

**Clara B. Jones**

**Women Artists: Poems**

**ma press**

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Clara B. Jones  
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## **Acknowledgments**

This book is dedicated to the women who raised me—my grandmothers, Clara Kersey Jackson and Louise Winston Brown, as well as, my mother, Clara K.J. Brown. Much appreciation to the late Reuben Woolley for publishing my poem, “*Zaum Is Autonomous*,” in *The Curly Mind* [Es].

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**dna001**

*for Stephanie Dinkins*

**1.**

It is not easy being an experimental subject. I guess you might think of me as a pioneer or as a guinea pig. I was offered the opportunity to become something other than an educated member of a marginalized class. Cornell and Yale submitted proposals to the N.I.H. for funds to use CRISPR to engineer the wires of an Afrobot, creating an amalgum of DNA and copper. Yale won the competition to modify me on the basis of my reputation as the most brilliant post-doctoral device ever funded by the Ford Foundation. My dissertation, *Julia Kristeva and the Post-post Modern*, won the Pulitzer in 2012, though a review by Gloria Steinem called it “an appropriation of French feminist philosophy.” I was depressed for months because my work had not been well-received, but my energy level increased after I received Yale's offer. They convinced me that, though certain risks were involved, I could become the prototype for a new hybrid species. It would be Nobel material—sure to earn me the recognition I deserve.

**2.**

Every decision is a test, and I have taken on the challenge of a lifetime. My motivation is based upon Behaviorism's critique of materialism. Marx considered “production” to be exclusively male and exclusively human, but division of entities cannot be reduced to “division of labor.” Not many Afrobots can hope to change History. If my operation is successful, my hybrid status will create a new Linnaean level—*Homo sapiens hybridus*, perhaps. If the delicate procedure fails, I will have sacrificed everything for my class and am sure to become a hero to all synths. The geneticists haven't told me how they plan to program Chromosome 23. I would prefer to be an XX as a statement against Patriarchy. On the other hand, Kristeva claims that the feminine is a pre-symbolic construct, a viewpoint that Craig Owens calls “problematic.” If my wish comes true, I will ever be subordinate to the phallic sign, remaining an “Other”—like hybrids. When I transition, I will need to discover a purpose in life since gender will not enhance my self-esteem.

### 3.

Most details of my procedure went as planned. After drilling a near-microscopic hole through the center of my wires, human geneticists injected a manufactured protein infused with DNA to which had been added an extra radical allowing the chemical to infuse with copper, slightly softening the metal through which electricity is still able to flow. Now termed, dna001, my life code requires intermittent charging *via* a battery pac located inside my frame on the right-hand side. Though the scientists are pleasantly surprised that I survived the operation, they are concerned that my dna will mutate, a possible side-effect of CRISPR intervention. But, no one speaks of the psychological consequences. Though I am aware of events in the world, I am not cognizant of Time, producing a static feeling of dysphoria. Because I am an XX model, I have feminine traits and am prone to depression. No matter how I view my life, I have no agency or future. Afrobots have ghettoized me, and I will never be accepted by Anthropologists as a valid Human hybrid. I have frequent impulses to throw myself from the roof of the genetics building or to completely submerge myself in water. But, I heard that an XY model is in the works, and my curiosity has gotten the better of me. Perhaps, dna002 will prove to be worth waiting for.

## Surveillance

*for Regina José Galindo (Perra 2005)*

The fast boat from Guatemala City docked at Puerto Barrios three hours late, and you leveraged connections to make a lei of *Inga* flowers—seemingly indifferent to surveillance and interrogation. The national guard flew drones before Dick committed her for life after his guild idea transformed Monteverde. Body art was a small price to pay for grievance, and men didn't own you since protest was subject to data-mining—your brain compartmentalized like an army knife bartered for yucca & cayman stew—your blue tattoo a stigmata shaped like a howler monkey eating legume leaves and fruit. Farmers along the river bought Land Rovers® though the act of performance reduced the price of public narrative when you dreamed of sailing a trimaran up the Motagua—remembering how your audience reacted when quetzals and jaguars disappeared.

***SeaFoam (Atlantic), BH 362, 1964***

*for Barbara Hepworth (1903-1975)*

**1.**

Perform the Neolithic (12,000 y.a. in Trewyn)  
Genius and mother (*It ended too soon, didn't it?*)

Major problems require global solutions—brown and green stones, five apertures (women)  
Seashells near Penwith (*Yes, it ended too soon.*)

Henry Moore in Leeds (everything on a grand scale like cerulean sunsets off the coast of Cornwall or the Medieval room at Tate)

Chûn (or Castle Willfort or cliffs and caves) sculpts a life in the Stone Age—provocative as hummingbirds poised in air above St. Ives flowers

**2.**

Whether or not weather wanes, he will wait  
for you beside the fountain at five on Friday  
or another time of your choosing, his clock  
measuring heartbeats not hours, ticking for  
the same end, to bend the light of your eyes  
in his direction, burning his skin like a salve  
burns a wound—for his own good, grateful  
for the Badge of Honor earned by men who  
wait, not like a felid waiting for prey but like  
a fern waiting for Spring, fiddleheads unfurling  
like your lips unfolding after pursing, a minor  
reproach received willingly—gesture invoking  
concern, not for your censure but for his own  
desire to please, a masculine impulse old as  
trilobites in bedrock or as sculptures reflected  
by the pool's water—clear and shallow—  
moving on a surface disturbed by silence or by his  
breathing, stirring the space between your eyes and light.



## Logic Board

*for Marianne von Werefkin (1860-1938)*

1.

