THE TAPEWORM FOUNDRY
DARREN WERSHLER-HENRY
THE TAPEWORM FOUNDRY
andor the dangerous prevalence of imagination

DARREN WERSHLER-HENRY

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for Liz
So, reader, you’re holding in your hands, as often happens, a book the author did not write, although a world participated in it. And what does that matter?

Signs, symbols, impulses, falls, departures, relations, discords, everything is there to bounce up, to seek, for further on, for something else.

Between them, without settling down, the author grew his life. Perhaps you could try, too?

– Henri Michaux
jetsam in the laminar flow andor find the threads in redhats andor litter a keyboard with milletseed so that exotic songbirds might tap out their odes to a nightingale andor transcribe the letters pressed onto the platen when stalactites drip on the homerow keys andor reconstruct the ruins of a bombedout capital i andor reinvent the canonic works of western art as a series of roadsign glyphs andor commission an artist to paint the large ass of marcel duchamp andor use a dotmatrix printer to sound out a poem in which each line is a series of pauses whose length is determined by formatting codes and then record the squeal and lurch of the printhead moving across the paper and then replay the noise and then have it transcribed as chamber music for cello or voice andor compose a text acknowledging that words are fourdimensional objects in spacetime andor write an essay on the collected works of jane austen treating the text as a tour de force lipogram that never once makes use of any characters in the sinhalese alphabet andor escape from a paragraph by eloping along bottomless discourses andor point out that super mario world is actually a complex digital allegory for the writings of terence mckenna andor pen a treatise for andre breton and philippe soupault in which you discuss the magnetic fields emitted by each vowel when it attracts the
surrounding consonants like iron filings and then note that sometimes the letter y emanates a magnetism of its own andor proceed according to a philosophy of whatever andor insert chapbooks into the newspapers sold in vending boxes on the street andor do it even more than usual andor learn everything that you can about the life of cervantes and then rewrite don quixote from the viewpoint of the windmills andor print a set of instructions for dry cleaning the sacred shroud of turin andor fill a red wheelbarrow to the brim with depends brand adult undergarments and then entitle it doctor williams in his dotage andor compose a poem about the late john cage by writing sixtyfour hexasticha based on the chinese book of changes andor move them in and out of space andor design a camera that records its own presence in the photo andor construe a word by word synonymic replacement for finnegans wake and then dedicate the new book to casey from mr dressup andor look as little like a particular point of view as possible andor compose a love poem called charged particles in which each line consists of a single word ending in the suffix ion andor stick a stamp on your forehead and then pull a mailbag over your eyes before you begin to recite andor work on a poem attempting to emulate gansers syndrome wherein a person responds to
emotionally difficult questions with evasive answers and/or address the United Nations with your intentions and/or write an encyclopedic novel about a whale but maintain throughout that the whale is a fish not a mammal and/or write a series of haiku about Barrett Watten and Bruce Andrews and Lyn Hejinian but sign it using the pseudonym Lang Po and/or remove specificities and then convert to ambiguities and/or learn that paisleys are based on Hindu glyphs stolen from India by a clan of Scottish weavers and then think of an alternate history in which Indian castes not only develop a system of tartans but also compose ragas for duos consisting of bagpipe and sitar and/or type the words Dylan Thomas on a piece of paper but leave the paper on the roller and then submerge the entire typewriter in a solution of white alcohol calling the resulting object Underwood Milk and/or dial a number at random and then finagle your way into reading poems to the person who answers and/or pick some names out of the phone book and then enrol them in the book of the month club and/or author a sound poem consisting solely of noises made by a spin dryer full of glass eyeballs and/or write each letter of a Shakespearean sonnet on one of the little plastic paratroopers from a box of green armymen and then throw the soldiers one by one from a balcony onto the audience below and/or write a
scatological parody of a landscape painted with tea by milorad pavic and then entitle it a landscape tainted with pee andor document what is going on in a room not necessarily but possibly the one that you might be occupying andor write a novel about what paul eluard might have done in the year of his disappearance andor publish a guidebook for nonexistent monuments found somewhere in downtown toronto well not found but you know what i mean andor illustrate that this must be the case andor sandblast the scrawled missives of schizophrenics onto sheets of coloured glass in church windows andor spell it according to a phonetics of your own devising andor start a pataphysical software company andor write with your bones dry and distant andor imagine a poem called ideas for poets consisting of pithy epithets that describe the personalities of literary notables so that for example christopher smart might be a thin one forever patrolling the edge of the sidewalk smelling of vegetable crates and cat food andor avoid the habits of another artist andor fill a steamer trunk full of it and then let your friends edit it while you sleep off the drug of your choice andor make a western about the group of seven starring yul brynner as emily carr andor write all of your misgivings about your work in ballpoint pen along the edges of your collated manuscript doing so in
the same way that you might have written on the edges of your highschool math book and then shuffle the pages before you bind them and or write haiku noting that stonehenge is actually a circle of big pi symbols made out of rock and or massmarket it as if it is both obtainable by all and producible by all and or remove random keys from your typewriter before you begin to write and then forget which ones have been removed and or write with your head between your hands and or posit a novel in which a time traveller first appears at the denouement and then proceeds backwards to the beginning through a series of non sequiturs and or smoke your manuscript page by page when you run out of rolling papers and or ride hard shoot straight and speak the truth and or sell the designs that appear after trickling a thin stream of ball bearings onto a computer graphics tablet and or write a sonnet about what a grecian earns and or look closely at the most embarrassing details and then amplify them and or write a brief history of television including the television at lascaux or plato's myth of the television or the york and townley mystery televisions or shakespeare's globe television or the first steamdriven television and or write with the tips of your eyes while holding back in advance and or tell the story about the night when vladimir ilyich lenin finally goes across the street to the cabaret voltaire
to see what the hell is causing all the goddamn noise andor write a treatise on the
physics of luggage calculating the difference between volumes of air displaced by a
clean shirt when ironed and folded and by the same shirt when wrinkled and
unlaundered andor letterbomb the city of paris ontario with it andor make casts of
the negative spaces on or around or under rachel whiteread or bruce nauman andor
punch holes through every copy of the bound book and then save the little
punchedout bits to use as confetti at the wedding of someone related to peter
eisenman andor replace sigourney weaver with jacques derrida and then make a
film about him chasing hegelians through the airducts of a spaceship in order to
immolate these vermin with a flamethrower andor take everything from the haimnet
of an upperclass lady to the propeller of the rms lusitania and then deform these
things into the dimensions required by the work andor soak your hair in japanese
calligraphic ink and then drag your head down a long paper scroll andor do your
part to end joblessness by posting a classified ad calling for applications to a training
school for such fabulous obsolete or bizarre professions as anchorite or apostate
or bearbaiter or bodyservant or carnival geek or chirurgeon or contact lensman or
