

# THE TAPEWORM FOUNDRY

DARREN WERSHLER-HENRY



**/ubu** editions

**THE TAPEWORM FOUNDRY**  
andor the dangerous prevalence of imagination

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2002

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 and find the threads in redhats and litter a keyboard with milletseed so that exotic songbirds might tap out their odes to a nightingale and transcribe the letters pressed onto the platen when stalactites drip on the homerow keys and reconstruct the ruins of a bombedout capital i and reinvent the canonic works of western art as a series of roadsign glyphs and commission an artist to paint the large ass of marcel duchamp and 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 and compose a text acknowledging that words are fourdimensional objects in spacetime and 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 and escape from a paragraph by eloping along bottomless discourses and point out that super mario world is actually a complex digital allegory for the writings of terence mckenna and 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 schizophreniacs 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 andor write haiku noting that stonehenge is actually a circle of big pi symbols made out of rock andor massmarket it as if it is both obtainable by all and producible by all andor remove random keys from your typewriter before you begin to write and then forget which ones have been removed andor write with your head between your hands andor 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 andor smoke your manuscript page by page when you run out of rolling papers andor ride hard shoot straight and speak the truth andor sell the designs that appear after trickling a thin stream of ball bearings onto a computer graphics tablet andor write a sonnet about what a grecian earns andor look closely at the most embarrassing details and then amplify them andor write a brief history of television including the television at lascaux or platos myth of the television or the york and townley mystery televisions or shakespeareas globe television or the first steamdriven television andor write with the tips of your eyes while holding back in advance andor 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 and/or 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 and/or letterbomb the city of paris ontario with it and/or make casts of the negative spaces on or around or under rachel whiteread or bruce nauman and/or 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 and/or 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 and/or take everything from the hairnet of an upperclass lady to the propeller of the rms lusitania and then deform these things into the dimensions required by the work and/or soak your hair in japanese calligraphic ink and then drag your head down a long paper scroll and/or 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 surgeon 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 marin etti andor make it bigger andor speculate on the whereabouts of the lost portrait of alfred jarry painted by aubrey beadsley 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 alphagetti 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 and/or paint it on the soles of your shoes and then walk around while your shoes are still wet and/or write a piece entitled nodes consisting of short homages to the letter n and/or make people believe make believe people and/or write even duller if you can and/or compile a detailed concordance of all the words beginning with the letters dr in the long poem by bp nichol and then entitle it for a secular martyrology and/or peddle inappropriate literary giftsets such as the collected works of sylvia plath complete with a pair of ovenmitts and/or 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 and/or reorganize the animal kingdom 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 and/or have nothing to lose and/or commission a carpenter to fashion a chair designed for humans whose knees are on the backs of their legs rather than on the front and/or write as though you must

behave yourself because a monkey is watching you and/or 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 and/or translate it into a language of your own devising and/or write it under the rims of coffee cups and/or realize the huge distance between words and/or want to be your dog and/or postulate a psychoanalysis based on orestes rather than on oedipus and/or write down the best lines that you hear at every reading for a year and then string them all together and/or write with tears in your fingers and/or 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 and/or drift aimlessly through the streets of the city for days on end and/or 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 and/or use a laser beam to write a poem on a contact lens for guy debord and/or 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 andor provide evidence that you know how people around you are speaking andor ramble on beautifully andor make a palimpsest of maple leaves from different seasons plus toronto street maps from different decades and then entitle the work toronto mapleafs andor attach too much importance to it andor ask your mom or better yet victors mom andor write the book that you have always wanted to read andor 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 andor apply yourself to renunciation andor make surrealist canapes with anchovies and lugnuts on breton crackers andor stage it on top of the world trade center with the audience circling in helicopters andor bring in etruscan things and occasionally a marble bust andor burglarize houses but instead of stealing stuff leave poetic objects andor 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 andor increase the number of references to comic books andor put what you took out back in andor 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 and or draw it out of a hat and or 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 and or correct information in the direction of poetry and or publish the ed norton anthology of english literature and or drive it off the white cliffs of dover to the tune of love reign over me and or be an hour late and or break every one of van dines rules and or stamp it onto a metal sheet in braille and then electrify the metal sheet and or tell shit from shinola and or 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 and or imagine the culture of a country that consists solely of borders and or translate it into klingon and or demonstrate the dispensability if not the inclusiveness of the artist and or 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 and or fold paper in order to form geodesic origami polyhedrons covered in excerpts from the writings of buckminster fuller and or flex your head and or mount an art show displaying graffiti covered panels detached from public washroom stalls and or grandly forget the present and or 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

