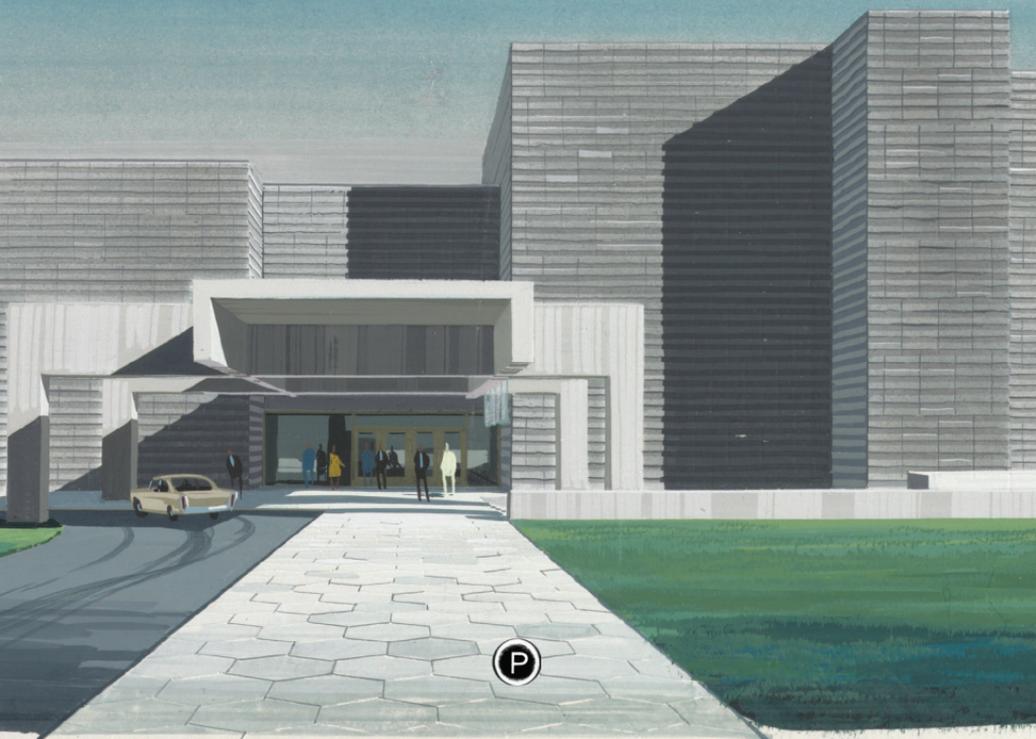


a treatise  
on the marvelous  
for prestigious museums

daniel c. remain



A TREATISE  
ON THE MARVELOUS  
FOR PRESTIGIOUS MUSEUMS



BEFORE YOU START TO READ THIS BOOK, take this moment to think about making a donation to punctum books, an independent non-profit press,

@ <https://punctumbooks.com/support/>

If you're reading the e-book, you can click on the image below to go directly to our donations site. Any amount, no matter the size, is appreciated and will help us to keep our ship of fools afloat. Contributions from dedicated readers will also help us to keep our commons open and to cultivate new work that can't find a welcoming port elsewhere. Our adventure is not possible without your support.

Vive la open-access.



Fig. 1. Hieronymus Bosch, *Ship of Fools* (1490–1500)

A TREATISE ON THE MARVELOUS FOR PRESTIGIOUS MUSEUMS. Copyright © 2018 by Daniel C. Remein. This work carries a Creative Commons BY-NC-SA 4.0 International license, which means that you are free to copy and redistribute the material in any medium or format, and you may also remix, transform and build upon the material, as long as you clearly attribute the work to the authors (but not in a way that suggests the authors or punctum books endorses you and your work), you do not use this work for commercial gain in any form whatsoever, and that for any remixing and transformation, you distribute your rebuild under the same license. <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/4.0/>

First published in 2018 by punctum books, Earth, Milky Way.  
<https://punctumbooks.com>

ISBN-13: 978-1-947447-59-2 (print)

ISBN-13: 978-1-947447-60-8 (ePDF)

LCCN: 2018941710

Library of Congress Cataloging Data is available from the Library of Congress

Book design: Vincent W.J. van Gerven Oei

Cover image and Frontispiece: (Cover) Detail, *Façade of the 1970 addition of the Cleveland Museum of Art*, 1967. Marcel Breuer (American, 1902–1981) Watercolor; sheet: 44.90 × 101.60 cm (17 5/8 × 40 inches); image: 44.90 × 101.60 cm (17 5/8 × 40 inches) 2008.32. Full image reproduced as the Frontispiece. Reproduced with permission. © The Cleveland Museum of Art.