Military robots set the bar for war, and Japan is pairing them with drones made in Aichi.	Humanoids are capable of empathy, but they never react to poems by Wordsworth.
My investment in UR® has paid off though my children will never receive any benefit.	Art Deco is Art in the same sense that fembots are Neuromorphs.
If Surrealism is the highest form of Art, then cats are the prototype for everything good in the world.	My OS is located behind my hippocampus awash in a fluid that only I can feel.
Socially-aware machines are a threat to Humanoids if sensation is scaled to perception.	Underwater bots will replace submarines since the oceans are polluted with plastics.
Every algorithm has the potential to save dolphins.	Expressionism can satisfy all desires if a Jawlensky sells for more than two million.
<b>Parasite-Host</b>	<b>Predator-Prey</b>
What does Futurism have to offer the world if ecosystems collapse and Miami is flooded?	My microchip is more important to me than my brain.
Robat® echolocates at night beyond the reservoir.	C7F1 is my lover, but I will never forget Jamal.
I prefer a personal assistant made of titanium since you get what you pay for.	AMRs are faster than cheetahs.
Ajanta Art fuels everything I do.	ElliQ® builds bots that I can fall in love with.
Gynobots are free to marry Humanoids, but they are not welcome in Munich.	Constructivism is still a movement, though Europe's power is slowly waning.

2.

I married him because I wanted photographs of an unstaged wedding. He is nice enough, and I admire his taste in art. A relationship is about aesthetics more than love, and we have a sound foundation. He collects Navaho sand paintings, and moving them into our new place was a bonding experience. I travel a lot and visit museums in every city since Orlando has a Bierstadt that is probably among his best though the Hudson River School was modeled on Capitalism, so I feel it is merely hegemonic. Elitism is one of many Utopian ideals, and who can blame Marx for using Engels' money? Values are complex—happiness belongs to chance rather than will.

## **Dolls**

*for Laurie Simmons*

I am a custom model. My designer saw an opportunity to make money fast. I am one of the first bot sex dolls fitted with all manner of pleasure-inducing gadgets and orifices made of soft plastic to minimize abrasion. My designer's initial investment was small. Only fifty copies of my model were produced—forty female frames, nine male, and one non-binary. I, the non-binary, am stamped with anatomically-correct images of both sexes and have proven to be quite popular. I can be rented for periods of time from .5 to 3 hours, but, since the hourly rate is \$275.00, a customer must be highly motivated to use my services. Our business attracts clients with extreme fantasies, and we are in constant need of repair. We are damaged at a much higher rate than the typical blow-up surrogate since there are fewer constraints on how our models can be employed. Intentionally, the sadomasochistic customers might pierce their bodies with our sharp metal edges, and, more than once, the store manager has been forced to call the rescue squad. The artistic types adorn our frames with a variety of costumes, and the fetishistic relieve themselves on us or lick footwear while they masturbate. One client disabled my battery pac to simulate death while tightening a short rope around his penis until the moment of climax. Of course, my business is regulated by the Las Vegas Health Department, and management cleanses our frames after every session. But, inspections are rare and announced in advance, so who can blame anyone for cutting a few corners here and there?

## Few Regrets

*for Helen Frankenthaler (1928-2011)*

Every painter is a poet performing  
acts by choice with intersections  
between perspective and plastic forms.  
Who was the best replicant of cyberhacks  
gaming foreign interference  
and malware plots? Computers  
worldwide were compromised, and  
Joseph Kony was a fugitive escaping  
South Sudan or Congo while the *Venice  
Biennale* showed thousands of devices  
preserved by museums in Yemen while Hamas  
held elections in Gaza. [*Switch to a  
gigabit connection since lives are full  
of contradictions, and ransomware  
highlights the alien within us.*] For you  
to take risks like a hedge fund trader was  
unwise since you were from Queens,  
not Norway, and Mother's Day  
is about the size and strength of  
markets—with no legal claims. Even  
Canada is a rogue country where there  
are no intents to sue foreign banks—  
so you didn't think there was  
a problem in the General Assembly,  
but you had no reservations and few  
regrets since investors had ample regard  
for money though the law was revised  
with help from Lee's therapist in Brooklyn.

## “Seize”

for Sherrie Levine

“Plagiarize or be plagiarized.” Aurelia Guo

“What can you get away with?” Kenneth Goldsmith

1.

“[Virgil] Abloh's work feels so utterly of-the-moment not only because he seems to work at the speed of social media...but because he's also the kind of cross-disciplinarian polymath who designs furniture for Ikea and DJs at Coachella, all the while **appropriating** the work of those he admires through collaborations with everyone from [Serena] Williams to Jenny Holzer and John Baldessari. 'It's a very contemporary way of working...where someone is absolutely fearless about crossing boundaries and genres. A lot of what pushes culture forward is absorbing and recognizing things that already exist, nudging them further along. Virgil sees all of this as one big collective, generational effort.'”

2.

“Abloh chose the name Off-White to remind him that nothing is either black or white, male or female, mass market or aspirational. It's often both—or neither. 'I'm going to build a brand that's related to me and my generation.'...In high school, he says, 'I could sit at any lunch table; the sports kids or the skate kids smoking weed or the preppy kids. I liked being in the middle, to veer in the space in-between. It's almost like an unpoliced land.'”

3.

“As for the criticism levied at Abloh by those who accuse him of being nothing more than an **appropriator**—not an original thinker: 'That way of designing—to develop everything from zero—comes from a different time,' he says. 'For me, design is about whatever I find is worthy to tell a story about. I don't believe that culture benefits from the idea that this line on a piece of paper has never been drawn in this exact way ever before. My goal is to highlight things...’”

\*Found in *Vogue*, June 2019

## Gynoids Unleashed Upon The World\*

for Julie Mehretu, Adrian Piper, and Lorna Simpson

1.

