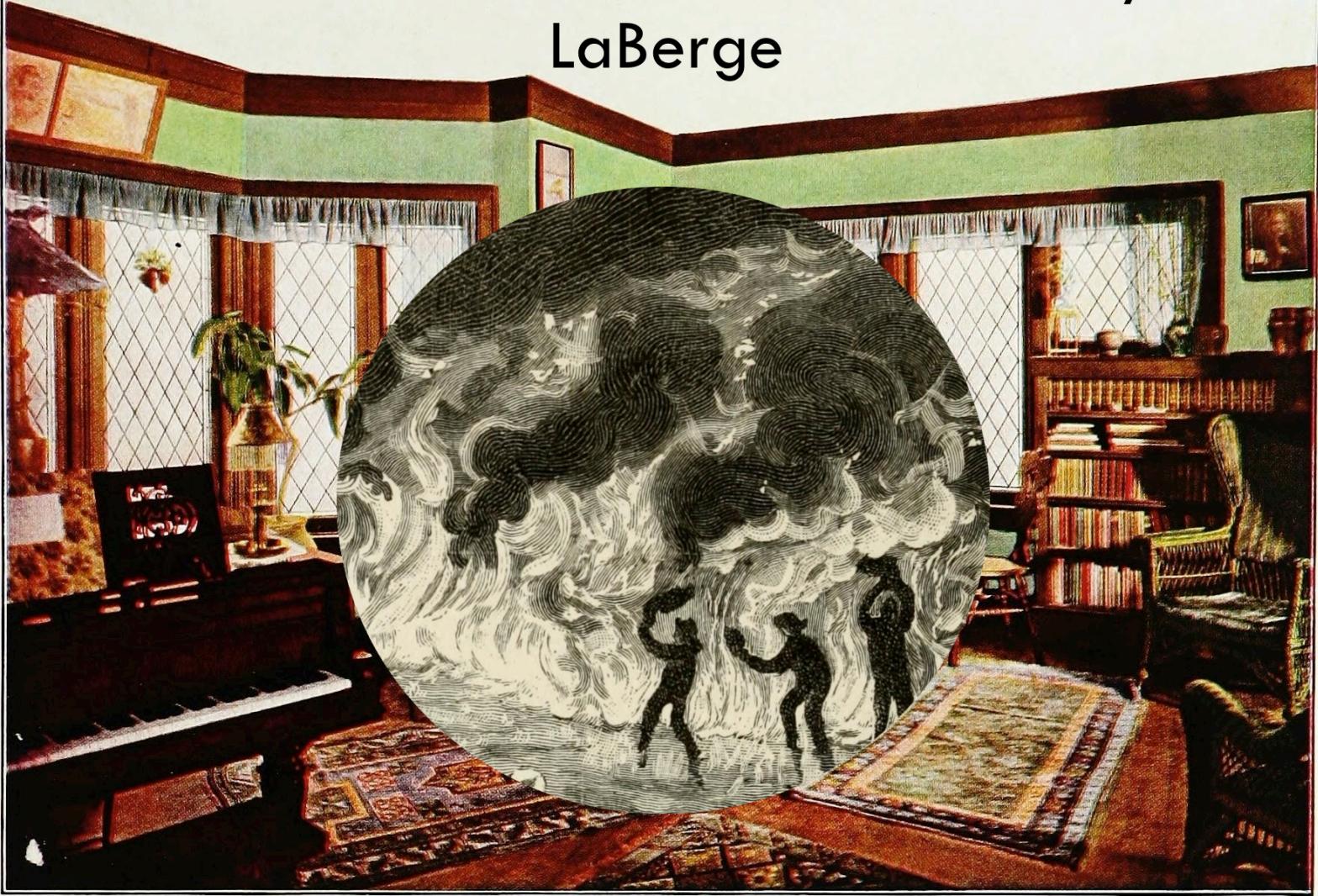
⁴ The very possibility of such a partial escape from language is what Jacques Derrida famously denied when he said that “There is nothing outside the text.” Heidegger would respond that the “nothing” outside the text is the positive “noth-ing,” i.e., the not-yet-a-thing, from which new words and

meanings continue to emerge.

⁵*Hölderlin's Hymns "Germania" and "The Rhine"* (Indianapolis: Indiana University Press, 2014), p. 24/GA 39 23.

⁶Charles Taylor influentially calls this an “expressivist” philosophy of language because it roots language in self-expression—specifically, in the self’s expression of being, that apparently inexhaustible field of intelligibility that new words repeatedly help “disclose.” Taylor traces this neo-Romantic view back to Johann Gottfried von Herder [1744-1803], a thinker who helped influence Heidegger’s later understanding of language. On “naming into being” as the very essence of language, see 1934’s “Hölderlin and essence of Poetry,” 1934-35’s “OWA”; and my *Heidegger, Art, and Postmodernity*, ch. 3 (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2005). On Heidegger’s expressivism and its relation to Herder, see Charles Taylor, *Human Agency and Language Philosophical papers, Volume 1* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1985) and Joachim L. Oberst, *Heidegger on Language and Death: The Intrinsic Connection* (New York: Continuum, 2009).

MARCOS CANTELI translated by
LaBerge



confluencia en Nostalgia

del la apreciación de las hojas (o pétalos que me vienen de Pound) al
vientre de pájaros de la *Madonna* alienta idéntica vela: por las ruinas de
tu lengua cedes cuerpo a tu edad

confluence in Nostalgia

from the appreciation of leaves (or petals that come to me from Pound)
to the belly of birds from the *Madonna* the same breath keeps vigil:
through your tongue's ruins you cede your body to your age

mudar: así la vida

poner de relieve

la ficción de corona trenzada ☒ al envés, magia y caza de una metamorfosis tejido obstinado, que es este amor de pintura ☒ mudanza que permite leer el corazón desde un principio de desligamiento (un par de hilos en la pulsera de Oaxaca), ardor de madreselva que entro en desamparo ☒ yuxtaponerse, con esa extrañeza de que lo que pinta no es mano sino ojo ☒ *es* un ramaje (no un ramaje pintado) que opaca la lengua y deslía esa raíz tuya que flota

to mutate: life in this way

to put into relief

the plaited crown's fiction ☒ to the underside, magic and hunting of a metamorphosis's obstinate textile, that is this love of painting ☒ moving that permits reading the heart from a beginning of detachment (a pair of threads in the Oaxacan bracelet), honeysuckle's ardor that entered in neglect ☒ to juxtapose oneself, with that strangeness from what it is that paints is not hand but eye ☒ *it is* branches (not painted branches) that darkens the tongue and dissolves that root of yours that floats