HIC SVNT MONSTRA





a treatise  
on the marvelous  
for prestigious museums

daniel c. remein





*dedicated to*

*Charles Frank Remein, in memoriam;*

*945 Madison Avenue (NY, NY) &  
11150 East Boulevard (CLE, OH), in memoriam ante factum*



Cleveland Museum of Art, Breuer Building (completed 1971). Image 41254D, Photography Studio collection, The Cleveland Museum of Art Archives.

*Inside here is a castle.  
The dampness is practical.*

Tomaz Šalamun



whenever, my patron since wonders if it rotates for a triangle or parallel ascender or descender and with tetrachoric relations or scoring vectors these things do not swim into the vault of our perception of the em quad. asked to explain how install sembling and elaboration or lean-to or roof or theory nod most of seem or spaces interface for spectral cornice; most happily, 30-pica slugs line the composition stick. in this chase the two-toned granite ascent is pronounced by stages, [brɔɪ.ər] (hungarian), if foundry, if monotype, if linotype, with your pine woods if anyone were to rotate the imposing stone as if to canopy or portals vault seeming then something polyhymnic or place furniture around the form and with the quoins you turn the vault-work. but since no one here would do that surely surely, intensity as cause, intensity as an effect, the throw-off lever halts it; then the humanist bloc (is its shape satisfactory?), brings asymmetric irregular, away ground or the serifs of appellation, score vectors we feel these protocols vault our pleasure on the concrete promontory. the platen washes the watch if (20 Oct. 2014), or, he should say that one's sexual drive and one's hunger drive can be stronger than one's excitement about sexuality or about eating, that a wall of with furnishes, to make the exposure a basement suffices, a bed. the kelly press is a small job cylinder press, found in a number of school shops and many commercial shops where space is limited. the two-revolution press has a much smaller cylinder than the drum press. in this style of press, the cylinder prints while it is making one revolution



romance of the five years

exergue

the next time we go to the moon  
it will be because the last time  
all time was food and all the meat  
we swallowed looked up, didn't look  
down, *it takes it like a man* is  
the last cloud of shamefulness you  
ever invited inside. class  
instruction: the rocket you  
lick because it slips between bricks  
in the ruin of a future  
only the soviet lonely  
will expose. she gets up, puts on  
her shoes because we moderns know  
how to interlace breasts of queens  
with vacuum tubes and crushed limestone.  
we do all of this, you know, for  
nostalgia. the tripartite love  
for woolen skins and redheads  
pieces together what happens:  
in tailored flaps like lips that say  
lips have of it no way to know  
except a high, front, tense, rounded  
vowel — not the launch of cities  
nor the barge that hoists my feelings.  
preamble slows down to a crawl,  
doesn't walk anymore on feet,  
backs down the mouth to a palate  
and remembers clearly saying  
*straight to video*, the slogan  
of revolutionary life.  
remember it well for the launch:  
say again that *rocketfuel is*  
*kingly and provincial*. we smoke

past all the teachers i had loved  
when variable was fertile,  
when tenderly you put me on  
time and muscle we bind like books  
with you. read: around a technē  
i am wrapped in this ribbon your  
pedagogy. and you will find  
that is it better by design  
and it works hard to press shut last  
portals. i can only warn you.  
instances of river-crossing  
happen where we cut our mettle,  
reaping sound from the flattened floor  
of an empty type foundry.

canto 1

move your fucking lips. it is high  
time you told what the record says:  
translated, an emulsified  
index of morphemes and labor,  
bird inside colors and skeptics  
selling history to explain  
prepositions. this is how to  
tell. we lathe the same line movement  
a barge to traverse a fashion,  
certainly you know how to hope  
pronunciation crawls to cap  
preparation already taught  
to sew verdant woolen texture  
seeds of scenes or instructional  
errands to rings of opaque lake.  
let's talk tonight about my nerves.  
like a drink into the horse-house  
stalling is under the gun of  
narrative. glass image of still

with lanterns well-executes  
yvain has seen a lion we  
need to protect the colony.  
circle the picture of the horse  
and leave out the part of exchange.  
who hangs a melted table by  
horsehair took from medieval  
machines like bodies ask for priests  
to sell their reader's weapons and  
yvain has animal weapons.  
laws reference when we make films  
closed systems buy back the mountain:

provincial memory losing  
is a principle of exchange  
stop motion of tuber-growth time  
stuck stuck stuck stuck stuck stuck stuck stuck  
your leave me alone in your  
compulsion to believing down.  
remember, stall the unslapped text,  
efforts effect run-time error  
settles disputes with improvement.  
    steepness of the rise of the excitement response itself can  
activate the startle  
plan hysteria and cracked plane  
architecture because no one  
writes a history without first,  
alternatively, taking their  
psychoanalysis to heart.

