

POST

Amanda Hurtado

A thesis

submitted in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts

University of Washington

2017

Committee:

Amaranth Borsuk

Jeanne Heuving

Program Authorized to Offer Degree:

Interdisciplinary Arts & Sciences

Creative Writing & Poetics

©Copyright 2017

Amanda Hurtado

University of Washington

Abstract

POST

Amanda Hurtado

Chair of the Supervisory Committee:

Assistant Professor, Amaranth Borsuk

School of Interdisciplinary Arts & Sciences

POST is a book of poems in three sections that explore many different spatial and temporal aspects of the *post* especially as they relate to borders and boundaries that mark openings onto landscape and into the earth—from clearings to clear-cuts, caves to mines, and low-tides to rising rivers. The poems are composed of cascading fragmentary language and concrete or minimal poems that create a landscape of fixity and flow through text.

Among its many themes, the poems weaves together absence and presence, nothingness and form, wilderness and settlement, fixity and fluidity, possession and deterritorialization, protection and exposure, and, the occult and science. In assembling this tapestry, the text asserts space for the feminine and feminist by unraveling and mending binary structures. Juxtaposing the nature and artifice of the processes by which such openings are made, it writes through and alongside a variety of source texts including Zola's *Germinal*, Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, among others. Mining these texts, and filling their gaps, it extends their metaphors of pleasure and pain from the landscape to the female body.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank my thesis advisor Amaranth Borsuk for her generous, careful and attentive readings of my work; and for her support, encouragement, mentorship, unfailingly good advice, and graceful example.

I would also like to thank my second reader, the brilliant Jeanne Heuving, for the type of close reading that gave my work back to me new at a moment when it had become too familiar.

Thank you to Aeron Bergman, Alejandra Salinas, and Baby Agnes for their friendship, support, and love.

Lastly, thank you to my best friend and love of my life, Matt Black.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Abstract	iii
Acknowledgements	iv
POST	1
Preface	4
Apostate	5
Tesserae	20
Neither That Nor Which	70
Notes & Sources	86
MINE: A Poetics	88
Bibliography	112

POST

Amanda Hurtado

for Matt Black

The game of common etymology makes of writing a cutting movement, a tear, a crisis. This is simply a reminder that the proper tool for writing was also proper for incising: the stylet. Yes, but this incisive reminder still evokes a cutting operation, if not a butchery: a kind of violence—the word flesh is found in the family, just as graph is a scratch. Higher and further back, to write and to curve meet. Writing is the curve that the turn of seeking has already evoked for us and that we find in the bending of reflection. In each word, all words.

-Maurice Blanchot, *The Infinite Conversation*

We wanted one, and here one is. There one is. There is a pré. But it keeps too great a distance. How to have it without being there. In short, how to have it without being it.

-Francis Ponge, *The Making of the Pré*

Preface

The post cannot contain its own boundary. It violates the very divisions it simultaneously creates. At the lintel, liminal: separating domestic space from wilderness; at the edge of the fold, keeping weald from field; or marking out all that is beyond the pale: forest from civil. But the claim staked, the boundary post itself, is only a deterritorialized forest: the timbre of the woods, stripped and replanted as the demarcating line of the fence. Just as the very space figured as foreign, as lying beyond the husbanded, has already been colonized in order to gather the raw materials used to draw the boundary and construct its fortifications, however symbolic. Someone stepped into the thicket in order to retrieve the trees that would be brought back to encampment and prepared as fence posts. Violation proceeds like Achilles and the tortoise. To mark the division an incursion has already been made. Not only is nature violated by the driving of the post, piercing the soil skin of the earth, but the very discrimination of natural from manmade has been violated in the process, in turn. A boundary line comes after the division of the field it would fix. The post is always, already, *post*.

APOSTATE

The only sound in this desolate plain was the moaning of the wind
through gaps in the fences.

-Émile Zola, *Germinal*

3. Chiefly *fig.*

- a. That is the origin, or in the earliest stage of development; preliminary, rudimentary.
- b. Containing the possibility of, or important for, development; productive, influential, *seminal*

The fault of the rock exposes.

The bone of the neck — riven and
shorn, veined and alluvial —
reaches a changed arrangement.

Nothing alleviates the worn elevation.

The stone of the wrack shoulders a
boulder, erratic.

The riverbed rises on silted stilts.

The delta tastes of alluvial brine.

Everything rests precisely the length of
a body reclining.

In leaf-seeded furrows the stench of
lettuce fets the sand.

The tidal lattice, rising, rose above the
knees.

Two posts denuded and fir occluded
the wasted soil traces of some
manifest corruption.

The resinous oils.

A careless stone thrown glances the
tomb with the bloom of a lithic
caress.

A bed, sun-warm and honey-thick, of
sanded stone tricks the heart
with its stricken softness.

Furtive sighs echo the fragrant sound.
They question the mine.

[nessun dorma ad desunt nonnulla]

The beck of obloquy submits the neck
to bend anent.

The posture breaks; the decisions
postpones; the clearing,
indisputable, defines the cut.

The obelisk omits some out of a usual
number to disguise the sent
structure.

Inside a conifer confides.

The obstinate offences of obdurate
obedience mount dense
resistance to suspended
durations.

The scent of the sand suffuses.

The number omitted, obscurely
derived, suffices, divides.

The conical form of the cincture ringed
at either end of the shaft of a
cavity courts the collapse.

From the highte of the line between
crown and fang, what has
befallen: *the preie that is femeline.*

Over steep tracks an elusive cat steals,
and with cunning evasion, one
caribou, alone, attracts the
attack.

Pinned to the post the notice folds in
the wind.

Stars over time describe spirals.

The swerve of the plummet kilters the
sure-footed climb.

A pitched ravine falls into bracken and
black.

From a salted stream a ship insinuates.

The windlass ensnares.

The sound moves things into and out
of place.

Insurance actualizes.

Every particulate submerged in the
sound accumulates — and then
decays.

Algae blooms in plumes beneath the
canopy of bulbous kelp.

The tides while and sway the helpless
weed.

I am given; (I am stolen); I am shared.

The quick faltering, inexplicable tongue
— in check — clefts asunder.

A fresh worn contour under a cavity of
stone or of flesh remains.

The wound is cloaked for a season but
not perfectly cured.

The post forms a contrary to the
second element.

An ear coiled to metal bedsprings picks
up the signal of distant desert
obelisks emitting circles admitted
through a membranous orifice.

In shards, every part is a fractal.

A rock, still, apart, *is* the mountain.

A spall bed bells with fallen splintered
pells.

A composite greenstone of feldspar-
hornblend, quartz, and chlorite;

the sun-warmed alter hums—its
crystals are said to heal wounds.

Leaves broadcast the scatter amid
trebles of aspen.

The sill sustains.

Two halves reunited make a sign of
recognition.

Shale sheds; it sleeves its sheaves; heavy
plaits and flat folds; ledges shard;
shared edges.

The crag is a crisis, a crisis of rock.

The pelt leathers.

Beneath fields of boulders water flows
against the slope.

Granite wreathes drained earthen,
weathered lakes.

The grasses of the field roll under the
hand of the wind; the table
seeps; an old slow geologic roil
inches the soil in an incremental
creep; silt sifts and shifts; sand
coats the cusp of stolid rock;
everywhere a languid settle
reveals the liquidity of solids.

A lake is a lack.

Posts pen the enclosure; stones draw
the perimeter; two pines make a
gate.

A narrow cone seams with bituminous
shale.

The post passes papers through too
many hands.

A quantity couched upon a plank has
 been laid
and by another felt
 and each successively
a sheet
 and a felt
a sheet
 and a felt
pressed.

The script is enfolded.

An apostrophe makes a knotty liason.

Woods intact enact a stall.

A clearing forms a circle in the eye of
 the cirque.

The blue of the iris behind crystalline
 humor irradiates a glacial lake.

A ringed plane sings from the sun.

Brittle needles nettle the brush.

Lumber sleeps; cut strips steep pitch—
a resonant ooze—it woos with
beads, it wails and switches, its
wales sweep.

All that's missing is the sound of the
sea.

A gift — undone, beneath the
arrangement of all that snow —
slowly gives.

A symbol for something else, a cipher,
a placeholder for what is gone: a
thing set in stone, a foregone
conclusion.

The post hedges: an impossible future
past-tense conditional.

The scar of excision contracts to its
strictures.

The star, appositive, fixes and tides.

The last late parched season for seeding
lasts from late March to mid
April.

A ruffled cuff manacles the wrist; the
index indicates a spit, beyond
manicured green, where panicles
pinnacle afield; spires inspring.

What charter parts a path, giving free
ingress to cut, and carry away?

Parcels of land measured in lengths of
the body: the breadth of a hand;
a heel bone; the stroke of a
finger; gathered pieces of a
fractured eye.

Recanted, a contrary song unsays the
sound.

The trajectory can still be traced
through the timbers of the
house.

Inside, a wall of pointed stakes
pallisades the spale.

[A perfect vermouth; an
ungraspable edge; a hipbone
pinning; to taste the trace of pine
on the tongue.]

Wrinkles set in the linen.

The riven is needled through miles of
rain.

Because they are of such a nature, they
will shoot upwards, though

oppressed and the leaves thereof
never fall.

A tendril emanates from the germ—a
seedword—leeward jet curves
off from an evaporate sea.

Trusses of clover hay and Tess on a
horned quay, dwining.

Palm to palm they enter the churchyard
through the kissing gate.

Resin quickens; pitch kedges.

The post hones honestly open.

TESSERÆ

A field-man is a personality afield; a field-woman is a portion of the field; she has somehow lost her own margin, imbibed the essence of her surrounding, and assimilated herself with it.

-Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*

1. a. *Ancient Hist.* A small quadrilateral tablet of wood, bone, ivory, or the like, used for various purposes, as a token, tally, ticket, label, etc.

b. *fig.* A distinguishing sign or token; a watchword, a password. (The earliest use in English.)

2. a. *spec.* Each of the small square (usually cubical) pieces of marble, glass, tile, etc., of which a mosaic pavement or the like is composed. Usually in pl.

b. *transf.* Any one of the quadrilateral divisions into which a surface is divided by intersecting lines; e.g. by the lines of latitude and longitude.

wing

spans

pine

a post fixes
the prairie preys

the eyes, voice, and gait are indicative of melancholy

the folded plane is part of a haven — the creek a crease
where anything is landed or disburthened from the sea

the moon is unmoored—a wandering star

flooding exposes
and conceals

the mud banks
are only visible
for a few hours

camels kedging

pitched, apposite, on an unsound star

the eyes of the hawk have been sewn shut

—a contrived arrangement allows passage over while
blocking passage through

the conterminous reports
everything

through

the body

will lay

the ghost

quiet
sue

the engraved are concealed

from the chaos of the sky

a stylus marks
the axis

it shall respect the two poles of the world

the snatcher
grabs onto
her words

(pursed lips,
pursued)

raped behind the slag-heap
slagged behind the rape-heap
heaped behind the slag-rape

divided from the cluster
a small whine comes from the water

and is kept in heart a whole year
long

a common well
from the intermediate sense of open to the use
of all

her much
her moor

black crescent sable luster
a luminous solar spicule

sans mâts, the infertile *if*

the womb's barren geometry

the woodpecker's secret
weapon is his tongue

heart fastens

resin quickens

my body drawn and quartered

meted out

scrutiny of my innard world

thenceforth

a new horizon

defenceless

a wilderness

and after

and then, and then

a

marked
difference

u n c r i b b e d

u n c a b i n e d

the word is done to death

The cuckoo is born with a depression
on its back—a cup to dispatch the
clutch—from whom the nest is stolen

DÉFENSE D’AFFICHER

An announcement to be publicly read

on the middle board
of the three com-
posing the stile,
placing a comma
between each word,
as if to give pause
while that word was
driven well home to
the reader's heart —

(slumbereth not)

hedged in
the bend
conceals
a blind

where no sentry

can post

the fence-sitter

amends

a fixed
stare

abolition
of post

a clearing

or clearcut

an opening in the woods can be both

two stone posts flanked the field-gate

hinged stones

mark the longest day and the
shortest

soundlessness impressed a penned enclosure

circumscribed stance

a stone's pose casts a shadow

heron
heard

thresh

- hold

(held thrush)

felt penned

sound wears away

wears down the land

s n a t c h s t o l e

(cloaked hide)

contain, confine, coffin

postpone

past

through the door with four

hinges

fixed posed
 pinned penned

a memory at rest in the soul

the plot meant
a lot
 to me

to appeal; to name; to remain untamed;
almost as though the word is capable
of wildness, as long as it remains

unfixed

a figure came forth from the dark
triangular door

an apostrophe which makes

no difference

*NEITHER THAT
NOR WHICH*

Huge walls of massy stone the lodge surround,
From her own mouth no way of speaking's found.
But all our wants by wit may be supply'd,
And arts makes up what fortune has denied.

-Ovid, *Metamorphoses*

1. That which is owed or due.
 - a. a sum of money or a material thing.
 - b. a thing immaterial

stone-
chacks

hard-prest

close-hunted

dra
w
win
g

over-sight

past ure

post-dated wheatear

possessive's

a thing immaterial

terrain vague

predatory loam

all are grounded and oned

equal dore

thole pin

a fulcrum for the o'r

the mark is a prophecy made after

I am taken by nature

teetotum

rupestral counterfoil

innermost penétralium

water weeps through the arches

pavlover

debraided

drawn to a close

little miss giving

to owe or to own

a thing done closly

STILLE
Still si-
-lent e

I'll say only what is appropriate:

rim flats drop
folds
tones bend
a hung angle
pent sphere
pending dents
drainage wends,
ledges coiling
inward dome
plodding pelt
tongued horn
cleaves
meteoric
emitters
shearing elisions
shone degrees
of arc
between pie-
portions
plain during
vein
even polarity
still
clot limit a gate
stalled array
particle tends
hence
balance tipped
till middling dart
felt whethers
vane allays
winds

Notes & Sources

APOSTATE

p. 10 “From the highte of the line between crown and fang, what has befallen: the preie that is femeline.” Cf. John Gower, *Confessio Amantis*, book V, lines 5547-5550: “So as it hath befaller this,/ In loves cause hou that it is/ A man to take be Ravine/ The preie that is femeline”; and lines 5559-5560: “The ferste douhtre Progne hihte,/ Was cleped faire Philomene.”

p. 11 “The tides while and sway the helpless weed.” Cf. Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D’Urbervilles*, “as the tide sways the helpless weed.” p. 230.

p. 12 “The wound is cloaked for a season but not perfectly cured.” Cf. Blount’s *Glossographia at Palliative*: “that cloaketh, covereth or concealeth; as Chyrurgeons call that a *Palliative cure*, when a disease or wound is cloaked for a season, and not perfectly cured.”

p. 15 “A quantity couched upon a plank...” Cf. E Chambers *Cyclopædia; or, an universal dictionary of arts and sciences* (ed. 2) at *Paper*: “The maker delivers it to the coucher, who couches it upon a felt laid on a plank, and lays another felt on it; and so successively, a sheet and a felt, a sheet and a felt, till a post, i.e. one pressing containing six quires be made.”

p. 17 “Parcels of land measured in lengths of the body: the breadth of a hand; a heel bone; the stroke of a finger; gathered pieces of a fractured eye.” Cf. Marcus du Satoy, *The Story of Maths*, ep. 1, “The Language of the Universe” (paraphrased).

p. 18-19 “Because they are of such a nature, they will shoot upwards, though oppressed and the leaves thereof never fall.” Cf. Blount’s *Glossographia at Palm Tree*: “is that which bears Dates growing plentifully in the Holy Land; Its branches were wont to be carried as a token of victory. Because they are of a nature, as they will shoot upwards, though oppressed with never so great weight, and the leaves thereof never fall; of this tree there is male and female; the male bears onely blossoms and no fruit, but the female bears both; but not unless it grow by the male.”

p. 19 “Trusses of clover hay and Tess on a horned quay, dwinning.” Cf. Frank O’Hara, *Oranges: 12 Pastorals*, “Tess amidst the thorny hay...” p.4.