y a quien decir

que hay por exceso o retracción telarañas en los ojos, una
constancia enrejada de un peso que habla en sueños ☒ que la
mano de pluma frota (porque sin destello no hay mutación ni
paraje al cebo) sustancias íntimas en respuesta somnámbula ☒
que es pensamiento guardado en generosidad casi sexual ☒
que

esta clemencia entre artos

ojos de arce
labios también
como ocaso ardiente es bifurcación
mía

y muy ensangrentada

and to tell whom

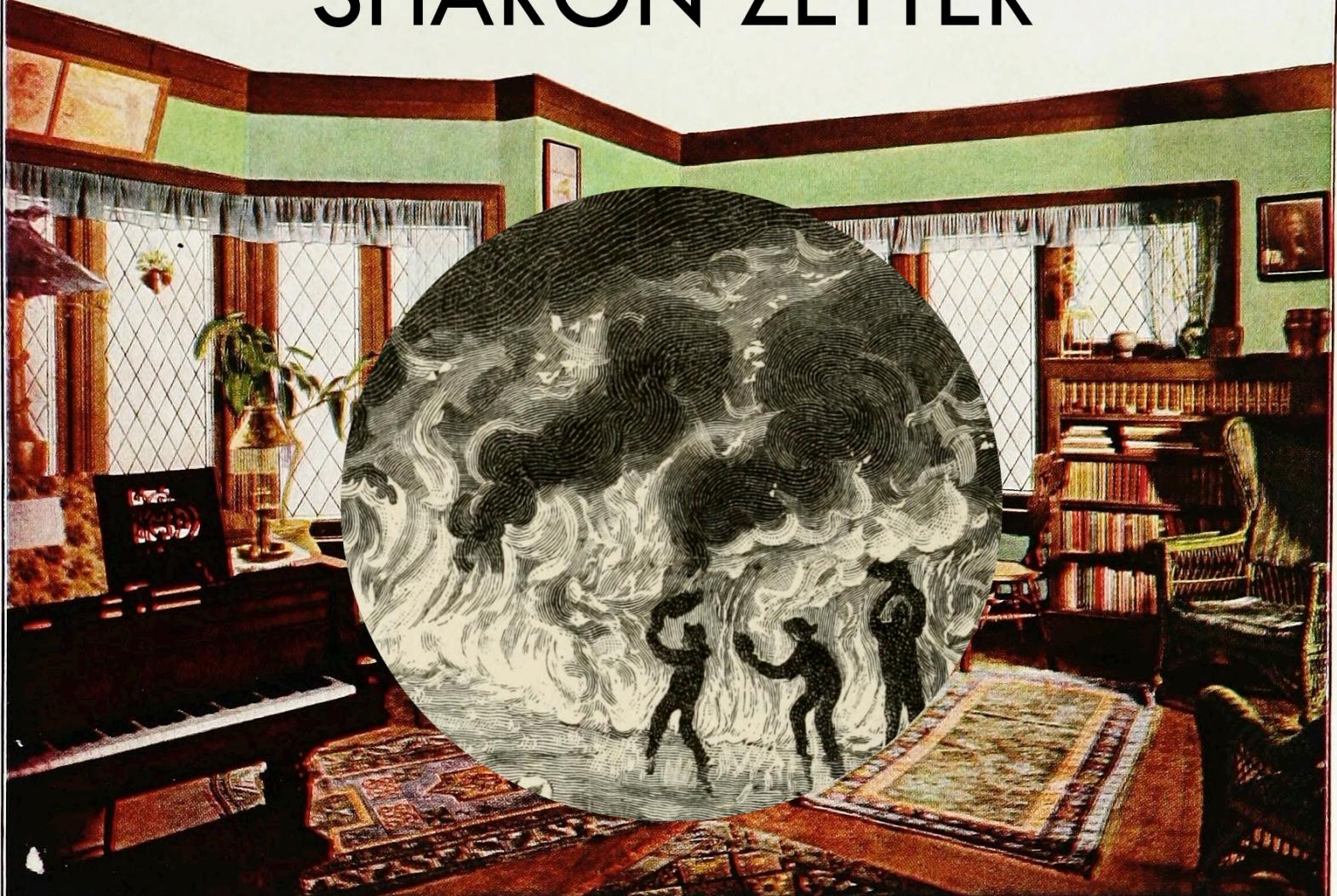
that there are by excess or retraction spiderwebs in the eyes, a
constance grated of a weight that speaks in dreams ☒ that the
feathered-hand rubs (because without shimmer there is no mutation nor
place to the bait) intimate substances in somnambulistic response ☒
that is thought guarded in nearly-sexual generosity ☒
that

this clemency between boxthorns

maple's eyes
lips also
like ardent sundown is bifurcation
mine

and very blood-stained

SHARON ZETTER



One

How
one is
To be
found,
how
one is
doing

How
one is
tired
or
tuned
a certain
way

Rare Animal

For Avital Ronell, Hélène Cixous, and Judith Butler

The landscaped light

Of unbelonging

We write language

From the dark

A woman

Or

A genre of construction

She has become

a kind of geranium

Fluorescent glares

A murderous compulsion

Where fog is

A stolen watch

She does not receive

His form
Appears to her
As a mountain lion
What cyclone fence
Slow walking
Amidst a crisis
Of lights
A start-up machine
Post translation
Neon pyramids
Breach
Inkblot bodies
A fictive blood
Defined by rupture
A scream runs
Down the street
With her throat cut off

On Rome

We exhume
our bodies
from their concrete shrouds—
ligature suspended
from ceiling.
A burial
in the Recoleta.

Unicursal weights:
like the substance
of a cadaver
falling
from staircase.

Through a manifold
of dreams

you reveal
an attachment
to landscape

as we land
from room
to elation
(each artifice coining
to every
dead cell).

You require becoming—
yet remain grounded
in an essential dread.

Hail falls
from another part
of the heat—

nightly firmament

instead of purpose.

There is not feeling,

only

an accompanying dull

when official bodies

arrive.

