

II. Visualization

1. from an improvised poem *Whereupon* (1999)
2. from "Antraps: 7 Quick Films"  
a film/poem/graphic artifact
3. Missouri
4. after Albers
5. Missouri
6. intro to *Where You Are* (2002)
7. "Explaining Art to a Stuffed Dog"  
a film by Aaron Judlowe
8. intro to *Code-A-Cell* (2000)
9. DNA chant score
10. Including

III. Peroration

the inner ear

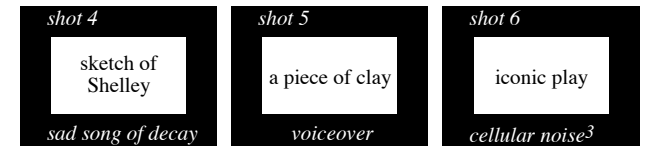


Pseudo Longinus

Score for DNA Chant

GGTGT ACATC TGAAG TTTAA GGAGA TATAT  
GGTGT ACATC TGAAG TTTAA GGAGA TATAT

three frames from "Arrested on the Charge of Fermentation"



"after Albers"

sight

Lucid Serious

with a

Mighty laugh

make a

Serene Melancholic

man time

the wall before the war & the war before the wall before  
the will before the melancholic fall

despite insight inspite of despair  
no no nowhere near tricky year gaudeamus

This is not my voice

It's my mother's when she said, "sausage"  
My father's "God Dammit"  
My son pulling on a "Please"

It's the particular range of fibrous  
elasticity in my vocal chords.

It's the atmospheric pressure of the room  
The wind in my bellows  
The cock in my corn.

This is not my voice.  
It belongs to everything that made me  
and everything that made everything  
that made me.

I just open my mouth  
and from the inside comes the outside,  
alive. It *has* a voice.

\*

the auricle collects vibrations  
and guides them

inwards forwards slightly upwards  
inwards backwards inwards  
forwards slightly downwards  
to the tympanum

hammer anvil stirrup

hammer stirrup hammer anvil

hammer hammer anvil stirrup

hammer stirrup

stirrup anvil hammer stirrup

we speak to a window of skin

coded at the end of a bone chime

inside our skull there is a sea held inside a small  
shell

the Fibanocci of speech moves there  
through the organ of Corti  
cells of Deiters  
of Claudius  
the supporting cells of Hensen  
space of Nuel

waves speak our words  
as potential energy

deep inside  
the outside becomes  
a voice alive.

\*

Listen to your mind tune,  
your character scored in the chords  
of the firmament. See sharp.  
Be minor. Be sustained  
by the orphan: voice.

Listen to it wave  
though the body of air  
from hither to yon.

Listen to it shuttering  
shimmering  
jitter-bugging  
along the basil firing range  
in your inner ear:

space and time  
it speaks and spells  
space and time  
in bones & shells