TESSARÆ

p. 24 “The eyes, voice, and gait are indicative of melancholy.” Alexander Von Humboldt.

p. 25 “the folded plane is part of a haven — the creek a crease where anything is landed or disburthened from the sea” Cf. Blount’s *Glossographia at Creek*: “seems to be part of a Haven, where anything is landed or disburthened from the Sea. So that when you are out of the main Sea, within the Haven, look how many landing places you have, so many *creeks* may be said to belong to that Haven.”

p. 27 “flooding exposes and conceals; the mud banks are only visible for a few hours” Cf. Paul McGann, *Wildest Latin America*, ep. 1, “Patagonia, The Ends of the Earth.”

p. 28 “pitched...on an unsound star” Cf. Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D’Urbervilles*, “Tis very unlucky that we didn’t pitch on a sound one, when there were so many more of ‘em!” p. 39; and Paul Allen Miller, *Black and White Myths: Etymology and Dialectics in Mallarmé’s ‘Sonnet En Yx’*, “The exact value of any one of these poles at any given moment is in question, since the relation that binds a pole and its opposite is also always one of apposition.” p. 200.

p. 29 “The eyes of the hawk have been sewn shut” Cf. OED at *sile*, *v.3*: “to sew up the eyes of a hawk”; and “a contrived arrangement allows passage over while blocking passage through” Cf. OED at *stile*, *n.1*: “an arrangement of steps or rungs contrived to allow passage over or through a fence to one person at a time, while forming a barrier to the passage of sheep or cattle.”

p. 30 “the conterminous reports everything.” Cf. Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D’Urbervilles*, “The mute procession of trees and hedges became attached to fantastic scenes, outside reality, and the occasional heave of the wind became the sigh of some immense sad soul, conterminous with the universe in space, and with history in time.” p. 40.

p. 31 “through the body will lay the ghost” Cf. Richard Jebb, *Sophocles’ Electra*, (1870), “Suicides used to be interred with a stake through the body, ‘to lay the ghost.’”

p. 33 “the engraved...the sky” Cf. Frederick Ahl, *Metaformations*, “Caelum (sky) derived from C(a)elare, which, when spelled with an ‘a’ means ‘to engrave’ and, when spelled with an ‘e,’ ‘to conceal.’” p.22.

p. 34-35 “a stylus marks the axis; it shall respect the two poles of the world” Cf. OED at *style*, *n.7b*: “defined as a *line*”; and J. Harris, *Lexicon Technicum I*, (1704), at *style*: “in Dyalling, is that Line whose Shadow on the Plane of the Dyal, shews the true Hour-Line. This is always supposed to be a part of the Axis of the Earth, and therefore must always be so placed, as that with its two extreme Points it shall respect the two Poles of the World, and with its Upper-end, the elevated Pole. This Line is the Upper-edge of the Cock, Gnomon, or Index.”

p. 36 “the snatcher grabs onto her words” Cf. Frederick Ahl, *Metaformations*, “Celaeno, the birdlike harpy, i.e. ‘snatcher,’ tells Aeneas to ‘grab onto’ her words: ACCIPITE Ergo (*Aeneid* 3.250).” p.63.

p. 37 “Raped behind the slag heap...” Cf. Émile Zola, *Germinal*, “It was the usual thing, wasn’t it? She had never imagined it would be anything else – raped behind the slag heap, a baby at sixteen...” p.225; and “divided from the cluster...” Cf. Blount’s *Glossographia at rape wine*: “a very small Wine, coming of water cast upon the Mother of Grapes, which have been pressed; also the Wine which comes from a Vessel filled with whole and sound Grapes (divided from the cluster” and some Wine among, which being drawn out is supplied by the leavings of good Wine, put into the Vessel, and revived and kept in hart a whole year long by the said Grapes.”

p. 38 “a common well...” Cf. OED at *banal, adj.*: “From the intermediate sense of, Open to the use of all the community.”

p. 40 “san mâts...” Cf. Stéphane Mallarmé, *Brise Marine*: “san mâts, san mâts, ni fertiles îlots...” p.21.

p. 41 “the woodpecker’s secret weapon is his tongue” Cf. Paul McGann, *Wildest Latin America*, ep. 1, “Patagonia, The Ends of the Earth.”

p. 46 “uncribbed uncabined” Cf. Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D’Urbervilles*, “...the appearance of the third and youngest would hardly have been sufficient to characterize him: there was an uncribbed, uncabined aspect in his eyes...” p.22.

p. 49 “DÉFENSE D’AFFICHER” Cf. Georges Méliès, *Post No Bills*, (1896).

p. 50 “...on the middle board of the three composing the stile...” Cf. Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D’Urbervilles*, “...on the middle board of the three composing the stile, placing a comma between each word, as if to give pause while that word was driven well home to the reader’s heart—THY, DAMNATION, SLUMBERETH, NOT. 2 Pet. ii. 3. Against the peaceful landscape, the pale, decaying tints of the copses, the blue air of the horizon, and the lichened stile-boards, these staring vermilion words shone forth. They seemed to shout themselves out and make the atmosphere ring. Some people might have cried ‘Alas, poor Theology!’ at the hideous defacement—the last grotesque phase of a creed which had served mankind well in its time.” p.98.

p. 54 “two stone posts flanked the field gate” Cf. Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D’Urbervilles*, “Two groups, one of men and lads, the other of women, had come down the lane just at the hour when the shadows of the eastern hedge-top struck the west hedge midway, so that the heads of the groups were enjoying sunrise while their feet were still in the dawn. They disappeared from the lane between two stone posts which flanked the nearest field-gate.” p.106-107.

p. 56 “soundlessness impressed...” Cf. Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D’Urbervilles*, “The soundlessness impressed her as a positive entity rather than as a mere negation of noise.” p.148.

p. 69 “A figure came forth from the dark triangular door” Cf. Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D’Urbervilles*, “Tess still stood hesitating like a bather about to make his plunge, hardly knowing whether to retreat or to persevere, when a figure came forth from the dark triangular door of the tent.” p.49.

NEITHER THAT NOR WHICH

p. 73 “close-hunted” Cf. Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, Book VI, “But with rude haste the bloomy girl deflour’d, Tender, defenceless, and with ease o’erpower’d. Her piercing accents to her sire complain, And to her absent sister, but in vain: In vain she importunes, with doleful cries, Each unattentive godhead of the skies. She pants, and trembles, like the bleating prey, From some close-hunted wolf just snatch’d away: That still, with fearful horror, looks around, And on its flank regards the bleeding wound.”

p. 77 “a thing immaterial” Cf. OED at *debt, n.* 1b.

p. 78 “all are grounded and oned” Cf. Julian of Norwich, *Revelations of Divine Love*, “...in which all the Shewings that follow be grounded and oned.” Chapter 1, p.1.

p. 81 “water weeps through the arches” Cf. J. Phillips, *Gen. Hist. Inland Navigation*, (1792) “A bed (technically a punn) of clay, to prevent the water weeping through the arches.” p.365.

p. 83 “a thing done closly” Cf. Blount’s *Glossographia at manticulate*: “to do a thing closly, as to pick a purse.”

MINE

The mine should belong to the miner.

-Émile Zola, *Germinal*

a. An excavation or system of excavations made underground for the extraction of metals or metallic ores, coal, salt, precious stones, (less commonly) building stone, clay, etc.

b. *fig.* An abundant or constant source or supply; a store from which (something specific) may be obtained in plenty or whose supply is by no means exhausted.
Freq. with, esp. in mine of information.

adj. and *pron.*, The possessive †adjective and pronoun of the first person singular.

mine seam stripped empty cage mine seem torn ripped strip mine bare down rip seam open shaft ruined; rue the day; perpetual darkness of a mine; catastrophic loss; natural disaster; isolation, wilderness; protected, chamber, shelter, domesticity; you can never go home again. Chain of volcanoes; cascade volcanic arc. Decades eruptions, (Rainier is on the decades volcano list). Pyroclastic ejecta: a pyroclastic fall is a uniform deposit of material which has been ejected from a volcanic eruption or plume such as an ash fall or tuff [...] volcanic blocks and lapilli from volcanic explosions.¹ Ancestral cone; slopes made mostly of Andesite. Heaped is the inversion of empty. Indigenous name for Rainier was Talol. Colonization of lands; change of name; usurpation of land & name. Talol: heads will loll. Active volcano that has every potential of exploding, but is in a state of deep sleep. Intersections/divergences of natural disasters (volcanoes) and environmental destruction (mines). Kennecott Copper Mine/Mount Rainier. // Surreal relationships or the negation thereof. Mirroring: doubling of the self. *You understand the importance of a name only after you have lost yours*. Parsing words (names) mines multivalent meanings (doubling of meaning) connotations, mutations, markers² [tumor markers]. Becoming animal³. Formal constraints familiarize us with the contours of a space. Form creates multiple readings — proliferates itself. Real life turbulence effects form — form reflects writing out of trauma — out on the edge of comprehensibility.⁴ “I must have been washed in listenably across the landscape.”⁵ Duality of intention and extension. Fact & possibility intermingle in a linguistic realm. At the level of the word, sentence, image. Multivalence (color ((tone)) sound — synesthesia). Fractal quality. Immense scale (landscape).⁶ Haunted, possessed, the silence of the page — a necessary absence — nothingness. Silence = gaps in thought. *In a poem, we feel what is there, but also what is not. What is not there is brought so close to us that it makes us all the more alive. This is something akin to (but far darker and more dangerous than) the beautiful insufficiency of prayer, the pleasurable ache of being brought as close as possible to the divine, and always falling short.*⁷ Moments of silence (and the space of a page) give room to hear what is not said. Reverberant meaning. Taking care is what form does — it fashions. *Lacrimae punctum* — (pin) makes a wound — blindness, blind spot, burn out.⁸ *Our deepest feelings can inform our most radical ideas*. Total exploitation of bodies and resources in an unsustainable system.⁹ “Poetry is the way we help give name to the nameless so it can be thought.”¹⁰ Sky is a cipher for the blank page awaiting inscription.¹¹ // Nature and artifice are inextricably connected by proximity, by promiscuity, by needs, (security and shelter), and desires, (wild animal instinct to wander). // Yesterday I saw a specialist. She felt the seven-months-swollen lymph nodes on the right side of my neck. She’s worried mostly because of the proximity to the site of the skin cancer I had removed two years ago. She checks my thyroid and walks her fingers around both sides of my throat and the back of my neck. She finds another swollen lymph node there on the left side. I didn’t know about that one. As she feels my throat, she talks about tests. “Have you ever had a CAT Scan?” I say no. “I’m going to refer you to Radiology for a CT Scan and biopsy. They’ll use an ultrasound to guide a little needle to the center of each lymph node and draw a sample of cells. If it’s cancer, we’ll go from there.”// Collapse/upheaval. Emptying out and piling up. The destruction is manifesting itself in my physical body — my health. // How does blank space/form relate to these ideas? Aaron Shurin’s reading conflated the sky with a blank creative space, and the body/eyes/language as the technology that inscribes it. There’s a link — a metaphor — between the natural world and our bodies as writing technology. // Negative connection between inscription, destruction, and mining. A sense that the

¹ Theodore Winthrop, *The Canoe and the Saddle*, 1862.

² Brian Evanson, Fall Convergence, October 2016, University of Washington, Bothell, (paraphrased).

³ Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 242-243.

⁴ Anselm Berrigan, Fall Convergence, October 2016. University of Washington, Bothell.

⁵ Lorine Niedecker, “Progression,” *Lorine Niedecker Collected Works*, 25.

⁶ John Beer, Fall Convergence, October 2016. University of Washington, Bothell.

⁷ Matthew Zapruder, “The Leap and the Void,” Fall Convergence, October 2016, (paraphrased).

⁸ Tracie Morris, Fall Convergence, October 2016, University of Washington, Bothell.

⁹ Allison Cobb, Fall Convergence, October 2016, University of Washington, Bothell.

¹⁰ Audre Lorde, *Sister Outsider: essays and speeches*, 36.

¹¹ Aaron Shurin, Fall Convergence, October 2016, University of Washington, Bothell.

further you dig and excavate, the more dangerous the risk of collapse. Simultaneously, the more passive time lapses, the more risk of eruption increases. How does one live in the shadow of a gigantic active volcano? // Sometimes I feel like a ghost in my own life—in my own house. Both an absence and a presence. I think of Emit Flesti (time itself spelled backwards), the character in *Far Away So Close*, who tells Cassiel that there's a word written on his forehead... // "The beautiful insufficiency of prayer..." in the face of guaranteed destruction. What does silence signify here? Everything I can't say—the annihilation of the words—the destruction of speaking. The silence of all secrets. Language and the body—the cell—as technology. How best to explore or express the blank page? With every extension there is an amputation.¹² If language is a technological extension, what was amputated when we began to speak? // I saw a psychic once. She told me that the apology I'm waiting for is never going to happen. I knew immediately what she meant. I don't actually believe in psychics, and this one was hired for entertainment at my husband's office Christmas party. Plus, I'm certain that everyone thinks they deserve an apology that isn't likely to ever come. But at the time, I felt like she really knew something about me. I've been reading Zola's *Germinal*. I've read it before. It's a book I return to over and over despite its brutality. My mom gave it to me when I was 18. She told me I reminded her of one of the characters—Catherine. Catherine is an underdeveloped teen girl who is raped by her boyfriend, though the book doesn't *exactly* frame it in those terms. The event is more the natural result of being poor and female. In fact, Catherine is punished and exiled from her family and community—tainted for a potential husband, and viewed as being at fault for the misdeed. Reading it now, I think (as clumsy as it was) when she gave me the book, it was her way of apologizing for telling me not to come home when she found out I had been "compromised" the year before. My family and community didn't recognize what happened to me as rape. Neither did I, come to think of it, convinced as I was of my own guilt by my religious beliefs. It was years before I was able to see it for what it was. // He pressed his hip against her and guided her without seeming to do so. She suddenly realized that he had made her leave the main road and that they were going along the narrow lane leading to Requillart. She had no time to remonstrate, however, for his arm was already round her waist and he was intoxicating her with a ceaseless flow of endearing words. How silly of her to be afraid! As though he could wish any harm to a little darling like her, for she was as soft as silk and so tender he could eat her! His breath caressed her behind the ear and sent a quiver all through her body. She was too flustered to say anything. He really did seem to love her. Only last Saturday night, after blowing out the candle, she had wondered what would happen if he took her like this, and as she was dropping off to sleep she had dreamed that she was overcome by pleasure and could not go on saying no. Then why today should the very same thought fill her with repugnance and a sort of regret? [...] Suddenly she looked around. Chaval had brought her into the Requillart ruins, and she backed shudderingly away from the darkness of the broken-down shed. 'Oh no! oh no! Let me go, please!' She was seized by terror of the male, that fear which makes a girl instinctively tense her muscles in self-protection, even though she is willing, when she feels the all-conquering approach of man. Her virginity had nothing to learn, but yet it was terrified as the threat of some blow, some wound the unknown pain of which filled her with dread. 'No, no, I don't want to! I'm too young, I tell you! Yes, I am — later on, perhaps, when I'm properly grown up.' 'Don't be silly,' he said in a low voice. 'In that case there's nothing to be afraid of. What difference does it make?' He said no more, but seized her in his strong arms and threw her into the shed. She fell back on the coils of rope and gave up the struggle, passively receiving the male, immature though she was, with the same inherited submissiveness which laid low the girls of her race while still children. Her frightened stammering died away, and only the man's panting breath could be heard. All through this Étienne had sat motionless, listening. Yet another of them taking the leap! Now that he had seen the performance, he rose to leave, feeling ill at ease, with the sort of jealous excitement mingled with anger. He gave up trying to be quiet and strode over the beams, for these two were now far too busy to mind. He was therefore surprised when, after walking a hundred paces or so along the road, he turned round and saw

¹² Marshall McLuhan, *Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man*, 1964.

