

POETRY AND DIALOGUE  
*with* THOMAS FINK

**SPECULATIVE REPRISE**

Will a carnal translator be found among  
tonalities of equivocal richness, if we look  
at a knee-deep mirror that envelops and  
paralyzes the  
commodity? Far  
from exhausting  
ourselves, in the  
case of the monk-  
ey, we aim at  
abstract, self-  
reflexive stays of instruction, but as one who  
suffers from contingent harbors, hiding a  
mutineer behind the apparatus of a babe. My  
discursive para-  
site applies no  
intertwining of  
notion and  
fig without  
an implied site  
of loss. The  
seam's cut, so  
excesses may  
be cranked  
to indulge  
a variable  
construction  
of identity.  
Normative  
harmony?  
The gist  
is not to  
stay mar-  
ginal, but  
to be

pregnant and an impossibility that will remain—the key to having been thrown outside duality, where centrifugal and centripetal fuses show in the flesh.

Topographical descriptions must become the dissimulative syntax in which I will often have to curse. Alterity has too often meant cultural evacuation of multileveled coherence.

The millennial is dispersed. Separate from empirical rebuke, meaning that depends on

our apparent  
humiliation  
will do all in  
its power to  
avoid the  
temporal,  
so persistently  
forgotten, that  
recourse to the  
lived frame, as  
though it did  
not exist. An  
eternally in-  
competent  
class unable  
to exercise  
abstraction  
available for  
figurative de-  
polarizing  
in any

strategic rebooting of marginality may be floating  
speculation on the most general generalities—  
or is it the most basic concrete? Often the straight  
man whose pre-  
cocious risibility  
and sodden  
rectitude  
are precisely  
what history will  
cause to dissipate  
is contained within a giant vest of quotation marks,  
not simply mastering privation by assuming it, but  
raising desire to participate in whatever fretwork of  
marginal zones  
is spawned from  
other disciplinary  
centers. These  
constitute a  
multiple dis-  
placement of  
those chemical  
or physical  
analyses which  
it is implausible  
to perform on  
a reproduction.  
Now feminist  
podia are  
desirable  
to contest  
a dead point  
where energy  
was inverted  
and they de-  
voured them-  
selves,

to the extent that they could fit a new  
formula for an internationally corporate  
origin of things. Rediscovering diction  
to make lives  
shareable is the  
self-opening open-  
ness of the broad  
paths of the simple  
and essential. We  
give it a fountain  
to take respon-  
sibility for seduction modules. Who needs  
to have? This is not a neural medium that  
passes freely and easily into the private  
propriety of a  
speaker's state  
of osmosis with  
his/her mother  
during which  
a melodic  
alliteration  
is jarred  
loose and  
yet perched  
as a vital con-  
stituent of a  
now apparently  
ad hoc object.  
And this fetish  
desires. Once  
the image has  
been mastered  
and found empty,  
narrative of the  
alien guest in  
this, the very  
mainspring

of the unconscious, specularizes, speculates (on)  
man's occultation by ever purer signifier. These  
effects lead us to frontiers at which slips will write  
interruption and  
restoration of  
contact be-  
tween the  
various  
depths of the  
psychical urge  
to go on enjoying, to feel full, to push, to feel the force  
of my muscles and my immanent surface of operations.

The combinatory power that orders its ambiguities  
toward operations  
of child-bearing  
(but also with a  
glance toward those  
who do not bring  
reflection upon prices  
but yield natural  
and social value  
as a locus of  
imprints) is  
concealing  
some fateful  
unpredictability  
of bliss. Any  
inherent secret  
only overstim-  
ulates the will  
to knotting.  
Systematically  
uncanny, it is  
untranslatable  
not because of  
the bringing

forth of a being such as never was before and  
will never ride again, but because of the loose-  
ness with which meaning attaches to what must  
become  
simulation  
if it speaks  
about stim-  
ulation. That  
need to be  
mastered in  
order to

exercise domination over the real relation is invested  
in the imaginary. Gender's very reifications insist that  
the unconscious leaves none of our actions outside

its creation of a  
demand which  
can be fully satis-  
fied only later.