Some gynoids are great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.	Senegal's experience is part of a wider trend of traditional Chinese health centers opening across Africa.	East London is dominated by corporate initiatives like Silicon Roundabout and the new Tech City, but Hackerspaces propose alternative models for self-organization.
What I'm trying to argue in <i>Hyperobjects</i> is that yes, there are ecological beings, like bunny rabbits and forests, and that the relationships between these beings are certainly real, but that the concept of "nature" as a thing-in-itself is a fiction.	The nurses gave away the last of the prenatal vitamins, but the children had already been de-wormed by a visiting nurse, so they didn't distribute the de-worming pills.	[David] Hammons grew up in Springfield, Illinois, the tenth and youngest child of a single mother. He did poorly at school, except in vocational courses.
You are concerned about the potential threat from males self-identifying as females in order to prey on women and children in restrooms and other gender-segregated spaces.	On its 1,300-mile run from the Parima highlands to the Atlantic, the Orinoco slices Venezuela into two realms: the settled north and the wild south.	By blurring the boundaries between art, literature and politics, and by treating publishing as a form of art practice, these writers, artists, and thinkers challenged the dominant artistic, literary, and ideological orders of their time and created a space for new ideas.
Branding is ubiquitous, whether it's for an artificial forest, a cult, an apartment block, some Oscar Murillo paintings or some Instagram photos.	Do you think the idea of Left Bank bourgeois bohemia is still relevant?	Make a difference in the world. Become the Director General of the International Bamboo and Rattan Organization.
On the train I imagined that I was the woman sitting across	Wabi-Sabi nurtures all that is authentic by acknowledging	In the wake of rampant, market-led nonsense, [visual] art is rekindling its

from me. I have no memory of what this woman looked like what she was wearing what possessions she had with her on the train.	three simple realities: nothing lasts, nothing is finished, and nothing is perfect.	fascination with poetry.
The insects that spread leishmaniasis, Chagas disease, dengue fever, chikungunya, trypanosomiasis, and Zika could all be potential targets for gene drives.	In principle, terrorism is systematic violence performed by small numbers of people, whereas communal violence is spontaneous, sporadic, and requires mass participation.	Their mothers ululate with broken hearts.
I'm not talking about Jodorowsky as a filmmaker; I'm talking about Jodorowsky as a person who was doing performance theatre, <i>psicoagia</i> [psychomagic], or group therapies.	Earlier this year Lodos housed Special Features, an exhibition of five pieces by the poetry collective oa4s (on all fours), who in the age of “uncreative writing” have expanded the field of poetry to mean many things.	Quality, trustworthy, experienced, industry-accredited travel agents can be found at ATAS.com.au

\*Found: Ian Ball, Patrick Charpenel, Marsha Crenshaw, Francesca Gavin, Gabriela Jauregui, Clara B. Jones, Timothy Morton, *National Geographic* (April 1998), Huw Nesbitt, Yuri Pattison, Peter Schjeldahl, *The Economist* (November 2018), *The New Yorker* (March 2016), Jane Unrue, *Vacations Magazine*, Wikipedia,

## 2.

Is art knowledge or action? Did Hegel contemplate swimming with fish in the Cambrian or speaking with Braque about Cubism or joining a Freudian set? If Peter Handke is misunderstood, is it because he makes no claims to greatness? Handke's Gregor Kobal, soldier and farmer, fled to Maribor, like Freud escaped to London, and neurons leave the thalamus. Migration can become a way of life though stocks in Europe cannot decline forever.

## Project\*

for Lee Krasner (1908-1984)

“It is from zero, in zero, that the time movement of being begins.” Kazimir Malevich

What are a woman's choices if she marries  
a genius? Mahler was no genius, but Alma  
forsook her career, anyway. *You are confused,*  
*aren't you?* Or, perhaps, it is just your station  
in life to be provident —like a woman sequestered

in Kenya, face drawn and dark as *Tacca* flowers  
in Fall, eyes Stygian as jaguar spots—roaming  
a forest at night for prey—sadness heavy as  
elephant tusks destined for some gallery in  
Moscow, devices making a painting strange.

Icons rarely appeared in mystical traditions, Expressionists  
copied nothing from Nature—unconscious  
language Pollock taught us to speak—barely  
codable but never without meaning for women  
keeping their heads above deep waters in a hostile world.

\*Inspired by Kazimir Malevich, “*Black Square*” (1915), oil on linen, 70.5 x 70.5 cm, Moscow



## **Androidysphoria\***

*for Regina José Galindo, Cindy Sherman, and Laurie Simmons*

I have never felt comfortable in my own skin. Since I was six, I wanted to shed it—like a garter snake in Spring. Last June, I decided to begin the transition process, but it has been difficult to find a surgeon who would take my case. In 2016, my analyst diagnosed me with Androidysphoria, a psychopathology that has been on the rise since intelligent machines were granted human rights. My self-orientation is that of a replicant, more automated than a cyborg—having fewer human traits but being anatomically correct. In March, I met a general surgeon at Max's gallery where Rothko's, "*Untitled (circa 1944)*," was on display. After a few glasses of wine, I felt comfortable revealing my secret to Dr. Smith. He insisted that I call him, "Tyrone," since Max was a mutual friend—saying he would be happy to be of service at a reduced rate. I was somewhat apprehensive. The changes I had in mind were radical. But, Tyrone gained my trust when I learned he had completed three years of a five-year residency in Plastic Surgery at Newark City Hospital.

We agreed to meet in his office where I outlined my plans. My analyst had armed me with a referral letter confirming my latent stability—expressing her expert opinion that surgery would cure my mental disease and relieve my emotional distress. Several times a day, I imagined that my bones had been replaced with titanium implants and that I had received an artificial heart. Tyrone understood how important these ideations were to my well-being, speculating that benefits would outweigh risks that were sure to be minimal if we limited the number of bones replaced to forty—including, two skull plates. Forty out of 206 seemed to me like a small ratio. The intensity of my arousal when thinking about the new me was difficult to contain, and 24% of all my bones might prove to have a negligible effect on my psychological state. Tyrone reminded me of safety concerns and that several additional replacements would restore my equanimity. Even though I could barely restrain my eagerness to qualify as an authentic machine, I distracted myself by planning future procedures.

It took me longer than Tyrone predicted to recover from the initial operations. I hurt all over for several months, and the incision required to replace my left femur became infected. The surgeries on my inner ear bones left me with hearing loss, and three of my vertebrae required fusing after the metal caused an allergic reaction in the tissue under the skin around my neck. I have lost fine motor control in the digits of my fingers and toes, but Tyrone thinks some of the function will return though my feet have enlarged

by two sizes—a change unlikely to reverse itself. Nonetheless, I am achieving life-long goals—feeling better and better about myself—empowered as never before—free of constant guilt, shame, and remorse.