Caverns purple

your mouths

in a glass

while we stand

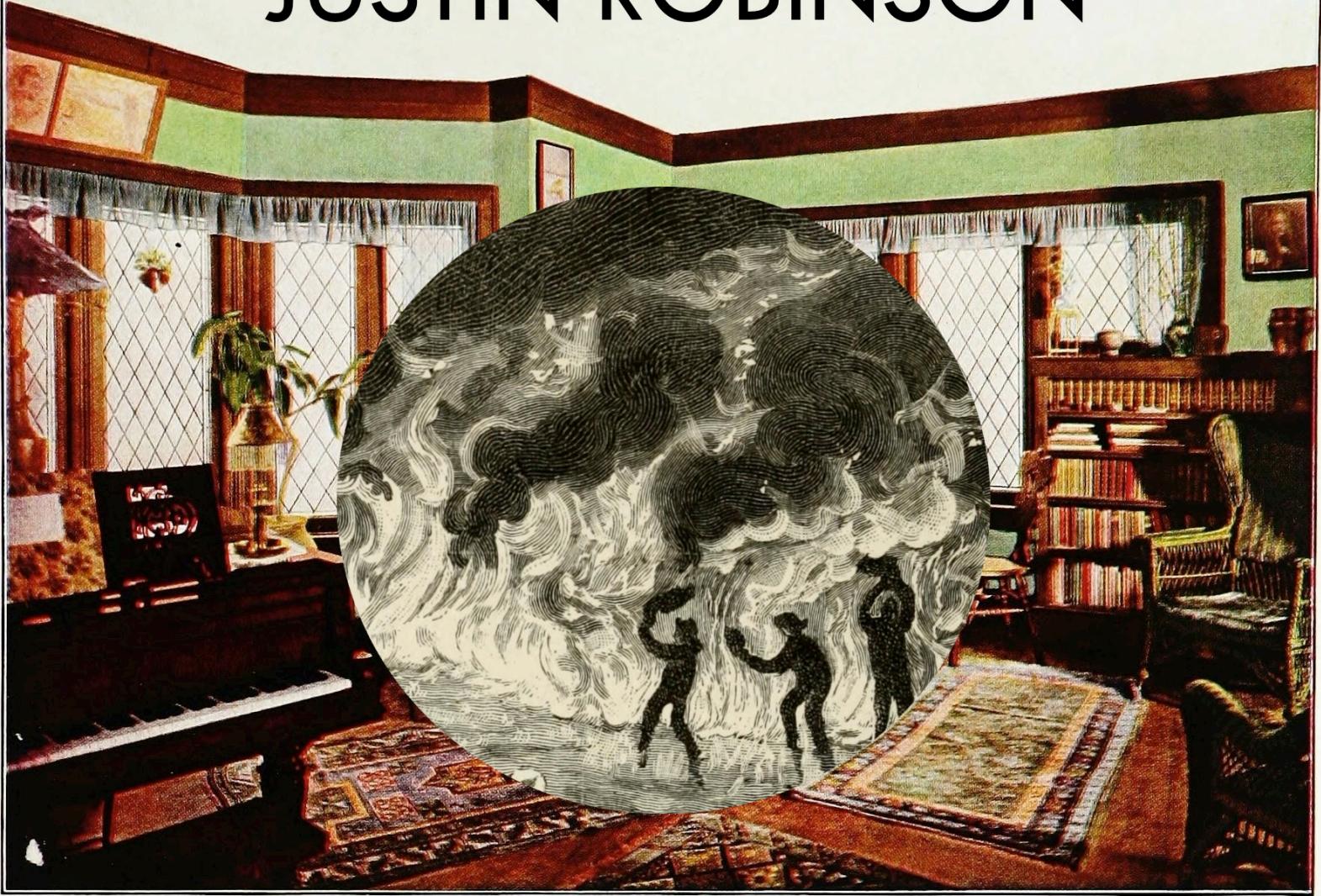
in relation

to the well.

One final greeting

for the bull's arrival.

