

JOHN BLOOMBERG-RISSMAN



Tristes presentimientos de lo que ha de acontecer

IN THESE DAYS
OF RAGE

**In These Days of Rage (*With the
Noose Around My Neck 35 & 36*)**

John Bloomberg-Rissman

**Locofo Chaps
Chicago, 2017**

This is a mashup. I'm so post-. © whoever holds copyright in my original source materials. All I take credit for is the assemblage itself.

Cover: Francisco de Goya, *The Disasters of War*, and Jake and Dinos Chapman, *Sad Presentiments of What Must Come to Pass*, (2003). Same © arrangement as above.

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Chicago, USA, 2017

At the same time it is possible to read Joey the mechanical boy as a matter of (a particular course) as “exactly what you would expect” from late industrial capitalism. Not only because, as Canguilhem and Deleule argue, the machinic and the human are historically inseparable because “machines can be considered as organs of the human species (Canguilhem, 55) but because “what else” could a flow of signs that include Taylorism, *Popular Mechanics*, Turing machines, the space program, WW2, nuclear weapons, and “stream-lined” kitchens, produce but ...

+++

You have been disconnected. Do you wish to
reconnect?

<Julu> perfect love is always interruption.

<Alan> cut my nipples from my breasts: plant
them.

@cut @plant @grow Soldiers of the Golden
Fleece

<Julu> and they have black bellies of black
bombers

cut into straight and rigid angles

and just so reflecting radar

everywhere across your body's violent hills.

@havoc - @#\$@^&\$)(%\$(*&#\$\$%& [noise is on
the line]

+++

You have been disconnected. Do you wish to
reconnect?

@love

=====

(so much for nostalgia

or plotting the poem in advance)

beep.

beep. probable passage of clarity maintained [sic] by
subliminal direction of message through cortical centres.
verbal wipeout! verbal wipeout! internal criticism of
structure to maintain balance will now be established. all

readers will fashion seatbelts and fasten. FASCINATION!
FASCIST NATIONS! predicated police control of
sentence structure to conceal emotion, justifiable paranoia
in face of anti-matter actions towards ... WIPEOUT!
WIPEOUT! wondering where the surplus would come
from, wondering what the surplus was, the theory of note
blacking and line worrying was celebrating a thousand
years of bursting, it was already there as something else
from someplace else,

always,

the only laws I don't dismiss: love your neighbor, puff puff
pass. And dand. "Hi again," he wrote. "Perhaps I did not
describe my question clearly: Have you used this starter
before? I wanted to ask about the taste of the resulting
bread." And h dand. Bumped. Peat in the sky — viper's
crisp. Which takes us to a central question about *Iron Moon*.
Is this poetry that happens to be about migrant labor or a
manifesto about migrant labor that happens to take the
form of poetry? This is, of course, a schematic way of
putting things, for the argument's sake. And reading the
book — and watching the film, to which we will turn
below — will hardly move anyone to simply tick one of
the boxes. To be sure, Qin's introduction and Goodman's
afterword are more about migrant labor than about poetry.
But why shouldn't a poetry anthology be socio-politically
motivated, and why shouldn't its makers say that it is?
There is, for instance, Xie Xiangnan "Work Accident Joint
Investigative Report" — a kind of found poetry, almost a
ready-made — on a factory worker whose finger is severed
by a die-cutting machine. Her name, work number, and
other details are duly supplied. And Xu Lizhi's

I swallowed an iron moon
they called it a screw
I swallowed industrial wastewater and
unemployment forms
bent over machines, our youth died young