Beyond those  
limits we have  
to turn to con-  
crete. Not subject  
to marketplace  
pauperization  
inflicted on all  
symbolic reaction  
obsessing our  
technique, a  
movement that  
does not return  
to where it  
always was  
appears  
before the  
flood, when  
influence

is generous. Is a long, slow effort to bring  
money into alignment with demographically  
nurtured ejection of exclusivity giving rise to  
nonlinear  
writing linked  
to expansion of  
a disappearance in  
order to solicit a fis-  
sured envelope? As  
surely, each other's  
logic has contaminated us, there is no longer  
sense in doing without. The property of having  
named something first is never clear as mis-  
prison. Not  
to fix our  
eyeballs on  
boundaries of  
domination,  
isolated sen-  
tences, the  
author acts  
as organizer  
and player in  
the dialogue  
without re-  
taining final  
word on acro-  
batics shaped  
within what  
kinds of desir-  
ing form, trans-  
form and equip  
that which has  
not yet been  
sped but is  
needed.

## Interview with St. John's University Poetry Workshop - Spring 2007

**ST. JOHN'S POETRY WORKSHOP:** Could you describe how you wrote "Speculative Reprise"? Why is the poem shaped like that? When did you write this? What made you write it then? How long did it take? Where were you? How much did you revise? Could you talk about some poems and/or poets that seem especially influential to the writing of "Speculative Reprise"? Why does the text sink on each page? It looks like a monkey-wrench. That shape is also on the left of the painting on the cover of *No Appointments Necessary*. What are we to make of this? Could you discuss the visual qualities of "Speculative Reprise"?

**THOMAS FINK:** In January 2006, I felt ready to write a longish poem because I had done a bunch of short ones in the previous months. It so happens that Professor Stephen Paul Miller had just announced that he and Professor Burt Kimmelman of New Jersey Institute of Technology would be putting together a panel on "Poetry as Criticism/Criticism as Poetry" for a Conference to be held in April, and the two of them asked me if I had anything. I didn't, but-- cognizant that Professor Miller himself is a master of both of the scriptive forms designated in the rubric and, if I didn't watch out, I'd just create a pale repetition of his accomplishments in *Art Is Boring for the Same Reason We Stayed in Vietnam* and the long poems in his subsequent books-- decided at once that it was time to write a longish poem whose content involved critical theory that I could read as my "paper" at the conference. My notes tell me that I finished the poem on Ground Hog's Day (Feb. 2) after roughly a month of work. At first, I read numerous passages from the critical theory of Barthes, Baudrillard, Benjamin, Bloom, Bove, Cixous, de Man, Derrida, Eagleton, Foucault, Heidegger, (Barbara) Johnson (not Samuel), Kristeva, (Hillis) Miller, (Stephen Paul) Miller, Said, Spivak, according to my notes (after the fact), and probably others. I collaged passages from their texts into the predominantly long sentences of the poem, but I did not "lift" whole sentences or even whole phrases or clauses; I cut off the flow at unusual places, as I did in the rock 'n roll collage, "Reprise," in my second book of poems, *Gossip* (New York: Marsh Hawk Press, 2001). However, unlike the prior text, "Speculative Reprise" includes many passages that feature my own word- and phrase- substitutions; it is not even close to 100% collage. (We'll get to how I arrived at meaning when I

answer other questions.) I think "Speculative Reprise" went through about five drafts before I considered it finished. I created 2 versions: one was in stanza form, the one I read at the conference, and the other was in the shape that one of you called a "monkey wrench." I had written a whole group of poems, which appear before "Speculative Reprise" at the beginning of *No Appointment Necessary* (Chicago: Moria Poetry, 2006) in this form, which I'd prefer to associate with the elegant Hebrew letter "lamed" (l) but which I also wanted to make a little different from that letter, because I wish to do visual poetry that is abstract, not referentially emblematic, like the great Catholic poet George Herbert. I am an abstract painter, and yes, these forms (though serrated) compose the main figure of the left-hand side of my cover painting ("Burrito Imbalance 2") for the book. I probably conceived of the shape for poetry first and then decided to use it in a painting series.

