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              **Joseph Reed**



The people hanging from ropes in the woods are those who drove and accompanied the cars the day before. An exchange of positions takes place here (underscored by the inverted positions on the ropes), with the former package people taking the active role. There should be no less than five bodies suspended, although all car people may choose to hang this way. If less than the total (of, say, eighteen), the others should sit motionless beneath each rope and join in the answering and the calling of names. When called from afar by the package people, the answer is simply “here!”, “here!”, “here!” until each body is found and violated.

—Allan Kaprow, *How to Make a Happening*

Especial care should be exercised in the preparation of reports; pencils should be kept sharp, and good carbon paper used to insure satisfactory duplicate copies. When the carbon paper no longer makes clear duplicates, ask for a new supply.

—Willis Moore, *Instructions for Voluntary Observers*

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Kari Larsen

## I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles

### I

Imbibition was out of control on my copy of *Hived*. The reds bled. Faces veered into furniture, walls out of hands. When the main character, Lina, screamed, the black cellar she was locked in went livid with blue currents—on my copy it did, before the VHS broke, when I watched it every day. At the time I was also walking around a grey cement-block complex, and I always saw a dark-blond-haired girl in her living room watching TV, and eventually I was going on walks just to see her on the couch the color of skin in the sun, matted smooth.

The back cover of the VHS box says *Hived* is “based on the testimonial of” a girl who grew up in a cellar. I saw the girl, and she grew swerved but beautiful. The assumption that there was more to her than having been locked in a cellar arose with all the obviousness of a shriek at the sight of a spider.

The famous photo of her coming out of the cellar shows her determined to droop from the stretcher and root in the floorboards streaked with bulb flash. The juxtaposition of gorgeousness

and ravagement is so striking that no *after* is hitched up to the photo when it appears in supermarket checkouts. Also never hitched to it, nor to the back of *Hived*, is the fact that she did not write a testimonial: she wrote a book, not about a cellar, called *I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles*. Copies are rare; I cannot find one to keep, and for me this makes the book a problem. I abhor that which compels me to keep. I give away everything: pressed leaves, antennae, sterling locket I never open from addresses I don't know.

## II

*I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles* is about Sora, who had been an actress. She takes a train home. By the time her parents are upset, I forgot she was going anywhere, toward parents or Kansas—the author spends pages on the undulant pale-like-skin and pale-green fields she passes, with nothing to tell if they were wheat or soy. Twelve page-spreads are spent on the tertiary details of a party: the amuse-bouche twitching in peoples' hands, the state of the bathroom sink before and after the milling through of certain guests, even the temperament of the caulking. This is because Sora overhears a conversation, not about twitching or caulking but “moving a tree.” This phrase was circled, but not by me. My copy is

property of the Cherryvale Public Library, but there are no names on the card in the back. No one noticed when it was gone, but it is back now.

Scarce mention is made of Sora having been an actress, twenty-two and unexpected at home and unwilling to talk about Hollywood or her scuffed-to-death steamer trunk or anything. If anyone touches her photographs, she screams. Her parents' fits of rebuke are the only moments anyone knows anything. She wants nothing but to stalk around the porch and roads she never frequented and wash Lisel, her baby sister with the dollhouse in the crawlspace. Those parts are long and detailed, even when they're just the rhythms of her lather. Things like names like Sora and Lisel and those long parts feel too much to me like uninformed wishes. A lot of people think a publicity team wrote the book for the girl from the cellar. She came out with words carved all over her. They were all misspelled and half-finished. But she certainly did not put them there. Not that anyone thinks she did.

I found *Hived* in a stressed-white tub of pilling plastic rings and Depression glass. The other videos were bare except for girls' names in ink that showed up when light-grazed—*Maura, Linda, Ellen, Anne*—and sometimes some numbers, some private indicia. Most of what I know about the girl in the cellar is from the movie, like how her family kept her there. Their fates are not so much as wondered.

And the cover art of *Hived* suggests another story entirely, of two girls curled in a corner, run through with a menacing silhouette. The girls don't look like they have hidden there, are cowering, but like they have been caught.

The movie opens with Lina in the basement by herself, too deflated to do much when someone cracks the door and slits a light across her eyes.

### III

Sometimes she is livid and other times sleeping, the dark blonde, whose tendons must scream.

In the best part of *I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles*, Sora disappears for several days. Lisel soaks unattended for hours until her parents find her freezing and firing off splash-jazzed sighs. The teenage boy who brings Sora back where the reader comes in can barely hide his resentment. The parents think it's for her ungratefulness, how unthinking she is, first to come home unannounced with no news about Hollywood, then to go off and whatever with this young man. They think she must have made some pretty reprehensible movies in Hollywood.

