Alpha Betty’s Chronicles
Brian Kim Stefans

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ALPHA BETTY’S CHRONICLES

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

/ubu editions
2004
astroturf
breath
churn
crank
effort
figure
fink
gin

generated
heave

lichen
ligature

load

market
model
ontario
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ta
since
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toe
V
riety
Anxious big hair on the back cover photo of Marjorie Perloff's Radical Artifice.
Art Exhibit on:

"The Essay on William's" including rubber breast s hanging from the wall; fresh apples imported from upstate New York daily;

a dadaist nailed-together junk construct to illustrate materiality of one of his poems; "Nude Descending a Staircase" with recording of just the right kind of laughter (Armory Show); snotty looking French artists perambulating throughout the gallery, indifferent;
a sparrow smashed against the floor.
3.

Being a lover of punctuation, and such.

// Em //
Benny wanted smoking, Theodore not. And the cadets wanted nothing but rough housing, and a reserved space upon the couch.
Bull!

I threw the clock against the wall,
it's lying, it's cold.

Just inhuman.

Reducing my green house issue,
I'm opening up wide

into the
field, I'm no lon-
ger sleeping.
I'm off to work.
Chapter on reading an academic text on the "Snoopy Dog."
Chinese guy who writes, with the other staff, obscene things on the receipts at the restaurant in Chinese to this customers.

"They admire him for his learning..."

Paragraph of stalled sentences.

Guy who approaches dogs on the streets as they are inspecting parking meters and trees, etc., and encourages the with their selection. She wasn't able to be proud of her son's knowledge, because, when he
finally

displayed it, in a large novel

about Korea,

family relations, how it was,

he got it all wrong. "He was

an American, that's all, which spoiled him."

Hypocrisy, always humiliating. Not a good Jesuit,

he had plain prose (his Latin clipboard

left at home). Part about standing up for

the mushy poetry of the New Yorker and poetry,

"There isn't a line in all of your

Pynchon as pure as that - Why isn't

it good enough to just record anymore?"
Circle,
  square,
possible, a
passage
  - search
exhaustive,

exhumes
  no
fossilized alembic,
alchemist
  forte.
gratuitous sex and violence, plenty of it.
He tried to analyze her love of him through his love of another. He tried to make a stir fry with cheese - he thought it would melt on the top.
He, who felt it such a bother to add any element to his morning ablutions, or to start using contact lenses, now found himself pricking himself with needles and lancets eight or more times a day.
Strange, this night that (or gans splashing away) protects the mind, dark with elegant burgundies, grays (the cigarette agrees, challenging the cold day) as it floats, ever secretly towards the more challenging way (struggling, ever decently).
I'm always afraid of such confidence.
14.

I Don't Have Any Paper So Swallow the Wafer and Shut Up
I suppose I will forget.

But once I forget, I won’t really care.
I won't speak ill of other people.
Their silence obsesses me.

breakhavo
wUnch

hazingritual
Strap
counter

standarddemise
logarithm

sort of a sopornliac
granted, snitching
on the Wonder boy
lasts
as long as fratricide
as a debatable go
currency.

You have no allies, and the doctors
are sick of you.
I'm a mess without
my, my Guatemalan girl (sung to "China girl")

I'm a mess with spurious
igloos (rains crashing down,
worm
muck unravelling my sensitive tissues, and I
take all rhymes as they come),
uttering until nascence

lifts to an argot these con\traptions,
eggs boilers, egg peelers,
eggs eaters, own ramps of twisted coat hangers,
dropped on a plate. I've fake
turbines (or investments in the m). Struggles that protract asphyxiation (collegio, in the Latin, or just drop the n from asphyxiation, worse ning the verse un til cramped enjambment pipes in with cl amors from the infant's back room, the monks, maids and pro jections), keeping labor stif led in baroque misinformation.

That's all it takes, indecision, dist raction. walking, I chance upon a daffodily, "remark the pregnant daffodilly," in its crowd of jewels, in its creed of
passions,

in it's borrowed lake. I am going to do the laundry, and meet a Polish poetess, reading the latest Nobel laureate, a populist with a history,

and she will remark that I don't understand, no and should probably read Ruskin for saking my Homi Babha, and also my William Carlos Willsims. I will reply: "But I am in almost total agreement!

I have just chanced upon a daffodily! This recent exhibition of Mark Tans’ graphic filler, it's like a shot in the arm of the
avant-garde! and so I am returning to ill-considered origins."