So what are pyroglyphs? Flames, sparks, combustions, scorch marks, the many-hued glow of fevered metals ... a vise crushing a timber, a stack of books ... a voice we thought we'd never forget ... In PYROGLYPHS, fifteen (or eighteen) monitors (at first I read "monsters") are arranged in a circle on the floor facing up and inward at a 30-degree angle ... *Poor thing, one says, did you see the fear in her at 4:54?* But that is a different video. In this video, the famous Egyptian bellydancer Fifi Abdo dances up against the camera, on a table, the long room of revelers and revelers' limbs behind her. Their arms looks like snakes. Fifi Abdo rolls around on what seems to be a blue table. A child rises from the carpeted floor. She reaches into the air, then hugs her own body, then bends her arms above her head. Behind her is the screen of a television which shows nothing but the color blue. Also behind this child is an empty pink doll buggy. A stout, faceless figure in a gray bathrobe quickly moves past the open door. Another dancer is bending at the waist: she is hopping and flapping again, her arms extended like wings. Sort of. If they are wings, they are the wings of a flightless bird. On the television screen a photo floats, then diminishes: the photo on the television is of an empty apartment's interior (this apartment), then a woman (this dancer), pointing a finger or crossing her arms. There's a man ... He wears a thick gold necklace. Like all photos on this television, he disappears. On the shelves are cans of vegetables. On the shelves are small plastic cups filled with fruit. Thus, for example, the image accompanying plate 10 of *America* (a devilish youth rising in flames from the bottom of the page) seems to fit much more closely with the speech in plate 6 ("The terror answer: I am Orc") than with the text that appears in plate 10 itself ("Thus wept the Angel's voice") — which actually seems a much closer fit with the image in plate 6. Which is to say that it turns out, with enough McDonald's sausage patties, your ass become a piñata full of flaming snakes. From here Araki travels by train to Ginza, and after a few photographs, he is on back on the subway headed northeast to Kita-Senju, where his wife, Yoko Araki, was born and raised. On foot he cuts

south to nearby Minami-Senju, then goes little further down a street which takes him into his own neighborhood of Minowa in east Tokyo. Following a quick lunch — he snaps a couple finishing up their soba, the man looking off to the side — he waits again on another station platform and catches another train — this time to the neighborhood of Kagurazaka, where his small office and darkroom were located at the time. After a few photos along the shop-lined hill for which the area is named, he heads to the next location. While all of the other transitions in the book are illustrated with literal images of transportation, a pair of butterflies floating above act as the jump into the next section: Tokyo's vibrant Shinjuku district. Shinjuku is a hub of commuters, shopping, and nightlife. Araki would explore Shinjuku nights a decade later with *Tokyo Lucky Hole*. In the backgrounds we find references to other coordinates from Araki's world: Kinokuniya Bookstore, for example, where *Sentimental Journey* was first put on the shelves, a sign for DUG, his favorite jazz bar. The final quarter of the book takes the viewer to a cheap theme park in Asakusa, and afterward to an all-girl revue with short-skirted cancan girls. Finally, leaving the theater, Araki is back on the streets, then onto another subway platform, and finally back on the train headed home. If at first glance the pictures appear to lack the action or form typically idealized in street photography, viewers who look a little harder will be rewarded with captivating details. Within a single frame it's easy to spot several things that would have excited Robert Frank or Garry Winogrand, but Araki was doing something else: working with the feeling of the city instead of recording its characters. Making a plain picture is easy; making a memorable one with a Winogrand "punch" a bit harder, but taking the Atget route is perhaps the most difficult of all ... Or not. Imagine that you died, your entrails are yanked out and bathed. Then you are ground up and stuffed into those intestines. I'm not a vegetarian but it's useful to think this way to understand the atmosphere of the Baroque. And fittingly, the same night we were looking at Nathalie Djurberg's work, we also came upon a video of large brown turds, inflatable

ones by Paul McCarthy swaying in a public park in Utrecht. The raid yielded no significant intelligence, US officials told NBC News on Monday. Earlier this month, however, Pentagon officials said it produced “actionable intelligence.” So, too, did White House press secretary Sean Spicer, who initially called the raid “highly successful.” OK. Call me Ishmael. Sing the whole of the song that includes the line, “All that could not sink or swim was just left there to float.”