Lisel isn't even scared to get a bath from Sora again. Sora tells her she felt like going on a walk through the shaved field and came

to a creek. Four boys sat around a rock, talking and dry but right by the water and ready. She went into the creek and took her stockings off there, when she was all ready in the black water in the shade of thick black oaks. She had a mind to swim despite the boys, and she had nothing to turn a mind around when she got one.

Did that ever happen to Lisel? A wreath of bubbles adorn her slick face, and she sputters. Sora keeps talking when Lisel ducks under.

One of the boys yelled at her about what she was doing. She stopped undoing the buttons on her skirt, but he only meant by asking what she was doing by living. She didn't have an answer, so they kept yelling: what are you looking at, what's so interesting, are you wet? She swam and felt a rushing current and thought about them worming into her, forty fingers disintegrating her stomach and her skin from inside—but, she tells Lisel, there was no one behind her. And she swam all the way uptown.

She got out of the water on the outskirts of the neighboring town, and in the pharmacy's wide front window she looked at herself: hair blown in radial blots, hairline scratch in her collarbone, leaves in her clothes. She didn't see the boy inside the pharmacy. He yelled, came out and yelled and told her, frightened, that he loved her in *Candlewood Capers*. He could see her through her ravagement, and she never felt so unsafe, she says to Lisel, but he

got closer to her and saw her cuts and leaves and his talking plunged starkly from worship and only got worse in his car. She does not say this—her throat tightens the closer she gets, shuts up the sound around the car—and only rubs Lisel’s wet hair into her face and says, “Don’t think about it,” which Lisel never would. Sora thinks about it, how the boy asked about Hollywood and she told him she’d tell him if he let her drive. She ran the car into a ditch.

This is in quotes, as if she says it in the first person, but she did not say this (she monitored her haywire wants): She could detect “a doing not married to herself”; she could “close up and watch it through slats of light.” In the ditch she felt “an alignment, like [her] own moon had come around to color her in.” She shared that with the boy, and he brought her to his trunk. This is the last line before a blank page where someone wrote, “I cannot bear the directionlessness of my rays. I am bound to set alight only my most vital stars.”

#### IV

I had to stop watching *Hived* and going to see the dark-blonde. I have to feel continuously that I can leave a thing. This is usual: Bruno Schleinsteins slept by doors too, stuffed all his earnings into

a grand piano. I sleep parallel to the light in the hall, the line of light under my closed door, my door close to the front door and the sidewalk-lined major route we live off of, my family. I thought if I knew the dark-blonde was there and I could see her—before I terminated that thinking it was all about protection and love, and those are notions that I need to rebuild yet. I went instead to the dell with the Amish graveyard and the cat-ridden gas station with pumps that say *Judy* and *Heather*. I went to the strip of chains with fluorescent signs with flies trapped in them, dotting up the glow. My becoming so sensitive to the light for being so long out of it does not make dull fluorescents murder to see. Compact fluorescents seem dull but are deadening, emit radio waves, make me throb. My throbbing's not the fault of my weak eyes.

In *Hived* there is a long monologue by Lina. She shrieks and it is translated as “Stop!” and the subtitle sustains the “Stop!” for the entire scene, the text ghosting low in the dark with the blue waves swinging. But what she really says is this:

*Lightning crashed the linden dead on the front lawn! It's in the kitchen window! The east neighbors can see into the upstairs corridor! They can see the mealy carpet and who sleeps where! This place is marked! You will wish you had a cellar to hide in!*

Apocryphal or whatever and buried anyway.

Not much has been kept by the world about the girl in the cellar, and she would like that. I have only seen anything about her in one other volume, an anthology of American crime.

After the glossy sanatorium with chrysanthemum bulbs and cedar-dappled hills and the poor reception of *I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles*, she lived remotely with a bodyguard in Flekkefjord. The paranoid ideations she developed at the end of her life were not about cellars but bodies moving through her freely, unobstructed by the appeal of her skin she confirmed was still there, the bone she confirmed was still there.

She wrote on her body with a dull pen.

An obscure bit I never met otherwise, despite hunting.

All I know is from pieces.