them already standing up and apparently returning to the village, like himself. The man had put his arm round the girl again and was holding her tight with an air of gratitude, still whispering into her ear, while she seemed in a hurry to get home and looked vexed at the delay. Étienne was seized with a desire to see their faces [...] and when he reached the first lamp-post, he hid in the shadows. He stood rooted to the spot with astonishment when he recognized Catherine and Chaval. At first he could not believe it: could this girl in the dark blue frock and bonnet really be the same young scamp he had seen in trousers with her hair screwed up under a cloth cap? That was why she had passed right by him without his seeing through the disguise. But there was no doubt now, for he had seen her eyes again, those limpid green eyes, as clear and deep as spring water. What a bitch! He felt a sudden and quite unjustified desire to be revenged on her and scorn her. Anyhow, girl's clothes did not suit her; she looked hideous. [...] So what she had sworn that morning was true: she did not yet belong to anybody; and to think that he had not believed her, but had resisted the temptation to touch her so as not to behave like that other fellow! And now he had let her be taken under his very nose, and had carried his stupidity to the point of enjoying the dirty fun of watching them! It drove him mad, and he clenched his fists and wished he could slay the man, in one of those murderous moods when he saw red.¹³ // “The role of the observer actively shapes reality.”¹⁴ // At the end of *Germinal*, when Catherine's body is recovered from the flooded mine, her mother grieves. Throughout the prolonged rescue effort, Catherine's mother never leaves the site — an unexpected demonstration of real sentiment for her daughter. Growing up in the Mormon church, I was taught that sex outside of marriage is a sin next to murder.¹⁵ I was taught that it would be better to have died than to give up my virtue without a struggle.¹⁶ I was told that I could be forgiven through a process of repentance, but that I could never be really whole again — the damage irrevocable.¹⁷ My separation from my family is a spiritual one. For Mormon families, it means eternal separation. I imagine for my mom, it's as though the daughter she loved died leaving an unknowable ghost in the family. I spoke to my mom on the phone recently and she told me the story again, her favorite story, of the time I saved her from plummeting to her death at Lake Powell. I reached across a chasm to grab her hand. // In order to remember debt and guilt, people need memory, and both debt and guilt are inscribed into the body very literally in the form of cuts [...] the clearest connection between debt and cutting the body is expressed by Roman Law. The so-called Twelve Tables mention explicitly that the body of a debtor can rightfully be split among creditors, which means that the latter are entitled to cut off parts of the debtor's body. And whether they cut a little more or less shouldn't matter, according to this view of the law.¹⁸ // He said afterward that a wave of love washed over him while I was in the scanner. Why? I asked, always keen to understand what makes other people love me. I saw inside you, he said, the shape of your skull, your chin, your tissues, the bones of your shoulder that fit the cup of my palm exactly...// Last night I dreamt that I was descending an aluminum ladder at the edge of a dock. I could smell the tar, hot on the pilings, and the stagnant water. I was unsure—I didn't want to get in. I paused, my chin tilted all the way up to look at you—the sun was behind your head—I searched the shadow that concealed your face, for reassurance. You told me that I should get in. I looked down at the still water, clear but tinged with green and yellow. There were sunken boats covering the lake bed—all the wooden edges furry with algae. I was afraid. I closed my eyes and pulled my face close to my hands clenched on the rung. // this is that. this is not that. this is not nothing. this is not that that is not this. this nothing that is not nothing. this nothing that is not, not nothing. not that that is nothing—it's just that this is not, not nothing... // The specialist called today with the results of my CT scan. She explained that the radiologist considers the lymph nodes to be a normal size. But that she is still recommending an ultrasound to check bloodflow in the area. Based on what the

¹³ Émile Zola, *Germinal*, 132-135.

¹⁴ Hito Steyerl, *The Wretched of the Screen*, 139-140, (paraphrased).

¹⁵ Spencer W. Kimball, *The Miracle of Forgiveness*, 33.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, 96.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, 177.

¹⁸ Hito Steyerl, *The Wretched of the Screen*, 178.

ultrasound shows, they may or may not decide to do a needle biopsy. You don't want to take any chances with cancer. I mean, you could just keep an eye on it and see if they get bigger—cancers tend to grow bigger—but you can never be too careful. // Wittgenstein wrote that what we cannot speak about must be passed over in silence. Or maybe what we cannot speak about can only be conjured in poetry through the mechanism of negation, saying no.¹⁹ // Some plants need fire in order to release and germinate their seeds. Fire pines produce seeds that are contained inside closed cones. The cones are held shut by resin. During a fire, the mature trees may be killed, but the cones fall to the ground and the resin melts releasing thousands of seeds on the newly burned and fertilized soil. Fire pines can be found in many places where there is risk of fire.²⁰ // Don't forget how much I'd want to taste the trace of pine and whiskey from your tongue. A perfect vermouth. Rain-washed berried conifers. Let the pots boil over and the wrinkles set in the linen. How perfect it feels to stretch out all the length of you. // Not lymph nodes, the cervix. Cold knife excision. // 9.8.16 SPECIMEN SOURCE: A) Endo/ecto cervical. CYTOLOGIC IMPRESSION: Atypical squamous cells of undetermined significance (ASC-US). COMMENTS: Partially obscuring inflammation. The initial slide preparation was technically unsatisfactory due to scant cellularity. The specimen was reprocessed according to FDA-approved Hologic methodology for blood and successfully produced an adequate second slide. SAMPLING ADEQUACY: Endocervical cells / metaplastic cells present. // Blue sky and 53 degrees—had a really nice walk around Greenlake where the leaves are starting to turn and fall in earnest—like the rusted armor of angels crashing to the earth with the “fucking gravity”²¹ of it all. Sometimes I wish that you were mine...and then I remember to try not to believe in possession. An ungraspable edge. Groundless cartoon treading air only so long as there is the belief of the ground. A hip-bone pining. wandering insides infides confide stay inside; what's mine is yours; his and hers; truth troth fact; “best treasure”²² = truthe; manifests in the exercise of earthly justice and fidelity, and in the correlative poetic value of truth-telling—need to know it by an interior form of knowledge, grounded in the depths of the self, (internalized truth).²³ // Our task is the self-defense of the surround in the face of repeated, targeted dispossessions through the settler's armed incursion. And while acquisitive violence occasions this self-defense, it is recourse to self-possession in the face of dispossession (recourse, in other words, to politics) that represents the real danger. Politics is an ongoing attack on the common – the general and generative antagonism – from within the surround.²⁴ // The chambered anchoress, Julian of Norwich, a woman who essentially became part of a mountain when she was sealed into her stone chamber, had visions of suffering (affective piety). Precisely by virtue of a common humanity, the visions are common property. “We are all one, and I am sure I saw it for the profit of many other”; “sin is behovely”; “felix culpa” = happy sin.²⁵ // Ovid's *Metamorphoses* narrative of Tereus and Philomela in which Husband (Tereus) rapes and cuts out the tongue of his sister-in-law (Philomela). His wife (Procne) and her sister take their vengeance by murdering and cooking the rapist's child (Itys). Philomela's concern is as much for publication of the rape as for vengeance. With her tongue excised, she relies on weaving as a means of writing to communicate the terror of her experience, just as, transformed into a chattering bird at the end of the story, she continues to remind humans of Terueus's disgrace. // ravine, rape; befalls; “The preic that is feline”²⁶ // Cervix, *n. Physiol.* The neck, esp. the back part of the neck. Hence applied to a similar part in various organs, as the neck of the womb (*cervix uteri*), of the bladder (*cervix vesicae*), of the thigh-bone (*cervix femoris*), and of a tooth (*cervix dentis*, ‘the line of junction between the crown and

¹⁹ Zapruder, “The Leap and the Void,” *Fall Convergence*, October 2016.

²⁰ Nicola Barber, *Inside Fire and Floods*, 21.

²¹ Wim Wenders, *Far Away So Close*.

²² William Langland, “Piers Plowman,” *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*, Stephen Greenblatt.

²³ Stephen Greenblatt, *Norton Anthology of English Literature*, (paraphrased).

²⁴ Stefano Harney and Fred Moten, *The Undercommons*, 17.

²⁵ Julian of Norwich, *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*, Stephen Greenblatt.

²⁶ John Gower, “Confessio Amantis,” *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*, Stephen Greenblatt.

the fang).²⁷ “The cervix of the Os femoris has a great many large holes.”²⁸ “The cervix of the bladder is of a compressed conical form.”²⁹ // Mine, *n.* 1. †b. An underground cavity. *Obs.* 3. a. Formerly: a subterranean passage dug under an enemy position, esp. the wall of a besieged fortress, in order to gain entrance or to bring about its collapse. *adj.* and *pron.* 2. As postmodifier. Now only arch. in vocative expressions. †3. In phrases: mine alone, mine one, mine unwitting, maugre mine.³⁰ “The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meetes, Is husht within the hallow mine of earth, and will not hear’t.”³¹ “As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem.”³² Mine-canary: state of health—danger signal indicative of the state of the environment. Core sample, biopsy. “Nothing but thin air—that is, the breath that one exhales in saying a word.”³³ “Desunt nonnulla”³⁴ (something is missing). to destroy, wear down; to hollow out by erosion; to extract from a mine; to blast, blow up. with in, into. “His manhood and his pyne made love withinne hire herte for to myne.”³⁵ “One caribou will go gravely over to where another has mined down to a piece of ice of extra flavor.”³⁶ To ruin or destroy by slow or secret methods. “Like a fortress on a rock, Th’impregnable disease....”³⁷ “The rival batters, and the lover mines.”³⁸ fretted and mined away. Of a river to force its way beneath [underground lakes and rivers—fossil water]. tortuously mined [tortuous veins]. alluvial was exhausted. “A sort of tumour formed under the integuments of the head, which are raised like the earth mined.”³⁹ “They mine the soil. They use up fertility without restoring it”⁴⁰ [spilling the seed]. in mine own person; mine enforced; mine innocent heart; my sinful body⁴¹; mind. // cunning evasion [cunning vixen]. windlass = ensare. pins and light woollens and newly developed coal mines. “Sighs into mind inward furnace turned.”⁴² “Love gave the wound, which while I breathe will bleed, but known worth did in mine of time proceed, till by degrees it had full conquest got.”⁴³ Starlover and Star. “You that do dictionary’s method bring/ into your rhymes, running in rattling rows;/ You that poor Petrarch’s long-deceased woes/ with new-born sighs and denizen’d wit do sing;/ You take wrong ways, those far-fet helps be such,/ As do bewray a want of inward touch,/ And sure at length stolen goods do come to light./ But if (both for your love and skill) your name/ You seek to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,/ Stella behold, and then begin to endite.”⁴⁴ Melancholy is universal.⁴⁵ // The hurt of the stolen. The wound of the thief. I am taken. I am shared. I am given. // 10.17.16
 FINAL DIAGNOSIS: A) Cervical biopsy at 12 o'clock : Transformation zone with: High-grade squamous intra-epithelial neoplasia (CIN III). High grade intraepithelial glandular neoplasm (AIS). B) ECC : Rare fragments of endocervical glands with: No neoplasm identified. COMMENT: There is extensive high-grade glandular intraepithelial neoplasia (adenocarcinoma in-situ [AIS]) and at least focal high-grade squamous intraepithelial neoplasia (CIN III). No invasive carcinoma is identified. CLINICAL DATA: ASCUS. GROSS DESCRIPTION: A) Received in formalin labeled "Hurtado, Amanda L., A. CX BX at 12:00" are two fragments of tan-white glistening soft tissue ranging from 0.3 to 0.4 cm in greatest dimension. // Early 17th century beliefs: fixed earth and circling sun; moon;

²⁷ “cervix, *n.*” *OED Online*, 2017.

²⁸ Alexander Monro, *Anatomy of Human Bones and Nerves*, 278.

²⁹ Robert Bentley Todd, *Cyclopaedia of Anatomy & Physiology*, I. 387/1.

³⁰ “mine,” *OED Online*, 2017.

³¹ Shakespeare *Othello*, iv. ii. 81, 1622.

³² Percy Shelley, *Prometheus Unbound*, 160.

³³ William Shakespeare, “Henry IV,” *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*, Stephen Greenblatt.

³⁴ Christopher Marlowe, “Hero and Leander,” *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*, Stephen Greenblatt.

³⁵ Chaucer, “Troilus and Creseyde,” *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*, Stephen Greenblatt.

³⁶ Harper’s new monthly magazine, American edition, June 1850–Nov. 1900.

³⁷ John Dryden, “Threnodia Augustalis,” *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*, Stephen Greenblatt.

³⁸ Samuel Johnson, “The Vanity of Human Wishes,” *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*, Stephen Greenblatt.

³⁹ “mole,” Littré in NED, 1906.

⁴⁰ American speech, 12, (American Dialect Society), 105, 1937.

⁴¹ Jane Grey, *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*, Stephen Greenblatt.

⁴² Sir Philip Sydney, “Arcadia,” *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*, Stephen Greenblatt.

⁴³ Sir Philip Sydney, “Astrophel and Stella,” *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*, Stephen Greenblatt.

⁴⁴ *Ibid.*

⁴⁵ Robert Burton, “The Anatomy of Melancholy,” *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*, Stephen Greenblatt.

planets; stars. All matter comprised of four elements: fire; earth; water; air. Four bodily humors: cholera; blood; phlegm; black bile. Supposed to determine a person's temperament and to cause physical and mental disease when out of balance. Late Elizabethan and Jacobean considered themselves especially prone to melancholy, an ailment of scholars and thinkers stemming from an excess of black bile. Key concepts of the inherited system of knowledge were analogy and order. Donne loved to draw parallels between "big world" (macrocosm) and "little world" (microcosm) of the individual human being. "Chain of being" ordered various kinds of beings into hierarchies: God —> Angels —> Human beings —> Animals —> Plants —> Rocks. Social orders: husband —> wife —> children Each level had its peculiar function, and each was connected to those above and beneath in a tight network of obligation and dependency. Items that occupied similar positions in different hierarchies were related by analogy. Example analogy: King = God; Father; Sun; Lion. Many Jacobean tragedies (like King Lear) depict the catastrophes that ensue when these hierarchies rupture and both the social order and the natural order disintegrate. [conceptual system]. Collectors brought animal, plant, and ethnological novelties from far-flung colonies were hard to subsume under the old categories of understanding. William Harvey's discovery that blood circulated in the body shook received views on the function of blood, casting doubt on the theory of the humors. Galileo's telescope provided evidence as well of change in the heavens, which were supposed to be perfect and incorruptible above the level of the moon. For Donne, sexual consummation has something of the same highly charged symbolic character as religious communions, a moment in which the isolated individual can however temporarily, escape the boundaries of selfhood in union with another. (bodily fluids), (bodily metaphors) He likens conjoined lovers to saints; demands to be raped by God, imagines Christ encouraging his bride, The Church, to "open herself" to as many men as possible. // Fe; feline; feminine; iron; blood. Cannon; fugue // Thomas Hardy's Tess, like Zola's Catherine are both the possession at the center of a tug of war between the brutality of a bad man (Alec and Chaval) and the brutality of a good man (Angel and Étienne). I interpret the Bad Man as a representation of a social reality for some women and the Good Man as god/religion/society's morals. The copy of *Germinal* given to me by my mom has her notes are penned in the margins throughout. On page 222, she has written, *Étienne = Savior*. // He held her tight and she nestled up against him for a long time, chattering like a happy child: 'How silly we have been to wait all this long time! I would have loved you from the beginning, only you did not realize it! You sulked... And then do you remember how we couldn't sleep at night, but lay with our noses in the air listening to each other's breathing, and all the time dying for each other?' Her gaiety was infectious, and he too began joking about memories of their unspoken love. 'You hit me once. Oh yes you did! On both cheeks.' 'That was because I loved you. But, you see, I wouldn't let myself think about you. I told myself it was all over between us. But all the time I really knew that we should come together some day. All we wanted was a chance, just some lucky chance, didn't we?' A cold shudder ran through him, and he wanted to shake her out of this dream of hers. But he went on: 'It's never all over. All you need is a little happiness, and it begins all over again.' 'Then will you keep me? It's the real thing this time, isn't it?' She was so weak that she fell limp in his arms, and her voice died away. He was frightened, and he held her close to his heart. 'Are you ill?' She started up in surprise. 'No, of course not. Why?' But the question had wakened her out of her dream. She looked round in the darkness, clasped and unclasped her hands and burst into a fresh fit of sobbing. 'Oh God! How dark it is!' Gone were the cornfields, the scent of the grass, the song of the larks, and the golden sunshine. She was back in the flooded pit, the stinking darkness, the lugubrious drip-drip in this cavern in which they had been dying for so many days. Her hallucination made it all the more horrible, and she went back to the superstitions of her childhood and saw the Black Man, the old miner who came back from the grave to wring the necks of bad girls in the mine. 'Listen. Did you hear?' 'No, nothing. I can't hear anything.' 'Yes, I tell you! It's the Man...you know...look, there he is. The earth has let all the blood out of her veins, out of revenge for having an artery cut. And there he is, look! blacker than night. Oh, I'm afraid, I'm afraid!' She stopped, but was shaking violently. Then she whispered: 'No. It's still the other one.' 'What other one?' 'The one who is still with us. The one who's dead.' She was haunted by the vision of Chaval, and