That is the way things happen; for ever and ever
Plum-blossom falls on the dead, the roar of the
waterfall covers
The cries of the whipped and the sighs of the
lovers
And the hard bright light composes
A meaningless moment into an eternal fact
Which a whistling messenger disappears with into
a defile ...

to _dance_ the archive / archive the dance:
subaltern forms shifting screens a consequence of
broken frames it is at the intersecting of the two:
the lozenge it is at the intersecting of the two:
the lozenge shifting screens a consequence of
broken frames to _dance_ the archive / archive
the dance: subaltern forms

dance \ archive :: archive \ dance

as in :: paper _negatives_ :: frame-by-frame
preservation
archive as architectonic, chthonic :: primordial
primordial dance as architectonic or _relapse_ ::

| | f | r | a | m | e | - | s | h | u (etc.) ffling | | :: matrix-
deconstruction

Then the gods gather in great whirlwinds. They gather at the boundary and look across. They see whatever may be

absent but it is beyond their reach; they have no arms and legs and their voices do not carry them farther. Vast cataclysms of orange energy sweep from their hungry faces. They speak unknown languages and even I do not know their languages. I did not know nor ask why they are gods. Now there are questions framed by the whirlwind and the boundary. The sky here has no energy. Or rather is all energy, parceled by lines determined by a metric space. It is spectral blue. Sometimes at night arms and legs of kami push out through my skin, distort me. Painful partial births; in the morning I look and see nothing ... But language, that is Western culture, was more than some recumbent artifact to be used or not as the intelligentsia saw fit. Its place in their lives had been established long before they found the means of mastering it. Indeed, they were themselves in part defined by those languages of rule and commerce. In Frantz Fanon's poetic description, they were Black skins under white masks. CLR James has quite effectively captured this contradiction: Césaire and I were talking one day, and I asked him: "Where do you come from?" He said, "Well I grew up in Martinique [and went to] the Victor Schoelscher school." So I said: "What did you do there?" He told me: "Latin and Greek and French literature." And I said: "What next?" He said, "I went to France, and I went to the Ecole Normale Supérieure." I said, "Yes I know that school. It is famous for producing scholars and Communists." (Césaire was one of the first in each department: he was one of the finest scholars and he was a notable Communist.) And I said: "What did you do there?" And he said: "Latin and Greek and French literature." And then I said: "Where did you go from there?" And he said: "I went to the Sorbonne." And I said, "I suppose you did there Latin and Greek and French Literature?" And he said: "Exactly." He said, "But there is one thing more." And I asked: "What is that?" He said, "I went back to teach in Martinique, and I went to the Victor Schoelscher school, and there I taught Latin and Greek and French literature." So when Césaire wrote his tremendous attack upon Western civilization, *In Return to My Native Land*, and said that Négritude was a statement

for some concepts of civilization which the Black people had and which would be important in any development of civilization away from capitalist society, he was able to make this ferocious attack upon Western civilization because he knew it inside out ... He had spent some twenty years studying it. So had my dad. His first car was a 1971 Ford Fairlane, which my grandfather gave him when he turned fifteen. His second was a 1985 Honda Accord, lead gray. His third was a 1990 BMW 850i, navy blue, which he killed my Uncle Neno with. His fourth is a Ford Ranger, smoke colored, which we are driving across the Atacama Desert as I write, looking out the window, considering the sky, considering that

it has no distance is therefore not
even space but just nothing,
for if you went to the moon, you'd
have to go to the other moon, and
if you went to the other moon, you'd
have to go to still a further moon,
and if you went to a further moon,
how many more moons? How many
snowflakes? How many snowstorms
of snowflakes? of universes of
moons do you have to visit before
you'll learn there is only no meas-
urement and therefore no distance
and therefore you must have a
moon in your eye lash inside an
atom of its tip and so roadtrips

do that to me. I mean, it gets pretty brillig all up in my slithy tove, so I calloo-callay beamishly, but you know what they say: when we refuse to consider the value of knowledge that is rooted in the body, in the psyche, in paralogical experience, we fail to challenge colonialist, post-Renaissance, Euro-Western conceptions of reality. And yet, it's almost impossible to overstate the importance of pollinators in our ecosystem. Take bees, for instance. A bee transfers pollen from a male flower to the lady bits of