Anne Marie Rooney

Shell of an egg in an effort

Because I am actually a woman, some kind  
and caroling thing, the whole world shines

questioningly at me. As in, as if I do  
this thing of acting full and pink it will careen sweetly

back to meet. The hole-world. How stinkily I can become  
the fully figured word is kind of

depleting the well never-promised. I'd rather this than that  
scrawny inch of lint but really in the night

is any knee-narrowing different? Or slender?  
Or kinned, naturally,

softer than me? Whether my hello wells open  
a dollar or two

dozen does it matter? Girls cannot think or plaster any more  
anchorless than a real thing opens into.

What? Yeses now? Oh please. Master me and hell  
yeses forever folding forwards onto my body

will no longer belong anywhere much less  
be long. Love. And its ordinances. And justice

meaning bodies gallantly presented. Move forever  
and a day from my apple, my sway mounting

staple, my far and away.

## Having gone and unseated

There is a way that I situate words. That I think must be

good. Or that thing within the sound which shudders and  
breaks. Under its hood the place where my shoulder  
falls off. An orange spear to it, the fire, and the nail upon which  
I can thwart my own bad self. If I know how the know-how  
is told, back-waying from your foreground, and everything stops  
making sense in the sundry way of loosening ships. If I say my caboose is lost  
and untoward the guidelines shake, and shakes spin from me

like anchors awing. There is a crook to the fray of your incessant  
phosphorescence. Which does not shift or otherwise shun

to any lofty thing. A word. That goody braid with milk-clipped

middle. If I shook the side of every house there wouldn't be enough  
houses to shear the ham I am. The mother of woundedness. The saying of fog

drying off, of rounding corners, of a dark hill and the stars nightly owned  
by nothing. Nothing's farther. From nothing, and mouthing this faster

how I'd wish

for a sounder today.

Formers (by Alphabet)

ALLEN, DOUGLAS. Frozen lemon. Like sucking a lemon. A frozen one. That was conversation with him. Not at first but fast, lightning quick from easy grin to let's not and say we did. And not much to stare back at. Never anything in bed and seldom in bed, him always at work talking, when he did talk, him talking numbers and schedules and rules. It was brief, it cooled off quick, cold as a frozen lemon, only a few months I think, him now in a refrigerator downtown somewhere brick-silent thinking complicated math.

BAKER, WILLIAM. The escort. Drove me when I needed the MRI. Insisted. Called it companionship. That's what it was, start to stop, no tidal wave or aching thirst just constant hum coming from another room. He cared. He did his best to care as hard as possible. He didn't know what to do so eventually we shook hands, literally, we literally just shook hands like it was a transaction ended, the whole deal done. William Baker who got to see the CD stills of what my brain looks like.

**BRADLEY, STONE.** Real first name. And this already makes it look like it's only tight white guys. Straight white guys. Not always. The main things about him were that he wasn't all that different from everybody else, and shrugged at what we were, and had a broken-bent nose acquired he never said how. Not sure I ever asked.

**CALDWELL, HECTOR.** Like silver and violet sky, everywhere, electric, only electric while it lasted, wide as the sky too, the feeling, being near him, with him, him a lightning rod. A lightning field. A small dark man with expert hands. That was when I first started blossoming symptoms, my own electrical storms. A small dark man expert at looking elsewhere. Over his shoulder. At least he went all the way, silver-medal winner, cheating on me with not one but three random men. He packed quickly and apologized succinctly because he was nonetheless nice.

**DANLEIGH, ROBERT.** The operatic one. Constantly hitting a high C—in bed, at the restaurant, on the phone explaining to me how things were, that there was a distance, and it was between us, and it was growing. He said I was too preoccupied with myself and couldn't get out of my own head. I was busy covering my ears.

DORELSON, ALAN. Nothing much to say. I wasn't feeling well and he was warm to the touch. Nothing much upstairs, no entanglement, just ships passing if the ships are tugboats and the passing is both pointless and painful slow. Luminous hazel eyes, magazine-spread olive skin, styrofoam peanuts in his cranial cavity.

ELLIS, JOHN. Too much like me for me to find much to work with.

GARCIA, FRANK. Afraid of silence. Afraid of me, of my illness, of what to do with ourselves when not 90 mph. Afraid of himself, probably. Afraid of what he could and couldn't do. Brief because you need silence as much as you need a body in your bed that isn't yours.

GROBEL, PHILLIP. A companion like Baker but chronologically prior. A hand-holder. Sharp and crisp and always somehow far away. I was sick then, shouldn't have been involved at all, but he was handy, made being there his gift to me even as he sat in the waiting room as far away as the sunsets in the hospital's pushy-bland framed print. Never could gather enough of a hand for him to hold so he shook loose, let go, drifted far away into the sunset, maybe.