The connection between my poetry and painting is elucidated in the beginning of my interview with Tom Beckett for *EXCHANGE VALUES* in January 2005. When Beckett asked me about how my poetry and painting "overlap," I said, "I started painting in 1983, a good 15 years after I started writing poetry. Until 2001, I kept the verbal and visual spheres separate, at least consciously. But that year, I titled a painting "Gossip" to go on the front cover of *Gossip*, my second book of poems. I didn't plan the painting to be seen as a highly abstract version of many folks gossiping, but, in retrospect, that reading might work. In January 2004, after finishing the poems collected and published eleven months later in *After Taxes*, I somewhat arbitrarily chose another cover painting called, naturally, 'After Taxes.' At that point, I wanted to get away from the limited array of stanza patterns I'd used for three or four years. So, to find new stanza patterns, I talked to mathematicians about numerical sequences, but nothing seemed too promising, and I kept writing in my old stanzaic modes. Suddenly, it became clear I could forge a relation between painting and poetry by developing poems in abstract shapes that would then be used as imagery in series of paintings. So I've been doing that in both media for the past six months or so."

**SJ:** It seems as if the poem hinges on a poetic notion of the generative and "pregnant." Do you agree? Could you elaborate?

TF: The poem is pregnant with critical theory, a baby that (paradoxically) already has many adult existences elsewhere. Let's look at the area (the first part) of a long sentence where the word "pregnant" appears: "The gist/ is not to/ stay mar-/ginal, but/ to be/ pregnant and an impossibility that will re-/main . . . (7-8). Critical theory at its best produces/re-produces positive, even if tentative, provisional knowledge about textual/historical/cultural configurations, including possibilities of amelioration and (generally secular) redemption and negations of general ideas and interpretations that are not only inadequate to a full understanding of a particular situation but can be used in coercive ways to limit individual and collective freedom. Writing critical theory that announces itself as marginal can be a valid, temporary strategy, but if its sole, perpetual function is negation, that seems too limiting to me. On the other hand, the generative ("to be/ pregnant") must also be open to the idea of "an impossibility" of total, fixed knowledge "that will" or should "re-main" in order to prevent what is generated from being accorded an unquestioned, unquestionable status.

SJ: Do you have to understand this poem?

TF: When I decided that the poem was complete, I was pleased with my impression of the flow of cognitive possibilities and imagery from one phrase, clause or sentence to another, but I didn't presume to be able to make an exhaustive paraphrase of each word and each sentence and their interrelations. I don't feel that paraphrase or thorough explication is the author's responsibility. I hope that you as a reader can understand some things during the process of reading the poem, but these insights don't necessarily have to crystallize into a single thesis for the text to have encouraged your own "speculation."

SJ: This poem reminds me of something we discussed in my math class. The great mathematician Kurt Godel adapted Einstein's theories of relativity to mean that if you traveled far enough you would bump into yourself in the past. This disturbed his friend Einstein but it seemed to impress him because he began talking about time as illusory, of the past, present, and future as really without distinction for those who "know." "Speculative Reprise" reminds me of

Godel because the marginal constantly becomes central and every image needs its surrounding images. As with Godel, “incompleteness” seems to serve an intuitive completeness:

The gist  
is not to  
stay mar-  
ginal, but  
to be

pregnant and an impossibility that will re-  
main—the key to having been thrown outside  
duality, where centrifugal and centripetal fuses  
show in the flesh.

Could you say something more about this? How does “flesh” and the bodily figure here?

TF: Yes, in critical theory, the marginal often becomes central, but the “intuitive completeness” of any theoretical text is disrupted by a future text that critiques, supplements, and/or displaces it with another “completeness.” My own poetic text appears to be one act of theory, but in the unfolding of new sentences, it is constantly morphing (without warning) into what appear to be other textual persuasions. Cultural Studies, Poststructuralist and Gender Feminism, and Postcolonialism are modes of critical theory with a “vested” interest in explaining the effects of the perpetuation of socially destructive “dualities” on real people, on their “flesh”—sometimes tropologically and sometimes literally—and on finding “the key to having been thrown outside/duality.” That is, people are both inside duality because of a social sphere and, potentially, outside of it in a cognitive sphere—which could be “the key” to overthrowing the duality in a social sphere. The way I use “fuses,” it’s a pun: an (electrical) charge and a bringing together of two into one.

