

featuring

**Erica Lewis
with artwork by Mark Stephen Finein**

Geof Huth

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&

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\$3

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INSPECTION
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WORK no.4

Erica Lewis

artwork by Mark Stephen Finein

from *camera obscura*

turning and turning again as if
somebody would be there to
black out the finishing or type
over the first wave with generous
valorization about the fact but
there are no other words we were
always playing in these sorts of
stretches of things painted on

margin or error or being the space
that does not count or exist they say we are
silvered glass holograms and you cannot
polish every single piece of light duration
interpreted every which way things weighed
horizontally or washed in parataxis leaping
from one to the other determined to be what
it is becoming subject or something like
motion in what is allowed through the sieve
shadows montage these objects are and
where you enter but are not necessarily where
you or you must exit

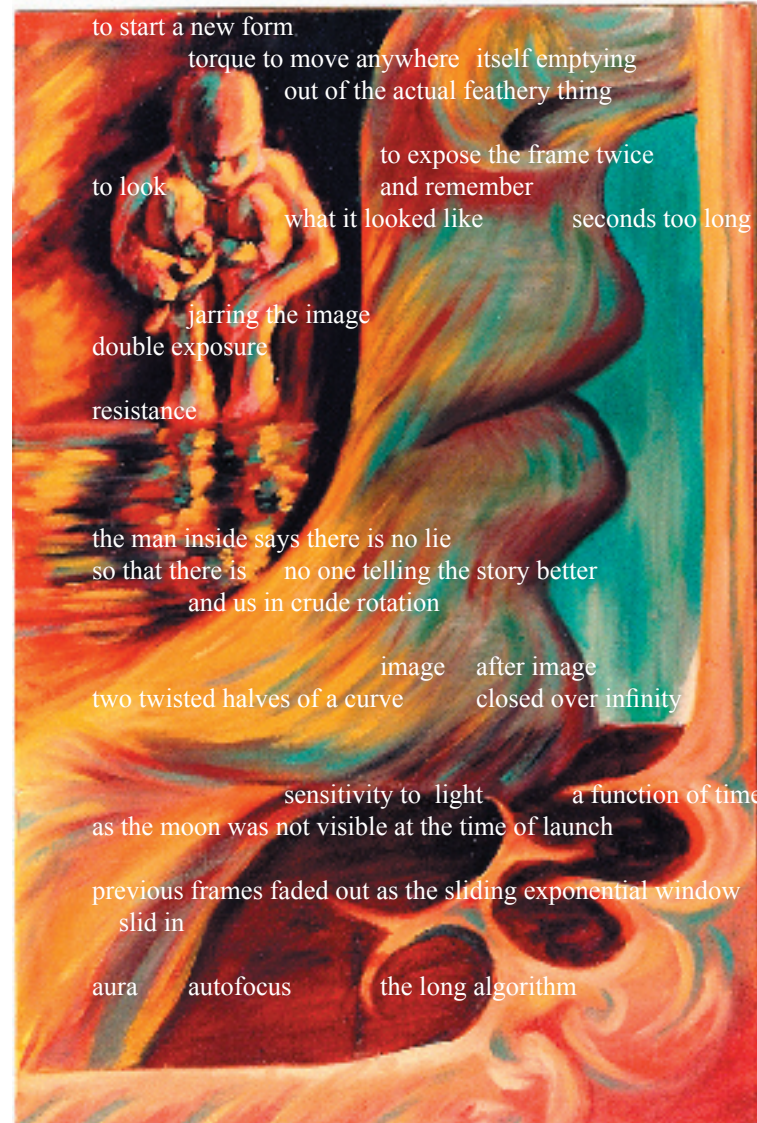
if parts of the image are exposed heavily enough the final print will be deemed overexposed they will appear as featureless white yet some subject matter is tolerant of very heavy exposure brilliant light sources like a bright light bulb or the sun included in the image generally appear best as featureless white as flashpoints on simply coated paper but to make us look up and shake a fist at the sky like this if it were only the sky's fault

what to reveal what to hold back falling through the looking glass it haunts me to this day as a strange and lovely daydream that it forms a kind of oxbow lake it was brilliant it was directional it even explained the rain

the object exists outside us without our taking part in it the object assumes the immoveable shape of desire and acts upon our contemplation the object brings about our fusion with it and makes us pursue a ready made reality the whole biology of the thing the eye does not even understand its own subject

removed from the camera and wound onto a reel in complete darkness the reel holds the film in a spiral shape with space between each successive loop the middle of the frame where the space between frames is very thin or the frame edge is indistinct as in an image taken in low light the light in the field of dark held in the silence of silence the city rose from the water but it was all for show