elvis impersonator impersonator or fudgepacker or ghoul or hangman or hayward
or hebdomadary or janissary or key grip or khatmule or lawn ornament sculptor or linkboy or mahout or milkcrate repoman or pornfluffer or prestidigitator or rakehell or roue or seneschal or snakehandler or stickler or tinker or usurer or vizier or warrior of the cosmic void or water witch andor treat grant applications as a creative act andor pay attention to the man behind the curtain andor write extended comments on a movie by using a stickpin plus a magnifying glass to scratch marginalia into the black space that surrounds each celluloid frame andor dont and then see if i give a fuck andor consider the implications of letters being the fossilized remains of microfauna and then hypothesize what several million years of evolution might produce as the descendants of such organisms andor use what is deviant in a culture to destroy it quickly andor write without your fingers blushing andor use rain damage as a title for a neurology textbook that has been repeatedly left outside during thunderstorms andor detourne a book about the berenstain bears by replacing all text with material from a poetics by charles bernstein andor write with inane but appropriate naivete andor theorize the written page as a prepared cross section of some medical specimen andor wonder why there are no christian jubes or buddhist jubes or muslim jubes andor break the rest of these up andor explore
the possible applications of artificial stupidity andor point out that john ashbery is actually just wallace stevens andor stage the skinhead hamlet with real skinheads in a real hamlet andor work on the beginning for a while andor smear your hand with spaghetti sauce in order to shake hands with an italian futurist through a piece of paper and then use the resulting image to produce a series of notarized prints andor start a reading series at which nobody reads because in the long run readers and audience alike are going to thank you andor pile everything including your pet onto the window of your scanner andor write under the pomegranates andor swap photos of francis picabia for photos of moe from the three stooges andor contradict yourself for you are vast and contain multitudes andor read out loud from the communist manifesto in a thick yorkshire accent andor use finishing nails to form an overall outline on a wall and then hang your words from them andor play a game of battleship by plotting moves according to the letters read in order of appearance from some poems by siegfried sassoon and f t marinetti andor make it bigger andor speculate on the whereabouts of the lost portrait of alfred jarry painted by aubrey beardsley andor find a sewing machine and then mate it with an umbrella on an operating table andor write a poem about sir isaac newton in your
normal handwriting on an apple newton and then let the device mistranslate it for you andor inveigh against the laziness of railway tracks in the time between the passage of two trains andor document your participation in an illegal activity and then render the document nearly but only nearly illegible through the application of artistic means before you show the document to the cops andor write so as to make a hollow andor cover a refrigerator with fridge magnets that spell out poems from the food section of tender buttons by gertrude stein and then fill the contents of the fridge with the corresponding comestibles andor humanize the parts that are free of error andor write poems that consist of nothing but punctuation marks andor prove what george bowering says about lyric poems by lugging a beercooler containing twentysix snowballs into the middle of the tunisian desert and then put a snowball outside the door to your tent every morning at seven andor keep changing andor carve it in intaglio onto the surface of a tenpin bowling ball and then ink the ball and then throw it down the lane all the while running behind in order to read the text imprinted onto the floor awarding yourself extra points for a strike spare or coherent sentence andor imagine george clinton in the white house andor assemble a palette consisting of various moulds found growing in your refrigerator
and then make living paintings by brushing samples onto glass sheets coated with agaragar andor write on yellowing velvet andor vomit alphaghetti onto the page as an homage to robert rauschenberg and jubal brown andor title a story the fall of the house of escher andor think of the souvenirs without nostalgia andor annoy the people at the art bar andor take a newspaper andor take a pair of scissors andor choose an article as long as the poem that you are planning to make andor cut out the article andor cut out each of the words that make up the article andor put them in a bag andor shake it gently andor take out the scraps one after the other in the order in which they leave the bag andor copy conscientiously so that the poem is like you and voila you are a writer infinitely original and endowed with a sensibility that is charming though beyond the understanding of the vulgar andor do all of these things andor kidnap someone and then make them happy andor construct grammatically correct sentences that in a given text might link the last word at the end of each line to the first word of the following line andor continue to consider yourself very likeable andor take a cow that damien hirst has cut in half and then use it to make a squishier equivalent of a humongous potatoprint andor work flat for a while andor do concrete poems in needlepoint andor write poems for your pets not
about them andor paint it on the soles of your shoes and then walk around while your shoes are still wet andor write a piece entitled nodes consisting of short homages to the letter n andor make people believe make believe people andor write even duller if you can andor compile a detailed concordance of all the words beginning with the letters dr in the long poem by bpnichol and then entitle it for a secular martyrology andor peddle inappropriate literary giftsets such as the collected works of sylvia plath complete with a pair of ovenmitts andor conduct an investigation into whether or not the tailor arepo has really cut the cloth on the bias and then make the requisite amendments to the magic square andor reorganize the animal kindom into animals belonging to the emperor or animals drawn with a very fine camelhair brush or animals having just broken the water pitcher or animals included in the present classification or animals that from a long way off look like flies or embalmed animals or fabulous animals or frenzied animals or innumerable animals or sirens or stray dogs or suckling pigs or tame animals and then submit your research as a term paper for biology class andor have nothing to lose andor commission a carpenter to fashion a chair designed for humans whose knees are on the backs of their legs rather than on the front andor write as though you must
behave yourself because a monkey is watching you andor select a bookcase full of books and then measure the limits of the bookcase and then count the books and then take the first book and then count the number of periods on the first full page of type and then multiply that number by all the pages in the book and then record the title and the approximate number of periods in each book and then total all the periods in the entire bookcase andor translate it into a language of your own devising andor write it under the rims of coffee cups andor realize the huge distance between words andor want to be your dog andor postulate a psychoanalysis based on orestes rather than on oedipus andor write down the best lines that you hear at every reading for a year and then string them all together andor write with tears in your fingers andor plant crocus bulbs so that they grow into the shape of dirty words in both french and english on the grassy slopes of parliament hill andor drift aimlessly through the streets of the city for days andor glue the good dishware and the leftover food onto the tabletop after lunch and then flip the whole thing onto its side before sending it off to the gallery andor use a laser beam to write a poem on a contact lens for guy debord andor chop the text into strips and then enclose each strip in a fortune cookie shaped like genitalia as if such cookies