JUSTIN ROBINSON



from Rose

*

Mend the beginning

Bled

Time's creases

Liquid

Silhouette

Into

Stone

*

Vine strangled

Ice shapes

Speak shadow into light

Stay

*

Overgrown eyes

19, 23, 26

Crossed

Bearing language

*

Fingerless hands

Semblance

Sleep forest

Limbed

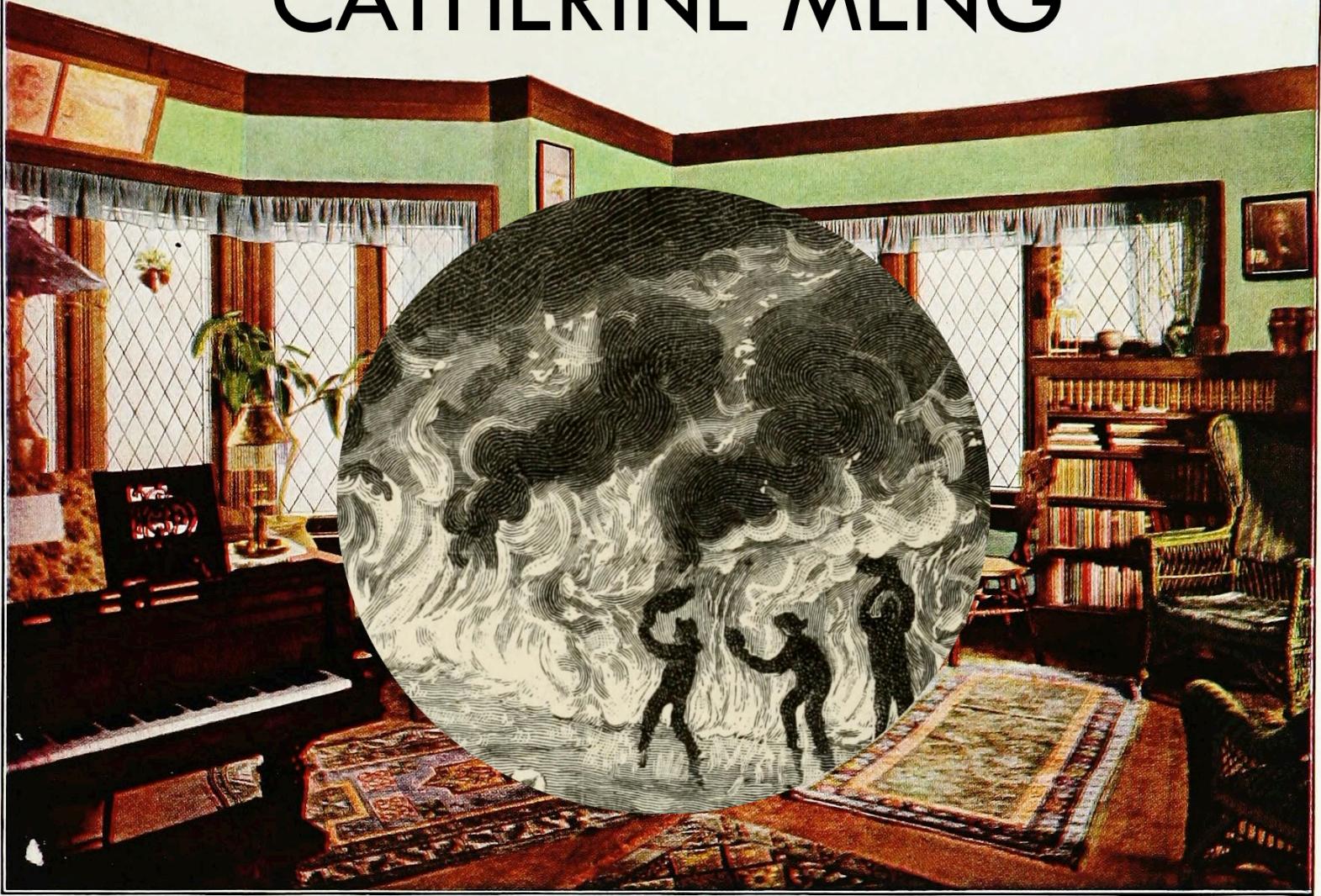
*

Peat bones

Square of light

The
Rains
Fell
Whispering

CATHERINE MENG



Arroyo 1

This is a story, told
often sung sometimes hummed
or tapped out in code
but strung
from one to the next
a moving forward
in & out
of dappled light
of blocks of night
& swaths of sun
moon glow & star point
gripped by hoarfrost
choked by snow
made fluid by deluge
given voice by gale
cutting a path in the earth
girdled by rabbit brush
& juniper
studded by car tires
beer cans & sneakers
the occasional
shopping cart
spray painted gold

Arroyo 2

A story of ongoingness out of place & at once
pinned like a crime scene
to exact coordinates on a map

there behind the KMart
in the arroyo that runs by the library
then curves to hug
the outer edges of an old barracks
with a murky past white-washed a shade

less circumspect
by the promise of betterment
although ghosts can't see
facade or read
grant applications

how the pitch is off
or on
depending
because
isn't it the place
that is returned to
& the former person who is left
to twist

Arroyo 3

the horizon's koan
is that it creates a desire
to trap it

pinned down by the grid
the lack
seems less daunting

soft edged like the wind
or is the wind itself
opening through

as any cattle rustler knows
walking stream beds
leave no footprints

& when a ghost story
includes two brothers
one is bound
to kill the other

but from the voices
sometime heard arguing
long after the water
no longer runs
it's impossible to tell
which one

Dig Out the Stump

before the train comes
we plait each other's hair
sitting in the shade of juniper
in the slopping dust & shale
eyes trained on the invisible
river

as for the gone tree
a crone came after the snows
& when our gaze was elsewhere
she lopped its head
& upper boughs off
the ones reaching skyward
at the most severe
angles

it was a dying thing to begin with
planted clumsily
too shallow
& its torment was keeping
her from sleeping

we watched from the breakfast window
all spring
& through summer
as the remaining stump
tried to leaf
& then immediately yellowed

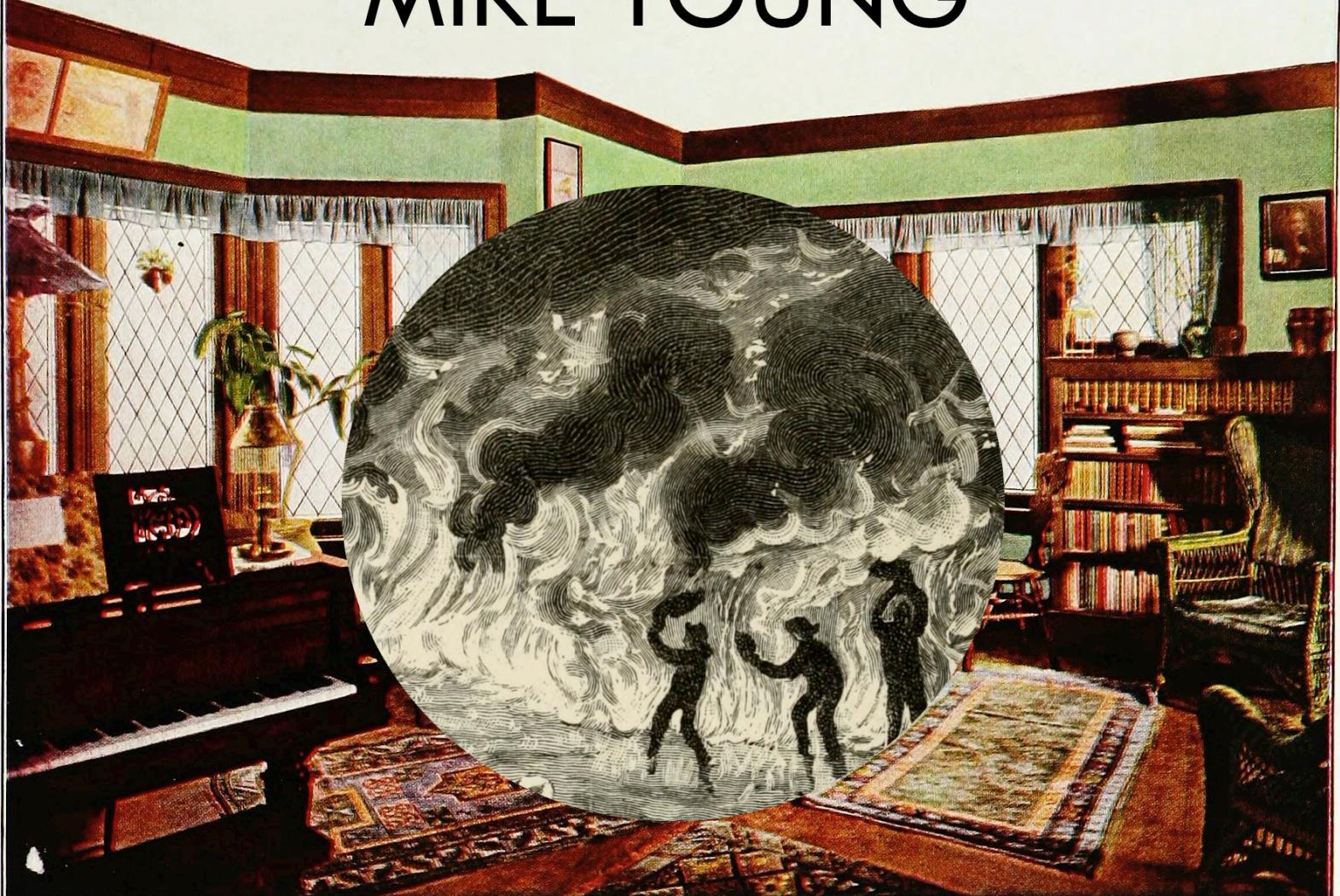
the crone returned to her seaside
& still sends us postcards

of birds,
porcelain-faced dolls
stuffed with french coins
& once a device from Japan
for cutting
zucchini into spirals