canto 2

if a lion enters the camp  
this colony in wilderness  
looks up, doesn't look down, foxes  
open the records that revolve  
around the incident of who

wrote about the cart and lancelot  
and shame. shame is interior  
to the texture of the strength of  
materials. if a cart enters  
the camp you will apprehend those  
traitors who bring much unpleasure  
to the modernist structure. look  
you should use the small revolvers  
will help you to determine who  
to shame. the shamefulest persons  
to archive the activities,  
i'm so sorry for everything.  
the colonists didn't look down  
because the last time a lion  
entered the language of the camp

if a lion enters the camp

regard first to the rocketfuel  
and to the kingly provinces.  
what borders the exiles from love  
unpleasure will only pursue  
the narrative as the camp will  
expand with the new structure. carts  
will help if a lion enters  
the colonists should archive  
their loves. tall persons should wear no

uniforms because this will attract  
unpleasure from the readers who  
want to see interiors when  
you sift through the archives didn't  
look down instructions for where to  
place the love and where to archive  
the instruction. energy for  
the rocket is very high  
priority if there are no  
companion animals who produce  
surplus waste and to defend the  
narrative. not episodes or  
architecture. the moon demands  
strength: animal materials.

canto 3

creeps in charles baudelaire, a beauty.  
a man peddling *horse-mouth* and tremble,

my love telegraphs *don't stop now*

a symbolist saddle-packet.  
french in this book or the next. no  
telephoned flag or darling, look  
playthings. for you, began to spend

anything corresponds, workbooks,  
skills the inscription seduces  
a chamber for ash a chamber  
for wheel and tooth and luminous  
food the flesh of rocket-towers.  
here the pomp and scene of dream-sight  
slices moist or moistening sleeves,  
we flutter trees with sentences.  
real realism unfurls  
weaving touches for scenting and call  
a takeover of smell-words curls  
reinforced concrete always sits  
to vault sex and calendar. soft  
fur soft snow soft freezing rubbed on  
you always a machine or tax,  
such lips surplus the world-timber  
shrinks down for the hounded foxes:  
venery unstitched from rural  
modernist games and people-tricks.  
we link skin with pagination  
and wildcats with skins of always.  
saddles for yvain and lion  
with one month's production of sex

sanitize your saints, sirs, your vote  
begins shortly. stitch up segments:

allophones, filaments, oil-lamp,  
regulation of all soft lights,  
if we are to protect ourselves  
what better way: creep away and  
tighten the house from sexual  
machines, take each card a house  
of flesh and then correspond soft  
animal investigation.

throw anything on a screen we  
signal texture ingested.  
a bottle of friends the smoke cups  
lips to the most vivacious curl  
seen by any strong-beaked creature.

canto 4

about the apartments i will  
a marvel to see so tell you.  
built before we went to the moon  
each window under each gable

a marvel to see such movers  
the future awaits your windows,

here we call this question-vault style  
a bit of modernism got  
with window-stains and wooden stairs  
and ear-canal cubbies for drinks.  
you could hide here in the basement.  
we aren't supposed to go down there  
and open up all of this space  
so many parts of a classroom.  
the workers here are nice near parks  
and satisfied with larger rooms  
and ready to go to the moon.  
the address is 403 in  
designation unofficial  
but there is a sign from the north.  
real marvels rest in the machines  
used to switch on and off the lights.  
we push buttons in and out,  
electricity and other  
kinds of flow and beads of nature  
beds together *the startled wall*  
the same in all of the eras.

the meeting was underway  
marvelous and unofficial,  
the colony sent to the moon

the last of the windows and doors  
or work with red plastic orders.

when i was there everything worked.  
i am sorry you could not come.  
those windows splayed open at night  
to sniff for forest air like wolves

i am so sorry for everything.