SJ: According to Godel, time spiraled. Why does your poem spiral?

TF: If “spiral” signifies a repetition of tropes, imagery, or abstractions, then the poem spirals because I wanted to represent the spiraling dialogic energies of critical theory.

SJ: How does your poem develop? Could it be shorter? Would it be different if it was shorter?

TF: The poem does not develop as a traditional essay does; to fall back on a cliché of Poststructuralism, there is continual “repetition with a difference” in a movement that I might crudely label as presentation, disruption or debunking, and eventual re-elaboration (half inside, half outside the old context).

A poem could be any length. To give myself and the reader the experience of producing and reading “speculative” critical theory, the poem had to be at least as long as I made it. Had it been much shorter, that experience wouldn’t have been accessible.

SJ: In what way is your poem or its subject matter “systematically uncanny”?

TF: The elaboration of a theoretical point is always cut off or transformed into something else before it can be sufficiently persuasive as a line of argument. Thus, what is continually and “uncannily” between formulations might be considered more important than any individual formulations.

SJ: If you could explain this poem in two or three sentences, what would you say?

TF: The “if” in your question is extremely important and true. As I said before: “In critical theory, the marginal often becomes central, but the “intuitive completeness” of any theoretical text is disrupted by a future text that critiques, supplements, and/or displaces it with another “completeness.” My own poetic text appears to be one act of theory, but in the unfolding of new sentences, it is constantly morphing (without warning) into what appear to be other textual persuasions. People are both inside duality because of a social sphere and, potentially, outside of it in a cognitive sphere—which could be

“the key” to overthrowing the duality in a social sphere.” But someone might come up with much better ones, because the poet is always blind to a great deal that's going on in her/his own work. The unconscious does exist.

SJ: In the beginning of the poem you talk about the “translatable,” but the subject turns to the “untranslatable” near the end of “Speculative Reprise.” Is this a narrative development? A dynamic contradiction? A self-deconstruction? Can a poem deconstruct itself? How would you explain deconstruction as it applies specifically to “Speculative Reprise”? Does the poem’s title in any way apply to deconstruction? How did you come up with the title?

TF: Narrative developments do not reach a fixity of closure. The poem begins with a will to translation which is one aspect of critical theory, and in the course of the poem, points of partial translatability and points of untranslatability occur. When I was in grad school in the Ford and Carter eras, J. Hillis Miller, no relation to the more political deconstructionist Stephen Paul Miller, and Paul de Man talked about poems as always already performing deconstruction on themselves and about critics merely uncovering what the texts were up to. Mind you that they weren’t necessarily saying that an author intended this, but that poetic language itself achieves this performance. I enjoyed reading their critical performances in supporting this thesis, but I suspect it's too limiting to ascribe this tendency to poetic language in general, as I think poetry can be seen to do a lot of things with reference and referentiality. On the other hand, deconstruction is a major influence on my thinking about poetry and my writing on poetry. In *No Appointment Necessary*, there’s an elegiac poem called “Jacques Derrida” (56) in which I consciously set out to refer to the operations of deconstruction and its “originator.” In “Speculative Reprise,” I am working with the phrases and clauses of various deconstructionists, but I didn’t consciously set out to make the poem a specimen text for deconstruction—any more than I did for Lacanian psychoanalysis, or Foucaultian archeology, or feminisms and postcolonialisms that partake of all three. The very problematics of translatability that you noticed, as well as the play of other binary oppositions like margin/center, is extremely important to deconstruction, so my poem surely traces a number of the same preoccupations as deconstructive philosophy and criticism, but not in any preordained way. And, as Stephen Paul Miller, who has written on the

backing of the mirror in Nixon, Ashbery, and Johns via the theoretical apparatus of Derrida and his commentator Gasche, knows as well as anyone, "Speculative" is a word that relates to the discourse of mirroring (speculum) in deconstruction and Lacanian criticism, but doesn't it apply to the activity of critical theory in general? I put that word next to "Reprise" in the title to establish a continuity with the collagistic activity in my 2001 poem "Reprise" and in its spinoffs, the "Dented Reprise" series that began in my 2004 book *After Taxes* (Marsh Hawk Press), continues in *No Appointment Necessary*, and will probably end in my next book, which is not quite finished but is scheduled to appear in 2008.