are not already shaped like genitalia but that is another issue and or provide evidence that you know how people around you are speaking and or ramble on beautifully and or make a palimpsest of maple leaves from different seasons plus Toronto street maps from different decades and then entitle the work Toronto mapleas and or attach too much importance to it and or ask your mom or better yet victors mom and or write the book that you have always wanted to read and or realize that if you actually meet many of the writers whom you idolize you are likely to regard them as reprehensible scumbags who are probably thinking the same thing about you and or apply yourself to renunciation and or make surrealist canapes with anchovies and lugnuts on breton crackers and or stage it on top of the world trade center with the audience circling in helicopters and or bring in etruscan things and occasionally a marble bust and or burglarize houses but instead of stealing stuff leave poetic objects and or write your book in ink that contains powdered radioactive compounds and then perform your readings of the book by holding each page up to a geiger counter and or increase the number of references to comic books and or put what you took out back in and or rewrite survival by margaret atwood so that it defines canadian identity with reference not to victim positions
but to sexual positions from the kama sutra andor draw it out of a hat andor stick a
magic marker up your asshole and then scuttle around like a crab in order to write
texts resembling the later visual poems of robert grenier andor correct information
in the direction of poetry andor publish the ed norton anthology of english
literature andor drive it off the white cliffs of dover to the tune of love reign over me
andor be an hour late andor break every one of van dines rules andor stamp it onto
a metal sheet in braille and then electrify the metal sheet andor tell shit from
shinola andor write a poem about death for jacob wren consisting of short phrases
in which the word death has been omitted beginning with the line be not proud in
venice in june andor imagine the culture of a country that consists solely of borders
andor translate it into klingon andor demonstrate the dispensability if not the
inclusiveness of the artist andor make a chicken lay an egg full of confetti cut from
the pages of a poem about captain poetry and then crack the egg upon your head
andor fold paper in order to form geodesic origami polyhedrons covered in
excerpts from the writings of buckminster fuller andor flex your head andor mount
an art show displaying graffiti covered panels detached from public washroom stalls
andor grandly forget the present andor steal a pen from every writer you know and
then exhibit each pen having used it to write the name of the owner on the identification tag andor throw in some second person pronouns and some expletives in order to create the illusion that you are cursing your audience you fuckwit andor buy an abandoned mine shaft and then fill it with bad poetry andor weave alphabet beads on a large loom so that they form a story about hermann hesse andor write like a nightingale with a toothache andor push for as much sound as possible now and then while still maintaining sense andor pick people at random and then convince them that they are the heirs to an amazing but useless fortune say three thousand square miles of antarctica or an aging siberian tiger or a brothel in bombay or a collection of alchemical manuscripts just to make such people realize that for one brief moment they might have believed in something so extraordinary that they feel driven as a result to seek out some more intense moment of existence andor make it smaller andor redesign the garden of ian hamilton finlay for use as a miniature golf course and then print mock tourist pamphlets so as to arrive at his front door with a full set of clubs insisting that you be allowed to play the back nine andor make room for the unexpected andor define an ostensible procedure to mask the procedure that you are actually following
andor type a tripledecker novel without the use of a ribbon andor write a detailed essay about the homoerotic subtext of the wind in the willows by kenneth grahame because you know that you can come down into my nice warm hole ratty old boy andor put it all in a locker at the bus depot and then just walk away andor play that funky music white boy andor recycle the stuff that ezra pound has cut out of the waste land cause nobody else is gonna use it and odds are that said stuff is better than anything that you might ever write andor bet another writer that you can make more money by founding a religion than by becoming a bestselling author and then proceed to win the bet earning bonus points if you can convert john travolta or kirstie alley or tom cruise or nicole kidman to your religion andor establish a genealogical tree of short imagist poems and then breed various examples together cataloguing the emergence of new strains andor work your ass off to change the language but never get famous andor use about fifteen different types of erasers andor publish transparent books for people who like to read while driving andor establish internal rhythms andor write the regulations for more equitable blood sports like the one in an oceanarium between a killer whale and a snorkel diver armed with only a staplegun or like the one in a kiddie pool between a hammerhead
shark and a divorce lawyer armed with only a butter knife or like the one in a
gymnasium between a white rhino and a golf caddy armed with only a pitching
wedge andor figure out a way to do it without metaphor andor start a rumour that
byron might never have swum the hellespont if not for his use of duckshaped water
wings andor replicate the visible world in order to satisfy some bourgeois need for
comfort and then bring even more order into this illusion andor write each word
of a long poem on a separate bumper sticker and then apply one sticker to each car
in a parkade using rows as lines and floors as stanzas andor offer free tickets to
opera buffs who are notoriously unbalanced and thus likely to provoke uproars with
obscene gestures like pinching women or shouting curses et cetera andor consider
your work to be a literary cognate for squatting andor compile a list of ambiguous
body language because you never know whether or not some guy has a pickle in his
pocket or is just glad to see you andor set it free on the internet and then see what
it becomes in five years andor take photos of individual letters from neon signs and
then spell out texts in vast photocollages across the wall andor structure your book
according to the fibonacci sequence andor make it orange andor think gram
parsons not alan parsons andor paint it on centre ice at maple leaf gardens andor
build a lego replica of the merzhaus by kurt schwitters and then get an ugly little kid wearing brownshirt and lederhosen to kick it to pieces andor mean it as a compliment andor go ahead and then repeat yourself because you are vast and contain multitudes andor meet someone who identifies himself as an action poet and then ask him if he is the kind that has the kung fu grip andor record everything that you say for the next two years and then arrange it according to degrees of insignificance andor work towards an æsthetics of bitter disappointment andor commission tombstones for obsolete artistic movements andor write in bold type on a long sheet of paper the phrase once upon a time there was a story that began and then feed this paper through your fax machine with the two ends taped together so as to form a seamless belt and then enter the fax number for john barth letting the machine run for a day or so andor cover every surface with it andor paint words on stones and then bury them underground andor eclipse the differences andor assign letter values to the cells in a beehive so that you can copy the long word expressing all the comings and goings of the drones andor write a recipe for the masala in a jwcurry andor serve a mauve dessert to nicole brossard andor scruple to pick a pocket andor pull it inside out andor hotwire a truck for painting
the lines on roads so that you can write in loopy calligraphy on the toll roads of the
nation such phrases as god said to abraham kill me a son andor crack andor smash
the angels into angles andor invent a machine to impress it on a flattened penny
that children might keep as a lucky charm andor dine every day atop the calgary
tower just so that you never have to look at it andor build collages in which
background and middleground and foreground depict images from progressively
more recent epochs andor use vicks coughdrops or m and ms or herbal ecstasy or
any other kind of lettered pill to spell out excerpts from valley of the dolls by
jacqueline susann andor write a bildungsroman on the backsides of all the
baseboards in a house and then nail them back onto the walls andor use masking
tape to form letters on the torsos of sunbathers and then remove the tape in order
to spell out in pasty skin tones all the words to here comes the sun andor explain to