rambled on about him, about their cat and dog life together, the one day when he had been nice to her, in Jean-Bart, and the other days of alternate caresses and blows, when he half-killed her with his embraces after nearly beating her to death. ‘He’s coming, I tell you he is, and he is going to stop our being together yet again. It’s still the same old jealousy. Oh, send him away, and keep me—all of me!’ She clung impetuously to him, found his mouth and pressed it passionately with hers. The darkness rolled away, she saw the sun, and laughed the serene laugh of a young girl in love. Feeling her half naked body through her rags, so close to his, his virility returned, and he took her. This at last was their wedding night, in this tomb, on this bed of mud. They could not die before having their happiness, they must live and pass on life one last time. They loved each other in despair, in death itself.⁴⁶ // In Book 1 of the metamorphoses Jupiter decides to prune the incurable body to save the limb (as opposed to losing a limb to save the body, a brutal sort of palliative care). He floods the earth, "And now sea and land had no distinction." Only two people survive the flood. The oracle in the mountain temple instructs them to throw the mother's bones behind their backs. Despite fear of harming their mother's ghost, they pick up stones and throw them over their shoulders. The rocks change form and become human, marking the beginning the fifth age of men, the stone age. // fallen angels; zero; nothingness; silence; double negative; inversions: heaping and hollowing. // Am just home from a long city hike over freeways in and out of woods and parks, up and down stairs that transcend one neighborhood into another. The weather today could almost be spring or fall with big dramatic puzzle-piece sunbreaks and strong enough wind to make entire cedars shake, but not blow the hat off your head. I can feel that it's fall when the sun goes behind the clouds. There's a waxing quality to the darkness as opposed to spring's waning shade. And when the sun shifts back out I can feel the tilt of the earth out of favor, kiltering off from a central solar margin. It felt good to walk today after an interrupted night during which I hiked with you for hours until at last I succumbed to the delicious exhaustion of the free-falling, neutral-gear descent of the long canyon road. // *Post*: 7. †a. Geol. and Mining. A vertical mass of stratified rock between two joints or fissures. Obs.⁴⁷ To turr six elnes of ground inward on the topp of the said craig..and to wonne stones downward to the bottom of the poiste.⁴⁸ The continued Lines are the larger Perpendicular Fissures, there called Gulfe-Joints, and sometimes Damps. The Spaces inclos'd within them are the Posts or Stacks of Stone, that are thus severed from each other by means of those Gulfe-Joints.⁴⁹ b. Mining. A pillar of coal or ore left uncut to support the roof of a mine working.⁵⁰ The method of posts and stalls, or leaving large pillars and excavating chambers between them, is resorted to.⁵¹ In the post and stall system, each man has his own room, and performs all the labour in it.⁵² // Moten and Harney want to gesture to another place, a wild place that is not simply the left over space that limns real and regulated zones of polite society; rather, it is a wild place that continuously produces its own unregulated wildness. The zone we enter through Moten and Harney is ongoing and exists in the present and, as Harney puts it, “some kind of demand was already being enacted, fulfilled in the call itself.” While describing the London Riots of 2011, Harney suggests that the riots and insurrections do not separate out “the request, the demand and the call”—rather, they enact the one in the other: “I think the call, in the way I would understand it, the call, as in the call and response, the response is already there before the call goes out. You’re already in something.” *You are already in it*. For Moten too, you are always already in the thing that you call for and that calls you. What’s more, the call is always a call to dis-order and this disorder or wildness shows up in many places: in jazz, in improvisation, in noise. The disordered sounds that we refer to as cacophony will always be cast as “extra-musical,” as Moten puts it, precisely because we hear something in them that reminds us that our desire for harmony is arbitrary

⁴⁶ Émile Zola, *Germinal*, 484-486.

⁴⁷ “post, n.1,” *OED Online*, 2017.

⁴⁸ J. D. Marwick & R. Renwick, *Charters rel. Glasgow* (1906) II. 135, 1668.

⁴⁹ J. Morton *Nat. Hist. Northants*. 127 1712.

⁵⁰ “post, n.1,” *OED Online*, 2017.

⁵¹ J. Farey *Gen. View Agric. Derbyshire* I. 188, 1811.

⁵² A. Ure *Dict. Arts* 979, 1839.

and in another world, harmony would sound incomprehensible. Listening to cacophony and noise tells us that there is a wild beyond to the structures we inhabit and that inhabit us.⁵³ // † mand, *n.*1 Origin: Probably a borrowing from French. Etymon: French *mand*. Etymology: Probably < Middle French *mand* command, order (c1190 in Old French) < *mander* (see *mand v.*). Obs. rare. A question. *mand*, *n.*3 Origin: Formed within English, by compounding. Etymon: English *command*. Etymology: < -*mand* (in *command*, *demand*, etc.); coined by B. F. Skinner *psycholinguistics*. An utterance aimed at producing an effect or result. Cf. *tact n.* 5.⁵⁴ The term ‘mand’ has a certain mnemonic value derived from ‘command’, ‘demand’,...and so on... A ‘mand’, then, may be defined as a verbal operant in which the response is reinforced by a characteristic consequence and is therefore under the functional control of relevant conditions of deprivation or aversive stimulation.⁵⁵ It is interesting to speculate how far the program for the acquisition of mands and tacts will account for all verbal behavior.⁵⁶ Beneath the linguistically questionable trappings (cf. Chomsky 1959) of mands, tacts, and echoic responses—..is there a brilliance which linguists in general have been prevented from seeing?⁵⁷ † *mand*, *v.* Origin: A borrowing from French. Etymon: French *mander*. Etymology: < Anglo-Norman *mander*, *maunder*, Old French, Middle French *mander* to command, order, ask, declare, summon, also to send (late 10th cent.) < classical Latin *mandāre* (see *mandate n.*). Obs. 1. *trans.* To emit, send out. 2. *trans.* To order, command; to send for.⁵⁸ Aske whatso-else I haue to giue, thous maunde it for a kis.⁵⁹ // *tact*, *n.* †3. The act of touching or handling; an instance of this, a touch. Obs. rare. [So in Latin] 4. Music. A stroke in beating time. 5. *Psychol.* [Final element of con)tact.] B. F. Skinner's term for an utterance which is evoked by an object, event, etc., and reinforces the learning of a response. Hence as *v. trans.*, to respond to (a stimulus) with an utterance; *intr.*, to utter words or sounds in this way. Cf. *mand n.*⁶⁰ Skinner..describes how a child learns to emit ‘tacts’ (i.e. verbal responses controlled by properties of objects or situations) under the influence of ‘generalized reinforcers’, particularly approval.⁶¹ The child learns in this manner to tact environmental events as well as objects.⁶² † *tacted* *adj.* The close relation between the topography of behavior and the tacted stimulus.⁶³ // *mandate*, *n.* Origin: A borrowing from Latin. Etymons: Latin *mandātum*, *mandāre*. Etymology: < classical Latin *mandātum* command, instruction, announcement, imperial directive, use as noun of neuter of past participle of *mandāre* to hand over, assign, command; compare -ate suffix1. Classical Latin *mandāre* is cognate with Oscan *manafum* (1st singular preterite), *amanaffed* (3rd singular preterite) commanded, ordered: the first element is < the base of *manus* hand (see *manus n.*1); the second is probably the same as the second element in *abdere* to conceal (for which see discussion s.v. *do v.*), although the reason for the change in conjugation is unclear. Compare Middle French, French *mandat* (late 15th cent.), and in various senses (e.g. 4b) also Old French, Middle French, French *mandement* *mandement n.* Compare earlier *mandatary n.*, *mandatory adj.*⁶⁴ // Hurtado: nickname from the past participle of *hurtar* ‘to rob or conceal’ (Late Latin *furtare*, from *furtum* ‘theft’, *fur* ‘thief’). The reference was probably to an illegitimate child, whose existence was concealed, or to a kidnapped child. // Obelisk can mean both rock and nail and diacritical mark. // Bed rock; pin post; attach, a tache, a touch. // Zero is the indentation of rock in earth — the boulder removed, a zero remains — a cavity of stone or of flesh [excision]. Whip hand: the lashes of angels to pluck and forage; seed in the furrows. // 11.17.16 FINAL DIAGNOSIS: A) Endocervix - curettings: Fragments of ecto/endocervix

⁵³ Jack Halberstam, “The Wild Beyond,” *The Undercommons*, 7.

⁵⁴ “mand, n.3,” *OED Online*, 2017.

⁵⁵ B. F. Skinner, *Verbal Behavior* ii. iii. 35, 1957.

⁵⁶ *Anthropol. Ling.* 1 i. 41, 1959.

⁵⁷ *Language* 48 482, 1972.

⁵⁸ “mand, v.,” *OED Online*, 2017.

⁵⁹ W. Warner *Albions Eng.* (new ed.) vi. xxx. 130, 1589.

⁶⁰ “tact, n.3,” *OED Online*, 2017.

⁶¹ *Brit. Jnl. Psychol.* Aug. 181. 1954.

⁶² A. W. Staats *Human Learning* iii. 73/2, 1964.

⁶³ B. F. Skinner *Contingencies of Reinforcement* viii. 254, 1969.

⁶⁴ “mandate, n.,” *OED Online*, 2017.

with: Endocervical tissue with no evidence of neoplasm. Comment: Fragments of endometrium with decidualized stroma consistent with hormonal influence present. B) Cervix - cone biopsy: Ecto/endocervix with: High grade intraepithelial glandular neoplasm (AIS). Ecto/endocervical margins appear to be free of glandular intraepithelial neoplasm (AIS), however, evaluation of margins is limited by patchy nature of glandular intraepithelial lesion. Comment: Patchy areas with residual adenocarcinoma in-situ are present. No squamous intraepithelial neoplasia seen. CLINICAL DATA: Adenocarcinoma in situ. GROSS DESCRIPTION: A) Received in formalin labeled "Hurtado, Amanda L.; A. endocervical curettings" is a 2.5 x 1.5 x 0.2 cm aggregate of mucohemorrhagic material. Entirely submitted in A1. B) Received in formalin labeled "Hurtado, Amanda L.; B. cervical cone biopsy tagged at 12:00" is a 1.7 x 1.0 cm conical excision with a depth of 1.3 cm. A suture designates 12:00. The os is 0.8 x 0.3 cm. The ectocervix is roughened and granular. The endocervical canal margin is inked orange and the ectocervical margin is inked blue. The tissue is sectioned radially and entirely submitted. //

shear, shorn. Scar, *n.1* †1. A rock, crag. *Obs.* 2. A lofty, steep face of rock upon a mountainside; a precipice, cliff. 3. A low or sunken rock in the sea; a rocky tract at the bottom of the sea. 4.a. The rough burnt-out cinder left in a furnace. *n.2* 1.a. The trace of a healed wound, sore, or burn; = cicatrix *n.1*. b. *fig.* A fault or blemish remaining as a trace of some former condition or resulting from some particular cause. †c. In phrases to bring, to draw, to cure to a scar, to treat a wound until it cicatrizes; to induce healing. Also *fig.* *Obs.* 2. Natural Hist. A mark or trace indicating the point of attachment of some structure that has been removed. *n.3* †1. A crack, chink; a cut, incision. *Obs.* 2. A fragment, 'shard'. *Obs.* exc. *dial.* (see E.D.D. at *Scard*).⁶⁵ // Growing up, my family had a time-share on a houseboat in Lake Powell. It wasn't like the hulking, fancy houseboats our neighbors owned with water slides, multi-tiered decks, and custom-painted names on the sides – "A Wave From It All;" "Favorite Mistake;" "Nice Aft" – we called ours the "Flotel-Six." We had a favorite spot where we liked to go. It was a semi-secluded deep-water sandstone cove. I assume the reason it was usually vacant was because it had no gradual beach for swimming and playing near the shore – just a sheer drop-off into water hundreds of feet deep. We liked it there because there were so many of us and not much room on the boat. The surrounding sandstone bluffs provided endless hiking, exploring, cliff-jumping, and places to roll out sleeping bags. In the evenings when the hills on the opposite side of the cove gave shade, we liked to explore the eroded terrain full of pot holes as big as hot tubs, slot canyons clogged with tumble weeds, and caves you could swim in. On one such evening, my mom, who mostly preferred her book of cross-word puzzles under the awning atop the Flotel-Six, decided to tag along with me to the top of our shaded hill where she could see my step-dad sitting alone watching the sunset. At ten years old, and the youngest in the family, I was trailing behind my siblings, choosing my own route through sticker bushes and avoiding any patches of sand with toilet paper peaking through. The problem with sandstone is that its slopes look easier, softer, than they really are. Sandstone lures you into a precarious situation and before you know it you have no good options left. Going forward or going back both risk a fall. My mom and I found ourselves in just such a situation. Mid-way up a steepening slope when any further progress upward became impossible, we began to traverse across the face of the hillside which was not only getting steeper but the ground below was also sloping downward. Leading the way, my toes following a miniscule horizontal ridge across the rock, I found our route barred by the dead end of a hidden chasm in the rock – a deep slot, not very wide but a slip could be fatal. // Plume, *v.* †2. intr. a. *Falconry.* Of a hawk: to pluck or tear at the feathers of its prey. Chiefly with *on* or *upon*. *Obs.* 3. *trans.* a. To pluck the feathers from (a bird). Also in extended use: to strip bare, denude, deprive of power. †c. *fig.* To rob, despoil. Also occas. used *intr.* *Obs.*⁶⁶ // Steal, *n.1* †b. ? The trunk of a tree. *Obs.* †2. ? A supporting post or pillar. *Obs.* *v.1* c. with away, †out, †over. e. *esp.* To plagiarize; to pass off (another's work) as one's own; to 'borrow' improperly (words, expressions). Also *absol.* f. To derive obscurely and dishonourably. *nonce-use.* 3.b. with away; rarely with other advs., as †down, †over. c. Of an impersonal agent. (The wind!). d.

⁶⁵ "scar, n.1," *OED Online*, 2017.

⁶⁶ "plume, v.," *OED Online*, 2017.