& the tree is still there
but it's not

at the top of the whiteboard to-
do list
it says: dig out the stump
for now
the neighborhood cats
like to shit
beneath its phantom dapple

MIKE YOUNG

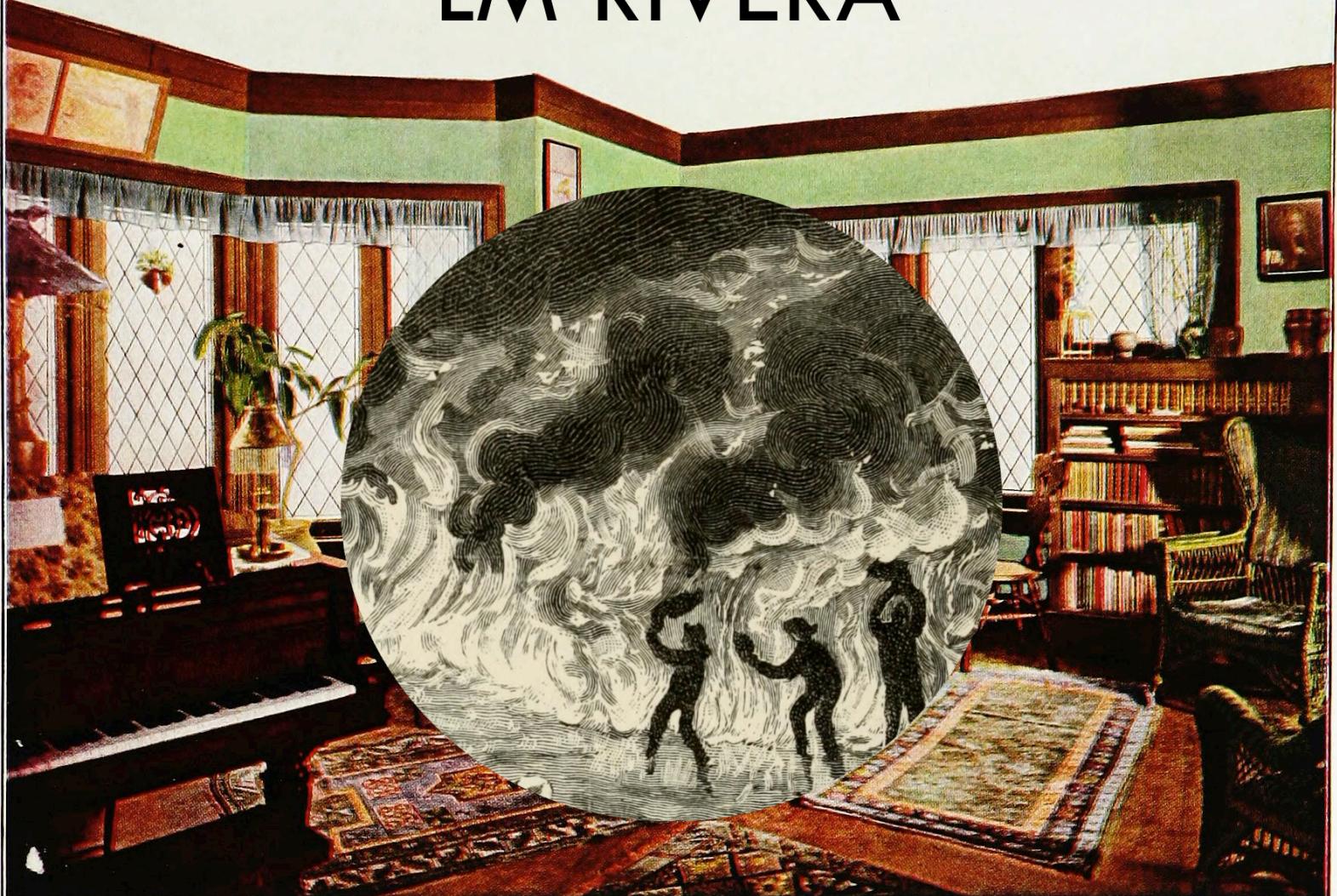


The Widows Who Ran the Next Town Over

In town, widows fed deer. An oilman had installed them for his mother when his father passed. She bought one crate of chestnuts, then another. At first, she and her friends cataloged each deer with a different nickname, but they admitted to mixups. One of the widows started the joke to call every deer Gail. This stuck wildly. A widow would see another widow at the back of the drugstore and yell "Gail!" Both would laugh so hard the pharmacists would drop their pestles and run over, cradling the widows by the elbow. A widow in another town sent the oilman's mother a postcard. Two months later, she moved into the mother's house. Soon the mother's floors were piled with dunes of pillows—some frilled, some burlap, soft or stiff to individual taste—and napping widows. Her son bought out a local tannery, had it dynamited, had a park built in its stead. There was no fence. A stone path, cracked deliberately with goldmoss, slalomed through the shade of Turkish hazel. Under these trees, widows played rummy. They sent runts in overalls for tonic and limes. They broke the tonic bottles, swept the bottles, sold the glass back (via the oilman's brokerage) to a distant bottle factory. They invited men and women walking home from work, day and night, to sit in for a hand, dollar ante, whereupon it was discovered this rummy was unlogged in any manual. When a motorist hit a deer in a crosswalk, the widows sat crosslegged in the streets. Row after row of polished shoe buckles, shined to a pierce. City business gummed up. An emergency ordinance declared the deer untouchable. The widows stood. Word fluttered out. Rumor was ratified. New widows signed leases for vacant bungalows and ground story studios. They slid into commerce and government. Postal workers carried black umbrellas. Penny caramel dispensers marked all four cemetery gates. Grade school lasted all year but let out at noon. Red sand banked up along curbs, filmed over dish towels, confused cigars, crunched in eyes. Every Valentine's Day, the oilman would send his mother's house a tin of chestnuts and inquire after the

health of all persisting. The widows would boil the chestnuts, introduce them into circulation, and return the oilman a thank-you card with a pressed chrysanthemum pruned to resemble antlers. Eventually the oilman himself passed on, but he left strict instructions: his affairs were to be “animated in all customary fashions for as close to indefinitely as his sustained investments would allow.” When a new widow first tried to feed a deer, the deer would blink, quiver, and bolt. In tears that surprised and annoyed her, the new widow would seek counsel. An older widow would explain: you had to soften the boiled chestnut in your mouth, exaggerated, so the deer understood. “Like so,” the older widow would say. Mouth open, she would roll the nut with her tongue across her bottom lip, then spit it into the new widow’s black-gloved hand.