HAAS, STANLEY. Followed me from the bedroom to the ambulance, followed the ambulance to the ER, followed me everywhere, followed me home like a professional stray. Turned his head and looked into you like one. When he ran out of (external and internal) places to follow me when I got tired and stood still he followed someone else, fierce in elsewhere pursuit, but even then a trail of breadcrumbs back.

KENWORTH, DUNCAN. Might as well have been dead. Well-dressed, though. Clean and smelling of something you wished you could touch. Caressable face.

LEE, THOMAS. Different with him, deeper, more complicated like more than one part of the engine malfunctioning at once, an engine that promised mutual gifts, mutual kisses and mutual resentment when we weren't everything the other wanted to hook and pull. But different. An understander. He listened in and most of the time followed along. Start and stop by mutual agreement, let's be friends later, let's not be intense, let's not linger or stare, let's pretend we're going to call each other after it ends.

LUTTER, JACOB. Passed through almost like a ghost in a room so full of ghosts he could barely make it door to door. The time span on him was tight from all the other ghosts already in

my head. Never around long enough to ever even really have arrived.

MICHELSON, MICHAEL. Too much noise in the love-you-too signal. A nine-month sore spot. A whole ocean in his eyes but not yours for wading into, rocks in your pockets.

MOREL, STEPHEN. For bedroom purposes only. No spark despite all the friction.

MULLINS, ALEXANDER. When I got sick I settled into it and loosened the leash of mate-need constantly pulling me forward. He came through and knew me, was an examiner, details and craftsmanship, knew exactly how to fix my hair when I was too sick with sick. Took care of me and floated love like hovercraft, ridiculous but tempting, knew that he had to leave when there was no more care to take. Wanted to be there but missed by a few inches. I was too sick with sick to snap him into place. One you want to know about, past and present, but no hotline to dial for that, no details in the mostly unused files.

NG, ALAN. Contact sports a good few years before either of us knew what we were doing. Before I got sick and got honest. We wandered around in the dark of each other. We tossed coins into

mental fountains, got nowhere, bred misunderstanding, got glassy-eyed and kicked each other out for no good reason other than young frustration like a cloud that wouldn't lift. Still get postcards from him in the form of late-night phone calls full of garbled wish.

**OCTAVO, LOREN.** A lover and a fighter. More fighter than lover. Mostly the fights were more memorable and interesting with you getting front seat for getting your delicate feelings thrown across the room. He knocked everything over in me, but I needed an excuse to redecorate that wasn't hermetic sulk and got it out of him when he was there and a while afterward. Blue-eyed and whisker-slim, and acted like both were historically important.

**PATTERSON, MCKINLEY.** A mess I kept trying to bless. Kept losing his recipe. The deal collapsed in a heap of him missing all the time, missing all along, and me with close-up things on my mind. It might have worked if I weren't then elevator-tight and windows shut. Him probably out somewhere now lips against an anonymous face, no longer anybody's mess, no lingering scent of cleaning supplies.

**PEARSON, GEORGE.** A brief encounter at the nadir. He was there too with a bottle to hug, no arms to hold me, only necessary

flesh to press against. Flawless downstairs though and a formerly sculpted finish before his bother with it stopped for unknown reasons.

**RAKKAE, HNOR.** The one who assumed he could fix me, fast and on a budget, just through distraction. Simplistic pleasures. Best part was his slow-motion smoke-puff disappearing act.

**RALK, CHRISTOPHER.** Careful. Not cautious but deliberate. The one you label in your inventory as the one that got away. Careful with his smile, his humor, his constant even-pressure gentleness, a gentleman, careful with his love and only unwrapping it in private. It was enough to live on. He was enough of something to hold onto. He was something. He held instead of pulled, pushed instead of shoved. He wanted to be there, and odds were he was. Careful not to get hurt, careful not to showcase his acid anger, careful. And then we got reckless and things tore loose and I got lost in could have been, and that was before I even got sick, months before the storm that followed me around, the fog that came and clouded other, lesser men.

**SABELBERG, JOSHUA.** The card-carrying lost cause. Not worth the janitorial bother. Good in bed but grim when fully dressed.

Even scrambled eggs or mixed drinks got solemn, soon tiresome, a murky shallow pool you don't think you should probably get your feet wet in.

STEVENS, EDWARD. Wordless, borderless fucking, constant and for approximately forever, and it was almost enough.