To carry off (young animals) from the dam. e. To carry off, abduct, kidnap (a person) secretly. Now rare. g. *dial.* To catch (wild-fowl). ? *Obs.* 4. In various applications with immaterial obj. b. To take without permission (esp. a kiss). †Also (cf. sense 6) to give (a kiss) to a person. f. To gain possession of, or to entice away from another (a person's heart, affections, etc.). †g. To adopt or 'borrow' (what belongs to another art). *Obs.* 5. c. To direct (a look), breathe (a sigh) furtively. 7. *techn.* To omit or suppress (some out of a usual number of parts of a structure). 11. Of things. c. Of a stream, tears, a body of vapour, a ship, etc.: To glide, or move gently and almost imperceptibly. d. Of sound, fragrance, light: To become gradually perceptible. †e. To insinuate itself, find acceptance in disguise. Also, to gain influence by imperceptible degrees.⁶⁷ // Obsidian shears [share]; heavy decay; a loosely woven skirt obscures the fir. // black, share, scar, shear, seer, sear, swear, chare, char, shard, stare, star; promise, soar, sore, swore; sheerly articulated, cliff; rock face; clock face; wayward wanderer; desunt — day swooned; nonetheless nothingness; descent — decent; nonsense nonce no nothing. // A mountain lion prefers to hunt behind a screen of undergrowth — scrub oak, grasses, milkweed, dogwood. // Monument of silence; inversion of sound/silence; moment; (obelisk / radio transmitter); silent transmission of radio waves through space. // tomorrow's demands of the hand needlessly needled a tack, a touch the mark of the lash in angel-seeded furrows the stench of lettuce fets the sand and by degrees taken a wounded thief entices the hurt of the stolen a kiss by command to come in the wind to know before sending away the ruin of tongued attachment with excised tongue, she weaves with pins and light woolens timbres knitted to timbres a bawdy wind scatters a bed, sun-warm and honey-thick of sanded stone, it's softness tricks a person's heart from a direct look and the art of furtive sighs a sound of fragrance lies underneath, echoic licks that question of mine beneath the stone this is the breath *desunt nonnulla* something is missing this nothing asserts its presence the hazel nuts remain slipped from their shells and blackberries heavy-hung in clusters we become an island of bears in the summer secluded inside conifer confides the obelisk omits some out of a usual number to disguise the structure the obstinate offenses of obdurate obedience mounted the hierarchies ruptured what was thought incorruptible above the moon the earth, dislodged set it whirling the body shook far-flung blood cast open in the low-down tidal decay the sea lattice rose above the knees two posts denuded and fir occluded telling our faults, infide not to be controlled by vague lucubrations the seed wasted soil traces the manifest corruption a furtive tact to derive obscurely a number omitted but pinned to the post the rock's lofty face and the sky, impossibly blue of a hard working hue and the star lover pinned against the thrusting of geological time trusting to laws that through eons of chare the stars will always describe the path of a spiral and the swerve of the straight down kiltering off of the sure-footed climb down from some central solar margin to taste the trace of pine on the tongue a perfect vermouth an ungraspable edge a hipbone pining what's mine is yours the chambered anchoress speaks "*sin is behovey*" as one who loves a genial face clept improperly a pitched ravine befalls into bracken and black let the pots boil over and wrinkles set in the linen thrown down and threaded through miles of rain and from a salted stream a ship insinuates on the horizon as through a body of vapor becomes gradually perceptible the windlass ensnares what was submerged in the sound mats of decay accumulate algae blooms its plumes while all the while the tides sway the helpless weed groping for the block between head and shoulders the animal, imbrued and washed, as all things else above and beneath a tight network of obligation a stemming excess gotten forth but with force and afterwards, given an instance of this, a touch, a question treading air so long as there is the belief of ground // We were already clinging to the rock by our fingertips and toes. I was barefoot, an advantage on sandstone, but my mom was wearing canvas sneakers. Going back the way we came would risk slipping to the bottom of the steep face and having to find our way out of a blind ravine and possibly be trapped there with broken bones and no way up the cliff walls. I could see that once across the slot, the ground became nearly level. I could also see that the thin horizontal seam under my toes continued across the chasm. A few quick steps would see me safely across and from the level ground on the other side, I could help my mom cross over too. I had to act quickly because the longer you stand still on

⁶⁷ "steal, n.," *OED Online*, 2017.

sandstone, the more the rock slips and crumbles. I told my mom what I was going to do and before she could forbid me, I was across. It was her turn now but she was frozen with fear, her face beat red. With one hand braced against the slope, I reached the other toward her as far as I could stretch. "Grab my hand Mom, I've got you." She was breathing fast, "I can't!" I pointed to where she could put her foot to step across. I must have looked puny, a skinny 10-year-old offering to catch her. But she had no other choice. She grabbed my hand and I pulled her over the drop. My mom loves to tell this story. It's her favorite story about me. When she gets to the end, she always laughs at how small I was and all the time assuring her "Mommy, I'll catch you!" then she gets serious and says, "And by golly, you did. You really did. You saved me." // "Now Kerouac talked about something he called 'alluvials,' and if you look that up in the dictionary it says 'aluvium, solid material deposited by running water,' which you get in a delta at the front of a river. He said, 'Add alluvials to the end of your line when all is exhausted but something has to be said for some specified irrational reason.'"⁶⁸ // Delta: the fourth letter of the Greek alphabet; the fourth in a series of items or categories; code word representing the letter D, used in radio communication; variation of a variable or function; a finite increment; declination; a triangular tract of sediment deposited at the mouth of a river, typically where it diverges into several outlets.⁶⁹ // "You enter meaninglessness every time you reach for a word. I think poets all know the feeling of grabbing a word and you really don't know what the hell it means but you put it in and you know it's right, and you always find out somehow, or maybe you find a way of finding out it's right, but anyway it goes in and has to go in."⁷⁰ // The Huygen's Principle: each wavefront creates an infinite number of new wavefronts that can be added (fractal wave). Quartz Filters: One feeds the current through a crystal, and it is tuned much better. Signal/noise: AM Communications: Experimentation of various ideas lead to transmit only one frequency at a time; or at least reducing the bandwidth so that it would approximate a single frequency. Then, by varying the intensity the signal, usually called Amplitude, AM radio was developed here the message is passed by the modulation. However, it was still somewhat inefficient, because it involved the multiplication of signals, and that generates sidebands, also called sum and difference frequencies. So the information, the sidebands, and anything else to get transmitted. Then next step was to send only one sideband and to block everything else.⁷¹ // At every moment some new fall re-echoed. Pockets of air, compressed into blind galleries, went off in terrible detonations, splitting the rocks and overthrowing great blocks of earth; like prehistoric upheavals when deluges turned the earth inside out, burying the mountains under the plains. A fall of earth. The three me's were immured together. This was the last refinement of misery, to be back again between these two me's. The dreadful existence began. Neither me nor myself opened our mouths, although we were sitting on the ground almost side by side. I had decided to have some food: I had cut a sandwich in two and was chewing very slowly to resist the temptation to swallow it all at once. We watched me, tortured by hunger. 'You're sure you won't have any?' I asked myself in a provocative way, 'You are making a mistake.' I lowered my eyes for fear of giving in, for the pain in my stomach was so agonizing that I had tears in my eyes. But I understood what I wanted. Once already that morning I had breathed down my neck. One of my old fits of lust had come over me through seeing me near the other me. I knew that flicker in my eyes as I invited myself, it was the old flame of my jealous rage when I used to fall on myself with blows and accuse myself of committing abominations with the other me. But I did not want to, fearing that if I returned to me the two me's would fly at each other's throats in this narrow cave where we were all facing death together. Oh God, couldn't we end up as friends? I would rather have starved to death than beg a mouthful of bread from me. The silence grew more and more ominous, and eternity seemed to stretch out before us as the slow, monotonous minutes went by one by one, hopelessly. We had lived shut up together for a whole day. // The womb's barren geometry. Quick faltering inexplicable tongue

⁶⁸ Coolidge, *Now It's Jazz*, p. 53.

⁶⁹ "delta, n.," *Oxford Concise English Dictionary Online*, 2017.

⁷⁰ Clark Coolidge, *Now It's Jazz*, p. 58.

⁷¹ Wikipedia article "Mechanics of radio engineering," https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mathematics_of_radio_engineering, 2017.

in check. To navigate; she's seas. While reading Gwendolyn Brooks RIOT: who mind only amid; trebles trembles; a thimble thumb. "Scatter upon/ their Own and old geography"⁷² Broadcast [scatter]. "The hurt mute"⁷³ // Spiral spring conduit stream crystal underground. How is it that light waves invisible to the eye? Pin is the point of connection; a through-line seaming the block. *Supine*. Hard pressed; pinned through. "[Obsolete English *prest* 'a loan,' 'an advance payment on wages.'] No attempt is made to explain it. (*Very strange!*) Hence *nowhere is it compared to paratus: outfitted, adorned (prepared)*."⁷⁴ Outfitted; adorned; hoarfrost. Advance payment; a day of reckoning; reckon; wrecks; post-date; a loan; recompense; a check; predatory loan/loam; owe/own; equal/close. Two opposite blocks are drawn close together, so that the power is destroyed.⁷⁵ "It is nevertheless from that origin, possible in my opinion, (origin?—at least *kinship*) that I intuitively draw the reason for the proximity of sound (phonetic) of those three words: *pré, près, prêt*. *Parenté* 'kinship' also comes from *pair* (equal, close)."⁷⁶ [pare, moon]. Geometry of a meadow - surrounded by, or boxed in, on four sides vertically by trees; a flat plane with vertical sides; a cube, a box, a block, a cell. // The second lamp burned low and we lit the third. I began my second sandwich. 'Come on silly!' I growled. I shuddered. I turned away so as to leave myself free. But still I did not move, and I whispered to myself: 'Go on, my dear!' Lashed to madness by the thought of what little life I had left was to be spent tied to this detestable rival. Not even room to get away from each other to die! I could not walk ten steps without having to turn round and collide with this woman. And the poor girl — we were still fighting over her even in the depths of the earth! I would go to the survivor, and if I went first this woman would rob me of her yet again. It went on and on, hour followed hour, and the promiscuity of our lives became more and more disgusting, what with our foul breath and the stench of the bodily needs we had had to satisfy in front of each other. Twice I made a rush at the wall of rock as though I expected to split it open with my fists. // Shadows of trees or of tombs stretching across the grass (sundial/pagan circle). Post (mail, posted, (fence)-post, mast, pine). Pinion (arms pinioned behind the back); (feathers) angel, wings, aerial, view. Pin is a code (username & pin). Enclosure (penned; pinned). Posts pen the enclosure. The dead and the not yet born. Cyclical nature always in translation between past, present, future. Post (after) Pre (before). Block is almost the after of black -- or perhaps the before. A lake is a lack - an open field surrounded by forest; the surface belies a pit — an indentation [typographical] a cavern — a negative space — a container; water mirrors the sky above but always contingent upon the darkness beneath. Wind across water makes its own sound waves visible. water is a conduit with the power to make what is invisible (light; sound) visible or noticeable. Draws attention to the qualities/contours of the invisible ubiquitous waves that form a network of unseen sensory experiences—coded by waves. // Another day drew to its close, and I was sitting by myself, with whom I was sharing my last half sandwich. I was painfully chewing each mouthful, and I made myself pay for each one with a kiss, in my jealous determination not to die before I had possessed myself in front of the other me. In my exhausted state I was beginning to yield, but when I attempted to take me I cried out in pain: 'Oh, leave off, you're hurting me!' Trembling with emotion, I had thrust my face against the pit-props so as not to see. But now I jumped round in a rage: 'Take your bloody hands off me!' 'What's it got to do with you?' I said. 'She's my woman, and I can do what I like with her, can't I?' I seized myself again and held me tight in my arms, out of bravado, crushing me to my mouth. Then I said: 'Leave us alone, see! Kindly buzz off!' I, pale to the lips, shouted: 'If you don't leave me alone I'll throttle you!' The other stood up at once, realizing from the tone of my voice that I was determined to make an end of things. Death seemed too slow for us, and one of us had to make way for the other at once. The old feud had come to a head again here in the earth where we would soon be sleeping side by side; and space was so cramped that we could not even raise our fists at each other without grazing them. 'Look out,' I snarled. 'This time

⁷² Gwendolyn Brooks, "Riot," *Blacks*, 475.

⁷³ *Ibid*, 478.

⁷⁴ Francis Ponge, *The Making of the Pré*, 37.

⁷⁵ Amanda Hurtado, *Haven*.

⁷⁶ Ponge, *The Making of The Pré*, 39.

I'm going to get you!' Then I went mad. A red mist swam before my eyes and blood surged up to my head. The blood-lust was upon me, as imperative as a physical need, as a lump of phlegm in the throat that makes you cough. I laid hold of a flake of shale in the wall, tugged it from side to side until it came away. Huge and heavy though it was I raised it in both hands, and with superhuman strength brought it down on my skull. I did not even have time to jump back, but went down with my face smashed in and skull split open. My brains spattered the gallery roof and a red flood streamed like a steady flowing spring, making a pool which reflected the smoky flame of the lamp. Darker shadows seemed to invade the narrow enclosed space, and the black corpse on the ground looked like a heap of slack. I stood over myself, staring with dilated eyes. So I had done it, I had killed myself! I, standing motionless, uttered a wild shriek. 'Oh God! She's dead!' 'Are you sorry?' I asked brutally. I gasped and made incoherent sounds, then swayed and fell into my arms. 'Oh, kill me too! Let's die together!' I wound my arms round my shoulders in a fierce embrace, which I returned, and we wished we could die. But death was in no hurry, and we loosened our embrace. I hid my eyes while I dragged the body along and threw it down the incline, so as to clear the narrow space where we had to go on living. Life would not have been possible with that corpse in the way. We were horrified when we heard it plop into the water, splashing up a cloud of spray. So the water had already filled that great hole? Yes, we could see it now, it had overflowed into the gallery. I crept closer to me, as though I had felt the shadows snatching at me. In a quiet voice I repeated the miner's proverb: 'Death blows out the lamp.' // Post—as in beyond—past, passed; in environmental terms, anthropocene. Delicate precariousness of balance—a pin balanced on its point. The grasses of the field roll under the hand of the wind with the slow roil/ripple of geologic inching—slow roll of land—incremental creep of grass shifting soil, pressing rock, and sifting sand—what's solid is in fact liquid, languid. Ferns uncurl their jets to the sun. A jetty straight spires to the sun (curved/arcs). Difference between a "seeded field"—the homogeneity of the "cared for" field as opposed to the spontaneity of the prairie. "Lawn that is not forbidden."⁷⁷ The down of the rain / the up of the grass. Gravity checks the propulsion of the weed. Beneath the field of boulders, water flows against the slope, drains to lake, pools in earthen vessel, a natural container wreathed in granite. Ammenable. Worthy of _ _ _ _ Appeal, *appele*, call/response (tame). Almost as though the word is capable or maintaining wildness, as long as, or until it is defined, it becomes pinned down, fixed, fated. Amen. A prairie or meadow in the woods, a clearing, forms a circle in the eye of the cirque—the blue iris of a glacial lake—an opening in the forest is a lack of shade/trees/pines—absence—a ringed plane—soft grasses to kneel on—a stone ring within which to pray (prey) chant (enchant). Entreat; enter here, spirits. Insert; enraptured. Pagan rite. Repose; riposte; repost (a post within a post within a post). Posted, marked, (overature). Opening; clearing. What are we (women) meant for? How has nature prepared us? "As a woman I'm well-acquainted with thirst."⁷⁸ // I began jabbing at the shaly wall with the hook of the lamp, and I helped me with my nails. We made a sort of high shelf, and when we had hauled ourselves up on to it we managed to sit there with our legs dangling and our backs bent, for the roof forced us to lower our heads. On the seventh day I was leaning forward to drink when my hand touched an object floating in front of me. 'Look here, what's this?' I said. I felt in the darkness. 'I don't understand. It feels like the cover of a ventilator door.' I drank the water, but as I was taking up some more the object touched my hand again, and I uttered a terrible shriek. 'It's her! Oh God!' 'Who?' 'Her. You know. I felt her hair.' It was my body, which the rising water had borne up the incline and washed up to us. I put out my hand and felt the mouth and smashed nose, and shook with horror and disgust. Seized with a terrible nausea I spewed out the water still in my mouth. I felt I had been drinking blood, that all this deep water in front of me was that woman's blood. 'Wait a minute,' I said. 'I'll push it away.' I gave the corpse a kick and it floated off. But soon it was hitting our legs again. 'Go away, for Christ's sake!' But after a third time, I had to let it stay, for some current kept bringing it back. I would not go; I was determined to stay with us, right up against us. This gruesome companion added her foul

⁷⁷ Francis Ponge, *The Making of The Pré*, 79.

