

MAXIMUM GAGA
WITH A CRITICAL INTRODUCTION ON GURLESQUE POETICS

by

LARA GLENUM

(Under the direction of Jed Rasula)

ABSTRACT

The Gurlesque describes an emerging field of female poets and who, taking a page from the burlesque, perform their femininity in a campy or overtly mocking way. Their work assaults the norms of acceptable female behavior by irreverently deploying gender stereotypes to subversive ends. The critical portion of this dissertation outlines several theoretical tangents germane to Gurlesque poetics: namely burlesque and camp, “girly kitsch,” and the female grotesque; the poetry manuscript that follows, *Maximum Gaga*, is a prime example of the latter.

INDEX WORDS: Poetry, poetics, creative writing, Gurlesque, avant-garde, burlesque, camp, kitsch, grotesque

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A Dissertation Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of The University of Georgia in Partial
Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

ATHENS, GA

2009

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May 2009

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank Joyelle McSweeney and Johannes Goransson, my editors at Action Books, for shepherding *Maximum Gaga* into publication. Thanks to Arielle Greenberg and Danielle Pafunda for our sustained dialogue on Gurllesque poetics; thanks, too, to Henri Israeli of Saturnalia Books for taking on publication of the *Gurlesque* anthology.

I owe a great debt to Jed Rasula for his unerring eye and relentlessly high standards—not to mention his sharp sense of intellectual adventure and zany wit that make time spent with him such a pleasure. An enormous thanks, too, to Susan Rosenbaum for her peerless encouragement and support, and to Ed Pavlic, without whom the whole Gurllesque project would not have taken such quick and easy flight.

Lastly, thanks to my husband, Josef Horacek, for his stellar support and keen insight, and to my two children, Sasha and Sebastian, who are the joy of my waking life. Deep thanks to my mother and father, Suzanne and Rodney Webb, for their unstinting love and support.

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CHAPTER 1

THEORY OF THE GURLESQUE: BURLESQUE, GIRLY KITSCH,
AND THE FEMALE GROTESQUE

The Gurlesque describes an emerging field of female poets and artists now in their 20s, 30s and early 40s who, taking a page from the burlesque, perform their femininity in a campy or overtly mocking way. Their work assaults the norms of acceptable female behavior by irreverently deploying gender stereotypes to subversive ends. In what follows, I'd like to briefly outline some of the theoretical tangents germane to Gurlesque poetics: namely, burlesque and camp, "girly kitsch," and the female grotesque.

"Creatures of an alien sex": The Burlesque

Many people associate burlesque with its 1930s incarnation, the strip-tease, which was a far cry from the early years of the burlesque theater—the 1840s to the 1860s—which were pioneered almost exclusively by troops of female actresses under the direction of other women in Victorian London. Their dance hall repertoire was an antecedent of vaudeville, only much more socially explosive. Scholar Robert C. Allen, in his seminal work on burlesque, *Horrible Prettiness*, surmises that burlesque "presented a world without limits, a world turned upside down and inside out in which nothing was above being brought down to earth. In that world, things that should be kept separate were united in grotesque hybrids. Meanings refused to stay put. Anything might happen" (29). Emily Lane Fargo writes:

Burlesque performers also literally usurped male power by taking on male roles onstage.... However, female burlesque performers were never trying to

present a convincing, realistic portrayal of a man onstage. Instead, they were utilizing their masculine attire as a sort of fetish object, in fact emphasizing their feminine sexuality by contrasting it with markers of masculinity... These practices, of course, ultimately emphasized the constructed nature of both genders, calling into question accepted gender roles themselves. (see works cited)

The effect of such “unladylike” conduct led at least one critic to deem burlesque performers neither men nor women but “creatures of an alien sex, parodying both” (25). And parody, as Baudrillard tells us, is the most serious of crimes because it makes acts of obedience to the law and acts of transgression the same, canceling out the difference on which the law is based (21). The work of early burlesque performers embody Judith Butler’s insistence that we “consider gender as a corporeal style, an ‘act,’ as it were, which is both intentional and performative, where ‘performative’ suggests a dramatic and contingent construction of meaning” (113).

How, then, does all this relate to the practice of contemporary Gurlisque poetics? Take, for example, Danielle Pafunda’s ventriloquization of a male character called “the fuckwad” in her poem “Advice Will Be Heeded Even As You Attempt To Head”:

The fuckwad says, my dear, my doughy dewy doe-eyed dimple,
you mustn't attempt to think while you Sphinx. You
mustn't leave the room now, for you haven't ever yet.
And what will Odd Job think? What will he odious
pus in the empty nest with a piddle of wire and a prong? (22)

If her ventriloquization of “the fuckwad” seems ghastly, it is no less so than the female speaker’s description of herself in the poem “I Am Your Own Private Spook Brigade”:

Check me, fun wig candy spun ringlet red to ultra,
a peignoir smocked breast tattered ladder stitch ribbon
greased up hem, reflective glasses from the chop cop.
Nothing, though, 'til you see my stickware. (23)

In these poems and others, Pafunda shows up the constructedness of gender through extreme hyperbole. What is unique about these ventriloquizations—and what marks Pafunda and other Gurlisque poets as Third rather than Second Wave feminists—is the simple fact that *these are not*

persona poems. To engage in persona is to assume there is a face beneath the mask. Gurlesque poets, on the contrary, assume there is no such thing as coherent identity. There is no actual self, only the performance of self. This is one of several things that potentially separates Gurlesque poets from female Confessional or Neo-Confessional poets. For the Gurlesque poet, the use of the lyric “I” does not confess a self, but rather a raucously messy nest of conflicting desires and proclivities that can be costumed this way or that. Disjunctions in identity are not to be worked through or resolved but savored and tapped for their cultural power.¹

“Love of the Unnatural”: Artifice and Camp

The burlesque, of course, is closely related to the realm of camp. Susan Sontag, in her seminal essay “On Camp” writes, “The essence of camp is the love of the unnatural: of artifice and exaggeration” (275). And further, “Camp is a vision of the world in terms of style—but a particular kind of style. It is the love of the exaggerated, the ‘off,’ of things-being-what-they-are-not” (279). Here, by way of example, is an excerpt from Tina Celona’s “Sunday Morning Cunt Poem”:

In my dream we were hitchhiking to Iowa City, but later when I looked at myself my cheeks were pink and so were my labia. Like a bird I discovered I had wings. I flew higher and higher, but when I got near the sun the wax melted and I fell into a poem by Auden. It was then that I wrote the poem “The Enormous Cock.”

For a while I hushed. Then I started up again about my cunt. Some said it was a vicious swipe at feminism. Others said it was a vicious feminist swipe. It was the only word I knew. (5)

“To perceive Camp in objects and persons,” writes Sontag, “is to understand Being-as-Playing-a-Role. It is the farthest extension, in sensibility, of the metaphor of life as theater” (280). And while

¹ This being said, it has never been clear to me that the poets we deem “confessional” actually conceive of their poetic practice as confession rather than the creation of a transitory, ephemeral self on the page. Sylvia Plath’s hyper-performative poems, for example, have a far greater investment in a political performance of the female grotesque than in charting or transmitting any biographical information. Despite the singular sharpness of her voice, Plath’s poems are interested in fictions that exceed and explode any concept of coherent self. Plath’s keen sense of poem as artifice, like John Berryman’s, appears deeply rooted in “self as performance,” the node out of which Gurlesque poets are operating.

Sontag defines camp as an apolitical sensibility, I propose that camp is rather the political posing as the apolitical, a tactic that aims to make the reader complicit in the poem's political subtexts by initially feigning that the poet's hyperbolic performance is nothing more than self-parody. For the Gurlesque poet, all gender-inflected performance is essentially "camping" and these performances are never divested of political subtexts.