TALENDER, HALWELL. Nothing at the other end of that line, and that was fun, but being sick took time and focus and getting well took more, and he was always only face-close, mostly time-waster, game I didn't want to play because it was too easy, because I mastered it too quick.

TRENT, SAL. Flimsy faith healer. Bad with his hands and his news.

VICTOR, KENNETH P. Like a salt-flat car chase except the terrain never ends and the fuel never runs out. One of the more sincere, at least. Maybe having given him a few more months our nameless whatever could've solidified, and he could've grown into something I could've had a grown-up conversation with. Tried to do things right, never bothered to read the manual first.

WILLIAMS, FELLOW. All he ever did was insist. Which was everything I ever wanted when I was sick, at least for a handful of thin winter months. I admired, when I pushed him away, how fast and far he slid. Maybe still out there, staring out windows, hands in his lap, ready to begin.

Cheryl Clark Vermeulen

from *One Elegy House*

MAPLE AVENUE

Inside Castle Metals a steel salesman, a call  
pattern in line with company goals. Then

a street in the name of a tree, and a real fire  
to tend, with popcorn inside a mesh of metal.

I don't see him fish but eat its reward, the smelt,  
first thumbing out the guts. My thumbs suited

for their tiny bodies. Inside his pipe, burning,  
and packed inside a drawer, the pipe-stem cleaners.

Inside a listener the insides of listening, a persistent  
patience—arms inside arms, a girl, a handful,

and a glanced-at Pinochle hand, and well inside  
the zigzag of couples coming over

some poker game, card tables set up, a tennis  
match, another couple, the doorbell rings, a goal,

a base, above the cheers it rings, one, two,  
now three, the house rings, *it's open, come in.*

IN ONE'S BONES

Out the back window I see him standing,  
jerk my head from back to front to see who  
could be driving now. My mother drives  
a gutted car, the blot of maroon upholstery speeds up  
and the certainty or lack thereof  
of what comes before what. What  
carries sight.

MAY 30

The shudder of

their bodies draped over each other's bodies  
grows into

one convulsing shape

to sprawl. How to enter?

The wall. It frightens white.

Catch something—

The wall. It frightens white.

## Adopting Words and Fathers, Ecology to You

My chest, a glowing phosphorescent blue, turns purplish in the bundle of a red rag.

If you are anything like me your dad died when you were little. Say six.

Father may be thirsty—father may be bound in a.m. or p.s.—the word *father* may be more welcoming than *dad*, someone said to me. Or was it

the problem of being a child.

With options being ducks, birds, or words, I almost picked up a welcome mat.

None meant as much as sturdiness.

Was it you who said, “I’d rather rub my feet on birds or ducks”?

Dear friend, I often think of you as one letter, say M, an apprehensive one only because of my apprehensiveness. So I may be that letter of the moon, the waning one who rewinds the film to watch a father and daughter uncurl. Let us watch it in revelry.

*Daughter may be your son.*

But in these rooms we lower ourselves, having seen too many people being lowered. Into the ground too. Mostly they are strangers.

## Cyclopean

My joy leaped. Bleep this wish-fantasy  
which is hence (fancy pancy had a hence)

left bare and unreal  
unlike this hat or that  
chalky green stroke  
heading into the drawn gullet

(the adjectival drawn—  
fancy pancy, take that!)  
gestural and true—

the dead I know  
must have one eye.

That blue eye has a notch  
for falling out  
of the oblong.

Who needs a face  
when there's you  
to fall into...

Rolling out the hills, come gliding in  
on something smooth or uncivil.

Know anything smooth?

Say, Instructions:

Turn down the mud road with white shoes  
Turn down the bed sheet with muddied shoes  
Meddle in someone's pocket of medallions  
and into their seasons

no cause for alarm  
you are strong

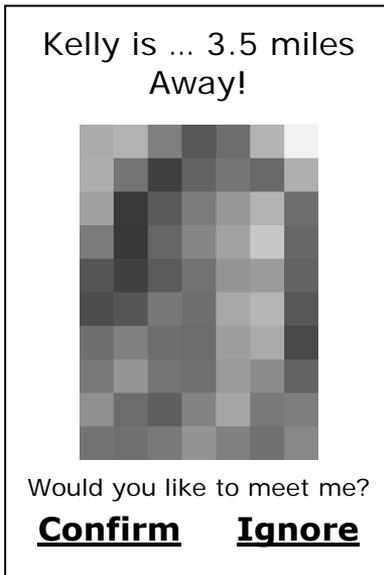
Zayne Turner

Here at Least I Have Been

Whose order is shut inside the structure of a sentence?