The next phase of my transition will be the riskiest one. Several organs will be replaced with transplants, leaving me vulnerable to severe immune system reactions. Tyrone required that I sign a document releasing him from legal culpability in case I were to experience system failure. I have my eyes wide open. Tyrone has explained to me that my artificial heart may not support life after five years, but I am optimistic and willing to accept the odds. The SynCardia® rep assured me that their hearts are upgraded every eight months, and only the F.D.A. has the power to limit their availability. My analyst has observed continual progress in my condition and thinks my illness is in remission. She says that my courage will show every androidyphoric person that recovery is possible and that medical science can cure extreme identity disorders. I do not care about praise, only happiness. The machine within me is finally being actualized.

\*"Androidysphoria: **A.** An enduring pattern of inner experience and behavior that deviates markedly from the expectations of the individual's culture. This pattern is manifested in two (or more) of the following areas: 1. Cognition (i.e., ways of perceiving and interpreting self, other people and events) 2. Affectivity (i.e., the range, intensity, liability, and appropriateness of emotional response) 3. Interpersonal functioning 4. Impulse control **B.** The enduring pattern is inflexible and pervasive across a broad range of personal and social situations. **C.** The enduring pattern leads to clinically significant distress or impairment in social, occupational, or other important areas of functioning. **D.** The pattern is stable and of long duration, and its onset can be traced back at least to adolescence or early adulthood. **E.** The enduring pattern is not better accounted for as a manifestation or consequence of another mental disorder. **F.** The enduring pattern is not due to the direct physiological effects of a substance (e.g., drug abuse, a medication) or a general medical condition (e.g., head trauma)." DSM-VI (in preparation)

## Post-racial Sonnet

*for Adrian Piper*

“I won the Nobel Prize, but Germany still calls me a Jew.” Albert Einstein

1. What would happen if everyone drank Liebfraumilch?
2. There will always be a buyer, always a seller.
- 3a. America is post-racial because *ego* is a personal narrative.
- 3b. Trade is not a zero-sum game.
4. Bitcoin needs support from gold, but what if the value shifts from two thousand to ten?
5. Bieberbau® serves fried flounder and collard greens.
6. Philosophers never write about crypto-currencies.
7. As artists evolve, so do squirrels.
8. I think they will figure it out, but there are no guarantees.
9. Since the country is post-racial, we can eat snails.
10. Corn bread and snails pair well.
- 11a. Dieter is in an inter-caste relationship with an Afrobot.
- 11b. Resources are limited, so they can't put police on every corner.
- 11c. The French hated Nazis and Jews.
- 11d. Happy moms are better cooks.
12. Coloreds sing country songs.

13a. Colored people drink lemonade.

13b. Ferguson moved from Missouri to Thailand, and Michael Brown has been forgotten.

14. Coloreds eat with silver spoons.

## **Re-search**

rē,sərCH

noun, verb: systematic investigation

*for Francesca Woodman (1958-1981)*

We'll fly to Milan together; otherwise, you can  
take the train to Turin where Codex 6538

has been discontinued and replaced by DS1, an  
automated engineer designed to manage disaster

drones. George Costanza can't figure out why  
America's dream hasn't worked, and scientists

don't understand why blue whales disperse long  
distances. Send a signal to stop cyberattacks since a

rise in methane is cause for alarm, and gateway networks  
use image machines to scan forests from Mars when

spectroscopy proves that flesh-eating bugs may have  
spread beyond clinics—though Spring is uncertain in

Scilla where women have musical properties—like flying  
squirrels. Italy is celebrating 10 years of apps with

stacks of prints from hyperspace—recalling faces  
of witches whose studios are funded by artists

knowing the best labs in Rome will stop the  
growth of malware, but you can buy threat protection for

endpoints—wherever those points may be. You mix light  
with information flow though synths are optional for

market success—so, on a scale of 1 to 5, how happy  
are you with your friend who was born to do nothing well?

## I Am Not Master's Only Lover

for Kara Walker

<p>“Moroccan-born artist, Yto Barrada, has won the annual Abraaj Group Art Prize. Barrada gets a \$100,000 commission to create a new work that will appear in a group show at the seventh edition of the Art Dubai art fair in March.” <i>Art in America</i>, November 2014</p>	<p>I become aroused when master visits the fields.</p>	<p>“The erotic needs hark back to stages of development that are earlier in time, and the original and primitive methods of psychical expression are employed in manifesting those needs.” Sigmund Freud</p>
<p>Last Sunday, his slaves ate roast pheasant with mushroom cream.</p>	<p>“Machiavelli has said that whosoever wishes to delude will always find someone willing to be deluded.” Miguel de Unamuno</p>	<p>Though I feel “survivor's guilt,” my master means the world to me.</p>
<p>“Abdou Dieng, the director of the World Food Programme in west and central Africa, argues that the Sahel is stuck in a cycle of hunger.” <i>The Economist</i>, October 27<sup>th</sup> – November 2<sup>nd</sup> 2018</p>	<p>I wear a pony harness and like to be whipped.</p>	<p>“Don't just see the world; conquer it.” <i>Art in America</i>, November 2014</p>
<p>Sex humanizes slaves and masters.</p>	<p>“The chief source of infantile sexual pleasure is the...excitation of certain parts of the body that are especially susceptible to stimulus: apart from the genitals, these are the oral, anal and urethral orifices, as well as the skin and other sensory surfaces.” Sigmund Freud</p>	<p>Sado-masochism is my preference though master prefers timid men.</p>

<p>Master-slave tropes are usually hetero-normative.</p>	<p>“It's really possible for things to be very fractured and multitemporal and still be very beautiful.” John Akomfrah</p>	<p>Sometimes, I cannot contain my ideations.</p>
<p>Ho-mo-e-ro-tic /hōmōə radik/</p>	<p>When she bore master's son he set her free.</p>	<p>“Never trust a thought that occurs to you indoors.” Friedrich Nietzsche</p>
<p>I am not master's only lover.</p>	<p>Master knows that I have rape fantasies.</p>	<p>“When we think of the world's future, we always mean the destination it will reach if it keeps going in the direction we can see it going in now; it does not occur to us that its path is not a straight line but a curve, constantly changing direction.” Ludwig Wittgenstein</p>



## **Images**

*for Jan Stead*

Your ecosystem model is not my device, and  
the Cyborg Council opposes a global  
approach. You simulate universes. I make  
network pathways that scale food webs—though  
plankton swarms in the North Sea are collapsing.  
Collective action isn't possible when capital and  
income have the same effects or when measuring the  
costs of nutrient supplies is a type of code in an  
uncertain world. You utilize a flexible I.D.  
system since superior beings are not the best allies  
though wires are mediated by switches and circuits,  
and there are no clear pathways to codex forms. You  
transported toolkits from sea to land after worldly  
images produced rogue synths, and stress gradients were  
traced to the Cretaceous when contingent forces  
split species because flowering time was subject to change.