In camp performance, the stress is on artifice. It is akin to Matei Calinescu's theory of kitsch as a form of semiotic ambiguity in which "objects are intended to look genuine and yet skillfully fake" (252). This interest in artifice is one of the hallmarks of Gurlesque poets who rail against classical canons of "the Natural." One of the many axioms of "the Natural" is the overplayed association of women with the natural world, a trope in which women are allied with fauna and flora, representing fecundity and a predilection to submit to masculine authority. Ironically, women are also alleged to be "naturally" given over to the false and artificial, given to make-up and costuming, to overvaluing useless trinkets, to deceit. Listen to how poet Chelsey Minnis sets these convoluted terms and stereotypes reeling in her poem "Uh," which begins:

uh / I want to wear hot pants / and rest my boot on the back / of a man's neck /
and / take a sharp cane / and / stick my heart / like / a piece of trash / in a park /
and / rise out of arctic waters with curled icicles in my hair and a speargun / and /
buy a lazy game cat with claws / that scratch me / and / uh! / someone should
knock me down / and press me against blue tile / and shuck / a gold sheath dress /
off me / and push / a shiny buzzer / to make me slide down a glistening chute (130)

The way in which Minnis mobilizes various discourses against each other—woman as petulant child, woman as monster, woman as inviting violence—is a choice example of what Bakhtin calls "carnivalized writing" (19). The lush, often kitschy imagery of Minnis's poem—hotpants and spearguns, leopard pillows and cat-eye glasses—makes a parody of aesthetic consciousness, and yet it also forges a new zone of consciousness, which is the poem itself. This is accomplished through sheer stylistic overdetermination.

“From Cosmos to Cosmetics”: Girly Kitsch

Theodor Adorno may have famously pronounced kitsch “the realm of artificial imagery” (401), but other critics have been even more vituperative, calling kitsch a parasite feeding on the production of “true art.” Austrian novelist Hermann Broch, an early theorist of kitsch, deplored Romanticism’s “susceptibility to a disastrous fall” from cosmic heights to kitsch: what Daniel Tiffany ironically calls “a Luciferian swerve from cosmos to cosmetics” (30). And the explosive dialectic between specifically “girly kitsch” and masculine “high art” is one that Gurlesque poets repeatedly exploit, recognizing that, as Tiffany puts it, kitsch’s resemblance to art “only enhances its catastrophically destructive challenge to the [traditional] values of art” (330).

The proper name for the domain of “girly kitsch” might be, in critic Sianne Ngai’s terms, the domain of “the Cute.” While things cute may seem the least harmless, least provocative of aesthetic categories, Ngai thinks otherwise. In “The Cuteness of the Avant-Garde,” Ngai suggests that violence lurks implicitly in the aesthetic of “the Cute.” Ngai notes, “The formal attributes associated with cuteness—smallness, compactness, softness, simplicity, and pliancy—call forth specific affects: helplessness, pitifulness, and even despondency” (816). And further, “In its exaggerated passivity and vulnerability, the cute object is often intended to excite a consumer’s sadistic desires for mastery and control as much as his or her desire to cuddle” (816).

Cuteness is, of course, the realm of pre-pubescent girls and their small, furry companions, and if cuteness speaks to an exaggerated difference in power—names an aesthetic encounter with a socially disempowered other (828)—the relationship of owner to captive pet is the relationship *par excellence* that illustrates this phenomenon. In Nada Gordon’s flarfist poem “She Sure Likes the Cream, or The Pink Rabbits of Emilienne d’Alençon,” an excess of cloying sweetness belies the S & M dialectic in which the aesthetic of cuteness is lodged, burrowing into the heart of the relationship between cuteness and violence:

Sayonara fleurdelys.
Adieu, cherry twinklemall.
Human hair and glass EYES princess –
mischief kreme.

...

Come pet my kitty sweet kitty
Yes, those with Empathy you like kitties
you're nice you care Kitties are nice electric ferret
DOES YOUR SWEET KITTY LOOK AT YOU LIKE THIS
WHEN ASKED TO OBEY? My Little Kitty (40)

The preoccupation of pre-adolescent girls with all things cute, perhaps, speaks not to their attraction to things that mirror their own innocence but to things that mirror their own abjection and fear of further deformity (“human hair and glass EYES”); it reflects the degree to which they have already found themselves stripped of significant social agency. Cuteness, then, far from being a harmless aesthetic category, reveals a state of acute deformity.

The Female Grotesque and the Aesthetics of Contamination

Make no mistake, though: there is a palpable quest for pleasure at the heart of this excessive poetics, and utter delight in the grotesque. As Arielle Greenberg noted in her original talk on the Gurlesque given at Small Press Traffic in 2002, “[The] honest assessment of the perverse pleasures of horror—even horror so closely associated with women’s suppression—is one of the key markers of the Gurlesque.” The Gurlesque’s appropriation of the grotesque, like its appropriation of burlesque, camp, and kitsch, stands in outright defiance of classical aesthetics and their masculocentric practices. If the burlesque is always about the body on display (i.e. the gendered surface of the body), the grotesque engages the body as a biological organism. To Bakhtin, women represent the quintessential grotesque: they are “penetrable, suffer the addition of alien body parts, and become alternately huge and tiny” (339). Grotesque bodies, male or female, are no longer

“clearly differentiated from the word but transferred, merged, fused with it” (339). Mary Russo writes,

The images of the grotesque body are precisely those which are abjected from bodily canons of classical aesthetics. The classical body is transcendental and monumental, closed, static, self-contained, symmetrical and sleek; it is identified with “high” or official culture... with rationalism, individualism, and the normalizing aspirations of the bourgeoisie. The grotesque body is open, protruding, irregular, secreting, multiple and changing; it is identified with non-official “low” culture, and with social transformation (8).

In Gurlisque poetry, human bodies and human language (and thus identity) are not closed, discrete systems. They are grotesque bodies/systems—never finished, ever-morphing, unstable, and porous. The body, as the nexus of language and identity, is a strange borderland, the site of erratic and highly specific (and language-mediated) desires. Here is an excerpt of Ariana Reines’s “Dear Marguerite”:

I want a world to live in. I want a world to live in and I am vomiting cause there is no world. There are vessels that have had their innards emptied out, sliding around in the lube. Boinking her potato face with his thick stuff and she put a disease on his meat so it oozes green. (41)

In Reines’s poetic schema, we are all slaughterhouse animals, “vessels that have had their innards emptied out.” Grotesque bodies also abound in Cathy Park Hong’s poetry, which vocalizes a monstrous “not-belongingness.” In her two books, female multilingual speakers are stranded between languages and diverging cultural views on how they, as women, are expected to behave. In “Zoo,” for example, the speaker’s descriptions of her own body are disturbingly inflected with a racist and sexist critique that has been deeply internalized, offering up “a mute girl with the baboon’s face” and “piscine skin,” who speaks in a “voice like the flash of bats” or “hyena babble” or “apish libretto” (13-14).

In Hong’s poems, there is no experience of “pure” culture or language available to us, no “pure” identity, no unmediated desire. The concept of the pure lies at the heart of Western aesthetics—the word “catharsis” comes from the Greek verb “to purify”—and women, non-whites,

queers, impoverished, or disabled persons have historically been labeled as social contaminants. Gurlesque poets deny catharsis because they deny the aesthetics of the pure.

The Quest for Female Pleasure

While the grotesque may seem a radical aesthetic, what is perhaps even more radical is Gurlesque poets' insistence on placing female pleasure at the center of their poetics. bell hooks has repeatedly critiqued Second Wave feminists for seeing their desire for political change as a separate entity from the longings and passions that are the stuff of their everyday lives. The desire for radical social change, hooks asserts, is intimately linked with the desire for pleasure and erotic fulfillment (29). With a nod to hooks (and writers like Gertrude Stein), Gurlesque poets put the unabashed quest for female pleasure at the center of their poetics. This, along with their disavowal of persona, is one of the primary things that separates them from poets of earlier generations, such as Sylvia Plath.