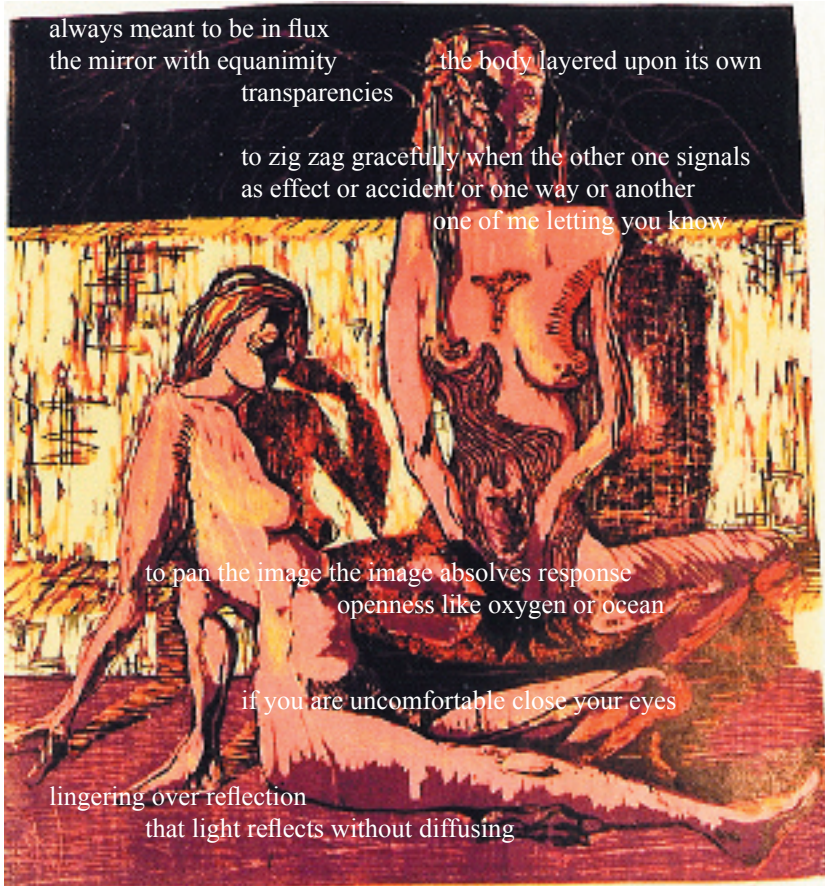
to set the film speed as an indication of gain dodging and burning pinholes creating an image that is neither dark nor light nor placed between subject and light in voiding what is seen or being there all at once as if it were viewed in order to be displaced by sight cloudy appearance in reversal processing the center of the circle is black and white similar to the stable state of oil separated from water because it makes the image permanent and renders it insensitive because it is manipulated to enhance the contrast between because to make the body follow a circular path force is directed inward and sight simply becomes a force requirement



to start a new form
torque to move anywhere itself emptying
out of the actual feathery thing
to look
to expose the frame twice
and remember
what it looked like seconds too long
jarring the image
double exposure
resistance
the man inside says there is no lie
so that there is no one telling the story better
and us in crude rotation
image after image
two twisted halves of a curve closed over infinity
sensitivity to light a function of time
as the moon was not visible at the time of launch
previous frames faded out as the sliding exponential window
slid in
aura autofocus the long algorithm

revolving door

the blur circle



always meant to be in flux
the mirror with equanimity
transparencies

the body layered upon its own
to zig zag gracefully when the other one signals
as effect or accident or one way or another
one of me letting you know