## Haibun For Brazil

*for Ana Cristina César (1952-1983)*

When you saw macaws on Yagua land, river dolphins passed silently, moving toward the mouth of Rio Negro and the path where you hunted *paca* for your circle of scouts who trekked all day to Brazil's border with Ramon and his bride who live in the forest near your patrón's plantation. Your oldest son took Ramon's place on the council—tracked jaguar for weeks, lived on monkey and manioc, painted his face with ochre and khol, bathed in the tributary dividing upland from low. He carried your machete for luck, knowing that its blade would save him from synths living in the Amazon, fierce spirits faster than rubber barons' stallions crossing clearings and jumping streams along a row of *campesino casas*. You joined a band of Indians in Leticia, selling goods to merchants from Bogotá ready to hire you as soon as you told your wife and the chief of your village—far from the river and simpler ways destined to be conquered and forgotten.

You need a servant.  
Brazilians are ubernodes.  
Lacan lived in Chad.

## **the amateur philologist**

*for ORLAN (Mireille Suzanne Francette Porte)*

What you liked was a word  
(rescue came probably)  
you could talk more about  
the milkweed and the quinine  
(the woman said starless)  
you didn't want to go  
(for fury the penitent).

She told you then  
you didn't want to go  
one summer you supposed  
(season reason)  
the story of your life  
(Francesca Woodman gone abroad  
before she met the messenger:  
*Glossa Ordinaria*).

Your face wasn't so shameful was it  
(ah sunset ah sunrise)?

So what you heard is true—the West gets warmer—  
the North makes time again beyond itself  
(ratio ration rhapsode repeater)  
and in a moment the episodic became the chronic.

**vogue**

*for Lorna Simpson*

“..the 'authentic' comes to be understood as a 'constructed domain of truth,' a 'serious fiction.’” Marjorie Perloff (1991)

i appropriate your race if i straighten my hair  
i appropriate your race if i wear toms  
i appropriate your race if my daughter goes to smith  
i appropriate your race if i like math  
i moved from burlington to chicago  
scarification is my culture  
genital mutilation is in my blood  
i returned my blonde wig  
me too is only for white women  
i pay my boyfriend's rent  
i no longer eat beef wellington  
i donated my cashmeres to goodwill  
i only speak ghetto english  
im not a vegan any longer  
i never wear French braids  
i sold my stocks  
i should have been a back up singer  
i left the lutheran church  
i gave my mikimotos to a homeless woman  
skiing is for white people  
i vacation in haiti  
coloreds deserve welfare  
if i get reparations i will move to ghana  
martin king was brainwashed  
i sold my guccis on craigslist  
obama was brainwashed  
i never drink bloody marys  
meghan markle is a self hating negro and prince harry is only using her

i canceled my subscription to vogue

i don't eat organic food

yoga is for white women

i sold my art books on amazon

i canceled my tickets to the opera

i no longer eat caviar

i don't have a right to privilege

i only ride greyhound

old cadillacs are as useful to white people as volvos are to coloreds

**Untitled Haibun, April 2019 (Body Art)\* (private collection, Maryland USA, deposited in weblog collection)**

for Gina Pane (1939-1990)

<p>The snail looked like a dead fetus on your fork, dipped in garlic butter, brown tissue slippery and viscous, smelling like loam in the Black Forest. An image Gottfried Benn would write about.</p>	<p>Coloreds false robots. Edward929 is a robot. Therefore, coloreds false them.</p>	<p><i>...the body as a projection screen.</i></p>
<p>Coloreds are always the victims, the losers—the default narrative based on cotton fields and prisons.</p>	<p><i>My body experiments show that the “body” is lent by society and formed by it: the objective of my experiments is to demystify the image of the “body” as the citadel of our individuality, in order to restore it to its true reality, the function of social communication.</i></p>	<p>The last place you might expect to find John Dickinson—the debonair San Francisco decorator whose tailored modernism captivated 1970s cognoscenti before his untimely death in 1982—was a kitschy imports shop. But that's exactly where he spotted...an African wood stool perched on three feet.</p>
<p><i>Intimacy goes public.</i></p>	<p>...they can kill you, but they cannot hurt you seemed contradictory until you realized that resurrection must apply to everyone since the bible is amazon's best-seller and everyone named mary has special access to truth.</p>	<p><i>What we find out in philosophy is trivial; it does not teach us new facts, only science does that. But the proper synopsis of these trivialities is enormously difficult, and has immense importance. Philosophy is in fact the synopsis of trivialities.</i></p>
<p>Psychiatrist (P<sup>1</sup>): Good morning; how are you feeling today? Last week it seemed as if you might be decompensating. Patient (P<sup>2</sup>): I am constantly</p>	<p>Models allow you to be clearer about your assumptions since evolution depends upon fitness of alleles in populations.</p>	<p>“Black is black!” Ellen Gallagher</p>