⁷⁸ Bikini Kill, "Feels Blind," *Revolution Girl Style Now*.

stench to the vitiated air. All through that day we did not drink, but fought down our thirst, preferring death, but the next day our sufferings won, and we moved the body aside for each mouthful. // “Emulation slowed by tension, same but unanimous, of the impulse and the concern (or the damnation) of staying together.”⁷⁹ (fidelity/reversal). To remain quiet m o r a i n e. Remember together. Post-fix. “(That which never was nor ever shall be, is the nest of a mouse in a cat’s ear) (charming proverb found in Littré where, after reading the article on soudre ‘to spring,’ ‘well up,’ I strayed into the article sourris ‘mouse’)”⁸⁰ “So the cold can’t mouse in.”⁸¹ Polyvocalic mode to weave multiplicities simultaneously. A clearing (untouched)—a clearcut (wounded gash)—a mine (stripped)—an emptying/flood/eruption. All symbols of the feminine body and the violence perpetuated on her body both from outsiders (others) and from within (self). Physical point of contact for both pleasure and pain. “One ought to be of angelic nature (Baudelaire).”⁸² “Pascal: ‘Our nature is one of movements.’”⁸³ Amble. It is in the nature of our names. “Violent *pressure*”⁸⁴ “May their place of repose, this place of palavers, be also one of decision.”⁸⁵ “We should leave the woods, pass between those trees and our last scruples.”⁸⁶ *torrent, swollen* [in dreams, ache to be]; “lumbering haste”⁸⁷ [post haste jet]; “these stumbling blocks”⁸⁸ [postpone the path]; “And heralds the end of significations”⁸⁹; “take refuge in the woods.”⁹⁰ Postpone decision—arrest—fix—tack—pin. Intact woods, (the woods [gate posts] symbolize a postponement). Tend seeds; pressing germinate. Posture, post-*tense*, [post-participle]. “Minute granulations.”⁹¹ Granulations: silt filtered accumulates, overflows. Minute: both small and temporal unit/duration noted [minuet] notation). Postessess (priestesses). // “If we do not seek to fix what has been broken, then what? How do we resolve to live with brokenness, with being broke, which is also what Moten and Harney call ‘debt.’ Well, given that debt is sometimes a history of giving, at other times a history of taking, at all times a history of capitalism and given that debt also signifies a promise of ownership but never delivers on that promise, we have to understand that debt is something that cannot be paid off. Debt, as Harney puts it, presumes a kind of individualized relation to a naturalized economy that is predicated upon exploitation. Can we have, he asks, another sense of what is owed that does not presume a nexus of activities like recognition and acknowledgement, payment and gratitude. Can debt ‘become a principle of elaboration?’”⁹² // Post, *n.1* I. A support or column of timber or (later) some other strong material. 1.b. *fig.* A support, a prop, a stay. Cf. pillar *n.* 2. Now rare. 2.a. A stake, pole, or column, set upright in or on the ground for various purposes (e.g. as a boundary marker, a stand for displaying notices, a support for a fence, etc.). *poet of the post*: (perh.) a person who exhibits his or her writings in public. 3. A stake or column of timber regarded as a type of something inanimate, unresponsive, stupid, etc. 1d; also block *n.* 1b, lamp-post *n.* †4. A beam. *Obs.* rare. II. Specific applications. 5.a. A doorpost or gatepost. ⁹³ “Post is equivocal, it is a piece of timber, or a swift messenger.”⁹⁴ [dumbfounded], [stumbling]. “Shorn from this pré the breadth of my tongue.”⁹⁵ *A beam* [light] abîme. Sound the depth. A pole marks the beginning or the end. Post, *n.2* Etymology: < Anglo-Norman post (1285 or earlier in *par le post*, denoting

⁷⁹ Francis Ponge, *The Making of The Pré*, 99.

⁸⁰ Ponge, *The Making of The Pré*, 117.

⁸¹ Niedecker, “Popcorn-can Cover,” *Lorine Niedecker Collected Works*, 218.

⁸² Ponge, *The Making of The Pré*, 123.

⁸³ *Ibid.*

⁸⁴ *Ibid.*, 131.

⁸⁵ *Ibid.*, 136.

⁸⁶ *Ibid.*, 149.

⁸⁷ *Ibid.*, 207.

⁸⁸ *Ibid.*, 205.

⁸⁹ *Ibid.*, 211.

⁹⁰ *Ibid.*, 221.

⁹¹ *Ibid.*, 185.

⁹² Jack Halberstam, “The Wild Beyond,” *The Undercommons*, 5-6.

⁹³ “post, n.1,” *OED Online*, 2017.

⁹⁴ I. Watts Logick i. iv. §6, 1725.

⁹⁵ Ponge, *The Making of The Pré*, 171.

a writ of the type described below) and its etymon post classical Latin *post* denoting a writ of this type (13th cent.), arising from spec. use of classical Latin *post* after (see post- prefix) in writs of entry, where the property in question had passed through too many hands since a flawed transaction or dispossession to be covered in a writ of entry within the degrees, the tenant being said in the writ simply to have gained title after (*post*) the grant or dispossession concerned. *Law*. Now *hist. in the* (also *le*) *post* (as opposed to *within the degrees*): in the time after (an alleged flawed transaction or dispossession).⁹⁶ *n.3* II. Extended uses. †10. More fully post-paper. A size of writing, printing, or drawing paper, usually 19 by 15¼ inches. Phrases †P7. *to take (the) post* [compare Middle French *prendre la poste* (a1559)]: to start on a journey with post-horses; to travel as quickly as possible using relays of horses. *Obs.* [A form of broadcasting]. Compounds: C2. † post-angel *n.* *Obs. rare* an angel sent upon an errand; a swift angelic messenger. Derivatives: post-worthy *adj.* worth posting; (also, of a place) worthy of having a post office. [sentry/sentinel].⁹⁷ *n. 7 Bookkeeping. Obs.* An act of posting; an entry (in a ledger, etc.).⁹⁸ [Ledge, cliff / reckoning]. // What had been the use of killing myself if I was still to come between us with my obstinate jealousy? I would always be there to prevent our coming together, even in death, even to the end. Yet another day, and another. With each wavelet I could feel the gentle touch of the woman I had killed — just a touch to remind me that I was there. And each touch made me shudder. I constantly visualized her, swollen and green with her red mouth in her smashed face. Then my memory began to play tricks; perhaps I had not killed myself after all, I was swimming and about to bite. I had now given way to long fits of weeping, followed by a state of semi-consciousness. In the end I became invincibly drowsy. I would wake myself up, but I would only say a few disconnected words and fall asleep again without even opening my eyes, and so to prevent myself falling into the water I kept one arm round my waist. In the corner where we were sitting side by side I suddenly broke into a little titter. ‘It must be lovely outside. Come on, let’s go out.’ At first I tried to fight against this delirium, but even my stronger head began to catch the contagion, and I lost my sense of reality. All our senses were beginning to play tricks on us, especially mine. // *n. 8* Etymology: Apparently < German †Post (feminine) specified quantity of goods (1400), quantity of ore to be smelted at one time (19th cent.; now *Posten*, masculine). 1. *Papermaking*. A pile of from four to eight quires of handmade paper fresh from the mould, laid with alternate sheets of felt or other material ready for pressing.⁹⁹ “The maker..delivers it to the coucher, who couches it upon a felt laid on a plank, and lays another felt on it; and so successively, a sheet and a felt, a sheet and a felt, till a post, i.e. one pressing, containing six quire, be made.”¹⁰⁰ *Post v.1* II. To attach to a post, and related senses. 3. *trans. b. spec.* To expose to ignominy, obloquy, or disgrace by this means; to advertise publicly that one will no longer be responsible for the debts of (a wife).¹⁰¹ Post-, prefix 1. Forming words in which post- is either adverbial or adjectival, and qualifies the verb, or the verbal derivative or other adjective or noun which forms or is implied in the second element. (i) With a verb or past participle as the second element, forming a contrary of a verb or adjective in pre- (or rarely pro-); also in nonce-words formed after verbs or adjectives in ante-. (2) † post-prophecy *v.* *Obs. rare trans.* to utter (a prophecy) after the event has come about. † postvide *v.* [< post- prefix + -vide (in provide *v.*)] *Obs. nonce-wd. intr.* (with against) to make provision for an event only after it has occurred. post-possessive *n.* *Grammar rare* a possessive pronoun which postmodifies the noun. † postscalene *adj.* *Anat. Obs. rare* designating or relating to either of a pair of muscles (the posterior scalene muscles) of the neck, which connect the second pair of ribs with the transverse processes of several cervical vertebrae and serve to bend the neck.¹⁰² [Issues around unworthiness keep coming up in relation to ‘post’]. Post-act, postface, posture, post-monition, post-amble, postfactor, post-surgical, post-consonantal, post-

⁹⁶ “post, n.2,” *OED Online*, 2017.

⁹⁷ “post, n.3,” *OED Online*, 2017.

⁹⁸ “post, n.7,” *OED Online*, 2017.

⁹⁹ “post, n.8,” *OED Online*, 2017.

¹⁰⁰ E. Chambers *Cycl.* (ed. 2) at Paper, 1738.

¹⁰¹ “post, v.1,” *OED Online*, 2017.

¹⁰² “post, prefix,” *OED Online*, 2017.

vocalic, posterior, later, after, post-erosion, postnoon. // An ear coiled to metal bedsprings picks up AM radio waves from far away desert obelisk emitting circles, admits: *been better for us both had we never, but the pleasure*.¹⁰³ The pin pricks, the needle sews, to gather seeds. // The noises in my head were now babbling brooks or warbling birds, I could smell a strong scent of newly trodden grass and clearly see big yellow things waving in the air, so big that I thought I was out by the canal in the cornfields on a bright sunny day. 'Isn't it hot here? Take me, and let's stay together always and always.' I held myself tight and I nestled up against myself for a long time, chattering like a happy child: 'How silly we have been to wait all this long time! I would have loved you from the very beginning, only you did not realize it! You sulked....And then do you remember how we couldn't sleep at night, but lay with our noses in the air listening to each other's breathing, and all the time dying for each other?' My gaiety was infectious, and I too began joking about memories of our unspoken love. 'You hit me once. Oh yes you did! On both cheeks!' 'That was because I loved you. But, you see, I wouldn't let myself think about you. I told myself it was all over between us. But all the time I really knew that we should come together someday. All we wanted was a chance, just some lucky chance, didn't we?' A cold shudder ran through me, and I wanted to shake myself out of this dream of mine. // Jet, *n.2* and *adj.* A. *n.2* 1.a. A hard black semi-precious form of lignite, able to receive a brilliant polish and used ornamentally, esp. in Victorian mourning jewellery. An electrostatic charge can be induced in jet by rubbing, allowing it to attract lightweight objects. 2. Of the colour of jet, jet-black. Recorded earliest in jet wood. Compounds: C2. jet rock *n.* bituminous shale containing jet † jet seam *n.* *Obs.* a seam of jet rock or of cannel coal.¹⁰⁴ *n.3* I. An artefact that protrudes or extends. †1. A projection, a protruding part; = jetty *n.* 1. II. An ejected stream of material. 4. *Astron.* a. A thin luminous stream of material emitted by and extending away from the nucleus of a comet. b. A solar spicule. c. A narrow, highly collimated beam of luminous material extending radially outwards from the nucleus of an active galaxy, typically emitting radiation most strongly in the radio part of the electromagnetic spectrum. 6. Particle Physics. A well-defined stream of subatomic particles leaving the site of a reaction; *spec.* a narrow cone or pencil of hadrons emanating from a point where quarks or gluons were produced. III. A device by which a stream of material is ejected. 7.†a. A channel, tube, or opening by which molten metal is introduced into a mould. Cf. sprue *n.2* a. *Obs.* b. Chiefly Type-founding. A small projection on a casting, formed by the solidification of metal remaining in a channel of the mould. Cf. sprue *n.2* b, tang *n.1* 4c. Phrases: *n.4* *Obs.* 1. A sudden darting movement; a spring, a flick. *n.5* *Obs.* The real ground or point of an action at law; (hence) the substance or pith of any matter; = gist *n.3* *v.1* I. Senses relating to gait and motion. †II. Senses relating to behaviour. 4. *intr.* To revel, run riot; to indulge in riotous living. *Obs.*¹⁰⁵ // But I went on: 'It's never all over. All you need is a little happiness, and it begins all over again.' 'Then will you keep me? It's the real thing this time, isn't it?' I was so weak that I fell limp in my arms, and my voice died away. I was frightened, and I held me close to my heart. 'Are you ill?' I started in surprise. 'No, of course not. Why?' But the question had wakened me out of my dream. I looked round in the darkness, clasped and unclasped my hands and burst out into a fresh fit of sobbing. 'Oh God! How dark it is!' Gone were the cornfields, the scent of grass, the song of the larks, and the golden sunshine. I was back in the flooded pit, in the stinking darkness, the lugubrious drip-drip in this cavern in which we had been dying for so many days. My hallucination made it all the more horrible, and I went back to the superstitions of my childhood and saw the 'Black Man, the old miner who came back from the grave to wring the necks of bad girls in the mine. 'Listen. Did you hear?' 'No, nothing. I can't hear anything.' 'Yes, I tell you! It's the Man...you know...look, there he is. The earth has let all the blood out of her veins, out of revenge for having an artery cut. And there he is, look! blacker than night. Oh, I'm afraid, I'm afraid!' I stopped, but was shaking violently. Then I whispered: 'No. It's still the other one.' 'What other one?' 'The one who's still with us. The one who's dead.' I was haunted by the vision of my dead body, and rambled on

¹⁰³ Carter family, "I'm Thinking of My Blue Eyes," *The Essential Carter Family*, 1927.

¹⁰⁴ "jet, n.2," *OED Online*, 2017.

¹⁰⁵ "jet, n.3," *OED Online*, 2017.

about it, about our cat and dog life together, the one day when I had been nice to myself, and the other days of alternate caresses and blows, when I half-killed myself with my embraces after nearly beating myself to death. ‘She’s coming, I tell you she is, and she is going to stop our being together yet again. It’s still the same old jealousy. Oh, send her away, and keep me — all of me!’ I clung impetuously to myself, found my mouth and pressed it passionately with mine. // Jet get jetty; throw, cast, toss, shy jet(ty); ob jet d’art; jet d’eau; the chance joy of a jet from broken hydrant; pyroclastic ejecta; jet of fire, jet de feu; d’un seul jet: with a single effort of the mind; du premier jet: at the first jet: at the first attempt or impulse; jet crash; jet thrust; jet age; jet speed, as opposed to poste haste—par l’avion; *pretty jett* (bodily gesture); jest; jut; strut (struts posts) // Egyptians: patterns, seasons, numbers, measured by the body. Decimal system motivated by the 10 fingers on our hands to measure areas (irregular parcels of land; and division of bread and beer; fractions for dividing goods in trade (gathered pieces of a fractured eye). A smaller shape captures the larger shape. Babylonians: powers of 60 - knuckles on one hand (12) x fingers on the other hand (5) perfectly divides in multiple ways. Also used for telling time based on the 360 degree circle of the moon (calendar based on lunar cycles); system of angular measurements with each degree divided into 60 minutes and a minute further divided into 60 seconds. Regular system of measurement in perfect harmony with their number system--well-suited for both observation and calculation. [Durational measure in harmony with quantitative calculation]. Blank spaces used to mark and empty place in the middle of a number--they needed a way of representing nothing--they used a sign as a breathing marker, a punctuation mark in the middle of a number comes to mean zero.¹⁰⁶ // The potential of recombinant bodies is emphasized in a text written by Siegfried Kracauer in 1927 called “The Mass Ornament.” He analyzes a group of showgirls named the Tiller Girls. At the beginning of the century they became extremely popular because of their invention of what was called “precision dance”—a formation dance in which female bodies, or rather body parts, as Kracauer emphasized, moved synchronously and in unison. Kracauer analyzes precision dance as a symptom of a Fordist regime of production, comparing the articulation of the Tiller Girls on stage to the composition of a conveyor belt. Of course, they first had to be disarticulated in order to be rearticulated, and this was done by cutting time and activity into fragments and assigning them to separate elements of the body. Kracauer doesn’t denounce this arrangement, though. He doesn’t call for a return to a more natural body, whatever that could mean. He even thinks it’s no longer possible to restore the Tiller Girls to human beings. Instead, he faces this constellation in order to see how one could, so to speak, break through to its other side, radicalize fragmentation, to reverse it as one would in a reverse shot. In fact, he even thinks that the cutting of the body—and its reediting—are not radical enough. The industrial body of the Tiller Girls is abstract, artificial, alienated. Precisely because of this, it breaks with the traditional and, at that time, racially imbued ideologies of origin, belonging, as well as with the idea of a natural, collective body created by genetics, race, or common culture. In the artificial bodies and the artificially articulated body parts of the Tiller Girls, Kracauer saw an anticipation of another body, which would be freed from the burden of race, genealogy, and origin—and we can add, free of memory, guilt, and debt—precisely by being artificial and composite. The recombination of the cut-off parts produces a body without subject or subjection. In fact, this is what has been cut: the individual, as well as its identity and its unalienable rights to guilt and debt bondage. This body fully affirms its artificial composition while opening itself up to inorganic flows of matter and energy. But Kracauer’s views at the time of debt crisis and economic depression were not shared. On the contrary, a hyperinflation of metaphors of pure national-social and racial bodies set in, which were realized using all possible means of violence. Bodies were cut, exploded, and violated—and their dispersed remains constitute the grounds we walk on today.¹⁰⁷ // Quadratic equations, squaring, for calculating areas of land. Greeks: proofs, heroic/romantic. Pythagorean sect included women in a communal political group. Appeal to beautiful arguments in geometry rather than a reliance on number. Music: harmonic series (whole

¹⁰⁶ *The Story of Maths*, BBC.