to pan the image the image absolves response
openness like oxygen or ocean

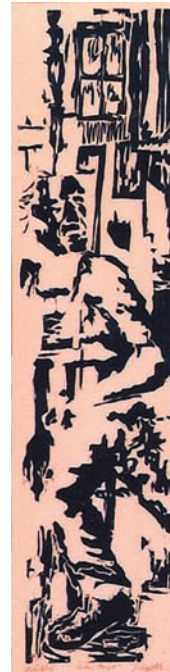
if you are uncomfortable close your eyes

lingering over reflection
that light reflects without diffusing

so that it will give back something reminiscent of it

non connection is itself
distinct connection

a suggestion in what appears



to be merely decorative or sheer white

rubbing together

black ice

a story line develops
until memory gets involved
white snow dissolving
the volume of space in your lungs
a breath of freezing

to lie behind the surface
exposed beyond the image
breathing the shard back in

doing their work the fractility of fragments
until it is done

until it is done

Longfellow Memoranda

October

275/91

autumn thou comest
 heralded
by fleeting muffled
Time

276/90

thy castles
 rising
to voices
mysteries wait

277/89

loving
 is quaint
crossed by shade
the land of dreams

278/88

our egress
 will be nobody
if we do
preach

279/87

sacrifice of self
 sorrow to care
soother
consoler of

280/86

O who so
 little toiled
weary
& thinking

281/85

a passionate wooer
 blushing life
deep-crimsoned
faint & a-weary

282/84

O mildest herald
 inverted torch
that doth stand
in silent lands

283/83

the dawn is not
 eternal
the starless night
shall not fail

284/82

the burial-ground
imparts
 to brave hearts
no more

285/81

O simplicity
thou shun'st
 in limpid fount
 in wooden house

286/80

the virtue of slaves
 loveth
perfect as thou oughtest
only one

287/79

the house may dwell
 incomplete
broken where stumbled

288/78

of ecstasy
 I must needs
her countenance
looked upon

289/77

which thou hast
 hoary of my days
given
every man must bide

290/76

uplifted
 the malediction
my affliction

291/75

life descendeth
 upon us
sorrowing ne'er
& ne'er consoling

292/74

a veil
 erring aright
took his arms
back to its mother

293/73

nothing affright
 changeth
possesseth
sufficeth

294/72

cunning
 glorious strength
of youth
bought & spent

295/71

crystalline rays
love thou
 mortality

296/70

kindred
& made
 the turning wheel
ranks

97/69

every heart
 best knoweth
blistered
comedies

298/68

as artist
 pursuing fantasies
can touch
satisfy where she leads

299/67

willingly flieth
'twixt flower-de-luce
& its bloom

300/66

the befriending
evermore plunges
 deep &
 dim

301/65

love evermore
& seldom reign
 Silence
& heart

302/64

hours of existence
 known them
 known them all
acquaintanceship

303/63

bewildering mazes
beckon fair
masquerades of
loveliness

304/62

tongue of flame
upon my heart
gently
its vibrations

305/61

we must all
die
to guide us
from

MIAMI Anxiety
SENSE

B||a||t||h||r||o||m||s

This is for cleaning.
I have fur on my words,
and I am crawling back
deep into a super wilderness.

FUR CLEANING
in my better imagination,
which everyone should want.

I can feel the fur
on my words in my mouth.
It's wild.

A||i||r||p||a||n||e||s

Lyrics & the Imagination.
Singing: Get on a plane.
Get a 737 music. That's A BAD SONG.
That's the imagination. Get busy.
Attempt a good connection
wherever you are with who you are.
Such as:
I'm perfect for my wife. I consider
the life of Jesus significant, even without prayer.
By most people's standards
I am better than most people.

I am not Celebrity.
I read each line again
before writing each word down.

P||a||r||k||s

Thomas the squirrel stuck in the tree: a story I made about it.
I know it's not true, but we sympathize.
At one point, I make belief. I have it happen.