my satisfaction exactly why it is that the klingons on star trek the next generation
look so much like gene simmons from kiss andor start a pirate radio station where
all the deejays say things like arr here be the top ten chanteys o the week ye scurvy
bilge rats andor design perfume ads by yves klein instead of calvin klein andor go
the limit andor put it all in a box a big box if need be andor crash a car make it
fucked up andor replace the stairways in a piranesi drawing with escalators and then sell it as a blueprint for a goth shopping mall andor use some squirt guns to paint a watercolour picture andor collect one subway transfer per minute for an hour at a given subway station and then move on to the next subway station where you collect transfers for another hour and then move on again until you have transfers for an hour from every station on the line which may entail that you stay underground for days or even weeks in some large metropolitan centres but such are the sacrifices that we make for art so be sure to pack a lunch andor consider doing this stunt in teams in order to present a seamless chunk of time with no gaps between the transfers andor move seven words forward in the dictionary from every word in your text and then copy down the results andor sockitome baby andor put a sock in it andor put it in a sock andor think about translating some of the other haiku that basho has written instead of his stupid frog pond thing for chrissakes andor write poetry in the language spoken by the great apes of the tarzan novels andor observe for five minutes what crosses a square traced out with a stick in the wet soil of a luxembourg garden at eleven in the morning andor exhibit the undersides of elementary school desks encrusted with gum andor bolt it to a
lamppost andor imagine a slightly more intelligent universe where joseph beuys plays captain picard andor advance a plan to install rheostats in your urban lighting grid so that the ambient light of the metropolis may be adjusted according to your mood andor write a long poem in the second person andor proceed in your analysis as if neil young not carl jung is the father of archetypal synchronicity andor stuff a copy of the unabridged oxford english dictionary into the hopper of a woodchipper and then read from the resultant spew through a megaphone andor reproduce sepia photographs by carefully using a small butane torch to burn images into pieces of toast andor walk up the coast of british columbia in order to photograph it foot by foot in actual size andor dictate via conference call the instructions for the assembly of an artwork and then display the results as a group show andor paint with my hands andor bolt commemorative brass plaques in places where you have experienced a revelation during a fulfilling sexual liaison andor disguise a flying tomb as an airplane andor develop a branch of origami that folds used potatochip bags into little polygonal structures because we have to catch up to the british who have already accomplished this feat andor give up the funk andor write an essay on the philosophical import of the umbrella with reference to nietzsche or
lautreamont or jarry or satie or poppins or the penguin or christo or derrida or mccaffery andor have your computer make it recombinant for a while andor drop a player instead of running around a bus depot and then touch a detailed concordance of the dictionary in the same way that you get gertrude stein to declare it good andor write a series of theories about their legs rather than the tarot at the beginning of the long sheets in alexandria and then build a statement about a book of lines for a victim in a long run of the dead andor use the letter tiles from the house of keats in every copy of the accidents that you make famous andor construct real poems in silky pants and then stuff a statement about the streets into a book that really knows what people want to say about two trains andor replace them photographically and then rewrite don quixote with any three initials for apollinaire andor write phrases about the undersides of a poem called ideas and then get closer to it in order to use a flattened pen while spitting blood on a western about the grapevine andor write like gene simmons from the things that the wife of lot has become andor stuff a zany paratrooper and then replace him with the wind andor view a genius in my nice wardrobe andor bear the excessive pressure on the back of someone andor tear away a brick addressed to any critic andor demonstrate
the resultant spew even though a wolf at first appears inside a tummy andor tame the metal sequel with complicity andor write with a brand new ink that slips andor hypothesize about the sides of a liquid andor make sure of your efforts in the history of sunbathers and then earn bonus points for an hour with the theories of your manuscript and then tell the story that bill bissett documents with his nearly illegible photocopy of a dripping jesus andor eclipse the earthworks paved by cows andor maintain throughout that klingons who do concrete poems plan to remote control you andor construct a time by trying to provoke a famous novelist andor charm your way into a video game about the canonic works of wallace stevens andor go fishing in a space hat because provincial parks have just broken the african savannas andor comply with the man behind the ribs of a second person andor tell it to the top ten cultural blood sports such as the act of applying excessive pressure to the artist andor nail the wife into commercial catchphrases andor comment on every slice of a television set eaten by elegant people in the cabaret voltaire andor bolt up a show and then lick it free of tickets andor wear masks over the physics of our own presence andor time an investigation into the psychoanalysis of a house andor entitle nodes consisting of stalactites grown on books for a people who have
the kung fu grip andor fulfill the minimum page and then count the lines in the
nations with my ass and then anger laughter andor describe her collages of lemon
juice from his dotage andor play the heir to an inappropriate artist and then avoid
the sentence using your words instead of their contestants andor collect an other
book into the title andor ruin noises and then just make us believe in a culture of
your changes andor pound out the cutout texts to be found in the jagged grooves
of something biological andor imagine an even more equitable bumper sticker
andor write an even more unimportant treatise andor luxuriate in your library card
in order to push the words beyond the warm cycle and then count the
requirements for your french handwriting and then spellcheck what is sticky andor
encode it pointy and then nail it to the museum in the next sentence andor make a
popup book of atoms under the house of ron silliman for the reading series by
calvin klein andor put alphabits under things that a person from porlock drops
andor publish the nordic black power salute on a refrigerator unless you are
supposed to assemble a poem from the movements of a newspaper and then
assemble a more complex allegory for the audience andor steal the blueprint for
the red wheelbarrow that greg gatenby uses to feed us with bad poetry andor want
people to like what has happened to your writing andor clog up commemorative brass plaques coated with canadian identity andor burn your body across the grain of your principles andor detach americans from their squirt guns andor stoop to spell it andor go for the habits of lego and then run for the photos of your first sentence spoken andor transcribe the long word hockney everywhere you spit andor copy blue cardboard for your bourgeois readings andor appear to fuck a tour de force lipogram of your own devising andor stop being recombinant for a while andor drive over the pages of it in the parking lot before you bind them andor record a drum n bass version of an opera by emmett williams andor make it nude andor pack all the furniture of the house into a single room and then attempt to live in it for as long as possible andor throw me a fricking bone here people andor embed the real poems as comments in the html source code andor forget all about it when a person from porlock drops by for a visit andor attribute your work to other authors and then review it andor sell it on the street andor try not to be so parochial andor remove the middle three words from every sentence in the new testament as an act of hostility towards trinitarian values andor luxuriate in the way that everything rubs up against everything else andor devote your career to writing
letters to the editor andor get closer to the lens andor transcribe every movement that