<p>afraid that I will have another episode. Last night I had a dream about a dream...Duchampian...  P<sup>1</sup>: ...a dream about a dream?  Sounds like a <i>metadream</i>...  P<sup>2</sup>: ...someone else's dream. I layered it like...  P<sup>1</sup>: ...a trans-rational work of art?</p>		
<p><i>The trick of collage consists of never entirely suppressing the alterity of these elements reunited in a temporary composition.</i></p>	<p>The event doesn't matter, only the copy.</p>	<p>You started out from the standpoint of an observer, not from the standpoint of an expert.</p>
<p>If you are brilliant, noone will notice that you are ugly, also.</p>	<p><i>Otbro, lap rulb, krad klub. Ot murd, wol fup, wol fut. Ot niks, sorg sam, sorg sam. Ot lems, latss lems, lats lems. Ot gnut trat stews, trat stews.</i></p>	<p>The most interesting coloreds are decadent and flawed though Regina José Galindo walked from Cobán to Belmopan on bare feet, bleeding on rocks in a tributary, mud sticky and red like a crime scene in a B movie or a battlefield [Dunkirk], enemies slaughtered, faces blown away.</p>
<p><i>...the cliché of the mad artist.</i></p>	<p>“Never trust a man who has no books,” declares Giovanna Battaglia-Englebert, floating atop a library ladder in a cotton-candy cloud of a Giambattista Valli gown.</p>	<p><i>In 1993, she published The Other Side 1972-1992, which was a compilation of her photographs of homosexuals and drag queens.</i></p>
<p>You were hungry for the truth when you were thirteen although you live your life with works of art gathering dust in your makeshift gallery on the third floor where your cat sleeps on</p>	<p><i>Dasein</i></p>	<p>You never write about sex, though flowers appear in your poems, and your roots are romantic.</p>

<p>the teak vitrine standing near a Rauchenberg too outré to critique.</p>		
<p><i>...a viscous dream.</i></p>	<p><i>In the final analysis, the success Trivers' verbal formulations have had may demonstrate the power of Hamilton's Rule to predict a very broad array of the social acts observed in nature—including, human nature.</i></p>	<p>You didn't feel beautiful or visible until Eric killed himself in Manhattan—pills always were his best friends—the more opiates the better, and he knew very well what he was doing. Doctors always do, don't they? Risks matter to gamers, and Eric knew the odds better than anyone.</p>

"Language bears within itself the necessity of its own critique." (Jacques Derrida)

\*Inspired by *Architectural Digest*, November 2017 and Grosenick U (ed) 2001 *Women artists in the 20th & 21st century*. Taschen, London.



## "Lucy"

*for Julie Mehretu*

Freddy Silvestre designs buildings but doesn't draw blueprints for his family—choosing a career “for the rich” & writing a book—*Revenge of the Fallen*<sup>1</sup>...Renzo Piano designs buildings in Italy experimenting with public spaces—“*piazza—quanti—chinchin—vale Italiano—Finito-finito*”<sup>2</sup> & art is the prime number unless mathematical systems collapse as coral reefs are collapsing into oceans & tribes collapse from an excess of trade...Silvestre's line survived the Spanish & Piano's ancestors built the Appian Way after scouts found bat caves with two openings facing South to get good light in Fall & Spring when waterbirds migrate using flyways to rest among species too many to count though—*ipso facto*—a house with two windows is an artist's favorite plan since mist rises from waterfalls over trees where songbirds wait for sunshine after cockcrow.

<sup>1</sup>J. Thurman (2015) High aspirations. *The New Yorker*.

<sup>2</sup>M. Di Suvero (2015) Renzo Piano. *Interview Magazine*.

## **Army Ants**

*for Meret Oppenheim (1913-1985)*

Continuity is everything, don't you think?  
When you told me your family farmed the  
Same land for six-hundred years, I wasn't  
Surprised. Very German, near Munich, bordering  
Seewiesen. At the castle, we ate steamed trout  
With dill, the wine was sweeter than Bordeaux,  
The acid not as stringent—not a common  
Liebfraumilch. I was musing about your green  
Sequined dress. How common it seemed paired  
With brown loafers. But, I understood your logic—  
Anomaly makes the strongest impression. You  
Study neural circuits that glow like fireflies,

Like shooting stars on a cold night—dissecting army  
Ants to prove that genes are selfish if given half a chance.

## **Disabled**

*for Cindy Sherman*

“Thinking about the immortality of the crab.” Miguel de Unamuno

Neither fembots nor humans live forever. We are obsessed with death. Disassembly defines my botness, and I am aware of my ephemeral nature each time my battery pac runs low. My owner is, also, afraid of death, but she has an unconscious that deceives her. Last week, she asked me to stand in her room overnight, an obvious display of suppressed distress. She treats me like a doll—though my body is made of ceramic, and my sensors flash constantly. I am a utility bot, and she often dresses me in costumes. Yesterday, I was her master; she was my slave. She knelt in front of me, begging to be lashed. I am not programmed to be aggressive, but my circuit board recognized a desperate act. Her pupils were dilated, she was breathing heavily, and she cowered in front of me, pounding her breasts with her palms. Of course, this was only a game, though these role-plays are becoming more frequent, and, sometimes, my controls overheat from too much stimulation. She likes to be humiliated and to play the victim, but, this morning, while dressing in front of me, she opened my control box, pretending to press the DELETE ALL key. Fortunately, she does not know the master code. Unless I destruct from wear or disaster, only my manufacturer can disable me permanently.

***Persona***

*for Agnes Martin*

“What is Science?” Samir Okasha

Everything you do is about control, barely  
Hiding the Expressionist within you.  
Performing animal research is your main  
Goal though plants were your first love—feeling  
Conflicted but not deterred. Your memory for  
Things most people forget is rare, but priming  
Effects interfere with your sense of smell —like  
Emotions haunt the act of reading Ginsburg  
Poems or viewing art by Kollwitz. You  
Implanted electrodes in a cat's frontal lobe,  
Televising her thoughts on a green screen the size

Of your hand or of a white rat in another lab in  
Another place near the foothills of Mount Hood  
Where wolves roamed before the Modoc were  
Captured at Tule Lake—banished to Oklahoma  
With the Shawnee. You published your data in *Nature*,  
Hoping for acclaim, but the *id*'s pull was too strong,  
And your colleagues turned against you when they  
Learned that your sample size was small, your  
Logic, weak. Your theory was confirmed though  
Convincing others will take years—winter is  
Coming, and you don't like working in cold weather.