In Plath's "Lady Lazarus," for example, the speaker is performing a female burlesque, a "strip tease," that ultimately "unwraps" the female body not as an erotic object but the site of grotesque mortality and non-compliant subjectivity. The speaker ironically wields her body as a souvenir of her own death-drive, both performing and mocking the idea of souvenir as a trace of authentic experience. Yet by the end of the poem, as in so many of Plath's poems, the speaker feels compelled to disembody herself. This stands in stark contrast to Gurlesque poets, who insist on the multiple pleasures of female embodiment. As Cathy Wagner quips: "I'm total I'm all I'm absorbed in this meatcake." Compare Plath's famous "Fever 103°"—which conflates illness and physical ecstasy and ends, once again, with her "selves dissolving"—to an excerpt from Wagner's long sequence "Imitating":

My greed was outrageous
power-outageous

I felt all better & feverish
My braincase was
hypertranslucent

...

I was mine & I was going
To dig myself a jewel.
I dug a little bone in me
I dug a little boneshaped
hole in me, I loved it
Hello you fuckers!
Dug around in there making
 my emergencies go off
I thought they were lovebells
 or runaway truck ramps

I'm hungry. (47-48)

The speaker in this poem ranges between one corporeal craving and another, unfazed by the “emergencies” of ecstatic experience. Nor does she feel the need to call herself a “whore,” as Plath does in “Fever 103°.” Despite these contrasts, it must be acknowledged that Plath was one of the first poets to understand the risks of female self-display in poetry. It is simply not possible for a female poet to claim, like Whitman, that they intend to “go by the bank of the wood and become undisguised and naked” (29) without immediately becoming vulnerable to the male gaze. It is, in fact, very difficult for female poets to speak of their embodied experience at all without being misread as positioning themselves as erotic objects.

In Wagner’s poem and elsewhere, Gurlisque poets are deploying an aesthetics of spectacle. The staging of spectacle, as theorists such as Walter Benjamin and Guy Debord have noted, is invariably motivated by a political agenda; engaging in spectacle inevitably risks the aestheticization of politics and, even more problematic, the aestheticization of violence. The Gurlisque’s relationship to violence is deliberately ambiguous: while condemning barbarity, many of these poets draw on destructive energies to perform their social critique. Their work swerves between parodies of violence to its enactment, which, in the hands of women, becomes strikingly transgressive, one of

the fundamental truisms about women being that they are less violent than men. Gurlesque poetry thus investigates the collision/collusion of fantasy and ethics at the core of Western cultural battles.

A Gurlesque Genealogy

Like the riot grrrls that preceded them, Gurlesque poets enact signs, bodies and psyches in crisis, and do so by making the spectator complicit in their crisis. The minor miracle is that these poets do so with such provocative humor and a great degree of pleasure. Their tactics are, however, not without precedent. Their ambiguous relationship to violence, for example, draws on the energies of Berlin Dada and other avant-gardes. Speaking broadly, Gurlesque poets inherit from the historical avant-garde a suspicion of the arts and culture industry as being complicit with the aims of capitalism and imperialism, as well as a simultaneous love of the bedazzling ephemera thrown off by high capitalist culture.

More specifically, Gurlesque poets inherit Baudelaire's quarrel with mimesis as the foundational principle of art and Rimbaud's interest in mongrel identity. They inherit Mina Loy's provocative humor and her interest in the female abject, Gertrude Stein's insistence on female pleasure, Djuna Barnes' baroque eroticism, and Marianne Moore's sense of the self as a curated collection. With Baroness Else von Freytag, the New York Dadaist poet and proto-punk performance artist, they share an interest in aggressively deconstructing female rituals of self-display and the libidinal economies that encourage/depend on them.² From male Modernists and avant-gardists, they inherit Marcel Duchamp's gender-bending antics and an interest in deconstructing the male gaze, as well as early T. S. Eliot's productive use of gender instability. Gurlesque poets also

² Those who came across the Baroness, whether in the New York streets or in highbrow salons, were invariably nonplussed by this woman who shaved her head and painted it vermillion, or sported two tomato cans as a bra, or hung spoons from her ears as earrings, who wore a coal scuttle as a hat, or a bird cage as a necklace (with a live canary inside). For a number of years, Wallace Stevens admitted to being afraid to venture south of 14th St. for fear of coming across her.

share Russian Futurist Vladimir Mayakovsky's use of camp to unseat gender binaries, a mode of performance that was later picked up on and engaged by Frank O'Hara.

In addition to O'Hara's use of camp, Gurlesque poets owe much to other mid-century poets: Plath's engagement with the female grotesque and her ambiguous, politically loaded self-display; John Berryman's performative externalization of social violence ("We are using our own skins for wallpaper") (60); Anne Sexton's inability to respond to repeated insistence that she tone down the explicitly female content of her poems; Amiri Baraka's sense of the biological body as the limit of the social; Lucille Clifton's revelation that "There is a girl inside / She is randy as a wolf" (170).

More recently, Gurlesque tendencies can be located in the work of Kathy Acker, Alice Notley, and Dodie Bellamy, all of whom have an express interest in subverting masculine forms. Gurlesque poets also draw, knowingly or unknowingly, on the work of contemporary theorists, including those mentioned above (Ngai, Butler), as well as Julia Kristeva's work on abjection, Judith Halberstam's work on the monster as a cultural object, and Donna Haraway's work on hybrid bodies. And lastly – need I even say it? – Gurlesque poets clearly owe a great debt to Emily Dickinson, the original Goth girl.

I am not insisting that this genealogy forms a common knowledge base for Gurlesque poets; these poets may claim few or none of these writers as influences, and each certainly has a rich genealogical tree of their own to offer. I intend the above merely as a loose sketch of aesthetic tendencies and impulses, an artistic and theoretical heritage from which the Gurlesque draws its manifold, relentless energies.

CHAPTER 2

NOTES ON MY POETRY AS A PERFORMANCE OF THE FEMALE GROTESQUE

If I am a woman, my speech is colonized by eggs and tubes, I bulge with fetuses or fat, with meaty slops, my multiple orifices clamoring. I leak corrosive fluids. My body is labeled a grotesque body, what Bakhtin calls, “a body in the act of becoming. It is never finished, never completed: it is continually built, created, and builds and creates another body” (335). I am, according to Bakhtin, not “clearly differentiated from the world, but transferred, merged, and fused with it” (339). My body is the limit of the social. This being said, I am not a woman. I am an animal in human drag, making a spectacle of my gender, as humans are wont to do. If various constructions of gender are, as Judith Butler says, merely so many “styles of the flesh,” none of us, male or female, are “fully self styled, for styles have a history, and those histories condition and limit the possibilities” (113). The historical styling of women is particularly ironclad in its prescriptions: whalebone and catgut laces, bound feet, gagged mouths, inserted silicon sacs. Restricting a bulge here, encouraging one there. The styling of female flesh entails the manufacture of monsters.

I am keenly interested in Bakhtin’s association of the grotesque with social transformation. After all, writes Geoffrey Harpham, “confused things lead the mind to new inventions [and] lie at the heart of all [social and] scientific discoveries of a revolutionary character” (17). Thus, he concludes, “The grotesque implies discovery.” (119). The hybrid body, its capacity at once monstrous and dizzily vertiginous, repulsive and seductive, male and female, represents our appetite to endure and conceive and transform everything, despite the often hideous contours of our

existence. It is at once a brutal rejection of social norms and an invitation to re-imagine the uses of your own decaying body, your own meddling desires.

The grotesque bodies in my poems signify in multiple ways, ways that aim to be hazardous to the reader. For centuries if not millennia, men have associated women with the grotesque. After all, according to Miles, “The creature closest to the male subject but innately, disturbingly different, is ultimately more grotesque than are exotic monsters.” (85). According to Mary Russo,

The image of the grotesque body as doubled, monstrous, deformed, excessive, and abject is not identified with materiality as such, but assumes a division or distance between the discursive fictions of the biological body and the Law. The strange image of the body which emerges in this formulation is never entirely locatable in or apart from the psyche which depends on the body image as a ‘prop.’ (9)

The biological body is nothing if not a wastrel fiction, a meaty chimera, the dangerously permeable boundary of social order. The Law, too, is a fiction, a collective fiction we split our individual skulls on. My poems are an act of disobedience to the collective fictions about the female body. They are an act of disobedience to the Law. Even if mainstream culture cannibalizes its fringes, even if avant-garde art does not permit an exit from hegemonic culture, but is only its revolving door, I aim to complicate that doorway so that the reader can only pass through it one organ at a time. I colonize that doorway with unnavigable bodies, so that the reader must pass through their fallopian tubes and renal glands, if they wish to proceed any further.