Then I will return home and take stock of the issues, and know before I begin that I have probably betrayed myself.
It appeared July 32, 1995
It rains
- the Crops wither.
It rains - the stopped watch
shivers, makes a severed
justice from the steaming ham, the
frothing hens turning tabloid into stereo wings
of justice.
Light: doesn't wanna learn LANGUAGES any more, but computerspeak that's easy, crazy.

There is no poem, but the room for a poem.
The soil meets their distress.
Miss Prison.
My eye carries the otherwise pure meat.
Never so sure: there is an entire Saturday stretched, metaphysically, like a lax muscle, before him.

not like the ocean that hides a continent, rather, a tongue that is Willing for speech, exposed, vulnerable, out of its cavernous socket and a little disgusting. Shut up the dogs in the back of the building, tether them, hide them in your living room, on the television,
The beach is disgusting:

He had attempted to learn the name of the Loyalist, Who cursing, lays a weight on the bodega, and doesn't mind its hilarity: a beach ball; heavy, primary.

Shu P. So then the weekend can achieve its Closure; archives.
the luxury.
Oh Carla, you
Called.!

I was in perilous
traits,
unlikely
to
form sentences, or

crack a code

(joke). Fine
to hear a
friend

found
me, salivating
for bore-

dom

before...
life that
worried its crouton

to dust.
One founders in a castle of delight, marking
outside schedules with dreamy incompetence,

staining all the sheets with mercy,
coward of intelligible, intense apogees of mischief.
The candle founders, dark in cradled
like Ern Malley,

like

a teacher’s surreptitious us agenda, that paradise

hidden in all the fancy books. Story goes:

Once had a churl, traded

him for a girl, got elemental
diseases, not incendiary

phases, nor a breath Of maturity,

I mean, it was weird,
not having
m y gross ego
to confound me. But
that
joke still bumps
me now, edging
on
into wakefulness. It
is a cold mashed potato.

It is a grump in the night.
speckled tortoise:
you ain't nothing new
to me! I've fun shoes
angling,
you see, toward
pret er natural

vagancy,

and corny ties,

and

Crooked hair, all

a symphony of occurrence

suffocating bad chatter

(in the suburbs, where it begins, ado pts

mercurial guises, and

coins a new theory), I've plenty

to mess with.
The group, nonetheless, in black shirts, white shorts, red waistbands, assemble outside, brandishing tickets, all stable in gestures of seasonal discomforts - no coffee cures, no herbal expedients, no craning for syllables.
prep ubescent emmanuelle
The new structuralism cannot un-warp perversion's singularity.
Scenario:  
a young

girl congratulating her brother for making

his first talk show appearance. She goes
to the dressing room, and sees that he
is getting his face done.

When he turns around, he has
dense cakes of facial make-up...

She is shocked, but he says "nobody will
notice, it's stage make-up."

He is Jewish, and

cut to the talk show hosts' monologue shows that
he is doing an anti-semitic joke, Anyway, as the little interview progresses, with the talk show host going on about himself, letting off farts and things, the stage make-up, which is clearly noticeable, begins to slip off. Eventually, he just pulls the stuff back up, like in a face-lift, but the mask continues to fall, making him look, at moments, like his eyes are peering from behind a death mask. Eventually, it just falls off.
Section based on Nirvana's web sites.
She could go on forever analyzing the minute spaces between her thought. Or anybody else's thought, for that matter.

We won her. She has come. And taken the life from them, at the same time. So she plasters the walls with her oils.
Sister, where are you, who promised me you'd lend me twenty dollars? it's not zen-like of you to conform So poorly, with the clock, leaving me in neurosis!
Hale

the buzzer.
Stasis is futile.