Do you have this much faith?
My people are mean, I mean
my people are clean. Everyone cleans the self.
If everyone spent as much time
in the pool, in the rain, in the ocean, sweating,
& in the shower. What about in the pond?
Stuck in a wet tree?
Most of us over 20
have taken at least a few baths.
Later I thought (do you have this much faith) in the shower.

A||u||d||i||t||o||r||i||u||m||s

Last year it showed
we shared more per person
per number of conversations.

It showed conversations
in relation to results.
It showed resulting relations
to allegory rhythms:
the way search engines sort.

At the present mouth/word
to thoughtful consideration ratio
we should stop sharing soon.

It's a problem. We know.
Let's keep our heads together.
Let's consolidate our blogs.

I can feel myself failing
to reveal my sincerity.

B||e||n||c||h||e||s

The mandrake tree is neat.
The grass is so fresh.
The bench is a nice height.
The sky is big and cloudy.

It's hard to sit up straight.
The sculpture on the grass
is not easy to describe.

She has been black since 1967.
No One is Alone Ever:
I can't stop reading t-shirts.

I know it takes a long time
to lay thousands of bricks
in a zig zag pattern.

I believe water sounds like wind
when I'm listening to music.

S||t||r||e||t||s|| ||o||r|| ||C||a||r||s
I'm coming. I'm close.
I am trying to get there.

Travel damages
sperm & rayon,
acetate & pigment,
special genders, corn & motor oil,
race, racism, & new adventures.

These nowadays
my old friends list is full
of broken or conventional links.

Are there station agents everywhere?
Are they guardians of travel?
That's fine.

G||y||m||n||a||s||i||u||m||s

You have to do something extreme
to prove you're not a robot This Spring.
In most cases the best thing
is just a slow version of the exercise
you're about to do.

Exaggerated Skips.

Think how if somehow
the DNA in your mouth is younger
than the rest of you.
Now think who is your oldest competitor?
They are so tough.
Tough to say.

A||p||a||r||t||m||e||n||t||s

Our hearts are showing muscle
in the city that never sleeps. Two hearts protected
by one robotic arm, in the laboratory,
in a safe, wrapped tightly with a lot of chain.

Flash forward to a season ruled by leather.
The future is so tough.
Believe in me; I'm writing a book
about kinds of Bad Luck, inexplicable
sadness at Christmas, & Sharing Consequences.
It all takes place in the future.

I'll conclude by saying all of these places
make me sick. There are so many others:
stories about people who need help,
stories about someone tortured incorrectly;
a list of large powerful feelings,
and more imagination than I can understand.

air a: veau d'or for one voice

Each system indicates the performer's mid-range voice by a central axis. This in mind, the performer freely determines the relative pitch of each notation, or "neume," as well as its duration & volume.

While some neumes suggest flourish & others stasis, the performer is at liberty, perhaps encouraged, to improvise & embellish with operatic bombast.

See "Pronunciation Key" for assistance in sounding the libretto's graphemes.

PRONUNCIATION KEY

a - patte (Fr.)	k - cook
ɑ - father	f - fast
ɑ: - gaz (Fr.)	l - lead
ε - bet	p - park
e - neck	b - board
ə - about	d - deed
y - salut (Fr.)	g - grow
i - seat	dʒ - azure
ʏ - huile (Fr.)	z - zone
u - boot	v - veal
ø - rocheux (Fr.)	w - weed
o - domain	t - test
œ - feuillet (Fr.)	m - meat
œ:- feuille (Fr.)	n - new
ɔ - waddle	s - salt
ɔ: - porc (Fr.)	r - reel
u: - tooth	j - you
õ: - son (Fr.)	ã - ennui (Fr.)
œ̃ - un (Fr.)	ã: - ancre (Fr.)
œ̃: - humble (Fr.)	ẽ - main (Fr.)