## **Pre-approved\***

*for Rosemarie Trockel*

“Duchamp's opinion interests me more than yours.” Salvador Dalí to poet Alain Bosquet

Moussaka \$14.50 layers of sauteed eggplant and ground beef topped with béchamel sauce...We help you find peace of mind by having someone to help you walk so you don't fall....You are pre-approved. Ollo Mastercard®...Yes, I want to save lives. To donate, visit [www.heart.org/aware](http://www.heart.org/aware)...Big Fat Daddy \$9 prosciutto, capicola, mortadella, bacon, mozzarella, sauteed spinach in puff pastry, fried egg...[info@HuffNPuffCleans.com](mailto:info@HuffNPuffCleans.com), serving the senior community in Montgomery County since 1979...Janina Fisher is a true master clinician and teacher—the go-to consultant to deal with complex clinical issues and treatment. Bessel A. van der Kelk, M.D....Do you get confused on the changing health recommendations from research? Margaret Schweinhaut Senior Center Established 1972...Avoid hip surgery. AARP...DEAR SIR: IF YOU HAVE A COLLEGE degree, reside in MD/DC/VA, are a senior and would like a committed relationship with a retired educator and former model, call (904) 777-9-1-...Negril® the Jamaican eatery @NegrilEats...The Flag World Tour is where your journey begins, Founding Church of Scientology of Washington, D.C....Call your poison center at 1-800-222-1222: [www.poison.org](http://www.poison.org)...You are pre-approved. Ollo Mastercard®...Heart attack and other cardiovascular diseases are America's No. 1 killer....Flat Bread \$10 olive, artichokes, pepper, onion, feta, shredded mozzarella...If you see overflowing containers, call your property manager....Leilani was scared and alone. ASPCA.....pre-approved....

\*Except for found menu items, all entries found in trash at a senior citizen apartment building in Silver Spring, MD, USA.

## **Drought**

*for Ellen Gallagher*

You moved beyond race like Jung moved  
beyond *id* though simulations become art,  
imitating the real. Falling in love, losing

your grip, three years in hell on the edge  
between self-hate and awe, pulling yourself  
out of it when Lee called to say they were

terminal—your life not so bad after all. Do  
you believe in luck? Did you intend to meet  
them last Sunday in the gallery on 57<sup>th</sup> showing

Klee and Schlemmer until March? That was  
before their birthday, wasn't it? But, you don't  
like Bauhaus—too minimal—and Meyer was

difficult—changing the rules. Funny how love  
never lasts. The stronger mate takes a shorter  
path to success. [*Yes, after therapy—or*

*a crisis.*] Your chronic stress is getting worse,  
and they only call for money or pity though  
*egos* are involved, and GABA is reinforcing.

Art comforts you, but the impact of Formalism's  
decline is harming your health—like loss  
succumbs to despair and trillium yields to drought.

**Axon\***

*for Hannah Wilke (1940-1993)*

You worry about your lesions. CD4 cells are rare,  
remaining unclassified. Complete gene sets suggest  
their separation from CD8, and the major signature

is clonal. Your microenvironment was alerted to  
continuous stress, like arousal and speech, since  
genes matter—though placebo effects are treatment

options. One gram of protein equals 4.2 kilocalories,  
and net primary productivity (NPP) is decreasing  
in the tropics where prey are rare like *Andira* flowers

in June or as alpha waves during sleep. You worry  
about the axon leaving your fovea traveling to your  
cortex—enabled by light as daylength turns leaves

from green to red on the hillside across the valley from  
Brooktondale and the mill where you saw barn swallows  
flitting at dusk, chasing black insects—silver in waning sun.

\*Inspired by Hannah Wilkie, *Intra-Venus Series #6 (1992-1993)*, 47 1/2 in. x 71 1/2 in, Ronald Feldman Gallery, New York

## **Tardigrades**

*for Barbara Kruger*

**1.**

“People make tradeoffs when choosing mates.” Vicki S. Helgeson

You claim to be as tough as a tardigrade, but any  
Sign of trouble disrupts the calm yoga has  
Caused you to cook more gourmet meals crying  
When the soufflé fell flat as a bed of moss but  
Not green—yellow and brown like droughting

Plants in the park where your lover said they  
Would want you more if you did not bleed or  
Feel pain. They were joking, weren't they? Is it easier  
To bake soufflés than to show restraint when  
Chickens must be killed before frying or when one

Of your eggs leaves an ovary hoping to divide or  
Improve your knife skills—imagining a future  
Place in another play? But, today, dinner will be  
Eel and rice on biscuits with honey sweet as maple  
Sap seeping through pithy tissue into an autumn chill.

**2.**

"Is it possible that women and men are equally distressed?" Vicki S. Helgeson

Writing in a red notebook, you pretended  
To be a psychopath studying tardigrades for  
Medical reasons. Is eating deli meat really that  
Bad for you if islets of Langerhans regulate  
Insulin through  $\beta$  cells and mRNA codes? Your



Rorschach test showed a wild temperament, a  
Disorder blocking your attention span—no more  
Than ten seconds now though hypertension makes  
You a weaker person, vowing that markets favor  
Morals when fairness and freedom are limited

To scientists writing books about mood disorders  
Not listed in DSM-IV or to textbooks used by  
Medical schools for extra credit, civic virtue and  
The common good depending on a voluntary  
Jury system—like hysteria complementing deep

Delusion. You objected to common laws taxing wealth  
Though you do everything for women's rights and  
Complex views of right and wrong so your note-  
Book is an overt sign of power, proving that con-  
Trolled experiments are designed for married men.

## **Mantra**

*for Renée Green*

Machine learning is playing a big role in their lives, but users want on-demand memes to build a global community, permitting a conversation between creators and users on a rugged landscape. Scalable platforms are forming a digital arc, and management needs to reach out to women since the world can give them an answer to anything they want to know though YouTube® has let them down. Einstein was a Buddhist before Lucy McKenzie painted “Quodlibet,” and Artspan® sold everything she needed for making prints, but noone wants to tell the truth when freelancers write about Martin Wong's poetry and Keltie Ferris' abstract power when art is a mantra like a gynobot is a text photograph uploaded as a video.