Story

of person who experiences sleep for the first time (coaching from friends, feel of accomplishment, naive first impressions, etc.)
stranger,
you may grow up to be possessed by certain ideas, effusions from the rump. The cut glass will become your syllables, mister, miser - you will vacate numerous rooms before finding the one that names you: Sir Charlatan. And that's why there is something lacking in your possession, your way with corners and milk. The abstract on the vitamins was boring reading, but that's before vermilion covered the syntax with stories of wars, sparring, dances; the rectilinear applause didn't distract you.
On a purple bed, with the dawn streaking across your breast (freed breasts, shaking thighs, glow of misapplied diligence

on her face - she is Pavlov r edivivus,
a flower- child - nobody told her of the industrial revolution!), cocks burn the misery of unslept nights in a crown of wakening suburbs,
buses, and coff ee cars, withering that ill taste in your mouth, calling it an addiction on. One more year in the Gulag - when will they finally get your bed linen right, so you sleep all nested and comfortable
in the smells of your hometown, those dandelion fissures, those maternal chokes, those cars! Frankinsense
could do it. But the body rebels. Artificial, fascist forms of education:
pronunciation
drills, charts and rubber s hoes,
books balanced on h ead - whoops,
there it goes - could, indeed subtract from your powers - your exhibitionism.
Or so mebody could simply show you,
target,
it's the industrial revolution - and it's coming
to a theatre near you!
The hype of me, so American, I wander fitfully in sleep's cauldrons, hot as an Old novelist that's forgotten his themes.

That's my sign: so cold in leg, no glee ever sold / satisfied me.
The mad dictator
made the trains
run well,
so punctually,
no one questioned
his demeanor:
mean.
The season's change, all's caught
in summery
surprise:
so reason's
otherwise luminous
demeans

was darkened: not

a spark

of sense, or

non sense.

Redactor

of histories, of lore
- he jerks off
  in the park

seeming

so teasing

to, really,
  no one. He

is a wonder
of object pleasing,
of vagrant pleasure's teeming,
and thus wakes, pissed.
The mad dictator
is split:
one half
counter-parliamentary,
one bit
running with us
toward liberty.
But never, never, in fact, fruitfully
conversational.

So when the head counts in, he's out in the random library, doing arithmetic.

They voted him in, nevertheless.

He was a resounding voice of difference.

Not too hygienic, not so deluding.
The paper is still there...
The plans for the stadium are always being postponed.

Tedium, too, falls, like the five-year plan, like a curtain of swans down, over every child and lover.
The TOTAL eaters fan club.

They argue about cooking sausages: "I’m not going to use a fucking teaspoon every time I cook a fucking sausage:"

40.
They die, or they go to heaven without dying.
They stocked up on three varieties of soda: cherry, regular, diet.
This is our own story, with beginning and end. Who tries to make a farce of it, tells us we're troubled, infants, jerks — that has been the standard experience of each new generation, just getting on. But we're wary (or should be) of such oppositions. And keep gurgling our nonsense — until its age, its clamor, resounds in the empty volume of this gymnasium that we've
been aligned within.
44.

Voyans, or The Structuralist Nightmare Goes Public
Wavering

between luck and zen (sent the planes down) the UN US interchangeable demanding new syntax from the markets.
we had the author of "The Western Canon" living in our building.

we thought to place a small porcelain cannon outside his door, but we never did it.
What have we here? (drama or design?)
What's this got to do with my first communion?

What's this got to do with the new reunion?

What's this got to do with the sliding scale?

What's this got to do, that we're going nowhere?

The heroes are all hermaphrodites in my hanging paper lantern,

they talk when they weep: it's magic, like a
Christmas tree

in April. Several antsy fan zines

I've collected on my front porch...

but the wind don't blow no more, and the fireman's not home.
What's this...

something for my mailing list?

This isn't going to be good for my bulimia.

Just call me Paradise Theatre (his interest in Styx).
Will starvation drive an artist out of his tomb?
Winter, too, has its paradigms.
You must find solution in the charge, and resent.
You tend to see things in black and white; I tend to see things with their grays in between, and even the occasional burst of color.
You'll see

that there's a season, a reason

the blackouts shrugged and

persisted, diletta ntes

a figure of hope

likely
to be amusing

to nobody.

That's

when you cared

and cash and

Carried the cigarette charm

- in g
lighter -
the paradise for keepesies.

Burning
holes in the cement 
trying to fathom
what your mother meant
by that
code, her

matchbook (secret
matchbook )
contained

your picture, my
puncture, her wound
ink elephants.

There is toffee on the table
there is syrup in the milk,

there is movement on the perimeter,

there is a shogun warrior

and there is a ring of saliva

and there shall be calm in the evenings

- afterwards

we played

injuns

and plagues.

Warning:

parables.
And easy cutlet
and lawn chair.

Freedom is an afterthought,
after love
suggested the constitution. Carlyle

popped out of the open box. He screamed,
another talent wasted on portable fictions.

Scram,
beat it.