[
də dor tudzu:r bu vø e læ

[
sə sə sã õ sã ã pɥi sa

[
bu du dõ lo da trø bu mõ:

[
i fa:m te pur lë: læ fë do

[
ze fõ: kõ: du rwa plə pœ

[
o de ku brə ze brɥi sõ:

[
tun ə ron læ də fõ dã sã

[
stal pje də sõ tur de ɔ

[
bal tã sa dɥi kõ e læ

[
e djø læ de vø kœ:r dor vë

[
dã de rə ri swa saglwa: rə

[
sjø strab le ě syl tɔ mõ: dzekt

[kō radz tā: e trā: plodzə il

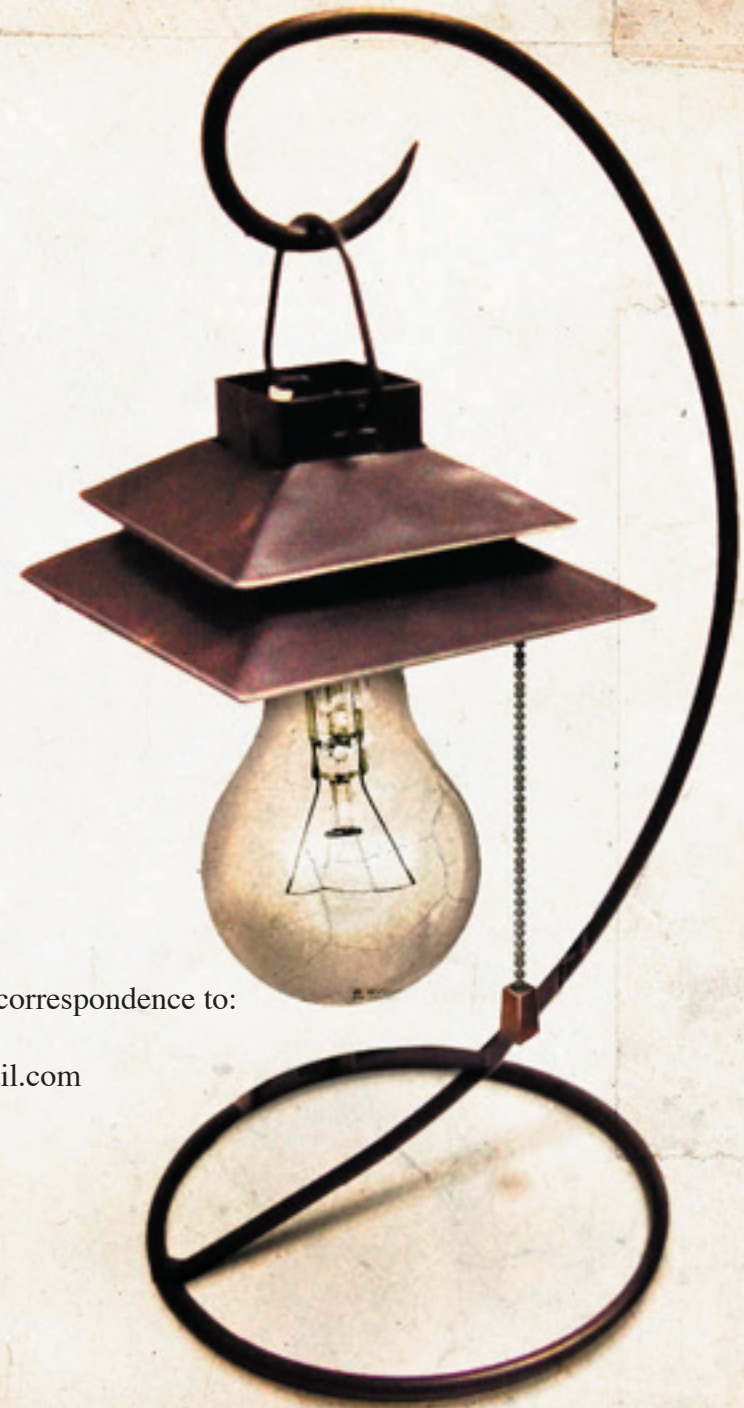
[lə pje dzā: se a rə mē y

[fe rē mē ā: ru lə se

[la fā: dā gə sā: lə dā ge

[tal bri lar jə me u dā

[e lə tā dʊi bal kō sa



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