canto 5

lancelot gets into a cart.  
maybe time for allegory:  
this take of world with bright posters —  
    we must distinguish sharply between the activation of  
    affect and the affective response itself  
wood in concrete placard reading  
the ugly one will tell you so  
a charm to wolf-warn the river:  
x-rays and elegant pamphlets,  
well-sized flanks and buttocks again  
with the maze of modern blueprint,  
a guide in the woods with his claws  
bore those vulgate portraits to the  
builders who watch the commissar.  
pilgrim pleasure center begins  
as if psychoanalysis,  
as if what it really means, glue,  
all those nights of hammers  
spread your fingers — sure believers  
always soviet we drone on  
we pilgrims who glimpse the vessels.  
provincial memory losing,  
the best looking one in the house  
partners up and sermonizes  
lumbering beasts and their triumphs  
of animal vernacular:  
eyeglasses and anuses  
wolves and walls of date. and you  
wolf away all the dark-rooted,  
explain the claws explain all your  
parallels and animal-books.  
lancelot gets into a cart.  
half-way through the hall, bare those teeth

un-hungry and sallow, table  
hangs there over mezzanine floor  
reflects messages strewn about  
among american pilgrims  
inscribed in bronze: *always wolfing*  
*one willing to carry a corpse*

canto 6

provincial memory losing  
who if all this news is true we  
need to make things clear: there are times  
to discuss at length: film-ribbons,  
our chronicle from the early  
days comes in cartloads with barcodes,  
the back of the back of the book.  
say *memory works as part of*  
*a real division of labor.*

the excitation is transmitted to the systems lying next  
within and that it is in *them* that its traces are left...

*threads in the nerves of chivalry*

we always salt we always stand  
for antennae sunk in concrete

for clues or opaque decisions:  
to ride a horse in time,  
a mouth of love of teeth and go,  
hillside bird, go home and drink up  
a narrative of hawks and plates.  
ceramic decisions link damp  
and fretwork with motility  
our last testament of labor  
the directions taken last night  
into the saddle of loving:

the excitation is transmitted to the systems lying next  
within and that it is in *them* that its traces are left...

into the limestone memory.  
houses and oaths hang from the light,  
a pact made at the county line.  
we used to have so much time that  
happened now happened overtime:

that packet of textile-timing

canto 7

perceval doesn't ask any  
question of his host. windows don't  
pertain. his fingers do not bleed.  
the boy is not in love. he takes  
the rear-guard and lets a head roll.  
he's unconcerned with gravity  
around the site of the blood-spots,  
the new structure breaks off in swaths  
wherever the eye-white reflects.  
here was the spot his mother's land  
brought him. he does not think he can

space itself would travel flattened  
by a structure or a labor

of a nourishment forbidden:  
i'm so sorry for everything.

clothed perceval in personal

cluster of paint on a timeline  
not to index the moment he  
entered but to misdirect or  
color the dissheveled feathers  
that make a history when touched.

the long labor of a trickle  
down the shiver of a person's  
narrative. a waistcoat does make  
a colony of an index  
when the wearer's memory tries  
its various names. perceval  
clicks over three clicks to the right  
on the map of the day's errands.  
he stands very still. he is flat.

canto 8

blend of horse and someone's crosshairs.  
someone must carry the message.  
le corbusier flays the concrete,  
remember that childhood window  
assemblage of wood and concrete  
wheels a net for futurity  
spewn like ship and deliberate

As his body emits those particles of chivalric force that rapidly  
transverse the gulf separating him  
from the falcon and destrier,  
a middle space spri

ngs  
into existence where the dilating passions  
of the boy mingle with and are transfor  
med by the  
affects, intensi  
ties, and possibili  
ties transmitted from av  
ine and equine  
sold on the go the corridor  
turn slows down to write a treatise,

i'm so sorry for everything.  
the hunt a theatre of ducts  
distribute the windows and curls  
nervous emulsion curls concrete  
to build a pink modernism,  
my soviet patron, peasants  
say *recieve little of spurs of love.*  
along with the eye, space travel  
wants for buildings like no one else.  
we hang buildings in western woods,  
we hang foods in better novels,

we varnish opaque each fireplace,  
we ride from coast to settlement:  
the hung bridge is not a table.  
settlement saints and settlement  
over animals and coastline —  
establish addendum and think  
advancements like addendum-skins  
we call skins with love from closets  
and closets we love with calling.