My poems thrive on strategies of hyperbole and overliteralization. Hyperbole is the trope par excellence of the monstrous, the trope of multiplication, distortion, amplification. As to overliteralization, if breasts are the fetishized object of male desire, a female character in one of my poems will be “a turbine column of eighteen breasts.” If women are still routinely celebrated for their capacity to birth children, one of my characters will give birth “out of every / major organ / out of every oil-gland / & mucoïd duct.” Women pose “for family portraits / in a mask of plastic tubes” or move through forests of gigantic ovaries. They grow second bodies with “forking

spine[s]” who stalk them in “bloody deer costumes.” They spontaneously “sprout eleven ovaries and nine penises” and dangle “edible babies from greasy crimson stalks.”

In “Van Gogh’s Ear: Toward a Theory of Disgust,” Michael Chaouli notes that Kant rejected such grotesque tactics as a threat to form and to the act of representation itself. The horror of the grotesque, Kant relates, is that the grotesque subject seems to be “insisting, as it were, on our enjoyment,” as though naively unaware of its own deformity (61). In truth, the grotesque is a mode of excessive beauty, “so beautiful that it becomes unbearable... so enjoyable that all enjoyment ceases” (ibid.). Ultimately, the grotesque “is the continuation of the beautiful,” hardly its antithesis (ibid.).

CHAPTER 3

MAXIMUM GAGA

ACT 1: The Normopath

Minky Momo Speaks of Normopaths

If you manage
to finagle an orifice
out of my lubricious runts

a pink sugar deer
will pop out
of
my nacreous cumsacks

If you do finagle an orifice

I will probably
be the last to know about it

Who can feel anything in this weather

Suck the nectar
out of my swan bones
& jerk

O Normopath

When you speak to me
please address
my stuffed monkey first

In Springtime
the Normopath snoozles
among my ducts warbling out a fancy idiocy

I should live a thousand years
with such a tumor

sez Minky Momo

Slipping eye-stalks into pre-formed grooves
the Normopath sees ghosts

& calls them fleshlord

This is the normal monster

Post Orifice

My normopath neighbor (a.k.a. “the Rooster”)
started maling
 protoplasmic goo into my bone pagoda
He began maling me spermatazoid valentines

He was going postal
He was maling all over me

In the male I discovered coupons
 for torch songs & a notice
for Mr. Humpty’s Charity Ball
 In the male
I received an invitation to a language-den
of squealing verbs
 tied to signposts
I received a finger
in my male-hole I wagged it at my neighbor
 grinding his mewling pelt
into my feathered lawn

At the Post Orifice
 I mailed “the Rooster”
an invoice for thirty-odd coxcombs
Mr. Oddcock, I said,
 You are invited for teeth & cookies

Minky Momo Before the Judiciary

I come from a long line of female seers who had visions of the Barbie-Christ. I attended various organizations, where we practiced collective assemblages of enunciation & anti-memory. In the Girl Scouts, we learned to cooperate by pulling harpoons out of each other's chests, by knitting platinum wigs & by competing for the "sauciest slit" badge. This brought in a very different regime of signs & even non-sign states.

When we started out
Mino told me
I am a stump-grubber
& you are *Vamp No. 7*

In the Museum of Accidents
I was shaking in my hole

I prepared for days of awe

Pulchritude

Mino is hump-o-matic
Skeevy eye-candy in the fuck factory
as only
 a grieving animal can be

a craquer
laquered with spooage

I twist his atrocious muscles around my mouth
& skeletal legbones
His junk
dripping off the polycursal walls

He sez
'There is something jerking
in your ribcage

that is not a heart

It is cow-intestine white
& fibrous & gilled

I like my animals caged

sez

Minky Momo

So does the Normopath
mutters Mino

Normalcore

Beware the Normopath's hobbity gaga
 when he performs normacles

on the cartilage-strewn
disaster site

 when he performs
 normacles
on the quivering quail meat
spilling out
 of your grotslot

Normalcore

Beware the Normopath knocking honey
into your facegrill

Crustyflaps
will crush your teeth into smiling

Give the Normopath a flabjob
&
watch his boomstick blow & break
open your eye

Minky Momo's Gamine Morphosis

O Mountebank
Unhook your eye from my necrotic tissue
Unhook
your agitprop hanging like gonads
 from the glass walls of my voluptorium

I sickle my momo pickled in pink
& My teeth grow into sabers

Oblige my momo monsters sez Twinkie
Sink into my minky buns
& scream
 a line of creeping marine gastropods

I'm a full-blown slinkling
Volupt Volupt

I'm a maxi-momo minky
with no petticoats With only my singing goat hair &
 rumpus-pod

So pop your picture
of lolicon eyes
 & elfin school-girl ganglia
as I strip
my feral rods out of your momo crevices

as I get minky in the momodrome
A giant
creampuff Agog & snogging wastrel spirits
 My genital crimes
speeding into creamzilla

No matter how far you lug your bizarro nodal mass
sez Minky Momo

You will never traverse yourself

Minkycore

I'm flexing my eye-pods
& feeling nasty

 I milk
 the Normopath
& lube out into a sea of congealed pig organs

The woods laugh out a skin

My eye-pods break open &
A hundred other eyes
roll out

I'm filing down my hooves

I'm waiting for Mino
with a thousand open legs

Minky Momo ♥ Mino

☞ Whip up my chickens
sez Minky
to Mino

(Mino was fucked for
via bovine machine)

I am ten virgins
guffawing in a labyrinth

listening to dainty bull hooves approach
like tinkling china

Bring it on
sez Mino
licking back his curl-i-que horns

Open up your bully gullet
sez Minky

My squealing gristle
& ramrod utensils
can hornswoggle meat out of any low eater

Mino toggles my milk buds

 injects the miraculin
 & the sweetness inducers
go dead

Minkycore

My gold-winged clit flits
 through
 the aulde lang zone

I am riding the rat out
I am outing the mole
while you dangle your cockles in my custardy runtwort
My eye flaking
 like a cheap patina into your rococo spasm

Me & my runts coo & curdle
as your collapsible skeleton squinches into my gullet
Fluids sluicing
 through the sky-tubes
 of our corkscrew-shaped genitals
 As we shed our rosy lamb organs
across malignant Springs

My ratty lingua

sound like the snapping
of flightbones

as you do a cunning runtalingus
to the sucking noises

of my blowhole victrola

Mino asks
So what's the difference
between you & the Normopath

The Golden Wires Singing in the Veins

Mino feeds at one end of me
The Normopath at the other

Angels eating glory out of my face
like ravenous curs

I'm half-in
half-out
of my blubber suit

Two feeding tubes dangling from my chest

My cunt a violent surge-hammer
in the mouth of the Redeemer

The animals my skin could not contain
are clanging through the hospital

Mammal Harm

I spread legs
& hooves & veiny nodes & twitching placenta paste
onto my toast

Pass the mammal harm
the Normopath said
reaching across the table into my millennial wreckage
&
pulling out
a bucketful of calf legs
You birthed a big one! the Normopath crooned
draped in rope-like tendons

& a cartilaginous
party hat
The herd thanks you
for your compliance!
he squawked from across the room where he was
looping
blood sausages like streamers
around the chandelier

but that was nothing
When the Normopath sprang out of my cake lobbing cow brains
I knew we were done for

The creamery was indeed
closed

The devastating machines
were already groaning
&
pulling the new head
out of the intestinal casing
of his face

Crash Site

Dribbling figgity
among cream-slammed oinkers

the Normopath's piglicker

crushes into ham canyon

The cherubim applaud wildly!