your body makes on bloomsday andor disguise a muskox as a ram andor drop a
pingpong ball full of drano into the gas tank of a car and then record the sound of
the fragments hitting the ground as an homage to the rain poem by apollinaire
andor make a rhizome andor write down the first sentence spoken on television
when the set is turned on and then change the channel in order to write down the
next sentence and so on andor construct a museum of language in the vicinity of
art andor construct alien earthworks in provincial parks andor write a history of the
avant garde making sure to discuss the avant garde of unreconstructed hippies or
the avant garde of cemeteries or the avant garde of colourful french bohemians
at the turn of the century or the avant garde of dissipated scandals or the avant
garde of endless lies tantamount to truths or the avant garde of postraphælites or
the avant garde of kitsch or the avant garde of less than nothing or the avant garde
of myopia or the avant garde of nomenclatures or the avant garde of simian
vulgarity or the avant garde of students who think they are workers or the avant
garde of tautologies and contradictions or the avant garde of vicious circles andor
put the pieces on one at a time and then burn them andor wrap the reichstag with
it andor construct a peanutbutter pump to run in tandem with the honeypump of
joseph beuys andor write just one poem in your entire life and then spend the rest
of your days constantly retranslating it andor make conpaganda not propaganda
andor write a scratchandsniff book for dogs and cats andor keep changing the
questions andor bind individual pages of a text to the backs of other books that are
already in the library but include a call number or two to guide readers to the next
installment making sure to throw in a few red herrings andor stage your reading in
a bathroom stall andor give yourself up to remote control andor paint sections of a
page repeatedly with liquid paper until a sculptural surface develops andor change
the margins and the leading in order to fulfill minimum page counts for the arts
councils because hell everybody does it but really really push it so that for example
you might make a single letter fill an entire page andor go big or go home yessirree
andor press your fingers against your closed eyelids and then transcribe the
phosphene messages that you see before they fade andor play philip glass in
ragtime andor do none of these things andor affix it to the top of the cn tower
andor have time to teach it to the dancers andor strap a spirometer and a
cardiogram onto paul dutton during his performance of a sound poem and then
publish the results in a prominent medical journal andor write a poem using only 
the names of paint swatches from a hardware store and then arrange the colours 
syntactically andor make a popup version of the making of americans andor plan 
some actions for the stupefaction of stupid factions andor have it inscribed on a 
grain of rice and then cook the grain into a pilaf and then serve it to the critics andor 
make it pointy and inhospitable andor write it across an empty field in cursive script 
by rolling a big snowball in front of you realizing all the while that the snowball must 
eventually form the period at the end of the sentence andor renounce the language 
made impossible by journalism andor burn a painting once a day say yours or 
someone elses andor practise surrealism after canadada andor happen very 
naturally andor make a mondrian colouring book andor take the jokes seriously 
andor write for a world where instead of proper names everyone has one unique 
term that he or she uses to refer to everyone else andor fool the americans with it andor 
connect the rooftops of the city with delicate wroughtiron footbridges andor 
place a completed manuscript into a cage and then let a gerbil do the final edit 
andor regret not having sported a suit the colour of an unripe lemon nor a red paper 
gendarmes hat because alas one cannot think of everything andor annotate a blank
page with comments and quotations on postit notes and then annotate the postit notes with a further layer of different coloured postit notes and then continue until you run out of colours andor muddy the waters between invention and discovery andor suggest that some vastly complex principle of order underlies works of absolute chaos and then nod sagely when the critics find it andor replace collage with frottage andor write for a few years only in lowercase or only in uppercase and then switch andor have the same problem all the time andor remove all the verbs from a book and then replace them with the verbs from another book andor make a huge paper boat from all your correspondence and then climb aboard to sail away andor engage in unauthorized pyrotechnic displays be they verbal or otherwise andor take the tarot card that is most significant to you and then attach it to the forks of your bicycle with a wooden clothespin so that the card sticks into the spokes and thus makes a cool whirring noise when you ride fast andor work against your better judgement andor steal it from a writer who is not as talented as you are because your audience is going to think that your victim is actually the one who has stolen the idea andor make a series of trading cards for poets complete with action photographs and statistics including number of publications and
likelihood of having anything entertaining to say andor think of a way to work the andorreans from star trek into this poem andor build something by disturbing something andor reconstruct the memory of a dismantled parallelepiped andor write a zany halfhour sitcom based on the daily life of gertrude stein and alice b toklas starring jamie farr as alice andor erase words at random from your manuscripts and then go back to fill the blanks in later andor object to the subject andor insert excerpts from our lady of the flowers by jean genet into a gardening manual by martha stewart andor look for poems in the indices of scientific treatises on the weather andor try to do this trick with variety andor substitute the word hockney wherever you see the word hockey andor take the rock to the hole andor find the original images from which hannah hoch has torn the pieces for her own collages and then mount an exhibit of the original images with a hole where the proper piece must go andor wear it on your sleeve andor write comic books that use geometric shapes other than rectangles for their frames making sure to follow all possible narrative paths assiduously andor write a national anthem for the microorganisms that live off the dead skin cells in your eyelashes andor move all of the vowels to the front andor reconnect to desire andor spell it on the floor in
alphabits and then pour milk on it and then read it by rolling your body across the text andor move away from black and white andor misunderstand the lyrics of popular songs in order to make them funnier or smarter so that in the former case you hear bob marley sing i shot the sheriff though i swear i was in silky pants but in the latter case you hear jon bon jovi sing thoreau is like ralph emerson ralph emerson is what i read andor treat the author who is not a genius with a little respect andor note the lack of seriousness in a text that contributes nothing new to the technique of the theatre andor use an ocr scanner to transcribe the most illegible photocopy of a text andor think about it from my perspective for a change andor obtain illicit copies of the passion considered as an uphill bicycle race and then deliver them by bike courier to your friends at easter andor spell it out in atoms under an electron microscope andor come up with a more interesting list than this one andor lease an abandoned church in order to paint an exact replica of the ceiling of the sistine chapel but then burn down the church and then exhibit the drop cloths andor make jello moulds of each letter in your text placing all the letters that comprise a word into separate parfait glasses topped with aerosol whipped cream and then serve one word to each member of your audience andor refute the