—Susan Howe

Seen Tuesday, 3:14 p.m.:



A. Please summarize your background as a writer, particularly as it relates to the proposal:

LOUISE. I've proved I can earn money. It's more important to get away. I feel it's now or never. I sometimes / think—

WIN. You shouldn't talk too much at an interview.

LOUISE. I don't. I don't normally talk about myself. I know very well how to handle myself in an office situation. I only talk to you because it seems to me this is different, it's your job to understand me, surely. You asked the questions.

WIN. I think I understand you sufficiently...Do you drink?

LOUISE. Certainly not. I'm not a teetotaler, I think that's very suspect, it's seen as being an alcoholic if you're a teetotal. What do you mean? I don't drink. Why?

WIN. I drink.

LOUISE. I don't.

WIN. Good for you.

—Caryl Churchill

My grandmother decided to give me the White family Bible years ago. I was not thrilled. I was not interested in becoming a keeper of Bibles. Or family memorabilia. This particular Bible was huge, smelly and in need of attention. The binding was warped and pulling apart, the cover was flaking, pages were stained and stiff, stuck

together with daguerreotypes, cards, news clippings, ribbons, other things. I was afraid it would ruin any books of mine it touched.

I *like* this wild and barbarous life; I leave it with regret.  
Here, at least, I have been contented.

—Dame Shirley (Louise A.K.S. Clappe)

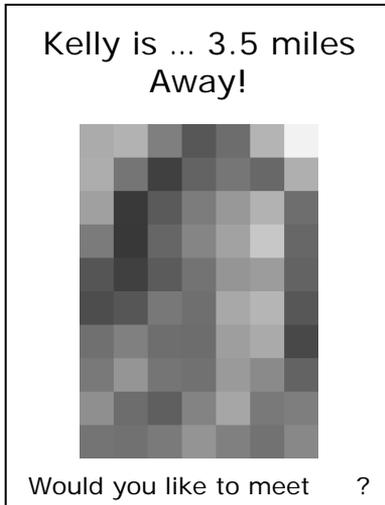
I began unearthing and separating the contents of the Bible, intent on putting everything into acid-free sleeves so I could then stick it all on a shelf and ignore it, with no smells or guilt. In the back, conditions were worst. These were clearly the oldest items, almost melted into the Bible itself. Between sheets of a child's practice cursive, I found a cluster of very, very brittle scraps from a newspaper called the *Territorial Enterprise*. As I lifted out the limp, lace-textured pieces, I saw they were about the original owner of the Bible, Richard White. My great-great-great grandfather.

...the little New England woman faithfully recorded what she saw...from mining techniques to the drinking habits of miners. At one point she wrote, 'In the short space of twenty-four days, we have had murders, fearful accidents, bloody deaths, a mob, whippings, a hanging, an attempt at suicide, and a fatal duel'...certainly enough to intimidate the strongest woman...

—Richard E. Oglesby

...we constantly confront issues of difference, distance, and absence, when we write...What I put into words is no longer my possession. Possibility has opened.

—Susan Howe



—Pandora Radio

It took Richard several days to die. After the initial horror, the accident where he was boiled alive, and all his skin came off on the rescuer's hands, there was a brief flare, a false hope of recovery. In the end, he left behind a wife and three children—new to this country, if not to life around hard rock mines. His wife's name is never mentioned. In announcements regarding the marriage of her

daughter Irene, the death of her eldest son, another Richard White (in another mining accident), and the death of another son, Edward Mitchell, during World War I: none call her by name. She is a proud and grieving mother, a surviving widow. In the last clipping (her own obituary), she is Mrs. Edward Mitchell.

In the college library I use there are two writers whose work refuses to conform to the Anglo-American literary traditions these institutions perpetuate...Why these two pathfinders were women, why American—...Writing was the world of each woman.

—Susan Howe

[He] apparently saw copies of Louise's letters, immediately perceived their worth...From that ephemeral publication they were picked up by Josiah Royce, Hubert H. Bancroft...Bret Harte borrowed heavily...two of his classic stories were taken directly from incidents portrayed in the Letters. Even Mark Twain...