female flowers. A few days later, a baby watermelon or apple emerges. While bees are not the only pollinators we have (bats, birds, butterflies, and some flies can do this work, too), for a number of reasons, they're by far the best creatures for the job. But back to the original question: if honeybees are raptured, are we ... done? "Everything I do has the smell of digital." And the psychedelic pollution floating in the Gowanus Canal. Dear John, today marks the one-year anniversary of the assassination of Berta Cáceres, murdered by US-backed Honduran government-backed death squads on March 3. Like many who knew and worked with her, I was aware that this fighter for indigenous people wasn't destined to die of old age. She spoke too much truth to power — not just for indigenous rights, but for women's and LGBTQ rights, for authentic democracy, for the well-being of the earth, and for an end to tyranny by transnational capital and empire. Since her murder, it's ever more clear what her community says: Berta did not die, she multiplied! Grassroots International is honored to stand with COPINH (the Civil Council of Popular and Indigenous Organizations of Honduras, which she founded) to mark this day — both in La Esperanza and globally with ongoing activism and support. Grassroots International supporters have helped provide much-needed funding to COPINH to assist with additional security measures and also advance the vital organizing to protect the Lenca territory and sacred river from those seeking to privatize it. Soon we will share more information about actions you can take to support the "Berta Cáceres Human Rights in Honduras Act" when it is reintroduced in Congress. This bill would end the US government financing of corrupt and repressive police and military forces in Honduras, implicated in hundreds of murders of community leaders like Berta. Fat chance of that passing. Did you ever wonder why fat chance and slim chance meant the same thing? 'In Intuitionist Mathematics, it is posited that what we call infinity is equivalent to a pure human feeling.' Did you know that either 18 or 19 US Presidents, depending on whether you count Buchanan, owned slaves?

- = inhalation (hard)
- = exhalation (hard)
- = hissing (whistling between the teeth like the sound of a snake)
- = rattling in the throat
- = growling like a dog (like a dog about to bark)
- = grasping (gasping?) (hoarse sound) made with the windpipe by pulling up the belly
- = sigh (made simultaneously by the windpipe, mouth and nose)
- = snoring
- = hiccup
- = cough, clearing the throat
- = belch
- = clicking the tongue
- = farting sound (with the lips)
- = (crackling (as in imitating the sound of an auto))
- = spitting sound (a sort of poo-pah-pitooey together)
- = kissing (noisily)
- = whistling (simple, not melodic)

Which translates as *it's extraordinary we might have ten years left and we might have thousands of climate change-induced attack dogs (no metaphor here, I mean actual canines) give or take infowars zero hedge and all phenomena are empty except those that make up the entire universe life turned out to have nothing to do with us don't send love send bitcoin extinction rattle has anyone ever written so many songs for animals gulag vacation with unlimited stay*. A structure in the center of the space — a sort of abbreviated house with half-built walls and uncovered studs — set the stage. As I looked around this structure the top portion of a wall concealed a man rocking back and forth in a folding chair. I could only see the bottom half of his body. His toes pressed against the floor, his heels against the front legs of the chair, and his hands were folded neatly in his lap. Dan. I had met Dan a few years earlier and saw him fairly often, but was surprised that some part of me not only knew the rhythm of his rocking, but also what his ankles looked like.