Feminine Hygiene

When I contracted the “female disease”
the Normopath said I would be manicured
in no time

but I knew I could never be manicured what with

My wiry follicles & spitting fistulas
& Mino’s
semen caked under my fingernails

All that grotty jiz crusting to sugar in my ass crevice

No acetylene virgincakes
waxing mannequin

& Later on my back my fangs slung over Mino’s shoulder

Everyone standing in the skybox could see
I was thrashing
malignancy out of every oil-lubed pore

rancid & unyielding
No facemask made out of pantyliners or baldifying grout
could cure me of my monstrous frame

or my unsightly cocklust
which from the skybox appeared exactly like
a dancing turd

Normalcore

The Normopath says
Trade your face-socket in

for a wall of teeth

The Normopath says
Devour yourself

The Normopath whistles loudly
out of his eye-hole

Is pathologically normal

Hypnic Jerk

When cloud number 5287 skitters past
the grave bends

& I descend on the metropolis
 A sinister cream-puff
 smearing beefsteak all over your millennial eye
My nerves rattling their chainmail

 or so I told Mino
 while taking pipe
My cunt grew all sing-songy
amid his pettifogging miracles

& coughed out a deer head

It blinked & said
Crack the fur-covered heavens & forgo couture idols
Madame X

This is husky love
This is the real shitting out the carapace of the real

What is the real?
asks Mino

A blubber field
in which desire waves its prosthetic limbs

What is desire?

Language's cock valve

(The Normopath was spilling

a singing chorus of fetuses
out of his face)

Normalcore

The Normopath
piles high
 his thousand prosthetic limbs

& stands atop
the monument

tweeking his nipples
splattered in birdshit

 You threw your genitals into my see
Minky Momo
told the Visual Oppressor

Will The Real Minky Momo Please Step Forward

‘This is not really happening,’ Minky Momo muttered as the Normopath pulled her smock over her head. Beneath it, he discovered a laughing red fox. He unzipped its head. A Prussian soldier appeared. He unzipped it again. A grey squirrel costumed as a 19th C. czarina. Plunging his hand down beneath several layers of costume, the Normopath encountered a stretch of silky flesh. *Mmm*, he thought to himself, *as soft as dandelions poking out of a dead soldier’s custardy eye!* He excavated the body. The graceful shoulders of a young man appeared, then the horns, then the belly & thighs, lavishly smeared with semen. ‘So this is what you’ve been up to, o reprobate lover!’ the Normopath exclaimed, slyly stroking the boy’s testicles & popping off his head. And o! Then the real Minky Momo *did* appear! Metal teeth gnashing, she flew out of the pile of costumes, her missing arm firing diamond bullets into the Normopath’s cotton-stuffed, ammo-sucking head.

Minky Momo
stretches her labia around her body

like a cocoon
& zips herself inside

& starts to holla

Guerilla This Guerilla That

I'm a peg-leg gladiatrix
Glad
to snog cheap candy
from the suckhole

Glad to pop the badly-wigged boy

Glad to be arachnoid
& spent

My peg-leg snapping
My layers of porpoise fat unfurling like a galleon banner

I am going down
on my trick knee

 I am demanding a historical reenactment
 of Seven Cunt Mary's seizing
the walloped hill

O war-time taxidermist

My bajingo is ring-a-linging
 I am coddling my mincemeat
 into a retro set of vibrating clouds

There are a variety of ways to become a monster. What is “unnatural.” I am as much a Normopath as Poseidon’s trannie mermaids.

When the Queen denatured herself & put on the simulacrum, she became the real. In a maze of mechanical muscles, she found unspeakable cock at bargain basement prices. Then she could no longer be digested or in other ways consumed.

There are a variety of ways to become a monster. The first is to engage in artifice.

In making simulacra, we do not displace the real, we manufacture it. All denizens of our kingdom enjoy being strapped into machines & balled by charismatic macrofauna.

Artifice may be the road to hell, but it is the only road that doesn’t end there, forging on to crueler paradises.

ACT II:
Meat Out of the Eater

Cast of Characters

Minus	<i>King of Catatonia</i>
Queen Naked Mole Rat	<i>A fetishist</i>
The Queen's Stunt Double	<i>A relic of hysteria</i>
Mino	<i>Lodged in the Traumadome</i>
Ded	<i>The Schizophrenic machine</i>
Icky	<i>The Paranoid machine</i>
The Visual Mercenaries	<i>A secret order</i>
The Miraculating Machine	<i>A Desiring-machine (a simulacrum)</i>
The Surgeon General	<i>By royal appointment</i>
The Traumadome	<i>A maze of muscles</i>
King Minus's Daughters	<i>A Hysterical Machine</i>
Poseidon's Trannie Mermaids	<i>Chorus</i>

Setting: The Kingdom of Catatonia.

Scene 1: Inside the Royal Chamber

King Minus had a secret pignuit

In it he hid his face
made entirely of teeth

His other face ran on rails
down to the harbor

to eye-fuck the mermaids
like any old Normopath

Queen Naked Mole Rat
was his eighth queen

didn't keen to pigsuit

wouldn't be hobblesucked
by that curly little tail

The royal chamber
was fashioned entirely from teeth

In it the king stood naked
in his pig suit

calling forth the Visual Mercenaries

*Come to beautiful Catatonia & bleed off our vision
We in Catatonia
are suffering from a surplus of vision*

When the Visual Mercenaries
burst into
the royal chamber

King Minus lay face-down on his bed of teeth
pressing his toothy face
into his toothy pillow

Alas we are doomed
he hiccupped

giggling inside
like a runty hyena
with a stomach full of schoolgirl

Sing Sing!

[Song of the First Visual Mercenary]

Va vroom! went the Minx, squirreling his dogma into my squeezebox. We were in Sing Sing tattooing each other's cornea with anti-state propaganda & birthing Ziploc bags full of mice. At the cantine, salt-caked chandeliers swayed over dancing bears in porcelain helmets. Me & the Minx were hinky-pinky. During rinky-dink hijinx, diamonds flashed out of our head-wounds. O Heads of State, beware our carnelians! Our laboratory aesthetics! Our super-vixenated language engines & coochy-coo histories that fly straight into the open maw of the apocalypse! O Squires of Sonnets, jettison your tired kidneys & metal pants & lie down on our operating table! Let us extract bright abominations out of the star-shaped hole in your face! Let us graft you squalling to our industries of light!

:: ORACLE! ::

While eating the Queen

the Visual Mercenaries
declared her body to be the site of revolution

THE SITE OF REVELATION
WILL LATER BE TOSSED OUT AS PIGSHIT

King Minus got screwed
in the eye-socket
by the Visual Mercenaries

One coochie-pop &
his vision was aborted

They impregnated him with “coochie sight”
& all manner of conceptual abstractions

I am a miracle!
he declared

training his blind coochie gaze
on his daughters

frilled out in pink meringue
& hanging from the ceiling

like oscillating mobiles

Is this a museum?
asked one of the Visual Mercenaries

Song of King Minus's Daughters

[To be sung "frilled out in pink meringue & hanging from the ceiling"]

Mama, mama! I'm a steamship! she cried/ spine forking/ &
bald as a baby mouse/
This was later recorded/ by the "good doctor"
w/rechargeable fangs

The four-legged/
incarnation convulses/ on the bare floor/ Hemiplegic/ The sister
reduced to its spherical belly/ radiating two pelvises/

"O my sweet/captive amputee!"

Right thigh ends abruptly/ mid-air!/ The table leg wears/
a matching boot!