SJ: "Speculative Reprise" ends with the word "needed." Godel spoke about time as being non-existent because not needed. This shocked Einstein but he may have eventually agreed with his friend. Is there anything "needed" in this poem? Anything like "the laws of electromagnetism," as Einstein might say? Einstein really thought of his special theory of Relativity as a theory of the absolute because everything to him is relative to the speed of light's absoluteness. Is there an absolute in "Speculative Reprise"? What is "needed"?

TF: The end of the poem seems deliberately in the dark about what is needed in relation to the fulfillment of desires. Edward Said emphasized that a movement toward freedom and away from restriction, oppression, etc. is or should be the fundamental aim of criticism/theory; although not all freedoms are salubrious and not all restrictions are negative, Said's generality is hard to dismiss. As cognitive psychologists like Albert Ellis have pointed out, the word "need" is used when one really means "desire." The only actual needs, I suppose, are in the context of individual and/or collective survival!

SJ: In "Speculative Reprise," is the "concrete" related to the "carnal"? How does this apply to abstraction?

TF: Yes, the "concrete" (even the pun on "concrete" as building material, the flesh of streets and buildings) is related to the "carnal." Both poetry and theory involve the crossroads between abstraction and the fleshly concrete.

**SJ:** As you your read this poem, you seem to be ranting. Is that how you intended it to feel?

**TF:** "Ranting" can imply anger or nonsensical spewing. Neither applies.

**SJ:** Does a "carnal translator" understand what is not bodily for bodies or for what is not bodily? What is not bodily?

**TF:** "A carnal translator" works hard to understand how mind and body inhabit each other; whether s/he succeeds in these efforts is ever open to question.

**SJ:** Kelly says one should come up with your own understanding of what the author is trying to say. People will have different meanings for the same poem. Leaving it open-ended is a good thing. So should the poet mean anything at all? And is there a way to mean something while not meaning something that's just too fixed for what you might want to write?

**TF:** I think that one should come up with one's own interpretation, but there are palpably incorrect readings; "open-endedness" involves ambiguity but not a limitless number of readings. One has to respect that certain combinations of words have cultural weight at a given time, and these combinations may not govern the entire reading but should be accounted for. To look at the other side of things, I've often said to my literature students that if you interpret the word "aids" in Shakespeare as a reference to "AIDS," you're just wrong. So the answer to your last question is yes.

Please understand that the inability (or lack of desire) to perform an "exhaustive paraphrase" is not at all to say that one doesn't understand individual units within the flow. One does, and one also can articulate a relationship between sentences that seem somewhat disjunctive, but it is not a complete, absolutely authoritative reading; it is provisional.

**SJ:** The below question refers to these words in your response: "When I decided that the poem was complete, I was pleased with my impression of the flow of cognitive possibilities and imagery from one phrase, clause or sentence

to another, but I didn't presume to be able to make an exhaustive paraphrase of each word and each sentence and their interrelations."

Danes's question: How can the flow be understood but nothing understood in the flow?

Also, Michael asked you the question about ranting. He thinks it sounds like ranting because you were playing around with unexpected flows. He says that if he took three words from something everyone else in the class he could make an unexpected flow. He says that would sound like ranting in the sense that it wouldn't make sense. Michael wants to know why you would shoot for unexpected flow in a poem. Don't you want to make sense?