I turned the corner and in another section of the structure I could see his whole body, again sitting on a sort of chair but now elevated much higher, leaning forward and staring into a television. He was slowly shaving his beard with an electric razor from top to bottom on one cheek. I was confused. I doubled back to the bottom half of the man I was so certain was Dan, to see if he was still there, and he was. This first Dan still sat in his chair rocking back and forth, while the second Dan persisted in shaving (so much that I thought he'd surely take off a layer of skin) and staring into the TV. Watching what? A worm being eaten alive by a woman competing for money. Since dolphins can't move their faces, though, they always look like they're I dunno, animals make lots of decisions, some decisions are minor, such as whether to walk to the right or left of a rock. *Fwoosh! Fwoosh!* Amen, Amen and Amen. What I mean to say is — *what?* A molecular robot is an artificial molecular system that is built by integrating molecular machines. The one developed by this research group is extremely small — about the size of a human cell. It consists of a molecular actuator, composed of protein, and a molecular clutch, composed of DNA. When the input DNA signal was 'start,' the clutch was turned 'ON,' and the robot changed shape. One said, "□ The barn was very large it smelled of hay, centaurs, and hookah pipes.□ To get there we hiked for three days, our legs were like leg-flavoured jelly.□ Maybe the cheese was attracting mice, I didn't care because I am a friend of the Mouse People.□ A T a m 6 T dot I a U G l iiii 09876543210 1 woom moom woom moom moom Foom ooom ... w E m M m m T□□□ moom moom moom moom moom. □ 'Come here!' 'Turn into a bee!' etc. □ There are three beautiful shimmery frogs living in my sink: Max, Ronke, and Enzo." And yet, when one looks more closely, it becomes clear that Žižek's reading of du Maurier is far more complex than this. In the first place, implicit in the connection that he draws between the melodramatic excesses of her works and their embarrassingly direct staging of fantasies is an argument regarding the relationship between fantasy and form — an argument that suggests that melodrama is the

form both by and through which literature most directly stages (and accesses) our fantasies. In the second place, *this is a story of a fight for working people told from the workers' point of view*. So please click on the image and then make it larger if possible. Then allow yourself a day or two of returning to bed, to cultivate your inner world. Drink tea and read books on things like “radical beauty” by Deepak Chopra, an unlikely but optimistic beauty consultant, which will lead to going upstairs, eventually, and massaging one’s entire body with heated sesame oil. We had a house-guest from Senegal this Fall, Abulaye, a newly-arrived immigrant to these blatant shores, and he took one look at our shower, removed the no-slip mat AND the shower curtain, then stepped in. I had just done my Ayurvedic routine in it, and so this did not go well. He slipped, horribly, and didn’t tell us he had banged his head until we were up in Rocky Mountain National Park photographing the bored ubiquitous elk and he needed to sit down. In any case, this archipelago consists of ten principal islands, of which five exceed the others in size. They are situated under the Equator, and between five and six hundred miles westward of the coast of America. They are all formed of volcanic rocks; a few fragments of granite curiously glazed and altered by the heat, can hardly be considered as an exception. Some of the craters, surmounting the larger islands, are of immense size, and they rise to a height of between three and four thousand feet. Their flanks are studded by innumerable smaller orifices. I scarcely hesitate to affirm, that there must be in the whole archipelago at least two thousand craters. These consist either of lava and scorïæ, or of finely-stratified, sandstone-like tuff. Most of the latter are beautifully symmetrical; they owe their origin to eruptions of volcanic mud without any lava [...] Considering that these islands are placed directly under the equator, the climate is far from being excessively hot; this seems chiefly caused by the singularly low temperature of the surrounding water, brought here by the great southern Polar current. Excepting during one short season, very little rain falls, and even then it is irregular; but the clouds generally hang

low. This brief display implies what is to come: many flickering letters put into motion and shaped into patterns before receding back into a blank screen. For example, the simple statement of the poem gradually forms on successive lines, sometimes letter by letter,

THIS
IS
THE
SENTENCE
THAT
THE
WIND
BLEW
HERE.

Entes ... Entes ...

GHOSTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTRAIN

“ECARASEMP”
“REVAIDICA”
“RACONTRAO”
“CORODOSIM”

St Matthew meets St David meets St Orm meets St Ranglehold meets St Luke meets St Gregory meets St Rain who gave birth to St Iff and St Ave this is the oldest family. They might ask each other why are we here? The offerings are top notch: Cheese and Onion Pudding, Chard and Saffron Tart, Creamy Asparagus Timbale, Whole Baked Eggplants, Rhubarb Fool, and Almond Pine-Nut Tart. We will work! We will feast first! Then we will work! cool at last a connection, i luv your pics ... jus got to my apartment and feelin kinda nauty, so I'm goin to take a chance wit u haha ... txtme lets talk more, num is +1-814.923 .0942 0r if u like blabbr — dollydimples61, you can find it in the app store. So yes, conditions in the migrant camps in Libya do suck: one 17-year-old boy brought to safety by MOAS told us how he had been forced to fight other detainees for food. Which sounds like

something out of *The A Team*. Who killed the world? We forgot to water, we forgot to open the flue ...