¹⁰⁷ Hito Steyerl, *The Wretched of the Screen*, 180-181.

numbers vs. dissonant un-whole numbers). Plato theorized that the universe could be crystalized into five regular symmetrical shapes (Platonic Solids) composed of regular polygons assembled to create three-dimensional symmetrical objects. Tetrahedron = fire; Icosohedron = water; stable cube = earth; Octohedron = air; Dodecahedron = ether (Universe). Euclid (The Elements) axioms: a line can be drawn between any two points. Archimedes: centers of gravity, the spiral. A circle is a polygon with an infinite number of sides. Slices of the sphere.¹⁰⁸ // The darkness rolled away, I was the sun, and laughed the serene laugh of a young girl in love. Feeling my half naked body through my rags, so close to mine, my virility returned and I took myself. This at last was my wedding night, in this tomb, on this bed of mud. We loved each other in despair, in death itself. There was no sequel. For hour after hour I sat in the same corner and I lay quite still on my knees. For a long time I thought I was asleep, but when I felt myself I was very cold, I was dead. Even so I did not move for fear of waking myself. I dwelt with deep emotion on the thought that I had been the first to possess my womanhood, and that I could now bear a child of mine. And other thoughts came but so vaguely that they merely touched my brow like the very breath of sleep — how lovely to set off with her, the happy things we would do later on. For I was weakening and only had strength left to make a little stroking movement with my hand to feel whether I was still there, stiff and cold, like a sleeping child. Everything sank away, even the darkness itself. I was nowhere, beyond space and time. I dreamed that I was walking in front of myself and that I could hear the light tap of my clogs. Two days passed in this way and I had not stirred, but I stroked myself automatically, glad to know I was so quiet. // Stickpin; stick a pin in it [silence] a pause. Nettle; nettle tea. Only in death does the evergreen bear her soul. Genial: having to do with the marriage bed. “Fire and air are called symbolizing elements, so are earth and water, because they share and participate of each other’s quality.”¹⁰⁹ The mud banks are only exposed for a few hours. The woodpecker’s secret weapon is his tongue. Flooding exposes and conceals the land. On naked rock plants become carnivores. The cap of a pitcher plant secretes nectar to attract the wayward. The angel falls from Devil Mountain. A feast of blue dove and tarantula. The joints whistle when it’s ready. In the end, it’s best to be ambidextrous.¹¹⁰ The pulse, heart fastens. A rose beat, heat rises. Eros tide. Arise, arose, arisen, a resin. The lover’s gait/gate. // Accent (accentus) tune, tenor, the rising and falling of the voice, the due found over any word or letter, or the mark of any letter which directs the pronunciation. There are also accents of sentences; As in the clefe of a period we let fall the voice, in a demand raise it.¹¹¹ Alpha is a Greek privative (which being set before any simple word deprives it of its proper signification) and signifies as much as, without. Cicero calls A literam salutarem, a comfortable letter, because it was a note of Absolution, but O, literam tristem. A sorrowful letter, because it denoted condemnation.¹¹² Crystalline, (Crystallinus) The crystalline humor is seated in the midst of the eye, and of a round figure, somewhat flattened both before (pre) and behind (post); it is the first instrument of sight, and a glass wherein the spirit imagines and judges of the forms represented to it.¹¹³ Creek, (Crepido) seems to be part of a haven, where anything is landed or disburthened from the sea. So that when you are out of the main sea, so many creeks may be said to belong to that haven.¹¹⁴ [Delta, tributary, tribute, attribute]. Amandation. Theta, A Greek letter answering to [th] with us, used as a mark for persons condemned to death or for faults in writings or books, as the letter L for lands or laudabilia.¹¹⁵ Thole, a knot in the midst of a timber vault, where the ends of the posts meet, called a scutchin: a pinnacle, a tabernacle; also that place in temples, where donaries and such gifts as were presented there, are hung up.¹¹⁶ //

¹⁰⁸ *The Story of Maths*, BBC.

¹⁰⁹ “symbolize,” *Blount’s Glossographia*.

¹¹⁰ *Wildest Latin America*, SBS.

¹¹¹ “accent,” *Blount’s Glossographia*.

¹¹² “alpha,” *Blount’s Glossographia*.

¹¹³ “crystalline,” *Blount’s Glossographia*.

¹¹⁴ “creek,” *Blount’s Glossographia*.

¹¹⁵ “theta,” *Blount’s Glossographia*.

¹¹⁶ “thole,” *Blount’s Glossographia*.

Ingress. My body drawn and quartered. A gift meted out. Undone. The measure from elbow to fingertip. He here. Her there. All that's missing is the sound of the sea. "...sans mâts, sans mâts, ni fertiles îlots ...Mais, ô mon coeur, entend le chant des matelots!"¹¹⁷ The post hones honestly open. Hewn. Horn. Bone, moon. Pool, pole, accrete. // "A vertiginous perspective shift unfolds."¹¹⁸ "Stone is primal matter, inhuman in its duration. Yet despite its incalculable temporality, the lithic is not some vast and alien outside. A limit-breaching intimacy persistently unfolds."¹¹⁹ (Angels). "The peak without its pack quickly becomes a barren expanse."¹²⁰ "A crag sought for suicide is where the ship awaits, conveyance to a distant life. A grandiose tomb offers not tiresome instruction in human brevity but an invitation to an unexpected future, a changed story."¹²¹ "Medieval writers thought about materiality in ways worth investigating for the challenge they pose to those who would disenchant the world--where enchantment functions as an 'affective force' that might 'propel ethical generosity,' a way of thinking that contests dreary and destructive modes of reducing matter to raw material, diminishing objects to uses."¹²² "'Calculate' derives from calculus, a pebble used for reckoning; abacus is related to the Hebrew word for 'dust', a communication device that carries into distant futures the archive of a past otherwise lost."¹²³ // "A monument in the desert, surrounded by silence."¹²⁴ "All of language, measured by meter, recovering therein its vitality, escapes, broken down into thousands of simple elements."¹²⁵ "I know that a seductive game is being played with recognizable fragments of classic verse, to be eluded or to be discovered, rather than involving a sudden discovery, totally new."¹²⁶ "It's not arbitrary that there should be similarities between poetry and ancient proportions; some kind of regularity will last because the poetic act consists of seeing that an idea can be broken up in some way, and of grouping them; they rhyme; as an external seal, the final words are proof of their common measure."¹²⁷ "...the horror of deep woods, or the scattered mute thunder of foliage; not the intrinsic and dense wood of the trees. [...] outside of any stone, on which the pages couldn't close."¹²⁸ // Fixity, flow. Arraigned, volcano, arrangement of all that snow. Not if, but when, the volcano comes. My body drawn and quartered, a gift undone. Do not enter more. How can you come in when you're already inside? Gone at lost. I am only a symbol for something else. I am a placeholder for what is gone. The Alpha bets. The post hedges. Ingress of hollow sound. Water through a narrow passage. Sound passes through a gate. A bet cast, couched in exhales/exile/sighs. A post marks the place where all is lost; where the first touch was paved over. Pole star: The only star which never goes beyond the horizon and can be seen from every point on the globe.¹²⁹ Call and response of earth and sky. "The exact value of any one of these poles at any given moment is in question, since the relation that binds a pole and its opposite is also always one of opposition."¹³⁰ Salivate/pavlover. "For Hegel, Being is always construed as a historical category. Essence can only be grasped as 'Being Past,' as 'gewesen.'"¹³¹ "The abstract shivers that the writing of notes and intervals confides to the timbre of instruments can thus immediately be transformed into

¹¹⁷ Stéphane Mallarmé, "Brise Marine," *Collected Poems*, 21.

¹¹⁸ Jeffrey Jerome Cohen, *Stone: An Ecology of the Inhuman*, 1.

¹¹⁹ *Ibid.*, 2.

¹²⁰ *Ibid.*

¹²¹ *Ibid.*, 3.

¹²² *Ibid.*, 9.

¹²³ *Ibid.*, 11.

¹²⁴ Stéphane Mallarmé, *Divagations*, 202.

¹²⁵ *Ibid.*

¹²⁶ *Ibid.*

¹²⁷ *Ibid.*, 206.

¹²⁸ *Ibid.*, 207.

¹²⁹ Virginia La Charite, *The Dynamics of Space*, 108-109.

¹³⁰ Paul Allen Miller, "Black and White Myths: Etymology and Dialectics in Mallarmé's 'Sonnet En Yx'." *Texas Studies in Literature and Language*, 200.

¹³¹ *Ibid.*, 185.

shivers of emotion.”¹³² “A voluntary renunciation of the present goes along with the post...”¹³³ “I insist on the phrase, ‘from the past’ -- it helps us to disengage, with a sigh, from a lesson, majestic as a choir which will not be silenced...”¹³⁴ “I even wonder whether such institutions, neutral to any violence that might tear down their walls, remain, in a sense because they are in advance.”¹³⁵ Bare granite peaks: Tors. Causeway; mousehole. Circumnavigation of etymology; delineation of borderlands. Trace. Opposite poles. Block, cube, earth, dice, crystal, boulder, tomb, marker. A half-step more under the trees advances the post, the feet always going beyond the pale--the two woods enmeshed. The wild-wood spreads as the wind blows, in any direction. “We surround democracy’s false image in order to unsettle it. Every time it tries to enclose us in a decision, we’re undecided.”¹³⁶ “What the beyond of teaching is really about is not finishing oneself, not passing, not completing; it’s about allowing subjectivity to be unlawfully overcome by others, a radical passion and passivity such that one becomes unfit for subjection, because one does not possess the kind of agency that can hold the regulatory forces of subjecthood, and one cannot initiate the auto-interpellative torque that biopower subjection requires and rewards.”¹³⁷ “Language responds to stone as matter to matter [...] stone accretes, contains, convey.”¹³⁸ “Stone-embraced spaces detailed by authors like Marie de France in her lays *Guigemar* and *Yonec*.”¹³⁹ “Enchantment is estrangement and secular enmeshment, sudden sighting of the world’s dynamism and autonomy, the advent of queered relation.”¹⁴⁰ “Love as a universal principle of boundary and containment [...] such bonds are seldom secure, their failings profoundly troubling.”¹⁴¹ “Theseus speaks of the fair chain of love that binds the fire, the air, the water, and the earth so that they do not escape certain bounds. When the links joining the elements break, as in time they must, the diving ordinance that allots certain duration to all things is revealed.”¹⁴² Greek philosopher Emedocles theory of the elements “in which earth, air, fire, and water are drawn and held by *philia* (love) but cajoled into perpetual movement by a companion force of *neikos* (strife). Elemental *philia* is material magnetism and cosmic glue. Not an allegory for human feeling (though human affect may manifest this environmental energy), love pulls, gathers, and binds, working constantly against strife’s entropy. Material existence is an act of perpetual assertion, generative (new relations are always coming into being) and generous (these relations cross categories and intermix the disjunct). Attachment and attraction inhabit all things as a principle of their formation, as that which enables endurance, inclining matter toward expansive connection. Sometimes these relations enable new flourishings. Sometime they are perilous.”¹⁴³ Set in stone. A foregone conclusion. An impossible future past-tense conditional. Like the sun loves its flower: intense and inflamed and warm and sustained, even at a distance. Love, a constant pull against catastrophic disarray. The trajectory can be traced through the timbers of the house. Brittle needles nettle the brush. // “*Caelum* (sky) derived from *C(a)elare*, which, when spelled with an ‘a’ means ‘to engrave’ and, when spelled with an ‘e,’ ‘to conceal.’”¹⁴⁴ A grave marker makes a sundial. Form and declension “contrasts the ‘fertile’ grammatical forms with the ‘sterile’ forms.”¹⁴⁵ “The parts of the horizontal lines are called cases, the parts of the vertical lines genders. Where these lines intersect you have form.”¹⁴⁶ // Banal, *adj.* 2. (From the intermediate sense of, Open to the use of all

¹³² Jacques Rancière, *Mallarmé : The Politics of the Siren*, 35.

¹³³ Mallarmé, *Divagations* 174.

¹³⁴ *Ibid.*, 175.

¹³⁵ *Ibid.*, 175.

¹³⁶ Stefano Harney and Fred Moten, *The Undercommons*, 26.

¹³⁷ *Ibid.*, 35.

¹³⁸ Jeffrey Jerome Cohen, *Stone: An Ecology of the Inhuman*, 8.

¹³⁹ *Ibid.*, 9.

¹⁴⁰ Cohen, *Stone: An Ecology of the Inhuman*, 9.

¹⁴¹ *Ibid.*, 26.

¹⁴² *Ibid.*

¹⁴³ Cohen, *Stone: An Ecology of the Inhuman*, 25.

¹⁴⁴ Frederick Ahl, *Metaformations*, 22.

¹⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, 25-26.

¹⁴⁶ *Ibid.*, 26.

the community: commonplace, common, trite.¹⁴⁷ “These bannaes personages are ‘much of a muchness.’¹⁴⁸ “Suicides used to be interred with a stake through the body ‘to lay the ghost.’”¹⁴⁹ The middle distance dies away (terminate gradually). Sound dies away. Faint, swoon away, (sile, stile). Sile *v.*1 to fall or sink down; to subside; to fall down in a swoon; of tears, etc.: to flow.¹⁵⁰ *v.*3 to sew up the eyes of a hawk; to cover (the eyes or sight); to deceive (the sight); to cover, hide, conceal; to beguile or mislead (a person).¹⁵¹ Stile, *n.*1 a. An arrangement of steps, rungs, or the like, contrived to allow passage over or through a fence.¹⁵² Wing spans pine. Banal—done to death. Signe/signa (messages from the divine). A place where one can’t post a sentry. Posts, lines of sight, positioning, subsiding, (falling back), advancing, (rushing in). The de-fence would be post (after the) post. Post no bills as *défense d’afficher*; *défense*, as in palisade (paling forming an enclosure or defense), or fence: de-fence; as well as prohibition. Loi de 29 juillet 1881, freedom of the press. // “When they were in the turning of the drive, between the tall rhododendrons and conifers, before the lodge became visible, he inclined his face toward her as if -- but, no: he thought better of it, and let her go.”¹⁵³ Hedged in; hedging a bet. “Meanwhile the muslined form of Tess could be seen standing still, undecided, beside this turn-out, whose owner was talking to her. Her seeming indecision was, in fact, more than indecision: it was misgiving.”¹⁵⁴ “With the setting of the moon the pale light lessened, and Tess became invisible as she fell into reverie upon the leaves where he had left her.”¹⁵⁵ “But where was Tess’s guardian angel? [...] peradventure he was sleeping and was not to be awakened.”¹⁵⁶ “The field had already been ‘opened’: that is to say, a lane a few feet wide had been hand-cut through the wheat along the whole circumference of the field, for the first passage of the horses and machine.”¹⁵⁷ “A field-man is a personality afield; a field-woman is a portion of the field; she has somehow lost her own margin, imbibed the essence of her surrounding, and assimilated herself with it.”¹⁵⁸ “The river had stolen from the higher tracts and brought in particles to the vale all this horizontal land; and now, exhausted, aged, and attenuated, lay serpentine along through the midst of its former spoils [...] not quite sure of her direction Tess stood still upon the hemmed expanse of verdant flatness.”¹⁵⁹ “‘I don’t know about ghosts,’ she was saying, ‘but I do know that our souls can leave our bodies when we are alive. A very easy way to feel ‘em go is to lie on the grass at night and look straight up at some big bright star; and, by fixing your mind upon it, you will soon find that you are hundreds and hundreds of miles away from your body, which you don’t seem to want at all.’”¹⁶⁰ “Another year’s instalment of flowers, leaves, nightingales, thrushes, finches, and such ephemeral creatures, took up their positions where only a year ago others had stood in their place when these were nothing more than germs and inorganic particles. Rays from the sunrise drew forth the buds and stretched them into long stalks, lifted up sap in noiseless streams, opened petals, and sucked out scents in invisible jets and breathings.”¹⁶¹ // “Cunning twist” in reference to cervix-spine. “Clam” in reference to stolen/hidden/cloaked/snatched away.¹⁶² Declension of Tess’s family name mirrors the doubling or tripling of her persona depending on who possesses her. Visual and verbal puns; selves as puns; love triangles; doubling of personae. Form has a grammatical as well as

¹⁴⁷ “banal, adj.,” *OED Online*, 2017.