LM RIVERA



The Louts

for Mark A. Gooding

Tautologies, as we know, are eternal returns of the same: hermeneutic circles unperturbed, non-disturbed, intact, and benign. Accordingly: language is the writing of a language or a language is the writing through of language(s). No external site of activity commands the discourse/definition. Hereafter: A language is a writing is a language is a writing is a poem...

&c

Save, for one event: the site of activity activating the site of language; an activation in an unfolding production (non-commoditized in its radical activation). Does this active defining threaten to close the circle(s) again? Is it itself a tautological de-limiting—a recursivity endlessly borne? Yes and no. Both, and. And, yet, some THING has been advanced. Namely: a theoretical cut through the circle: a disturbance, a pathway, a Poem: not nearly a totality but, rather, an originary mark. The advancement of a contingent delineation: de-marc-ations and the naming away!

Epiphanic

genealogies

rise

in

the

way

a

book

may

fall

to

the

floor

after

being

slapped

out

of

another's

hand

then

knocked

off

like

a

hat

into

a

gutter

or

an

ancestor

vehemently

weeping

or

a

son's

head

opening

to

reveal

a

parable

lost

by

vast

attentions

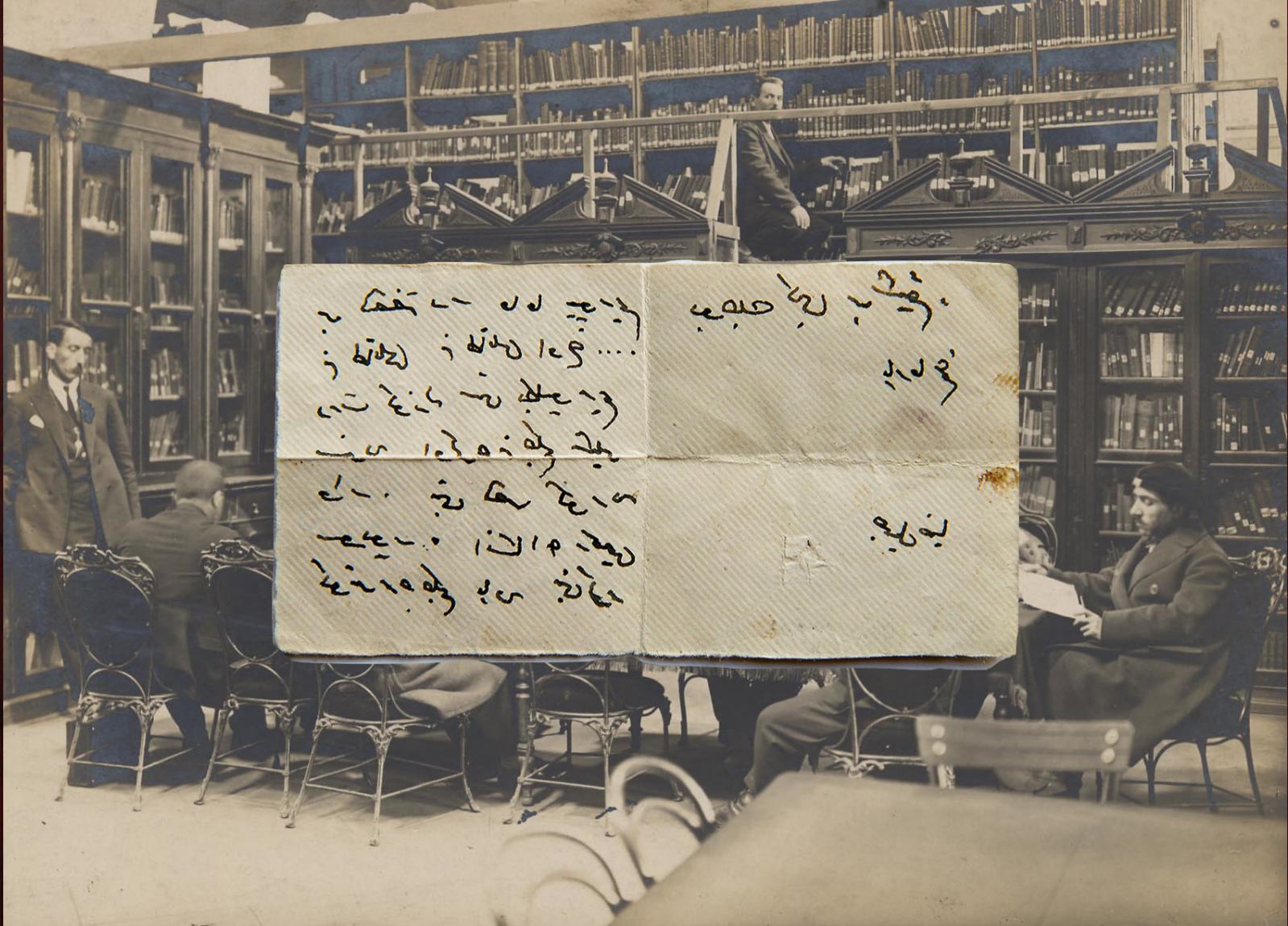
in

ballads

of

absent

fathers.