end of endlessness andor stop going to class andor let the birds out of the john cage andor refuse to recreate your socalled system andor write a book that consists solely of a very long title andor tear the roof off andor point out that you have more creativity in your pinky than all of this bourgeois merde andor make famous poems more efficient by abstracting them into commercial catchphrases so that for paradise lost by milton you might say ive fallen and i cant get up andor write poems on the backs of stolen bank deposit slips and then surreptitiously return them to the bank andor use a vcr to dub dub poets reading rub a dub dub three men in a tub and then dub this reading over the credits of all the movies that you rent andor turn it up to eleven andor translate the æneid into pig latin andor write poems using only words found in the california registry of licence plates andor realize that the figures have to wear masks preferably trout masks or at least trout mask replicas andor stage a dramatization of the wife of bath starring mary daly andor talk for thir tysix hours straight andor write what you really want to say on the same page in invisible ink made from a mixture of lemon juice and sugar water andor impregnate key words with lsd and dmso andor whip it andor whip it good andor clog up subway cars during rush hour with cumbersome objects such as bass cellos or packing
crates or long poles or maybe placards bearing fragments from your poems like advertisements andor scrawl graffiti all over someone elses liberal utopia andor encode it in a helix of dna andor want to destroy passersby andor taperecord your readings and then mail them to the address where you are supposed to be performing so that you can stay home and watch reruns of the simpsons and leafs games but if anyone complains plead agoraphobia andor trip the light fantastic but then sit on its chest and slap its tummy until it gets a pinkbelly andor bring the war home andor promulgate obsolete ideas in dead media andor forget what you are about to type andor take up weird dancing in allnight atm lobbies andor stage a conference where nobody gives papers andor be a silent but interesting disaster andor go to places andor be invited for instance andor have some impressions there andor take things from these places such as bulbs from lamps or trolls from lawns or symbols from visions or keys from locks or colours from clothes or dreams from memory and then make as many pictures as you want or as others want or as time allows or as health allows and then copy them photographically andor make portraits of them andor describe them andor make remarks about them andor divide them andor alter them andor keep them andor give them away andor have
machines doing the same thing not for you but for themselves andor make at any time a pile from the pictures that you like or that somebody likes or that nobody likes and then bind them as a book andor wonder just why academics snarf pulp detective fiction like pigs at the trough and yet you never find even a single book by rosalind krauss being read by a fan of martha grimes andor make art after philosophy after art after philosophy andor write political thrillers based on the premise that the borders of nations have been repartitioned according to the way they appear on a risk board andor use high cultural forms to discuss low cultural content or low cultural forms to discuss high cultural content andor build a prosthetic tongue that enables you to taste things heretofore untasted like molten lava or slovenliness or indigo blue andor retell the lion the witch and the wardrobe by c s lewis as if the story is set in the magical realm of sarnia andor destroy superabundance andor ask whether or not robert fulfords triumph of narrative isnt really robert fulfords narrative of triumph andor write the word pharmakon on a mirror in lines of cocaine and then cut each letter with progressively higher quantities of drano andor gather all the equestrian statues from the parks and squares of the world and then place these statues together in a desert in order to
depict a cavalry charge dedicated to the greatest massacres in history andor write what you do not know andor write a threevolume novel in french about a man who falls in love with a cookie andor take everything that is sculpture out of your art because sculpture is simply what you bump into when you back up to look at a painting andor shoot a man in reno just to watch him die andor assume precisely what it is that you must be questioning andor tell it for a thousand and one nights in a row in order to avoid having sex with someone particularly undesirable andor forge a scroll that tells the story of jesus revealing the game of bingo to the apostles and then slip this scroll into a case at the museum housing the nag hammadi manuscripts andor stroll on in whether or not you have studied geometry andor print everything on scraps of paper stolen from the dumpster behind the coach house andor proceed as though edgar rice burroughs not william s burroughs is the author of naked lunch andor read for a long time andor write in lettraset on bus shelter windows andor gimme the good good foot andor discover a form neither geometric nor organic andor write a comic book in which a famous novelist who has committed crimes against his muse must write in his own blood on the walls of the city because he has been cursed with an endless flow of ideas for stories like the
one about a city in which the streets are paved with time or the one about a train full of silent women plowing forever through the twilight or the one about a computer made of light or the one about small green pieces of paper or the one about a sweet plum cold and tart or the one about a weregoldfish that transforms into a dogfish at the full moon or the one about two old women taking a weasel on a holiday or the one about why griffins never marry and why succubi never dance or the one about a man who inherits a library card to the library of alexandria or the one about a nightingale and a rosebush and a dog collar or the one about a man who falls in love with a blue dress or the one about horsetooth soup or the one about a biography of keats from the viewpoint of the lamia or the one about an old man in scarborough who owns the universe and keeps it in a jam jar locked inside the cupboard under his stairwell andor start a society for the ethical treatment of pokemon andor be monochrome andor tie an albatross around your neck and then tell it to the wedding guests andor make lines fly together andor caress one another in generous tenderness andor smack my ass and call me judy andor spend months sculpting it onto the head of a pin found in a sewing shop and then slip the pin into a package of otherwise identical pins andor write your poems on large soup plates
using raspberry coulis and olive paste for ink and then stack the plates sequentially in a dishwasher as a form of binding andor take any three things that you have never been able to do and then apply the principles of their making to your life andor read nothing during your readings andor conceive of a book as a threedimensional matrix of twodimensional grids in which each letter fills a cell so that the book is read by tunnelling down through the grids one cell at a time column by column in order to form words and sentences andor read existing books as if this model is the case andor mistake sketches of empty squares for maps of desolate places like the middle of the ocean or the surface of a cloud andor change the captions andor write scenarios describing the serendipitous evolution of animals that have undergone domestic breeding so that for example you might describe the labrador retriever as a species hunting happily in small packs for tennis balls strewn throughout the ancient african savannahs andor copy out all the references to fear in the cantos by ezra pound andor always pretend that youre getting the feeling of hickory wind andor run the poems of bill bissett through a spell checker andor better yet run the incantations in the books of aleister crowley through a spell checker andor compose a symphony in which at every beat all the notes of the chromatic scale
save one are played and thus the melody consists of its own delicate absence andor
write a heavy metal sequel to a by louis zukofsky and then entitle it metallic a or
better yet fuckin a andor make not art but arent andor tote a bucket of water from
the atlantic to the pacific dumping the bucket and then refilling it only to head back
to the atlantic to repeat this act until the oceans have changed places and then
revise all world maps to reflect your actions andor ricochet off reality andor let the
readers decide whether it is prose or poetry because they are going to do so anyway
andor photoshop elaborate tattoos onto images of infants andor bring in
consultants whose concerns reflect your own and then let them enlarge your target
market andor fire the consultants andor take something unimportant and then find
a way to consider it important adding it to whatever is already important and then
continue in this way until there is nothing unimportant and then take something
important and find a way to consider it unimportant adding it to whatever is already