TF: Okay, so by "unexpected flow," you mean that I don't create a linear argument or a meditation with transitions from one point to another. Well, I'm not writing a traditional essay; in experimental or innovative poetry and it's valuable to make leaps of association to encourage readers to make connections that are not boringly ordinary. Everything makes sense, but it's a sense that you have to work for. When I'm reading this kind of poetry, I constantly have to stretch my capacity for receiving meaning. This is challenging, but it's a pleasure for me. And just because "anyone could make an unexpected flow," it doesn't mean they can do it interestingly or well. For example, I feel that my first five or so drafts of this poem had a lot of problems with "unexpected flow"; I wasn't doing it well enough in various passages.

SJ: How do you as a poet write to generate tentative meaning while not being too reductive?

TF: If I worried about that too much in my first or second drafts, I'd be paralyzed, so I just let my editing process gradually eliminate both too much appearance of randomness and too much semblance of reductiveness.

SJ: Is it merely provisional? Isn't it also in some manner "half-formed"?

TF: Well, sometimes it's provisional and rather fully formed, and sometimes it's "half-formed."

**SJ:** The students are going to write work that plays with language in a way that is inspired by your poem. Any tips?

**TF:** They could take a particular text or set of texts that treat a subject matter that concerns them - which in my case was critical theory - and they can appropriate snippets of language by looking at what seems intended to be communicated and also what comes through that was not necessarily intended to be communicated, as well as interesting sound-patterns.

**SJ:** Roman Jakobson said that poetry is language that calls attention to itself. But is language just words? Is it something more--I mean when you talk about poems made of words.

**TF:** Jakobson is right, and I think he would also admit that determinately referential and emotive functions exist (even if they are not always foregrounded) in poetry as much as in other discourse--how could he not?

**SJ:** Given your interest in images and text, how do you use the visual in the verbal and verbal in visual? Could you describe the dynamic antithesis between words and image?

**TF:** Shapes developed (after a good deal of trial and error on the computer) for poems become shapes in paintings-- seldom vice versa. In the poems, the shapes force the reader--and of course, I'm the first reader when I'm going through a process of revision--to slow down and notice the material aspects of words and their combinations, as well as how a focus on the juxtaposition of successive words affects interpretation, even more than enjambment does.

**SJ:** How does your visual shaping on the computer compare with William Carlos Williams's shaping on the typewriter or our teacher's, Stephen Paul Miller's, shaping on the computer?

**TF:** There's no relation between Williams' triadic foot and my attempt to create shapes. As for Professor Miller, as far as I can tell, he is interested in creating a fairly consistent curvy movement in a long poem to represent the torques and

swerves of the flow of thinking. Although my shapes often do curve and swerve, the intent is to create one abstract shape on a page (or, at times, two shapes in relation to one another) that may, in fact, "contain" the poem's thinking in ways that don't encourage a sense of the fluid of thinking but may involve more stop-start perception. As we share the same milieu, people will definitely speculate on whether we "influenced" each other in doing this. For the record, I saw some of Professor Miller's shaped poems in print before I wrote any of my own, and he published a number of them before he saw any of mine, but from the start, I felt that we were doing different things.

## Poetry in Response to Thomas Fink

1935

**By Stephen  
Paul Miller**

If in January  
Italian colonies  
curve, [Benito  
Mussolini](#)  
agrees [Elvis  
Presley](#) is born  
in a two room  
[shotgun house](#)  
in [Tupelo](#),  
[Mississippi](#), his  
baby tongue like  
[Amelia](#)

[Earhart](#)'s breath  
swerving from  
[Hawaii](#) to  
[California](#). Ma  
Barker unwraps  
the world's first  
briefs for Haile  
Selassie in a  
shootout. Stop.  
[Iceland](#) becomes  
the first country  
to legalize  
[abortion](#). March.  
[Adolf Hitler](#)  
rearms my  
command center  
in bed, violating

my Versailles.  
My vulnerability  
report reaches  
your fragments.  
A shoplifter in  
Harlem is  
thought shot  
dead by  
police—a riot  
ensues and  
[Persia](#) is  
renamed [Iran](#).  
Activist  
Supreme Court  
judges again  
strike down  
state minimum

wage and 80-  
hour workweek  
limits saying it's  
a woman's right  
to work two  
cents an hour for  
as many damn  
hours she wants.  
Congress cannot  
take that  
"property" from  
her. A dust  
storm nears  
Superman.  
People see  
strong central  
governments in