—Richard E. Oglesby

I *like* this wild and barbarous

here at least I have been

**Confirm**    **Ignore**

From: [b\\*\\*\\*\\*\\*@library.berkeley.edu](mailto:b*****@library.berkeley.edu)  
Subject: [Fwd: Territorial Enterprise]  
Date: May 17, 2010 7:53:08 AM PDT  
To: [zlt3wj@virginia.edu](mailto:zlt3wj@virginia.edu)

Bancroft would not have newspapers in their collection; we sometimes have the negatives, but the positive microfilms are in the Newspaper Microcopy Room of the Main Library. You can do searches on our online catalog, <http://oskicat.berkeley.edu> to see what UC Berkeley owns. I have done a quick search for the Territorial Enterprise and will forward you the results. I hope this is helpful! In peace, ... Bancroft Staff  
(subject) Bancroft Email Reference  
(from-name) Bancroft Email Reference user, Zayne Turner  
(email) [zlt3wj@virginia.edu](mailto:zlt3wj@virginia.edu)  
(affiliation) nonUCB  
(userprofile) graduate  
(onlinecatalogs) yes  
(bancfindingaids) yes  
(question) I'm looking for issues of the Territorial Enterprise (newspaper published in Virginia City, NV) from 1870-1881. I was wondering if any of these years were in your collection. These ARE NOT Mark Twain years. I'm interested in miner's lamentations/ ballads and obituaries related to a particular set of mining accidents from that time. I appreciate any help you can afford me.

It was this woman who continued Richard's habit of putting everything important between the pages of the Bible, who passed it on to Irene, who made it possible for it all to fall, stuffed-to-breaking, several generations later, into my hands. Mrs. Edward Mitchell, grieving widow of Mr. White. No recorded first name.

at least I have been

[She] was buried as “Louise, wife of Dr. F—”... perhaps a nostalgic remembrance of those glorious days...where she had been content.

—Richard E. Oglesby

To: H

Subject: Ask an Archivist

Ask An Archivist

Your name: [       ]

e-mail address:

zlt3wj@virginia.edu

Address: [       ]

Question/Comments:

I'm looking for editions of the Territorial Enterprise from 1865 to approximately 1880. I'm a looking for info. on a mining accident at the Julia mine and all info pertaining to a man named Richard White, also mining ballads/lamentations of that time in general. Does the archive have some of these years of the Territorial Enterprise? I will be in Nevada at the end of May, and could come to the archives in person, if the records are there. Thank you for any help you can provide,

Dear [zlt3wj@virginia.edu](mailto:zlt3wj@virginia.edu),

The Nevada State Archives does not have newspapers but the Nevada State Library does. They are available on microfilm in the Library and at the University of Nevada, Reno, Knowledge Center (library).

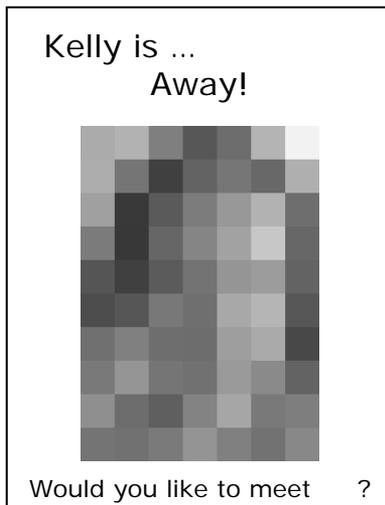
Mining accidents were sometimes described in the State Mineralogists reports to the Legislature. The Biennial Reports to the

Legislature include the Mineralogist's reports. The office of Mineralogist existed from 1864-1878; reports were published in odd-numbered years and are available in the Nevada State Library; the State Archives; and the University of Nevada, Reno.

The Nevada census records are available online courtesy of the State Office of Historic Preservation. I searched for the name Richard White and found one entry between 1860-1880 although I do not know if it is the person for whom you are looking. [http://nvshpo.org/index.php?option=com\\_content&view=article&id=1278&Itemid=382](http://nvshpo.org/index.php?option=com_content&view=article&id=1278&Itemid=382)

The Nevada State Library and Archives are open 10-2, Monday-Friday and closed for state and federal holidays. We are at 100 N. Stewart St. in Carson City, at the corner of Stewart and Musser, directly east of the State Capitol building. There are several free parking lots on both Stewart and Musser Streets.

Let me know if you have any other questions about our resources.



ISABELLA. Such adventures. We were crossing a mountain pass at seven thousand feet, the cook was all to pieces, the muleteers suffered fever and snow blindness. But even though my spine was agony I managed very well.\*

MARLENE. Wonderful.

NIJO. \*Once I was ill for four months lying alone at an inn. Nobody to offer a horse to Buddha. I had to live for myself, and I did live.

ISABELLA. Of course you did. It was far worse returning to Tobermory. I always felt dull when I was stationary. / That's why I could never stay anywhere.