the military workhorse
throttled up
to milliseconds

enna bleed
bussy a fect'l

When I returned, years later, I found the same random patterns there on the wall. As Katsumi Omori said, "I must go to Fukushima. I must shoot the radiation (though it cannot be shot)." The resulting film imbues a concrete world with dream logic as it flows through three parts: Argentinean suburbs, Mozambique's liminal grasslands, and the dense green of a Philippine jungle. But work isn't stable or guaranteed, though that doesn't seem to weigh too heavily on anyone. Their task remains enigmatic, more so after a coworker pulls out an odd black cone. Screens, wires, disarray, outages. But fuck that shit. Misha Mengelberg just died. Strange how I watched a video of him playing with Bennink and Dolphy just the other day. I'm glad we were cotemporaries, as they put it in the 19th century. Think about it. A good word. Co ... temporaries. I advance cautiously, on all fours at first, then find the earth penetrable, my limbs entering the soil as I move forward. Where it had seemed cold, the effects of the cold have passed; where there was weight, weight is undifferentiated, the pressure valve

turned two quarters to left
traces of hair & skin
twenty-three by twenty-three harmonic inches
every slant is a tooth, albeit soft
in the polystyrene conference hall; those
that meet well eat first the head down
sucker in structure, no moon to take
the whole the day off.

Then Avalokitesvara despaired as he looked down into the hells which were rapidly filling up again even though he had emptied them many times through his teachings. He became so disheartened that his body shattered into thousands of pieces, true to his original vow. He cried to the Buddhas for help. Of the ones who came to him, one was Amitabha Buddha, who became his teacher and helped him take on a new form — a female one with a thousand hands to provide aid to those who suffered, and with the eyes of Wisdom in each of the palms. And thus Avalokitesvara became the goddess Kuan Yin. Then Kuan Yin despaired as she looked down into the hells which were rapidly filling up again even though she had emptied them many times through her compassion. She became so disheartened that her body shattered into thousands of pieces, true to Avalokitesvara's original vow. She cried to the Buddhas for help. Of the ones who came to her, one was Amitabha Buddha, who became her teacher and helped her take on a new form — or forms, I should say, visible and invisible, each and every one of the “ten thousand things”, from subatomic particles to songs to galaxies, each with a myriad thousand hands to provide aid to those who suffered, and with the eyes of Love and Wisdom in each of the palms. And still the hells filled, seemingly faster than the speed of light. At this point, Gert of the Well starts laughing. He knows the Sultan is going to want to hear his story, tho there is nothing to be learned from it. He pulls himself up off the bed and goes into the bathroom, the relief of his old age. Blue and sea-green tiles gleam on the floor and the walls. The big basin occupies one whole side, two yards in length. It can be filled continuously from two pipes that pour in hot or cold water. The water, heated in a cistern on the floor above, is allowed to flow in as one wishes, and mixes with the cold water that comes down through the other pipe. He immerses himself in the warmth of the basin, motionless. Let the Sultan wait. This is all we want today. And yet ... and yet ... and yet the world swirls around us. We wake up in the night with just each others and admit that even while we believe that we want to believe that we all live in