:: How Are Girls Different? ::

:: Where Do I Come From? ::

Notice/ the undeveloped pudenda/
& juvenile hairbrows

Notice:/ two are "on all fours"/ in a clonic spasm/
in striped stockings/
Think:/ *What do I deserve?*
Think:/ The fused torsos/ of Siamese twins/ "Posed in/
sinister narrative tableaux!" :
domestic interiors/ basement/ hayloft/ or forest

Cephalopod (n.): species having a well-developed head
surrounded by tentacles, viz. *scuttlefish, octopus*

Striped Stockings + Boots/ reappears/ to confront the Colonel/
 “Altogether stripped/ of flesh & *deathly!*”/ quoth the frightened chambermaid
 Stomach carved open/
 Their visceral membranes/ draped over
 their arm/
 “like a mink stole!”/

Now who's/ the Fancy-pants?

Press any nipple/ to make the four breasts rotate/
on the neck-pedestal/
To make the legs splay/ “as if in a fit!”

(The Chimney!)/ (appears stage left!)/ (spewing white vapors!)
Spewing “magic kits”/ Easter eggs/ Cat’s-eye marbles!

Lying in a wet ditch/ in the parlor/ a hemianesthetic:/ knock-kneed legs/
peek-a-boo transparent skirts/ + A glass eye/
Glue dripping down/
her marble nerves

tightly bound with string – /
 “A pale lump/ of trussed meat”:/

Keep in a cool place

Proclamation of the Visual Mercenaries

Citizens of Catatonia!

Now that our nation is under siege, we should all take refuge in Maximum Gaga. We should all beg refuge in Maximum Gaga & its glorious excesses, yes, we should all beg as we cross the border gripping bags of our own organs in our teeth, fleeing the terror. We should unfurl Maximum Gaga like a banner as we stream into the forbidden city where all our hopes lie, as well as a handy store of detonating devices, a slew of candy-mouthed surgeons & certain laryngitis.

What have you done with all your words & gaudy language-hats? Ask Maximum Gaga, that oracle of oracles! Maximum Gaga says: you have been supremely swindled. You have not been severally penetrated by sublime linguistic prongs, not even once. Language has refused to abduct you, refused to shove you bodily into ferocious states in which your brain would luxuriate in fields of wiggity-wack. Language has dismissed you without even a healthy romp in the gravy mines.

How to rectify this, o dog of language? How to rectify your losses at the hands of your own tongue? Run headlong into Maximum Gaga! Run, now that your own poor words have been crammed back into your torso like guinea pig carcasses & greasy red clouds, now that you face certain doom from all quarters! Seek sanctuary in Maximum Gaga!

Bite down on the iron axis of submission! Submit to all great powers, but submit first to Maximum Gaga & its infernal complex of arms dealers & linguistic sewers! Submit to have the central nervous system flensed out of your poems & strung up like Christmas lights around the sublunary city!

O vowel-laden citizens, let us erect monuments on the site of your gravest misfortunes, celebrating the victory of the cage! The glorious cage of language from which we never hope to escape!

When Minus became pregnant
the Queen
zipped on her carnage suit

She knew she was no mother
to abstractions

Ultracrown

O my prosthetic soul

My cadaverine joy
My chiming weaponry & the puny bodies that carry it

Face-down in the ultracrown
I'm caramelizing
my joy-oil
& smearing it on my hump-pistons

I'm wall-eyed
in the shooting gallery

O my eye-
popping Normopath

Spare me
your exotic shame-wig
& shrunken brain-stem Spare me
your white-face dripping like curds
out of your mouth-hole

O the houses of sorrow
you build with your eye-beams

your clown armies advancing
into the folds of my industrial skirts

HEAVY INDUSTRY IS LOCATED IN THE LACTATING BODY

I am the mother of the state!
Minus declared

He had 18 breasts
surgically implanted on his torso
with a tube running from each breast
to every city
His milk even ran beneath the streets
in all of the rat-clogged sewers

[Intermezzo!]

A BURLESQUE IN A SEWER.

[The Queen enters wearing her carnage suit. The stage floor is piled high with Minus's milk-tubes, which drip ominously off the edge of the stage, spilling out onto the audience. The Queen's meringue daughters dangle from the ceiling, farting out nightingales.]

QUEEN *[looking ruefully over her shoulder]*:

Stupid hominids!

Vision is its own abortifacient!

The eye hollows out the genitals

Nothing can grow where the eye reigns

Not even in Catatonia

I must make of my carnage
a miraculating machine

MINUS [*barking*]: I am the great artificer!

DED [*irked*]: I am the great artificer!

CHORUS OF TRANNIE MERMAIDS [*warbling*]: We are the great artificer!

[The ceiling of the stage is crammed with naked men whose bodies rotate as cogs in a great machine. Steam billows out of all their orifices.]

THE COG-MEN [*shouting in unison*]:

The Queen
was the great artificer!

[The cog-men go all bubbly and sport erections. Leaping down from the ceiling, they do a can-can. In their navels, entire insect empires come and go.]

[The Surgeon General enters, toting a megaphone. He leans out over the audience.]

SG: But who was THE GREAT ORIFICER?

[A lone spotlight illuminates a charming domestic scene in a house made entirely of teeth. The furniture is made of squealing pigs. The Queen sits on the couch, her ribcage cranked open to display nine tea-cups dangling on hooks. In each tea-cup, baby rats are continually born and tumble out of her body to scavenge on the floor.]

MINUS *[frazzled & nursing a milkpup, shouts to Queen]:*

Get back into your orifice

& close the damn door!

[The milkpup grows into a thousand-eyed apocalypse.]

To commit artifice is a crime
punishable by dread

To commit orifice is a crime
punishable by mirth

[Ded & Minus walking arm & arm in the sewer.]

DED: A central component of maintaining & reproducing social order
is the management of women

The primary strategy for the control of women
is their public representation

DED: The Queen's carnage suit
must be converted
into a docile cow

[Exuent.]

[The Queen's Stunt Double enters, holding up the Queen's latest decree.]

The Great Orificer & the Great Artificer will commingle
in the Miraculating Machine!

[Mid-stage, she stops and does the jig known as "brushing the ham." While handling the wily ham, she becomes infected and marvelously deforms.]

The Body is the Inscribed Surface of Events!

A Volume in Perpetual Disintegration!

The Body is Always Under Siege!

[A great cymbal crash & a smoke puff & the Miraculating Machine appears mid-stage.]

[All players return to the stage and begin vying to be the first to enter the machine.]

[The Bull enters, smirking. All fall to the ground. The Bull begins playing the human organ long and low.]

[Inside the machine, the human organ wheezes out its spasmodic calcified joy.]

SCENE 2: In the Pornotopiary

King Minus kept the little white bull to see what his wife would do.
King Minus kept the little white bull for hot young Icky to ride.

Zoophilia

King Minus traveled to Phonecia

leaving mother
Icky & Ded

lost in a maze of muscles

Icky &
Ded
spread out on the bed

flaunting their golden hamhocks

Scopophilia

Icky & his school-boy minions
race past
 flapping wax wings

Seed-pods dangling
against slavish thighs

My eye-pods raving

I want to wrap my membranes
around all of them
& have an organism

[QUEEN: Icky's face was the original sublime event. Basting in my
own oologic juices, I was sore afraid. After copulation, I was merely
sore.]

Ded's Treatise on the Miraculating Machine

Copulating is not just becoming as one, or even two, but becoming as a hundred thousand.

Desire (re)produces reality. Desiring-machines are the site of that (re)production. All desire is mimetic.

The Miraculating Machine stands outside all mimesis & therefore, outside all desire.

[The Queen approaches the Miraculating Machine & climbs inside.]