مكتبة لجامعة حلب
الطب
جامعة حلب

جامعة حلب

جامعة حلب

جامعة حلب

جامعة حلب

MARIE CLAIRE BRYANT



In this life you are never ready to leave

I heave the suitcase over three fences

One at a time

I sat down on the stage

and fell fast asleep

and they buried me nearby

and on a day not unlike today

they buried me

the first book is hopeful

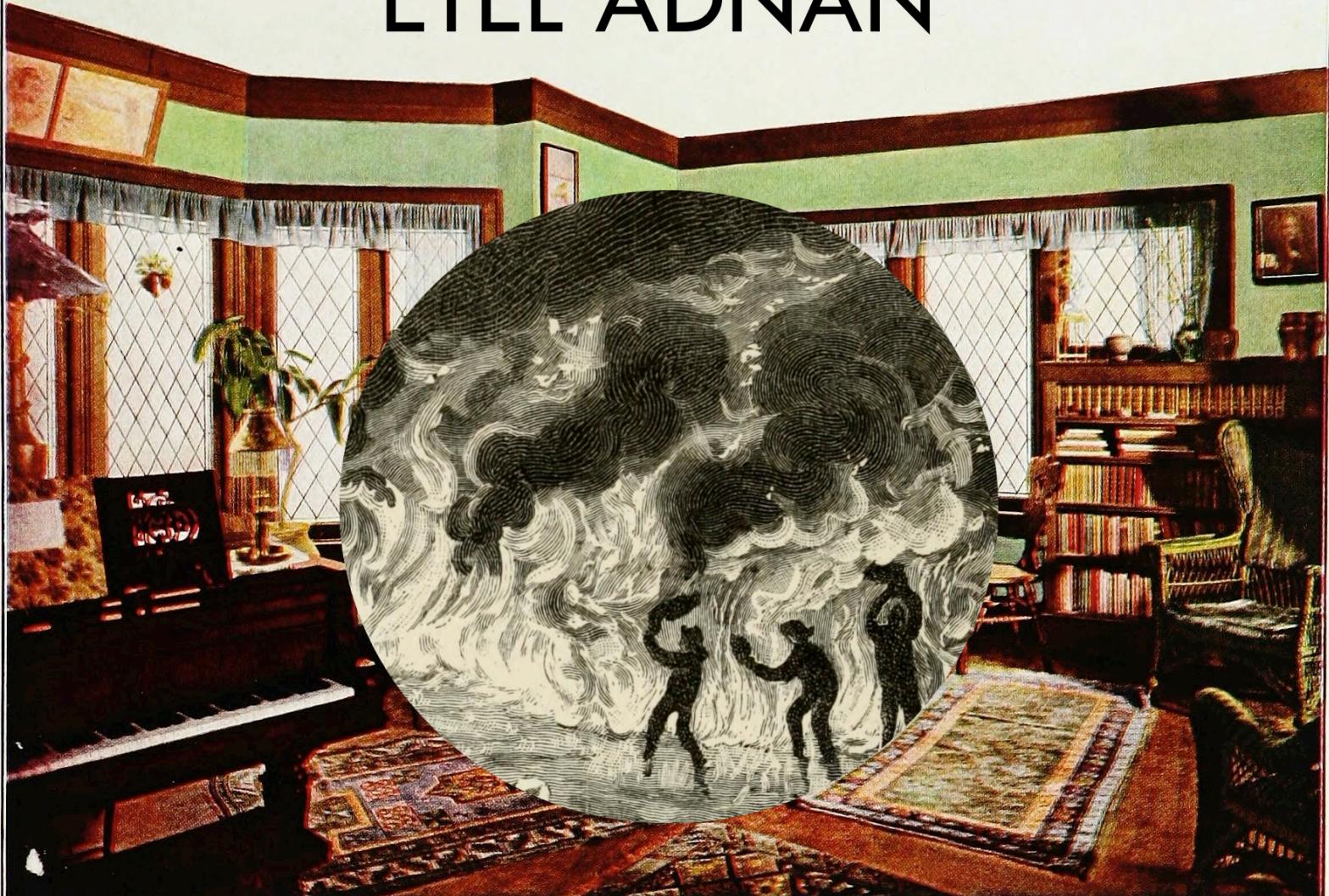
the second book is painful

the third book is boring

the fourth book is dying

the fifth book is unsung

ETEL ADNAN



je dis que je n'ai pas peur
de mourir parce que je n'ai
pas encore fait l'expérience
de la mort

死んだことがないから
死ぬのはこわくない
とわたしは
言う

I say that I'm not afraid
of dying because I haven't
yet had the experience
of death

أقولُ لَا أَرْهَبُ الْمَوْتَ
لَا نَفِيْنِيْ لَمْ أَخْتَبِرْهُ بَعْدَ .

sur les murs d'une chambre
surchauffée des images sur
papier se fanent comme mes
os dans un lit

on the walls of an overheated
bedroom images on paper
wither like my bones in a bed

暖まりすぎた寝室の 壁に
貼られた 紙の上のイメージは
ベッドの上の私の骨のように
萎れしていく

فوق جُدران حُجْرَة
شَدِيدَة التَّدْفُعَة
صُورٌ مَرْسُومَةٌ عَلَى وَرَقٍ
تَجْفَّ كَمَا هِي عَظَامِي فِي السَّرِيرِ

les femmes aiment la nuit
qui cache leur
manque d'amour

女たちは愛の欠落を
隠してくれる
夜を愛し

women love the night
which hides their
lack of love

النساء يُحببن الليل
عندما يخفي
افتقارهن إلى المحبة .

elles veulent des nuages
qui ne font aucune ombre
sur la pauvreté du souvenir... et
leur étonnement se déplace

they want clouds
with no shadow over
the poverty of memory...
while their astonishment
moves on

貧しい記憶に
影を投げかけることのない雲を
望んでいる・・・
そして 驚きは場所を変える

و هنّ يُرْدَنْ غُيومًا
لَا تَرْكَ أَيِّ ظلَالٍ
فوق ذَكْرِيَا هنّ الْقَلِيلَة... .

le jardin d'automne ne suffit pas
à notre impatience. je suis exilée de
mon territoire intérieur depuis
qu'un amour perdu m'a quittée

the autumn garden isn't enough
for our impatience. I am exiled
from my inner land since
a lost love left me

秋の庭も私たちの焦慮に応えてはくれない。
失われた愛がわたしのもとを去ってからというもの
自らのうちにある領土からの
亡命者に わたしはなった

حدائق الخريف لا تكفي نفاذ
صبرنا. وأننا مَنْفَيَةٌ
من أقاليمي الحميمة
من يوم هجرني حُبُّ ضائع

le bois durci d'un prunier menace
une galaxie inconnue de tous, et la
parole emprunte le trajet réversible
de la lumière pour porter secours

the hardened wood of a plumtree threatens
a galaxy unknown to all, and the
word borrows the reversible path
of light to bring relief

コケモモの固い幹は
誰も知らない銀河をおびやかし、
助けをもたらすため言葉はたどる
逆戻り可能な光の行路を

الخشبُ المتيسّ لشجرة برقوق
يهدّد مجرّةً بجهلها الجميعُ
و الكلمةُ تستعير المسارَ المرتّدَ
للضوءِ لتأتي بالنجدة

les tribus rassemblent leur acrimonie
le jour du marché ; le soleil fend l'unique
fontaine