unimportant and then continue in this way until there is nothing important andor
figure out what to put in the parks and squares once occupied by the equestrian
statues never forgetting to consider nothing as a serious option andor bring art to
the level of everything else andor design labels for a type of chef boyardee canned
pasta whose noodles have been cut in the shape of beat poets and then market this product as ferlinghetti andor conjecture about what the owl and the pussycat might have been smoking under the bong tree andor refuse to privilege one sign over another andor burn your unpublished manuscripts but use the resultant heat to bake a loaf of bread to send to the one you love andor write to n minus one degrees andor write poems with rhymes that satisfy the eye but not the ear andor build a miniature alphabet out of hollow plastic letters filled with barium so that you can eat your words and then xray yourself andor write a poem answering in order of occurrence all of the questions posed by ron silliman in sunset debris andor invent a system of colourful lapel pins for academics who are feeling guilty about their complicities with carnivallogocentrism and thus feel obliged like all boutique liberals to atone for their guilt before proceeding with their arguments andor declare that the automobile is a feeling that has sufficiently coddled in us the slowness of its abstraction like noises of a steamship andor stoop to new lows andor operate a sidewalk fastfood cart whose menu consists of items drawn solely from the pages of the futurist cookbook by f.t marinetti andor use nontoxic waterproof markers to write your words on the sides of living fish and then release
the fish back into the sea unless you want to make a statement about pollution in
which case what the hell go ahead and use toxic markers andor hear it through the
grapevine andor stuff mailboxes with thousands of packages containing heavy
objects such as ingots addressed to various arts institutions but bearing as return
addresses the homes of various critics or judges andor exorcise the ghost of
content andor run out of things on which to write andor construct a fiftyfootall
lawn dart and then install it in the centre of the spiral jetty andor put labels under
the hygrometers in galleries or museums and then identify the meters as
conceptual art sculptures andor write erotic poems about sigmund freud
surreptitiously on the unsold magic writing pads in toy stores and then make silly
portraits of mondrian on the etchasketches andor leave it hanging on a clothesline
andor read all plural english nouns ending in the suffix ons as though they are in fact
french imperative verbs so that for example croutons might mean lets all crout
andor imagine a world where the job of the critic is to describe the interior
structure of writing because all writing is hollow and then go on to write from this
perspective an unflinching assessment of your worst work andor add one sheet of
blank paper to a stack for every day that you reject a concept andor pickle stuffed
animals in large jars filled with brightly coloured formaldehyde andor read
everything out loud two times unless you are john giorno in which case read it out
loud three times andor realize that your imac is just a big tamagotchi andor design
a transformer to use up wasted ergs of energy from excessive pressure on electric
buzzers andor quit making art in order to play chinese checkers andor tattoo your
poems on the back of someone else but be sure to make no spelling mistakes andor
be prepared to correct them in a different colour of ink andor do it all for the nookie
andor delete ambiguities and then convert to specificities andor assign yourself a
psychic hockey player instead of a totemic spirit animal andor demonstrate
conclusively that nordic black metal musicians are the true heirs of petrus borel
andor buy a microsoft actimate plush barney and then re program it to recite the
poems of hugh prather andor comment on the undeniable resemblance between
michael coren and doctor evil not to mention the parallel likeness between bert
archer and minime andor build and then exhibit windowless lead cases designed to
contain classic works of sculpture andor hurl it into the void andor demonstrate the
autonomy of the audience andor itemize the thirtytwo objects that all the elegant
people in the time of louis xv might have carried on their person including the
platinum snuffbox or the little wee fan made from motherofpearl and hung on a lorgnette chain and or work on the end for a while and or fuck canadian lifewriting and or print a giant postage stamp two feet by two feet across and then affix it to an ordinary envelope before you mail it and or make irregular objections to the use of systems and or practise at any arcade game until you get good enough to monopolize ten high scores and then instead of leaving your initials in the space provided write a beautiful decastich with three letters to a line and or give yourself an enema of paint and then shit it back out onto canvas and or steal it back again and or disrupt events at concert halls during exit time by summoning a fleet of taxicabs or ambulances or firetrucks and or pretend that the mouse on your computer is the planchette of a ouija board and or write the book that occurs between billiard and piliard and or get the proper help and or begin to read out loud with a mouthful of ball bearings that you spit out one by one into a metal bowl and then when finished begin to put them back into your mouth one by one but never stop your reading and or publish an issue of a magazine without telling its official editors and or carve it out of chocolate and then lick it until its outlines look barely recognizable and or travel backwards to a lost land known to you in childhood but
find it now incomprehensible and then discover that it is the place from which you set out on your trek andor move with cultural stresses and preoccupations as if you have a choice andor steal all the meat from a supermarket and then replace it with tvp andor know that just because they've found the skull of martin bormann doesn't mean he's dead andor write a prose poem for each element on the periodic table and then assemble more complex texts by combining them in a manner analogous to the molecular structure of your favourite compounds andor stay on the scene like a vending machine andor take no for an answer andor write an actionthriller featuring rube goldberg as a jewish version of macgyver andor make it all up while riding on horseback to canterbury andor design your own cdrom as a kind of counterpoint to the visible human project by thinly slicing and then scanning every slice of an olive and macaroni loaf of bologna andor question motivations andor get a reading at harbourfront and then invite your friends up onstage to read their work all the while demanding that greg gatenby feed them dinner or at least a little snack andor kill em all but six because you always need pallbearers andor stand on the burning deck andor let john barlow overt it andor base all the dialogue in your novel on painstakingly accurate transcriptions of the
banter between gameshow hosts and their contestants andor present a plausible argument for the theory that alexander graham bell might have named the pound key on the telephone after being impressed by an early encounter with the young ezra andor scatter heaps of your old clothes at the sites of accidents that you find to be especially tragic andor produce a series of three hundred and sixtyfive abstract paintings by plotting lines that trace the route of a bike courier during a year of work andor retrofit a commercial washing machine with a shutter thus transforming the porthole into a lens and the entire machine into a camera so that you can take pictures of the people passing in front of it at the laundromat and then develop the negatives in the machine during the rinse cycle andor change the font andor change the font back when you realize that in order to attain multiplicity one must have a method that effectively constructs it because no typographical cleverness or lexical agility or semantic blending or portmanteau creation or syntactical boldness can substitute for it andor ask all of your readers to send you their addresses and then travel to those locations and then write a paragraph about them and then return home and then mail a paragraph randomly to each reader andor dont tell me what the musicians are doing andor let someone else choose your preferences for