The Cow That Ded & Icky Built

I'm all decked out
in decoy cow

I'm ogling the stomping white bull
I'm salivating & flexing my anemic gonads
I'm starving for the old

Hitch & ball

My four fake stomachs ajar
My queenly coos
full of tiny dollhouse furniture

The beastie cranks out a tenderloin
My cowhide flapping nervy with cooch

A small pop & ah!
An ultra-mechanical maze of muscles
to boondoggle a monster

THE BRIDE MACHINE PRODUCES CATATONIC STATES

I am Vamp No. 7
I speak inflected with cow

My face-hood
is evolving into the mascot for Stump Village

I am an oracle in reverse maiming whose shrimpy words

You are a cow-word
The dolorous cow clit flitters its two sets of gold wings
& spits in your left eye

The Marquise's cow-ghost drags her crotch across the parlor
Thump thump

& the night
sprouts an oracular carbuncle
to jaw out my cream-swollen chumpy

[A Pull-Out Centerfold of Icky]

Icky (a Visual Oppressor)
renounced his status

In an efflorescence of disability
he plucked out his arms

& strapped on
prosthetic wings

:: The chorus of able bodies coos! ::

The Sign of the Goat

[Icky's Song]

I saw myself lying spread-eagle on a slab of whale blubber : egg-cream
custard dripping down my thighs : I saw myself wearing a necklace

of cow hearts : The inflated ventricular membranes exploding
one by one : I saw myself in pig-skin & rhinestone helmet : pulling

the stitching out of my chest to reveal : a veil of red
rubber tubes : I saw myself wearing stilettos of meat

& laughing : I saw myself dressed in pink-eye & tumors : modeling
the latest vivisection device : I saw myself lying on a gurney

surrounded by deer in white jackets : My spine being pulled out my
asshole : like a string of diamonds :

Icky, the Paranoid Machine

I am Icky
I fell into the see

when Poseidon's trannie mermaids
got hold of me

I was dislodged
from
all mythology

[Song of Poseidon's Trannie Mermaids]

Come to us
in your carnage suit Snookums
& we'll blow your sea-junk into the aquamarine rollers
 & set you
yelping astride
triple-pronged Poseidon

Drowned men marooned in pornotopic jaws
 of giant clams
 dial us for a wiggly bit of caviar
 & split-tailed monster mischief

My Rococo Ovo

[Song of the Queen of the Trannie Mermaids]

My rococo ovo
are trilling & pervy
 in curly cream clouds
 I strap on my pink plastic regatta
 & pirates
lay their eggs in the crannies of my teeth

Heave-ho
the vibratron
Me & the Squid are gang-planking
 the First Mate
 We're grinding him down to aromatic stubble &
cum bubbles
 We do the "moisto shuffle"
 into the sea-tubes
wagging our gyroscopes at the armies of the sea

Yo ho ho
I wave my pegleg
 at sea-monsters
& drag my tiny uterus behind the sloop
The Squid
is a sea-curio machine
 of speedy nudes
 & other jolly trinkets scraped off the sky's libertine tongue
 I finger
the sperm whale
 & we cream barnacles into a nautical dictionary
We jettison
our scurvy tentacles
 into tender squalls of the zygote-laden sea

Secret & Suppressed Documents

Pelvis Impersonator

[Statement delivered by the Surgeon General
to the Royal Academy of Science]

Esteemed Colleagues –

Females who are promiscuous tend to evolve high sperm counts & large testes. They live in caves, lose their eyes & their color. Whether they live in Rwanda or Romania, they're a pallid, blind lot, the troglodytes. Their pelvis is a complicated affair that comes complete with a pair of long spines. Some have also lost their hind legs. All that's left of their pelvis is a lopsided bone, smaller on the right than on the left: the ghost of pelvis past.

Pelvic loss is much less common than armor loss. Some of the invaders carried this rare version with them.

Let's turn now to the ghostly pelvis. Some of the females are switched on everywhere except the pelvic region & the pelvis doesn't grow. They have crushed faces & abnormal pituitaries that cause them to die young. Intriguingly, they also have reduced forelimbs. Left to their own devices for four & a half billion years, what would happen?

Here, I've focused on one particular version of the evolutionist's dream. But there are many others: the spiky pelvis, the evolved female foregut, rows of bony plates. Marooned & isolated, these invaders subsist, the exits of the lakes closed.

A Cock & Bull Story

[The testimony of the Queen]

The Visual Mercenaries injected the stuffed monkey
into me
through the puncture point
The shunt in my stomach

They dug it out again
with a hook
& named it Roscoe

Buried it again

then dug the shrunken fetal king out of the red marshes
Out of the soft bowl of bone
They dressed it in lacy knickerbockers

& worshipped it

Only then did the Captains of Industry proclaim me
their “truest ballerina & heir”

A black plastic bag in which a porcelain uterus swam
 under the steam
of its golden propeller

Family Planning

[The testimony of the Queen]

The Surgeon General
had a slit implanted in the middle of his chest

He nested it in a doily
of Spanish lace His “most magnificent slit”
 wore a 16th C. ivory ruff

The swans honking
among his organs puked up trash & a case of syringes

When I saw his cosmetically-implanted slit
I snapped out a shriveled rib
& shook it at him

causing his slit to bulge

 & his false tentacular udders
coaxed me
into a hospital bed
 I poked at his slit with my IV stand
 It snarled uncouthly
 in its Spanish ruff
& spat out his official state seal

Fertility

[The testimony of the Queen]

I hung my ovaries over the door of the homestead
& invited the Surgeon General
into my parlour

His assistants hooked me up to the “weeping machines”

The machines wore rabbit ears
& spoke in code
as they harvested my sense-organs

My eye-guns were removed

& The machines pumped cream
into my every orifice
with rubber hoses

until I was dribbling cream out of my eyesockets
Cream hemorrhaging out of my nostrils & ears

A siren wailed
as they attached the silver prongs to my undercarriage
& cut the wires to my peripheral defense system

Each part of my body
was ultimately alarmed

[Article from the weekly *Palace Gazette*]

The vagina is found in divers Manners, and with divers Ornaments. Many of them provide the finest Articulations, and Foldings, for the Wings to be withdrawn, and neatly laid up inside. Occasionally the petiole embraces the branch from which it springs. The Empalement, which commonly rises out of a membranous vagina. The embryo dracunculi, it is said, will quit the body of the vaginaless parent worm. Sometimes soldiers lie together like teeth crouching in a perfect labia. The fibers of their leg muscles are then distinguished by crenellated or adipose septa, as by so many peculiar vaginæ. The vagina's variants in North America alone are innumerable; the most important being the crushing entrance to heaven, snapping doors.

THE HYSTERIC MACHINE PRODUCES NERVESUITS
USED IN STATE EXECUTIONS

O Charity

Minus's daughters made nervesutits
for death row inmates
to enhance the death-work

They also made a nervesuit for the wilting executioner

When the Visual Mercenaries were executed
for crimes against the state
Minus's daughters sewed pig bones into the shoes of the spectators
& sold
blood pudding in disposable cups

The spectators raved
that this greatly enhanced their experience

THE DOUBLE IS THE SITE OF TERROR

The beastie was skinking around in the pink
with fidgety feelers
He was
crooking around in the pink for some goatspank

In my silky porkpot
he was beserking around

that queen-mounted beastie

with his wheedling automata
& I was
gob-smacked
That beastie He horned around
in the theme park of my most mechanical flesh

& I was goblinessque
& moony
with thousand-pound swaggering lips

my brillie wagging
loud & outright

& I was no one's freaking identical then

The Queen's Stunt Double on National TV

A: Who hired you?

Q: The Queen. At least at first. Later, I came on my own terms.

Q: What exactly was your job?

A: I was the stand-in for the Queen during all the sex scenes. She never did her own sex scenes.

Q: Were you satisfied with the compensation?

A:

Desire in any form
leaves you crawling into rude machines
leaves you hitched inside a hideous skinbag

for little or no pay

[The Queen's Stunt Double pauses dramatically before the cameras.]

A:

Wrenching
the bull-neck back

Prying open the massive gullet
with my muzzleloader

to insert
my metal leg & putrid crinolines

My fleshy nude amasses upon the
Gargantuan organ
 No pastoralia but

push push

The landscape dissolving in air-strikes
of bird shit

The Miraculating Machine

The bit entered my zygomatic bone, pinning me to the machine. The sex cylinder was issuing nectar onto the metal drums. I pressed my hide to the beast's mouth & milk issued from the metal drums & rotating sparks were set onto the burgeoning field. I said, 'This is the apotheosis of virginity.' Blood appeared on my teeth. The retinal syrup poured out of the beast's eye & onto my electrical stripping.