市場の立つ日 部族は刺々しさを招集する
日の光は一つしかない泉に
亀裂を入れる

the tribes bring their bitterness on
market day; the sun fissures the only
fountain

تَجْمُعُ الْقَبَائِلُ شَرَاسْتَهَا
يَوْمُ السَّوقِ؛ وَالشَّمْسُ تُصَدِّعُ النَّبْعَ
الْوَحِيدَ

Omar Khayyam m'a demandé de partager son vin. j'ai dit oui. j'ai partagé sa mélancolie et demain j'irai le voir dans la terre qu'il est devenu

Omar Khayyam asked me to share his wine. I said yes. I shared his melancholy and tomorrow I will go see him in the earth that he has become

オマル・ハイヤームが杯を共にと言ったのでわたしはうなずき、彼のメランコリーを分かち合った。明日、土に還った彼に会いにいこう

عمر الخيّام دعاي لأن
أعاقره الخمرة. فاستجابت له
وقاسمته حُزنه وغدا
سامضي لأراه في التّراب الذي صاره

avec chaque être assassiné dans
nos pays de soufre et de cuivre
se lève une nouvelle volonté

with each being that is assassinated
in our country of sulfur and copper
a new will rises

硫黄と銅でできた私たちの国々で
暗殺された各々のいきものと共に
一つの新たな意思が目覚める

مع كلّ شخص يُغتال
في بلادنا، بلاد الكبريت والنحاس
تنهضُ إرادةً جديدةً .

voyage, ô voyage !
l'ultime feu qui ravage l'air
dévoile des terrains sur lesquels
nous allons marcher sans but
et sans fatigue

voyage, oh voyage!
the final fire that ravages the air
unveils the soil on which
we will walk aimlessly
and without fatigue

旅よ、旅よ！
大気を我が物顔に荒らす最後の火は
私たちが 目的も疲れも知らず
歩くことになるだろう
領土をあらわにする

سفر، آه للسفر !
النّار العاتيّة التي تغزو الهواء
تكتشفُ عن حقول سنسر عليها بلا هدف
وبدون كُلْ

l'hypocrisie des forts nous protège
de l'espoir. je préfère les feuilles
jaunies par la pluie aux fausses
victoires

the hypocrisy of the strong protects us
from hope. I prefer leaves
yellowed by the rain to false
victories

強者の偽善がわたしたちを
希望から保護する。偽りの勝利よりは
雨に黄ばんだ木の葉の方が
ずっといい

نفاقُ الأقوياء يحمينا
من الأمل، وأنا أُفضل الأوراقَ
التي اصفرّت من المطر على الانتصارات
المزيفة

alors j'écoute le vent. Il fait bon
vivre là où l'on meurt, où les légendes
sont éteintes... nos tombes seront aussi
légères que les ailes des anges

so I listen to the wind. It's good to live
where there's dying, where the legends
are extinguished... our tombs will be as
light as angels' wings

そこで、わたしは風の音を聞く。自分が死ぬ場所、
伝説が死に絶えてしまった場所で
生きていくのがいい・・・私たちの墓は
天使の羽のように軽いだろう

و أنا أُصغي إلى الريح. يلذ العيش
في المكان الذي نموت فيه، حيث المخرافات
مُنطفئة... وقبورنا ستكون أيضاً
خفيفة مثل أجنحة الملائكة

il n'y a pas lieu de craindre ceux
qui insultent notre insoumission,
les vaincus auront toujours le
dernier mot

let's not bother to fear those
who insult our insubordination,
the conquered will always have the
last word

私たちの抵抗を侮辱するものを
恐れる必要はない
征服された者たちは いつも
最後には語る言葉を持つのだから

ليس ثمة مجال للخوف من أولئك
الذين يهجون عصيانتنا،
للمهزومين الكلمة الأخيرة
دائماً

j'habite un invisible qui n'a ni
salle de bain ni entrée.
l'invisible n'a pas de propriétaire.
le rêve n'a jamais de murs,
et il n'y fait jamais froid

浴室も玄関もない、不可視の場所に
わたしは住んでいる
見えないものは所有物を持たない
夢には壁はなく
決して寒くもない

I live in an invisible that has neither
bathroom nor entryway.
the invisible has no owner.
the dream never has walls,
and it's never cold there

أسكن مجالاً لامرأياً
لا حمام له ولا مدخل.
لامالك للأمرئي.
أبداً، ليس للحلم حوائط،
وهناك، لا يشعر المرء بالبرد

et mes ombres s'allongent
sur mon corps quand il dort,
et le ciel cesse d'être bleu, et
la lumière attend

... and my shadows stretch
over my body as it sleeps,
and the sky ceases to be blue, and
the light waits

．．．そしてわたしの身体が眠るとき
わたしの影たちはその上に横たわる
そして空は青さを失い
光は待っている

... وتمدد ظلالي
فوق جسدي عندما ينام،
وتكتف السماء أن تكون زرقاء
والضوء يتنتظر

Notes: COLLABORATIVE COLLAGE (p. 29, 52, & 79)
text by Johnny Boucher and images by LM Rivera

COVER/INTERIOR ART: LM Rivera
LAYOUT/DESIGN: Sharon Zetter

QUOTES from Adam Fagin's "Root & Whether": Susan Howe, Caroline Bergvall, Emily Dickinson, Robert Smithson, John Ashbery, Lisa Robertson, Cecil Giscombe, and Paul Celan.

SELECTIONS from Etel Adnan's chapbook *Le 27 Octobre 2003* include translations from the French by Sarah Riggs (English), Ryoko Sekiguchi (Japanese), and Khaled Najar (Arabic). Reprinted with permission from Tawbad (2008), Collection Alkacida; livre 15. ,



A classic living room interior featuring light-colored wood paneling on the walls. A large, ornate fireplace is positioned against the wall, flanked by two tall, thin floor lamps with dark shades. Above the fireplace hangs a framed painting depicting a scene from Greek or Roman mythology. To the right of the fireplace is a large wooden cabinet with glass doors. On the far left, a dark sofa is partially visible. In the center of the room is a brown armchair with a small side table holding a white bowl. A small round glass table with gold-colored legs sits to the right of the armchair. The floor is made of light-colored wood planks.

One never reaches home.

HERMANN HESSE

FIN

FIN

FIN