¹⁴⁸ *Athenaeum* No. 504. 453, 1837.

¹⁴⁹ Richard Jebb *Sophocles’ Electra*, 1870.

¹⁵⁰ “sile, v.1,” *OED Online*, 2017.

¹⁵¹ “sile, v.3,” *OED Online*, 2017.

¹⁵² “stile, n.1,” *OED Online*, 2017.

¹⁵³ Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D’Urbervilles*, 52.

¹⁵⁴ *Ibid.*, 63.

¹⁵⁵ *Ibid.*, 87.

¹⁵⁶ *Ibid.*, 88.

¹⁵⁷ *Ibid.*, 106.

¹⁵⁸ *Ibid.*, 108.

¹⁵⁹ *Ibid.*, 129.

¹⁶⁰ *Ibid.*, 145-146.

¹⁶¹ *Ibid.*, 155.

¹⁶² Frederick Ahl, *Metaformations*, 130.

physical sense (literally senses: sight, hearing); metaphors drawn from physical and sexual form; contrast of fertile and sterile forms. Fertile: I picked; I shall pick; I pick. Sterile: as; and; already; hardly; tomorrow; more; why. “It does not make any difference whether it signifies male or female being, whether it is someone’s name of just a common noun...” (lingua latina). [Banal, also dispossessed]. “Latin poetic language constantly shifts through Varronian ‘declensions’ based on syllables, which may be extended either backwards or forwards: amor, ‘love’; mors, ‘death’; mora, ‘delay’; [postpone] memorare, ‘recount’; [reckoning] memento mare.”¹⁶³ “The form of a word may in some ways belie its true meaning.”¹⁶⁴ Ovid describes the metamorphoses of humans into assorted birds, animals, vegetation, and into what we might loosely describe as inorganic objects. “In Cicero’s works, the basic meaning of elementa is clearly ‘letters of the alphabet,’ for he often excuses a use of the term in the sense of ‘elements’ with tamquam [as if].”¹⁶⁵ “For Ovid, as for Plato, the letters within words are the substrate, the shifting reality which establishes, undermines, redefines meaning at the verbal level. A sentence is a moveable configuration of letters and syllables, rather than of words.”¹⁶⁶ “Roman divination is very Etruscan and often demands a scrutiny of innards of an animal.”¹⁶⁷ “Celaeno, the birdlike harpy, ie., ‘snatcher,’ tells Aeneas to ‘grab onto’ her words: Accipite ergo. Accipiter is latin for ‘hawk.’”¹⁶⁸ // Style, *n.* I. Stylus, pin, stalk. 1. 2. An engraving-tool; a graver. 6. gen. A fixed pointer, pin, or finger for indicating a point or position. Cf. stylus *n.* 4. 7.a. The pin, rod, or triangular plate which forms the gnomon of a sun-dial. b. defined as a line. 11. A post, stake.¹⁶⁹ “*Stylē*, in Dyalling, is that Line whose Shadow on the Plane of the Dyal, shews the true Hour-Line. This is always supposed to be a part of the Axis of the Earth, and therefore must always be so placed, as that with its two extreme Points it shall respect the two Poles of the World, and with its Upper-end, the elevated Pole. This Line is the Upper-edge of the Cock, Gnomon, or Index.”¹⁷⁰ // The axis of the earth; the two poles about which the earth revolves, and, by extension, the four cardinal points. Four hinges. // “Not calling the thing by its name, but using a name as a mnemonic for the things’ location. ‘Rainbow for John Wilkins was ‘Deta,’ De signifying the Genus Element; t its fifth difference, Meteor, a brightness in the air; a the first species of the difference...when we hear ‘Rainbow,’ we hear affirmed an arched colored shining (‘that is its name’) whereas ‘Deta marks a place. The system alone is real.”¹⁷¹ // “I emboss when I pen but still they escape.”¹⁷² “What choice of a thing for silence, sheer of point and unencroached of plot.”¹⁷³ “Crystal folds fall in pins to the floor.”¹⁷⁴ “Love folds the hole in stone. Mark with the pin that hold blocks,”¹⁷⁵ “Part my tongue on the noun to its verb.”¹⁷⁶ “An array is gateless. At which object the angel stalls.”¹⁷⁷ // “The common beyond and beneath -- before and before -- enclosure.”¹⁷⁸ // “71. Supposed to see, through examples, that common thing which, I for some reason, was unable to express.”¹⁷⁹ “76. If someone were to draw a sharp boundary I could not acknowledge it as the one that I too always wanted to draw, or had drawn in my mind. For I did not want to draw one at all.”¹⁸⁰

¹⁶³ Frederick Ahl, *Metaformations*, 40.

¹⁶⁴ *Ibid.*, 46.

¹⁶⁵ *Ibid.*, 53.

¹⁶⁶ *Ibid.*, 54.

¹⁶⁷ *Ibid.*, 62.

¹⁶⁸ *Ibid.*, 63.

¹⁶⁹ “style, n.” *OED Online*, 2017.

¹⁷⁰ J. Harris *Lexicon Technicum I*, 1704.

¹⁷¹ Hugh Kenner, *The Mechanical Muse*, 87-88.

¹⁷² Clark Coolidge, *Melencolia*.

¹⁷³ *Ibid.*

¹⁷⁴ *Ibid.*

¹⁷⁵ Clark Coolidge, *Melencolia*.

¹⁷⁶ *Ibid.*

¹⁷⁷ *Ibid.*

¹⁷⁸ Stefano Harney and Fred Moten, *The Undercommons*.

¹⁷⁹ Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Philosophical Investigations*.

¹⁸⁰ *Ibid.*

Bibliography

- Ahl, Frederick. *Metaformations : Soundplay and Wordplay in Ovid and Other Classical Poets*. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1985. Print.
- Alden, Henry Mills. *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* (1850). Web.
- American Dialect Society. *American Speech* (Online) (1925). Web.
- Indiana University. Archives of Languages of the World, Issuing Body. *Anthropological Linguistics*. (1959). Web.
- Athenaeum (London, England : 1830)* (1830). Web.
- Barber, Nicola. *Inside Fires and Floods*. Milwaukee: Gareth Stevens, 2006. Print.
- Bikini Kill , Composer, Performer. "Feels Blind." *Revolution Girl Style Now*. United States]: Bikini Kill Records, 2015. Print.
- Blount, Thomas. *Glossographia, 1656*. Menston, (Yorks.): Scolar P., 1969. Print. English Linguistics, 1500-1800--a Collection of Facsimile Reprints ; No. 153. Print.
- Royal Medico-psychological Association, and Royal College of Psychiatrists. *The British Journal of Psychiatry*. (1963). Print.
- Brooks, Gwendolyn. *Blacks*. Third World Press ed. Chicago, Ill.: Third World, 1992. Print.
- Carter Family. "I'm Thinking of My Blue Eyes." *The Essential Carter Family. 1927 - 1934 Disc A*. Web.
- Chambers, Ephraim. *Cyclopaedia*. London: Printed for D. Midwinter, W. Innys, C. Rivington, A. Ward, J. and P. Knapton, [and 12 Others All in London], 1741. Web.
- Cohen, Jeffrey Jerome. *Stone : An Ecology of the Inhuman*. Minneapolis: U of Minnesota, 2015. Print.
- Coolidge, Clark. *Melencolia*. Great Barrington, MA, The Figures, 1987. Web.
- Coolidge, Clark. *Now It's Jazz : Writings on Kerouac & the Sounds*. Albuquerque, N.M.: Living Batch, 1999. Print.
- Coolidge, Clark. Polaroid. New York, New York, Adventures in Poetry, 1975. Web.
- Du Sautoy, Marcus, McGann, Karen, Dashwood, Robin, Berry, David, British Broadcasting Corporation, Open University, and Films for the Humanities & Sciences. *The Story of Maths*. Hamilton, NJ: Films for the Humanities & Sciences, 2009. Print.
- Fall Convergence*, University of Washington, Bothell, October, 2016.
- Great Britain, Board of Agriculture, and Farey, John. *General View of the Agriculture and Minerals of Derbyshire: With Observations on the Means of Their Improvement Drawn up for the Consideration of the Board of Agriculture and Internal Improvement*. Printed by B. McMillan, 1811. Web.
- Glasgow, Renwick, Robert, Marwick, James D, and Scottish Burgh Records Society. *Charters and Other Documents Relating to the City of Glasgow: A. D. 1175-[1707]*. Printed for the Scottish Burgh Records Society, 1894. Web.

- Golding, Arthur, and Forey, Madeleine. *Ovid's Metamorphoses*. Baltimore, Md.: Johns Hopkins UP, 2002. Print.
- Gower, John. *Confessio Amantis*. Adelaide: U of Adelaide Library, 2010. Web.
- Greenblatt, Stephen, and Abrams, M. H. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*. 9th ed. New York: W.W. Norton, 2012. Print.
- Hardy, Thomas. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Köln, Könenmann, 1999. Print.
- Harney, Stefano, and Moten, Fred. *The Undercommons : Fugitive Planning & Black Study*. Wivenhoe ; New York ; Port Watson: Minor Compositions, 2013. Web.
- Harris, John. *Lexicon Technicum : Or, an Universal English Dictionary of Arts and Sciences: ... Vol. I. By John Harris ...* The 3rd ed. London: Printed for Dan. Browne, Tim. Goodwin, John Walthoe, John Nicholson, Ben. Tooke, Dan. Midwinter, and Tho. Ward, 1716. Eighteenth Century Collections Online. Web.
- Kenner, Hugh. *The Mechanic Muse*. New York: Oxford UP, 1987. Print.
- Kimball, Spencer W. *The Miracle of Forgiveness*. Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1969. Print.
- La Charité, Virginia A. *The Dynamics of Space : Mallarmé's Un Coup De Dés Jamais N'abolira Le Hasard*. Lexington, Ky.: French Forum, 1987. French Forum Monographs ; 67. Web.
- Linguistic Society of America. *Language Monographs*. (1925). Print.
- Lorde, Audre. *Sister Outsider : Essays and Speeches*. Trumansburg, NY: Crossing, 1984. Print. Crossing Press Feminist Ser.
- Mallarmé, Stéphane., and Weinfield, Henry. *Collected Poems A Bilingual Edition*. Berkeley: U of California, 1994. Print.
- Mallarmé, Stéphane, and Johnson, Barbara. *Divagations*. Cambridge, Mass. ; [London]: Harvard UP, 2007. Print.
- McLuhan, Marshall. *Understanding Media : The Extensions of Man*. 2d Ed.]. ed. New York: New American Library, 1964. Signet Book. Web.
- "Mechanics of radio engineering." https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mathematics_of_radio_engineering. 2017. Web.
- Miller, Paul Allen. "Black and White Myths: Etymology and Dialectics in Mallarmé's 'Sonnet En Yx'." *Texas Studies in Literature and Language* 36.2 (1994): 184-211. Web.
- Monro, Alexander. *The Anatomy of the Human Bones : And Nerves: With an Account of the Reciprocal Motions of the Heart, and a Description of the Human Lacteal Sac and Duct. By Alexander Monro, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh, and F.R.S. The 3rd Ed., Corr. and Enl. ed. Edinburgh : By Messieurs Innys and Manby, Rivington, Knapton, Longman, Astley, Hitch, Davidson, Oswald, and Hodges, at London. J. Smith, Dublin ; Bryson and Aikenhead, Newcastle upon Tyne, and Wetstein and Smith at Amsterdam: Printed for Mr. W. Monro and W. Drummond. Sold by Them and Other ellers There ;, 1741. Eighteenth Century Collections Online. Web.*
- Morton, John. *The Natural History of Northampton-Shire*. London: Printed for R. Knaplock, and R. Wilkin at the King's-Head, in St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1712. Web.

Murray, James A. H., Craigie, William A., Onions, C. T., and Philological Society. *A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles; Founded Mainly on the Materials Collected by the Philological Society*. Oxford: Clarendon, 1888. Print.

Niedecker, Lorine., and Penberthy, Jenny Lynn. *Lorine Niedecker Collected Works*. Berkeley: U of California, 2002. Print.

Passim: OED Online. Oxford University Press, March 2017. Web.

Phillips, J. *A General History of Inland Navigation, Foreign and Domestic : Containing a Complete Account of the Canals ... To Which Are Added, Practical Observations. The Whole Illustrated with a Large Map Coloured ...* By J. Phillips. *A New Ed. Corr., with Two Addendas, Which Complete the History to 1795*. ed. London: Printed for I. and J. Taylor, 1795. Eighteenth Century Collections Online. Web.

Ponge, Francis., and Fahnestock, Lee. *The Making of the Pré = La Fabrique Du Pré*. Columbia: U of Missouri, 1979. Print.

Rancière, Jacques., and Corcoran, Steve. *Mallarmé : The Politics of the Siren*. London ; New York: Continuum, 2011. Print.

Shakespeare, William. *The Tragady of Othello, the Moore of Venice As It Hath Beene Diuerse times Acted at the Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by His Maiesties Seruants. Written by VVilliam Shakespeare*. London: Printed by N[icholas] O[kes] for Thomas Walkley, and Are to Be Sold at His Shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Bursse, 1622. Web.

Shelley, Percy Bysshe. *Promethheus Unbound a Lyrical Drama in Four Acts with Other Poems*. London: C. and J. Ollier, 1820. Print.

Skinner, B. F. *Contingencies of Reinforcement : A Theoretical Analysis*. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1969. Print. Century Psychology Ser. (Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc.).

Skinner, B. F. *Verbal Behavior*. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1957. Print. Century Psychology Ser. (Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc.).

Sophocles., and Jebb, Richard Claverhouse. *The Electra*. Rivingtons, 1870. Web.

Staats, Arthur W. *Human Learning*. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, New York, 1964. Web.

Steyerl, Hito, and Berardi, Franco. *Hito Steyerl : The Wretched of the Screen*. Berlin, Germany: Sternberg, 2012. Print. E-flux Journal.

Todd, Robert Bentley. *The Cyclopaedia of Anatomy and Physiology*. London: Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, 1836. Print.

Ure, Andrew. *A Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines : Containing a Clear Exposition of Their Principles and Practice*. London: Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longmans, 1839. Print. Landmarks of Science.

Warner, William. *Albions England a Continued Historie of the Same Kingdome, from the Originals of the First Inhabitants Thereof: And Most the Chiefe Alterations and Accidents There Hapning: Vnto, and In, the Happie Raigne of Our Now Most Gracious Soueraigne Queene Elizabeth. VVith Varietie of Inuentine and Historically Intermixtures. First Penned and Published by VVilliam VVarner: And Now Reused, and Newly Inlarged by the Same Author*. London: Printed by the Widow Orwin, for I[oa]n B[roome] and Are to Be Sold at Her Shop in Paules Church-yard, at the Signe of the Bible, 1596. Web.

Watts, Isaac. *Logick : Or, the Right Use of Reason in the Enquiry after Truth ... By I. Watts*. London: Printed for John Clark and Richard Hett, Emanuel Matthews, and Richard Ford, 1725. Eighteenth Century Collections Online. Web.

Wenders, Wim., Zieger, Ulrich, Reitinger, Richard, Sander, Otto, Buchholz, Horst, Kinski, Nastassja, Falk, Peter, Dafoe, Willem, Rühmann, Heinz, Ganz, Bruno, Dommartin, Solveig, Vogler, Rüdiger, Reed, Lou, Sony Pictures Classics, Road Movies Filmproduktion, Tobis Filmkunst GmbH, and Columbia TriStar Home Video. *Faraway, so Close!* Widescreen. ed. Culver City, Calif.]: Columbia TriStar Home Video, 2000. Print. SONY Pictures Classics.

Wildest Latin America. Host: Paul McGann, published by SBS in 2013.

Winthrop, Theodore, and Lindholdt, Paul J. *The Canoe and the Saddle: A Critical Edition*. Lincoln: U of Nebraska, 2006. Print.

Wittgenstein, Ludwig, and Anscombe, G. E. M. *Philosophical Investigations : The German Text, with a Revised English Translation*. 3rd ed. Oxford ; Malden, Mass.: Blackwell, 2001. Print.

Zola, Émile, and Tancock, Leonard. *Germinal*. Harmondsworth, Eng. ; Baltimore: Penguin, 1954. Print. Penguin Classics; 45.