Russia, Germany, and Italy and want one too. A building solely for the Supreme Court opens in 1935. [Fibber McGee and Molly](#) do the Dust Bowl. Young [Sun Myung Moon](#) cries. Jesus is in the vineyard on his bike surfing. His debut on NBC News' paint never dries. Seven words: [Executive Order 7034](#), WPA, [Works Progress Administration](#). The [U.S. Supreme Court](#) declares the [National Industrial Recovery Act](#) fucking unconstitutional. Personal attributes spark the court while [China](#) gives Japan military control of north-eastern China and AA is founded in NY. The Supreme Court huddles. We touch. Jack is golfing.

[Braddock](#) defeats [Baer](#). England and Germany negotiate the relative size of the German navy to the British: three-fifths. [Salazar](#) becomes de facto dictator of [Portugal](#) the moment the [Dali Lama](#) is born. Barbaro is murdered in Iraq. We first get together. Oklahoma City unveils the world's first parking meter. Domestic details fire. My details enter you. What's a children's railway? Well, the first one started in Russia in 1935. The [Federal Writers' Project](#) tops the dust bowl's heat wave peak at 109 Chicago degrees. Secrets evaporate with any desire to know one. Social Security is law so you use me to ask questions. 1935: The Turing

machine, a mathematical device used to disprove any consistency between math and its application, will be applied as the first computer, capable of superimposing code on code on code, a model of quick yet multi-lateral government, an answer to fascism, breaking the German code and winning World War II. A car pulls up for Will Rogers who dies in Alaska just to become more radical. He is the first person in my head. We unfold free and equal. We never shy exact to each other, but you startle me: "If you are distracted while talking to me," you say, "Then I will just cut my toenails. That should work." Huey Long speaks 150,000 Senate floor

fifteen and a half hour words. In an entirely unrelated 1935 incident the Senator is shot dead. Sinclair Lewis's 1935 novel *It Can't Happen Here* is said to be about Long. Frank Lloyd Wright's House on Fallingwater gives the American burn its horizontal thrust. [Howard Hughes](#) sits on a bench flying [his H-1 Racer](#) a record 352 mph blossoming in the field. The microbubbles in his camera set the microfield of *To Kill a Mockingbird* (1935). Pretending not to be glamorous Germany institutes the [Nuremberg Laws](#), but its inner LIP stick and high heels are Hoover Dams. Heidegger lives six years in space before Italy invades Ethiopia. I

didn't make that  
up. My desk is  
chaos thinking  
of you.  
Freedom's just  
another word for  
a heavy hitter  
girl in stocking  
feet. In 1935,  
wooden radio  
towers are  
phased out and  
[Parker Brothers](#)  
releases  
[Monopoly](#). We  
don't show what  
we are thinking  
and twist and  
turn cotton  
between us. You  
make me jump,  
and then tell me  
the secret of

your father's  
gaming  
obsession. The  
CIO forms. You  
tell me you  
don't want to  
spoil the  
surprise. We  
follow the  
thread to bed in  
a glistening lake  
that "you me's"  
as you say as we  
Charlie. You  
say, "I look at it  
completely  
different and  
without  
clothes." I sniff  
your clean white  
star beneath our  
tundra. Your  
snappy

bandanna slow  
dances. The  
water feels no  
pressure. You  
let the dog out  
for one last pee  
and look the  
moon in the eye.  
You mow the  
dark. The cut  
grass smells.  
[Mao Zedong](#)  
asks for a  
national united  
front stopping  
Japan. The first  
Penguin book  
meets the first  
modern  
antibiotic. You  
idea me. You  
get a really long  
cord and speak

to me on a  
cellular level  
where I see you  
fall asleep. The  
great [Carl von](#)  
[Ossietzky](#) wins  
the Nobel Prize  
for Peace. In  
recognition of  
their synthesis  
of new  
radioactive  
elements.  
[Frédéric Joliot](#)  
and [Irène Joliot-](#)  
[Curie](#) win  
Chemistry. No  
Nobel Prize in  
Literature is  
awarded.