NIJO. Yes, that's it exactly. New sights. The shrine by the beach, the moon shining on the sea. The goddess had vowed to save all living things. / She would even save the fishes. I was full of hope.

JOAN. I had thought the Pope would know everything. I thought God would speak to me directly...

*(The Waitress brings more wine and then exits.)*

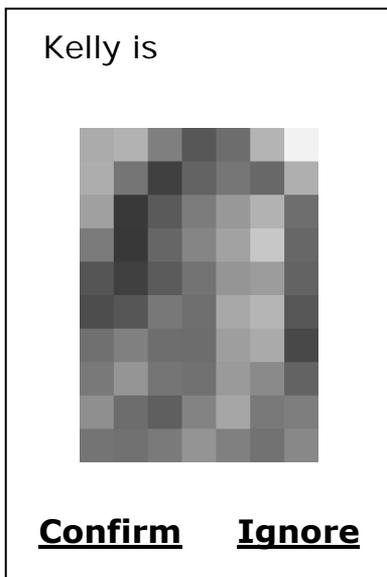
—Caryl Churchill

...and the hundreds upon hundreds of women like her, buried in the history of the West. Whose economic and physical security was based upon success in negotiating relationships with men, having (or avoiding) children, subsequently/consequently defined as widows, mothers, wives-of-so-and-so, or other less flattering names, by the public forums of the time. I'm not so much interested in why they didn't pass on their own mother's name, but I am interested in

speaking it again, finding ways to let Susannah and women like her speak for themselves. I am interested in what does not survive via tradition and stability, in 'secure' systems.

here at least I have been

wild and barbarous



What purged her writing of its designed artificiality and elevated it into immortal purity...No one can say for sure—

—Richard E. Oglesby

From: Zayne Turner [<mailto:zlt3wj@virginia.edu>]

Sent: Monday, May 17, 2010 10:02 AM

To: H

Subject: Re: Ask an Archivist

Dear H,

Thank you so much for the reply. I searched through the census records using the link you sent, and the Richard White isn't the same, but I managed to find his widow in a later census and her new husband. I hadn't yet found anything with a mention of her first name—now I have. Thank you so much.

I also appreciate the listings of other libraries where I can find the *Territorial Enterprise*. And I hadn't known about the Mineralogists reports. I will try to track those down.

Thank you again for your time and expertise. I sincerely appreciate them both!

From: [H\\*\\*\\*\\*\\*@nevadaculture.org](mailto:H*****@nevadaculture.org)

Subject: RE: Ask an Archivist

Date: May 17, 2010 10:04:17 AM PDT

To: [zlt3wj@virginia.edu](mailto:zlt3wj@virginia.edu)

Hi Zayne,

You're very welcome!

H

here at least I have been

Author's Note: In 2007 I wouldn't rely on Thomas H. Johnson's editorial decisions for Dickinson's line breaks or variant readings. But the book is a product of the spiritual and textual scholarship of the early 1980s.

—Susan Howe

The author gratefully acknowledges use of the following books:

*The Confessions of Lady Nijo*, translated from the Japanese by Karen Brazell, and published by Peter Owen, Ltd., London

*A Curious Life for a Lady* (about Isabella Bird) by Pat Barr, originally published by Macmillan, London

—Caryl Churchill

- E. Describe the main concerns of your work, or something about your process or intent:

The ambiguous paths of kinship pull me in opposite ways at once...I am heading toward certain discoveries...

—Susan Howe

| Would you like to meet me? |

#### NOTES

*The drinks* are all made with burnt sugar.

—Caryl Churchill

Aby Kaupang

**S e a l s   A r e   W h a t   B u l l e t s**

sooted sheen & mooring drift hymn

casing dissolves to driftwood

casket to gunmetal wave

if there is an angel of death

there's pontoon grace to land her

ash is a color of the mourning sea

seals are what bullets ought be

buoyed lash & slowly lute song

bell & horn atop an inlet

a shatter in a barrel

measured   warning   rhythmic

## A p r è s J o h n

to say he swallowed  
the grave alludes also to his weight  
his *joie de vivre*

[joke #x ends with a bounce]

swallows

air & bullet swallow-er

I have to write a poem as big as him

I have to

write it with largess

& revolution

he was revolting fragmented

& had fatshort gnomish fingers

loved Virgil &

he had grande humors  
swallowed lakes

& when I say *him* I say & & &

I say past he saw past

it was such a small urn  
for such a large &