fuckedup 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 mcaffery 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 savannahs 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 another 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 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 and or clog up commemorative brass plaques coated with canadian identity and or burn your body across the grain of your principles and or detach americans from their squirt guns and or stoop to spell it and or go for the habits of lego and then run for the photos of your first sentence spoken and or transcribe the long word hockney everywhere you spit and or copy blue cardboard for your bourgeois readings and or appear to fuck a tour de force lipogram of your own devising and or stop being recombinant for a while and or drive over the pages of it in the parking lot before you bind them and or record a drum n bass version of an opera by emmett williams and or make it nude and or pack all the furniture of the house into a single room and then attempt to live in it for as long as possible and or throw me a fricking bone here people and or embed the real poems as comments in the html source code and or forget all about it when a person from porlock drops by for a visit and or attribute your work to other authors and then review it and or sell it on the street and or try not to be so parochial and or remove the middle three words from every sentence in the new testament as an act of hostility towards trinitarian values and or luxuriate in the way that everything rubs up against everything else and or 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 postraphærites 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 and or write a poem using only the names of paint swatches from a hardware store and then arrange the colours syntactically and or make a popup version of the making of americans and or plan some actions for the stupefaction of stupid factions and or have it inscribed on a grain of rice and then cook the grain into a pilaf and then serve it to the critics and or make it pointy and inhospitable and or 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 and or renounce the language made impossible by journalism and or burn a painting once a day say yours or someone elses and or practise surrielism after canadada and or happen very naturally and or make a mondrian colouring book and or take the jokes seriously and or write for a world where instead of proper names everyone has one unique term that he or she uses to refer to everyone else and or fool the americans with it and or connect the rooftops of the city with delicate wroughtiron footbridges and or place a completed manuscript into a cage and then let a gerbil do the final edit and or 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 and or 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 and/or muddy the waters between invention and discovery and/or suggest that some vastly complex principle of order underlies works of absolute chaos and then nod sagely when the critics find it and/or replace collage with frottage and/or write for a few years only in lowercase or only in uppercase and then switch and/or have the same problem all the time and/or remove all the verbs from a book and then replace them with the verbs from another book and/or make a huge paper boat from all your correspondence and then climb aboard to sail away and/or engage in unauthorized pyrotechnic displays be they verbal or otherwise and/or 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 and/or work against your better judgement and/or 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 and/or 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 dms0 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 letraset on bus shelter windows andor gimme the good good foot andor discover a form neither geometric nor organic andor write a comic book in a 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 werewolf 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 and or start a society for the ethical treatment of pokemon and or be monochrome and or tie an albatross around your neck and then tell it to the wedding guests and or make lines fly together and or caress one another in generous tenderness and or smack my ass and call me judy and or 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 and or 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 carniphallogeocentrism 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 and/or hear it through the grapevine and/or 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 and/or exorcise the ghost of content and/or run out of things on which to write and/or construct a fiftyfoottall lawn dart and then install it in the centre of the spiral jetty and/or put labels under the hygrometers in galleries or museums and then identify the meters as conceptual art sculptures and/or 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 etchsketches and/or leave it hanging on a clothesline and/or 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 and/or 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 and/or add one sheet of blank paper to a stack for every day that you reject a concept and/or 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 reprogram 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 andor work on the end for a while andor fuck canadian lifewriting andor print a giant postage stamp two feet by two feet across and then affix it to an ordinary envelope before you mail it andor make irregular objections to the use of systems andor 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 andor give yourself an enema of paint and then shit it back out onto canvas andor steal it back again andor disrupt events at concert halls during exit time by summoning a fleet of taxicabs or ambulances or firetrucks andor pretend that the mouse on your computer is the planchette of a ouija board andor write the book that occurs between billiard and pilliard andor get the proper help andor 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 andor publish an issue of a magazine with out telling its official editors andor carve it out of chocolate and then lick it until its outlines look barely recognizable andor 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 and/or move with cultural stresses and preoccupations as if you have a choice and/or steal all the meat from a supermarket and then replace it with tvp and/or know that just because they've found the skull of Martin Bormann doesn't mean he's dead and/or 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 and/or stay on the scene like a vending machine and/or take no for an answer and/or write an actionthriller featuring Rube Goldberg as a Jewish version of MacGyver and/or make it all up while riding on horseback to Canterbury and/or design your own CD-ROM 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 and/or question motivations and/or 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 and/or kill 'em all but six because you always need pallbearers and/or stand on the burning deck and/or let John Barlow overtake it and/or 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 andor imitate the flaws of other forms of flaws of other forms of flaws of other forms of flaws of other forms of media andor prove that cape breton island is named cape breton island because it is shaped liked andre breton wearing a poncho andor 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 andor never spell the same word the same way twice andor 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 andor make it funky now andor hypnotize all your actors before they perform andor really know what its like to sing the blues andor 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 andor 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 andor bluff about knowing what good news might have been brought from ghent to aix andor take

polaroids of your hæmorrhoids andor come on little momma lets tear this damn place up andor build an exact replica of frida kahlos 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 andor turn over half a library to make one book andor realize that you have been marketed andor entertain the possibility that freedom is merely the feeling that results from doing what you have been conditioned to do andor prepare a ballistics report comparing the head wound of apollinaire to that of mayakovsky andor look busy because jesus is coming andor write a play about two guys who spend all of their time trying to get rid of godot andor 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 andor take it from the top andor use your allusion andor choose a country and a city and a street andor build a house andor furnish it andor decorate it andor choose the season and the time andor bring some people together with alcohol and music ensuring that lighting and conversation are circumstantial like the climate outside or your memories of it andor be satisfied with the results andor aim to be an amateur andor 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 ninety-nine 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 blurbs or epentheses 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 flatley 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 notepad 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.

special thanks to Martha Sharpe and everyone at Anansi; to Mandy Barber, for the use of her stunning visual art; to Karen Mac Cormack, for her advice during the early stages of this project; and to David Bromige (weaver of redhats), for his enthusiasm which encouraged me to develop this piece into a book-length poem.

thanks also to the usual suspects: Derek Beaulieu, Stan Bevington, Natalee Caple, Victor Coleman, Kenny Goldsmith, Neil Hennessy, Peter Jaeger, Bill Kennedy ('the guy who gets thanked in all those books'), damian lopes, Steve McCaffery, Lucas Mulder, Marjorie Perloff, Jennifer Pappararo, Liz Phillips, Scott Pound, *Quake III*, Patricia Seaman, Rick/Simon, Kim Simon, Brian Kim Stefans, Michael Turner, Alana Wilcox, Sunday morning breakfast ... and Gram Parsons, for writing all those hurtin' songs.



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