The text in the throat like pieces of lead in a pipe. Depending on the job, the pieces may either melt or configure further: the transfer of some empirical into non-specific nutrition. Inversely & empirically read, the transfer of some non-specific nutrition into distinct categorical activities.

A collaboration can be as flexible or rigid as the page itself. I want to suggest that collaborative art is art as we know it, especially when in the task of knowing it. I try to follow the notion of art as a practice torn between impulses of action & reaction, wherein an artifact, be it figurative or literal, is manufactured. The spectator also experiences a friction between similar impulses, and if one’s response is anything but indifference, one’s collaboration becomes implicit.

I approach poets who seem to already be entrenched in acts of indivisible collaboration with their readers. In my collaborations with Edwin Torres & Joan Retallack, I had only to do what I’d done all along: read & react/ act & re-read.

These broadsides are as much the collaboration of two artists, as they are the testimony of one reader.

I read the dynamism in their work. I see the dynamism at the same time. Maybe I see the dynamism first. I see the dynamism & hear it at the same time. It could be that I remember the dynamism because I tried to stop it.

The conveyance of the dynamism is pointless. Who could relate position A to area B. Where is any one point.

This becomes the interminable recreation of desktop publishing, a phenomenological off-shoot of thought.

**SELF-DIRECTIVES**

+ To read everything how you hear it is seen.
+ To see everything how you hear it read.
+ To hear everything how you see it read.
+ To not attempt to read something how it was written.
+ To compose everything the way you see it read.

1 constructivist fundamentals

Edwin e-mailed me 13 pages of text, all set in Verdana, all seeming to possess only the preliminary attributes of his own typographic design. At his suggestion I took what lines I wanted, sometimes partial lines, breaking them differently, often changing the scale, often consciously appropriating two previously unpaired lines for new intentions. I chose no obviously systematic method for any of my arrangements, but I would not refer to this process as organic, in that organic seems to suggest the natural procedures of organisms, and, aside from humans, most other organisms seem to be fairly systematic. The human operation, with its array of chaotic contingencies, I understand more aptly as the wreck of forces impulses both natural and synthetic. Though the existence of these categories would suggest that no one could determine a general context in which both are separately decipherable.

Regardless (literally), I went about making my arrangement. I wouldn’t call it a cut-up poem (I can’t even be sure I’d call it a poem), largely because cut-ups most often operate by reappropriating parts of a text the artist supposes the reader would be familiar with, thereby creating all sorts of ironies and alternative meanings. If there are ironies of comparison in this broadside, they exist between Edwin & I. Though, once the poems from which I derived my text are published, I suppose such ironies may occur elsewhere.

At one point, early on in the series of drafts, I actually substituted certain words for others, as well as having shifted around the order of words within certain lines. I suppose I was caught up in the most abstract form of collaboration, wherein I began to break down and rearrange not only the various chemical structures, but the atomic and even sub-atomic structures, so to speak. Edwin didn’t seem perturbed, but he did request that I reconstitute the various misarrangements and word changes. I reconfigured the words and lines without question, but was glad that I’d pushed it as far as I had; I suppose it was my way of going up to and peaking over the collaborative edge.

**Some Artifacts of Process:**

1 Portable Document Format
1 Right Reading Emulsion Up Negative
3 Wrong Reading Polymer Plates
1 Type-High Section of Plywood
60 Printed, 3-Color Facsimiles
1,000 Reprinted, Desaturated Facsimiles
transferred throat  
edwin torres

the mixed implicit,  
blessed sound

where have you placed yourself to be viewed by others?

What, one thing more, makes it heaven?

Droopy butt
Lace tomorrow
Wrinkled pus
Winky morning
Sorry bairlip
Huge bizarros
Punky masher
Remonkey liar

Throat inna revolution
by the stance of my strut who can
change the world?

I am not a person
whose charge — unwilled esperanza —
lopes about unchanging.

Smoghole landtrap sorrucker boy long
weapons not fake names that sound
just like me

DANGER IS THE BIRTH OF
ANGLES

shazz’d; lettroin; marved; and
enticing; the shape bedazons
rip in sky; throat opens

comfort word
anglax saxo; birth of dango

questioning lack of understanding
your garden gave me biscuits
a rolling house of doubt

but here we’ve shook our
hands,
given each a lecture
a gassing,
why can’t I kick your habit,
each other without heartbreak: to leave.
how skin on bones and flesh, we say.
to the speed of slow, we say,
as we graze the ground for fuel.
what’s muscle and flesh, we say,
the view an incision.

where heaven meets our lips, like sand
I lose beaches

from then to WOW

& BLACK IS GREEN
IN LIEF IS BE AND BE IS YELLOW MOTION IN FRONT IS YALKED SUDDENLY WAS THE MAN TAUGHT TREES TO CROSS THEIR ARMS IN BELIEF

in the glass saw the drink I wanted

LOST BRIEF CASE CONJECTURE

Do not give up on me

us

you

them

lucky

lucky

number

number

number

the

sky

is

always

the

hardest

blue

in

the

beginning

wasabi

chance

chance

wasabi

wasabi

sunset

it's

all

true

all

lucky

lucky

lucky

lucky

lucky

numbers

are

blue

drawing

on

the

past

on

blue

blue

instance

the

sky

is

always

the

hardest

left

with

all

these

these

those

numerical

objects

not

there

at

the

time

no

yes

important

yes

manuscript

lost

the

brief

case

suitcase

backpack

valise

is

left

in

the

elevator

taxi

Alps

Pyrenees

garage

hotel

room

locker

bar

on

the

beach

train

bus

ferry

trolley

counter

street

at

the

station

newsstand

terminal

border

ATM

blue

blue

wasabi

number

can

you

be

can

you

be

factored

into

primes

does

an

opinion

occupy

space

can

the

imperial

flora

look

beautiful

ever

again

(nothing

left

on

the

right

clock)

does

the

rise

into

ruin

be

be

come

the

sky