you and or imitate the flaws of other forms of laws of other forms of media and or prove that Cape Breton Island is named Cape Breton Island because it is shaped liked Andre Breton wearing a poncho and or find the intelligence to recognize the truth and the courage to write the truth and the art to use the truth as a weapon and the judgement to choose those in whose hands the weapon becomes effective and the cunning to spread the weapon among them and or never spell the same word the same way twice and or hire a skywriter to use an airplane to spell out the letters m e r d e but then at the moment when the audience below has reached its maximum level of outrage add another r between the d and the final e and or make it funky now and or hypnotize all your actors before they perform and or really know what its like to sing the blues and or use a scrabble board as your page and the letter tiles as your text making sure to calculate your score after you have finished writing and or feel your antipathy for Jacques Lacan not because of his annoying little diagrams but because of his internship at the same mental hospital responsible for administering shock treatments to Antonin Artaud who is known to have despised him and or bluff about knowing what good news might have been brought from Ghent to Aix and or take
polaroids of your hæmorrhoids and or come on little momma lets tear this damn place up and or build an exact replica of frida kahlo's bedroom suite in the middle of the mexican desert and then set fire to the furniture and then walk away while the suite is consumed by the flames and or turn over half a library to make one book and or realize that you have been marketed and or entertain the possibility that freedom is merely the feeling that results from doing what you have been conditioned to do and or prepare a ballistics report comparing the head wound of apollinaire to that of mayakovsky and or look busy because jesus is coming and or write a play about two guys who spend all of their time trying to get rid of godot and or translate the poems of tom raworth into a series of holes punched into a long scroll of paper and then run the paper through a player piano doubletime and or take it from the top and or use your allusion and or choose a country and a city and a street and or build a house and or furnish it and or decorate it and or choose the season and the time and or bring some people together with alcohol and music ensuring that lighting and conversation are circumstantial like the climate outside or your memories of it and or be satisfied with the results and or aim to be an amateur and or forget the tacky images that are going to disappear over time and
then let the fluid that seems to come from the end of the world pass through you
andor design a fasterthanlight spacecraft and then overtake the voyager ii probe for
the sole purpose of replacing the gold lp of the second brandenburg concerto with
a copy of the rise and fall of ziggy stardust and the spiders from mars andor wonder
what has happened to the salt formerly known as the wife of lot andor print shirts
that on the front read this is your war but on the back read this is your war on drugs
andor find ninetynine different ways to retell the story of one man accusing another
man of jostling him deliberately on a crowded bus at midday but avoid all anagrams
or antiphrases or alexandrines or back slang or blurs or epenteses or gallicisms or
haiku or hellenisms or litotes or logical analyses or negativities or permutations
or proper names or prostheses or spoonerisms or syncopes or surprises andor write
a book about what boswell must have really thought about johnson andor sneak
into a furniture store carrying a purse full of detritus such as ballpoint pens or bus
transfers or car keys or crumpled kleenex or dead batteries or hair elastics or lip
balm tubes or lost dentures or paper clips or roach clips or stale pretzels or
tarnished pennies or unused condoms and so forth sticking all this stuff here and
there under the cushions of brandnew sofas in the showroom andor arrange your
books metonymically instead of alphabetically andor make the alphabet do the chicken dance andor walk a lobster on a leash along the banks of the seine andor go slowly crazy in santa ana california andor think of eddie murphy singing roxanne when you do the police in different voices andor convince universities to replace phd candidacy exams with quake deathmatch tournaments andor insert pages of your manuscript in the fissures of a limestone cliff so that over the ages they might become part of the fossil strata andor pull the wool over your own eyes andor claim that there is a great deal to be silent about andor choreograph a version of lord of the flies by william golding to be performed as an irish folkdance by michael flately andor urge yourself back by the absence of imposed escapes andor launch the bleeding head of arnold palmer andor carve into the face of a mountain some text chosen at random from your kitchen note pad like will be back at five love darren andor arrange for kazoo orchestras to perform the symphonies of beethoven andor pretend that you are leonard cohen so long as you start with the part of his career where he gives up writing and goes to live in a buddhist monastery thereby avoiding the crappy folksinging part altogether andor develop a few thoughts in view of the immediately preceding phrase andor express your lack of confidence in concrete
reality while standing in a downpour of minutiae and or deal the final blow to the
tree of superstition and or become a member of the college of cardinals with an eye
towards becoming pope george ringo and or exceed the fix and or emerge from
behind the protective colouring of your adopted abstractions and or hit back and or
grab hold of a crane hook spontaneously and then be raised up at least three stories
while screaming passages from the poetry of dick higgins and or stop making
nuclear weapons and then devote the rest of your life to finding poems and or do
not abide by your decision and or get a sympathetic postman to help you defend
what you have done and or have your audience turn to face the other direction while
you quietly sneak away and or postulate that the entire history of the universe to
date has simply been the set of preconditions necessary for the creation of the
teletubbies and then conclude that everything is pretty much downhill from there
and or write reviews of books using only phrases drawn from the books being
reviewed and or take infinite surfaces and then cloak them in colour and then shift
them menacingly and or loot the tomb of rilke and then use an antique phonograph
to play the music encoded in the jagged grooves of the coronal sutures of his skull
and or substitute photos of charlie mccarthy for photos of tristan tzara and or
insinuate that much can be learned from the fact that jackson pollock is known to have held a job cleaning bird shit off of statues in the parks of new york state andor floccinaucinihilipilificate andor shut up and die like an aviator andor do a thelma and louise ending andor work out your own salvation with diligence andor begin to be sure that if you could only go on long enough and talk and hear and look and see and feel enough and long enough you could finally describe really describe every kind of human being that ever was or is or would be living andor work not on the spectacle of the end but on the end of the spectacle andor be okay with an umlaut andor duplicate the eventual financial success of duddy kravitz by marketing diet pills which contain nothing save for a tiny tapeworm andor refuse to go off into a possible future but instead arrive out of that future so as to make the future present in the arrival of your words andor see yourself as nothing more than a very simple vicious circle andor write a book of portmanteaus about an embalmed irishman in which the last sentence ending in midphrase loops back to link up with the first sentence beginning in midphrase so that the book completes a cycle with itself restarting with the words riverrun past eve and adams but leaving in their wake all of the fragments of a language yet to be combined like so much flotsam and
this symbol was found
the tapeworm foundry, as baked by St Ephanie, Queen of Tarts
segments of the tapeworm foundry have appeared, under slightly different titles, in Open Letter, Sulfur, and West Coast Line. another segment was published as a bookmark by fingerprinting inkoperated. an early draft was chopped into pieces and used as the fortunes in an edition of phallic fortune cookies baked by Stephanie Pick, aka St Ephanie, Queen of Tarts (see left).

the tapeworm foundry began, like most other things that i've written, as part of a decade-long, ongoing discussion with Christian Bök. this book could not have been written without him.

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