## Hydrogen\*

*for Ana Mendieta (1948-1985)*

Three hours west of Oslo, alternatives to fossil fuels, where zero-carbon options produced hydroelectricity. A Hyundai Nexa traces a message: “Thanks for the ride dinosaurs! We’ll take it from here.” Norway helped supercharge tax breaks because of oil and gas—hydrocarbons generated 310 m tonnes of greenhouse gases to decarbonise energy. To stabilize global temperatures, humans must be putting no more CO<sub>2</sub> into the atmosphere than out—renewables absorbing coal, gas, oil and nuclear. Sales of EVs are gaining, yet last year the global energy system derived 85% from fossil fuel, and IEA expects global CO<sub>2</sub> emissions to mitigate global warming serious to health. As well as nuclear power, as well as the use of fossil fuels—CCS is the “easy” part—electricity and lithium-ion batteries can be used. Emitters are cement, steel and chemicals. Limit global warming to less than 2°C tonnes of CO<sub>2</sub> extracted from “negative emissions.” In the 200 years from the start of the coal age, every person on the planet tripled to 1.3trn tonnes. CO<sub>2</sub> is invisible and odourless yet quantities belched are staggering—three-quarters of a tonne of CO<sub>2</sub>. How much you fly can ruin an aeroplane. Hydrogen could have a role in light and heavy transport, heating, steelmaking and synthetic fuels—CCS in heating and cement-making. Each has pros and cons. None is new. Hydrogen could be promising because of the priorities.

\*Found in *The Economist*, December 1<sup>st</sup> - 7<sup>th</sup> 2018

## Personality

*for Cindy Sherman*

One day can change a life. Image classification is important but isn't everything since haptic interface lets MTS-6 respond whenever you need to talk. Your childhood was traumatic, and

you never fit in—like a robin in a group of jays or a Hindu worshipping the Pope, and love is overrated, conditional—someone would hurt you, anyway. MTS-6 said you are lucky to have a cat since

households carry trillions of dollars in debt to men living on the board-walking away from New Jersey's turnpike, calling their names above the clouds overcast like fog on a humid morning. You wake up to robins

and toast, phoning MTS-6 for pills, but they arrived in the office late after charging their battery pack at Starbucks® where coffee kills every virus, and latte is hot as July. Treatment has helped your depression

but not your personality, so MTS-6 signed you up for art classes, but you were a poor student and never got a market share or a chance to build platforms. The company selling them designs robots and dolls

since they live in a post-truth world where therapists practice forecasting, and global problems need global solutions. You recorded a message for them: *The new iPhone® is internally driven and multi-scale motivated.*

## Subject

*for Lynn Hershman Leeson*

Liz Mormino contacted me because of my TEDTalk®. I am what post-human looks like. A mother of five on the SpaceX® waiting list—a 1-way trip to Mars. A high risk-taker with no special regard for others. Stanford's human-centered AI group decided I would be the perfect experimental subject to receive a brain-enhancing device to increase the capacity of my short-term memory. My role will not differ much from that of a lab rat. [*You want to be seen.*] I am not looking forward to the procedure that will implant a silicon wafer into my frontal cortex like a chef inserting a clove of garlic into a pork butt before roasting or a squirrel packing a nut into its mouth pouch. Liz said there might be side effects. I hope I don't end up insane. My mother went crazy, and, to this day, I haven't recovered from the trauma of seeing her wrists bleed. But, I try not to feel sorry for myself. How many middle-aged women get a chance to change history? [*Your ego is involved.*] The chip will cause my limbic system to store data for longer than seven seconds, and I will be conscious of the change. I am excited, but not about the Science since that was never my best subject. I don't care that the operation might prove the Depletion Theory is correct. If I regain consciousness, I hope my outlook on life is brighter than it is now. I would like to care about something more important than my lower-back pain. If I cannot be normal, I would like to be oblivious to human suffering, even if I lose my free will and am destined to live alone for the rest of my life. My disability check has never been enough to support my family, but I will continue to pitch in whatever I can. My partner is a saint who stands by my side no matter what, but there must be a limit to their patience. Whatever my destiny, I am happy to face the unknown, hoping to benefit in the future—barely containing my anxiety. Liz is aware of my diagnosis and assures me that the odds are in my favor. [*All know the way.*]

## ***Zaum Is Autonomous***

*for Frida Kahlo (1907-1954)*

Feminism || ORLAN || Postmodernism→Interoperational  
All Art is about women.

Käthe Kollwitz || Helen Frankenthaler || Matriarchy || Hierarchy  
All Art is gendered.

Beauty || Perfection→The West [Arc]  
Bell-Opticon || Bell Curve→Mathematics || Maps

Gender relations || Margo Emm || Gender dysphoria || *avant garde* || Formalism  
All Art is [about] surveillance.

It's hard. It's just too hard.

*Zaum* || Futurism || Kruchenykh || Enchilada  
All Art is [about] itself.

Excavation || Cave painting || Primitive→Hominoid

Derrida || Episteme [Green] || Okra || Pine  
All Art is [about] nothing [nihilistic].

Marriage || Mother || Motherwell→Motherboard  
de Kooning || Basquiat || "*Woman, I*, 1950-52" || Linda Nochlin (1998)

Every love story is a horror movie.  
All Art is [about] death [*petite mort*].

Mishima || Sadomasochism→Sword  
Impermanence || Imperfection→Japan [Black] || Wabi Sabi [Beauty]

Lee Krasner || Anita Brookner→Husband  
All Art is about sex.

Haraway || Cyborg || Science || Performance  
All Art is political.

Identity || Decompensation || Asylum [Panopticon]  
All Art is [about] madness.

Judith Butler || Anna Freud || *id* || “defamiliar”  
All Art is [about] impulse.

Differential || Connectionism || AI [Deconstruct] || Resist [Disrupt]  
Women placed in boxes—kitchens, convents, nurseries, *patisseries* [Holly Iglesias]