one bed of the earth's atmosphere, our bed is just our bed and no one else's ... So Huey calls a boycott of Cal-Pac. That led to us picketing Bill Boyette's. Now I think there were about thirty guys in this association: liquor store and tavern owners. One was an ex-Raiders football player. I got to know him personally. His whole thing: "What do you want? I'll give you. You guys are doing good work." Bill Boyette was the guy who said, "No we don't want these Black Panthers, and we're not giving them a damn thing." So we focused in on Bill Boyette's two liquor stores. We put pickets up in front of these stores. So, getting down to the nitty-gritty, like I always say, the local alcoholics — community alcoholics, you know? — they've got themselves a little change, they're going to want a short neck of wine, or something, and they used to come into Bill Boyette's stores, right? So instead of cussing the local drunks out, I go all the way out to my man that owns the other liquor store. I say, "What is that, the alcoholics drink?" He says they got Tokay. He gave me two cases of this wine. I take it back over there, I say, "Now when the drunks come up, Huey, tell them you'll give them a short neck of wine if they march in the pickets." Next thing you know, all the Oakland drunks, instead of going into the store, they get in the picket line — they're drunk as a skunk — "Boycott Bill Boyette." So that's how you do it. Dear Angel of Dust. You have become familiar in my neighborhood like the lady with the gold turban staring fixedly, silently, desperately through the window of Twin Donuts. You have become as familiar as the man with the face of wrinkled black velvet picking at mismatched sneakers, one with laces, as he hugs his knees bent over the bench in front of Häagen Dazs from which he battles 10-foot demons. What are you thinking behind your eternally-smiling face as you walk in and out of stores of with the wind chimes you hawk, bunched together like a handful of dead chickens? What are you thinking as the mobiles which need only wind to sing are rejected again and again? Dear Mama, you said it again when you watched me read poems at the Library of Congress of these here United States. Not bad for an immigrant. Dear Angel of Dust.

Etcetera, etcetera ... Bahala na ... relationship, recovery,
revelation, redress, rebellion, red, restoration, renaissance,
redrawing, review, re_____ ... from 147 Million
Orphans. Dear Angel of. We watched F_____ slice
mushrooms delicately then spread thin segments on wood
planks to dry under the sun. Dear Ange.

This tree will never grow. This bush
Has no branches.
I wonder how our mouths will look in twenty-five
years
When we say

I don't understand why half the world is
still crying, man,
when the other half of the world is still
crying too, man ...

I wonder how our mouths will look in twenty-five
years
When we say

Tomorrow never happens, it's all the
same fucking day, man ...

We'll look like seaweed thrown
Against a pier

A dead starfish on a beach

All the oceans of emotion [full stop]
Are full of such fish

[Note: Sources: *At the same time ... produce but*: Hilary Strang,
“Delusional Circuitry”, quoted in Timothy Dreckrey, “An
Itinerary and Five Excursions”, in *Stelarv: The Monograph*
(ed. Marquard Smith); +++ ... ===== Alan Sondheim,
“Sewn in You”, in *.echo; (so much ... WIPEOUT!*: bpNichol,
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Andy; in *The Alphabet Game: a bpNichol reader* (eds. Darren

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John Bloomberg-Rissman has spent the last dozen years or so working on a long project called *Zeitgeist Spam*. Parts published so far: *No Sounds of My Own Making* (Leaf Press, 2007), *Flux, Clot & Froth* (Meritage Press, 2010), *A Picture of Everyone I Love Passes Through Me* (a collaboration with Lynn Behrendt, Lunar Chandelier Press, 2016), and *In the House of the Hangman* (Laughing/Ouch/Cube/Press, 2016). Additionally, he “authored” the “conceptual” work *2nd Notice of Modifications to Text of Proposed Regulations: Regulation and Policy Branch, California Department of Corrections and Rehabilitation* (Leaf Press & Laughing/Ouch/Cube/Publications, 2010). He is also the editor or co-editor of several volumes: *1000 Views of “Girl Singing”* (Leaf Press, 2009), *The Chained Haynaku* (Meritage Press & xPress(ed), 2010, co-edited with Eileen R. Tabios, Ivy Alvarez and Ernesto Priego), and *Poems for the Millennium 5: Barbaric, Vast & Wild* (Black Widow Press, 2015, co-edited with Jerome Rothenberg). He is now at work on the next section of *Zeitgeist Spam*, *With the Noose Around My Neck*.

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Eileen Tabios (ed.) – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry*
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