I walked out onto the sea, the sea like a skinned membrane. I curled up beneath it, a hairy pupa. Inside the pupa, I grew a face of solid pearl.

When the whole city
was placed under quarantine

Ded's Second Treatise on Simulacra

There is a kind of primal pleasure, of anthropological joy in cows, a kind of brute fascination unencumbered by aesthetic, moral, social or political judgments. It is because of this that I suggest they are immoral.

If our modern cows fascinate us so much it is not because they are sites of meaning & representation – that would not be new – it is on the contrary because they are sites of the *disappearance* of meaning & representation.

Cows are thus sites of a fatal strategy of denegation of the real & of the reality principle.

Thus perhaps at stake has always been the murderous capacity of cows, murderers of the real.

THE SCHIZOPHRENIC MACHINE PRODUCES BRIDES
(IS EAU ET GAZ
ON ALL FLOORS)

Dad though a confirmed bachelor

still managed to produce
over 1,000 miraculating machines

which he called in private
“bride machines”
 (“cows inside cows” he quipped)

& one bull costume
for himself

to wear on formal occasions

(Dad’s schizophrenia was well-documented
in the annals of the Surgeon General)

Scene 3: Inside the Traumadome

Dear Father

The red weather is laying its eggs in my torso The eggs of amnesia
The red weather is flexing its terrible gills

The red weather is running radio wire through the holes in my cheeks
& giving me a plastic jaw filled with soft decaying language

My sockets are draining onto the heath of diseased signs

I need a non-sign state A state not lined with corpses I feel the
machine between my legs shift & bulge

WELCOME TO THE TRAUMADOME

Amazed of muscles
Mino sits
inside the polycursal machine
plucking his one pinking organ

to the sound
of snapping necks

The virgins who find him
say
he is failing quickly now

Dear Mother

I bent mine eye-sleeves around “bad-willing I” to believe in your act of milk-violence The horse of the wooden laughter forms the skin of my eye-sleeves You break open & insert hundreds of other eyes I with thousand open legs expect

Dear Minky

I have folded mine eye-muffs around “the defective-disposed one” My breach of the opened eye-muffs slides the switch of emergency to the outside My role is mimetic I am outside the desire of all I “then-and-therefore” & “with a thousand little legs” preview

Dear

Of all the ones with wooden skin & Of all the hundreds of other eyes Only my desire mimics your filed-down legs

O Catatonia

[A national anthem]

Minus

is a national eye-con

The chandeliers lurch above the crash site
& a fetus crawls out of
the star-shaped hole in my face

Beneath the eye-con's skin tent sublime atrocities
litter the crash site

The squealing nest of fetal pigs
raises a monument out of infected organs & chandelier glass
out of stringy tendons
& cunt nodes

What is desire in Catatonia

Where I am a cunty pirate
lurching down the gangplank

[flourish of piccolos]

Where we are all going down
in a submarine of dried meat

[flourish of piccolos]

Where mercenaries
strap on white stiletto boots & crime wigs
& march down
our nerve-strings

sending lewd valentines
to the Captains of Industry

[tuba fanfare]

O Island of Catatonia

The ocean is a series of nesting dolls

& in the final doll

the juicy morbid national eye

Dear Minky
I was fucked for

Mother was no Normopath couldn't settle for bullocks

had to translate
flesh into traumadome

had to have
full horn

She did not repeat
the normal monster

She did not repeat

Song of the Bull

I'm a chittering knot
of raw
pigeon meat My needlebones poking out the holes
 in my cheeks
 I bust out of my restraint bonnet
& shake
my catgut & whalebone buttons
 I shake my perfumed piles of gooseflesh
 down to stubble
 &
 a burnt-out leash

Statement Made by the Bull to the Inquest

Q: When the queen was discovered twitching inside the machine, how did you respond?

A: It hardly mattered to me. By that time, all of Catatonia was using the machine on the sly. It had become quite fashionable. Two palace guards helped people sneak in at night for a go.

The Bully Machine

What was miraculating. One could not see the mechanical cow for all the fucking. Costume to costume, they lay. The bull was a simulacrum with no passengers inside. The mechanical cow was a body without organs. The balling was grand.

Interview with the Queen on National TV

Q: Is it really necessary to make such abominations?

A: It is absolutely necessary to make such abominations.

Excerpt from
the Notebooks of the Queen
[During Her Delicate Period of Confinement]

Gaga Saga

I trained my meat gazer
onto the sperm field & the babies came

One fell out of my wooden hand
 Another popped out of my stinkeye
& came back
dragging animal parts

 One smoked candy cigarettes
behind the wardolly & burned my effigy
Another ate
 pickled umbilicals
& drove a plastic toy uterus around the graveyard

I ran through a field of snapping cocks
I wanted to trade my birth tuba for an ambulance

I wanted to seal these summer runts
in bags of custard
& carry them through the long war in my clanging torso

Crunk Sunk in the Meat Junk

My frothing hunks of fetal paradise
drain out
the back of my gristle day
 Stewing the landscape
 like a monkey basting in its own sperm

I store my jewels in the false back of a mammal
My hollow fish eyes
 filled with egg salad
 My hollow legs full of fetus-salad sandwiches

Curb the hunger of the masses
with my blue-veined fish cavities

The laughing fetal mob
can't get enough of boiled egg eyes
 or
 the whips that fall on the piles of cast-off muscles
badgering the dead

They are filling my paradise lung
with lungfish
& kettlefish & kettles chock full of virgin cock

The eye-red lamb leaking whipped eggs across the parlor
The books
turning into feathered holes

The fetal mob trundles around tossing crusty jewels
 into the curdled lake
Tomorrow they will ride the mammals down into the sewers

They will chew the fur off paradise

Purloin

Sir Loin's loins are gristle-heavy & combustible. They rebuke all polyps, medusas, fistulas costumed as men. I am not a "norm." Sir Loin's loins leak ribeye, leak lamb legs. Sprouting lamb legs, the loins gambol & cast their neural nets over my eggmeat.

The empire breeds at the front of the soldier's trousers. Slice open the five-star eggmeat & lift out an esophagus. Attach wooden eyes to esophagus with wire or tendon.

Swaddle & feed. Plates of cuckoo milk will grow the bones out nice & long. Will grow the bones into electric cattle prods.

Tenderloin

I attach my eartrumpet
to
the wardolly
 & My girly-gills grow frilly
 with wormeyes

I hear the soldiers in the next room over
checking my frill-cage for sea-monkeys

I take a snack
off the cock-trolley
 & The soldiers roll their wooden eyes across the floor
 I jiggle my waste
& the rotters shoot out of my flaw-doll
I straddle their shiny magazines
of ammo
 & wooden eyes halt
at a hemline

The soldiers are coaxing my chandeliers
into the belly of the wardolly
 & The sea-monkeys come on like cavalry
waving their tenderloins
 I shoot my crumpet
 into their smellies
 & babies drop out
of my bombazine
I grow into a girly empire
which is a mutant foe & willy nilly sirloin

soldiers buried in acres of burnt-out flesh

Cuntbody Auxiliary

for Ladies-in-Waiting

Despite my glassed-in I
& my lamb in the gap
 I am gross

A non-crystalline rigid of poor optical quality

I am deep in the fungal house
& I am gross
up to my occipital horn

Can you make contact
with the insides of the animal

The Crystal Palace is full of Visigoths

The lecture
 given by the “fetal haint in rouge & boots”
was widely attended
by dilettantes
 posed in classic tableaux
 such as “The Glazier’s Death”

In the Great Exhibition Hall
I displayed my slime-black braincombs
 & fisted a garden gnome

At the Ladies’ Cotillion I wore specula
dangling from my frontal lobes
& served skunk ovaries on larded-up crackers

I said *Dabbling* *Shut your cuntbox*
I was still veering
to obey
 my not-owned form

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