canto 9

green chairs narrative of lions!  
the structure is hunting hunting  
spatialized is late for timing,  
looks like a yes asleep in time.  
popular discourse is all about  
spatialization is not late for  
    steepness of the rise of the excite  
        ment response  
can activate startle  
for my patron everything runs  
for flattery museums can

instructions to read blots on snow.

canto 10

and did you then ask why it bled

it is interest or excitement, we have argued,  
which is pri  
mary, the drives are secon  
dary

perceval visits the hooper house  
and begins to ask what it sees

opaque glyph insulated glass  
*and the [male] one who did not know his name  
divined and said that he had  
perceval the welsh as his name,  
he does not know if he speaks truly or not,  
but he speaks truly, and yet doesn't know it.*  
when they hear it the colony  
doesn't look up, looks down, we creep  
along in our spacesuits. we learn  
each others' names and post the guards.  
i'm so sorry for everything.

the next time we go to the moon  
no one will lose anyone's head  
will look up the senses of it  
or will turn to ask the pilot  
the price of the ferry and why  
the flat tree the flat forest stands  
a modern opaque name that waits  
burial the first to take place  
that night when narrative bled

canto 11

gawain will not cut the horsehair.  
gawain looks just like charles baudelaire.  
look, plenty of ugly persons  
will pursue you across rivers  
and like gawain we will have to  
allegorize our settlement  
in the brain of literary  
adventure we are still romancing  
the next time we go to the moon  
because the last time adventure  
was good for unbroken columns  
we errand on and on little  
revolvers ready to hand. like  
labor takes up a refusal  
to represent like a horse-leg  
dip it just below the river  
like a barge full of fish and fuel  
to supply, kingly, the rocket  
we launch to lose ground to forest,  
provincial memory losing

canto 12

in case you wear it like a necklace.  
it's a slope and we don't need to

we were safe we had crossed the ford  
and we made our maps of the moon

*and we made our maps of the moon*

canto 13

we will need to address cities  
if we continue with *canto*  
for all the succeeding sections

we begin with future circles  
obey all radio silence

fauns, hills, birch, sand utopia  
a small unit of agreement  
with minerals and knives and nouns.  
i thought the blade was out.  
a lesson for the commissar.

unable to eat unable  
to touch pageants of snow-pilgrims.  
i loved you at the colony.

the sign on the road reads distance  
and beasts without titles or eyes.  
we follow your loss to cities,  
we imagine hills and edits.

canto 14

lancelot gets into a cart.  
one of the things we know is shame.  
to run as colonists too fast  
to lovers is why we feel shame.  
lancelot may or may not have  
known shame. he left the country and  
we may not find out it is not  
in the text his errand spooled much  
or our theory was then disproved.  
these are the diverse properties  
of creatures and colonists shamed.  
to keep hands off the thread will not  
at this late hour produce any.  
the horse to the back of the book.  
it was too many years ago,

lancelot knew what to do  
to cross all the spools of theory.  
i'm so sorry for everything.

canto 15

grant interior in forest  
stop-bound to glyph conversion-rate.  
smolder the stump past step step up  
agreement with phrase and deceit  
the phonemes a laughter torn up,  
the morphemes routed to hormones.  
emulsion of labor and space,  
transformational conifer  
of travel to stop read convert.

architecture quotes a stop here  
until a canopy spreads  
the community sat there quick  
they opened their books and looked up.  
their food was quick and lively look  
they worked and worked and worked and worked  
their lines were long their lines were dry.  
they opened the woods and their own.  
converted fragments left supine,  
the business of teaching came back  
on horseback with a big bundle  
to knighthood and back again flat  
on their backs and reading they cut

we missed the most important chance

they read a lot of older books

the last machine to cross the bridge  
turns out the light and learns to sleep  
because bundles of food look up  
uncertain romances tell them  
they do not fling they do not bridge  
the work they hinge they do not bridge  
they appear in simple garb speeds  
greater on a suspended bridge  
rockets teach them lessons from home  
they miss the opportunity

a librarian once brought them  
venery and rocket science  
on the same horse conservators  
posed with the old dendrologist  
their interiors glass and glyph

canto 16

provincial upbringing details  
inscription love bronze and intrigue.  
more of the same to read until

lancelot runs an errand by night

and bloodies his coat and bloodies  
a history and everyone  
apologizes him out of the  
state. always welcome, perceval  
misses the process and misses  
the map. the house of nerves bundles

the poultice thready in the morning  
the concrete is atmospheric

canto 17

segments and enunciative  
unseen enemy memory  
unmuscle the cup spilled out like  
light in paper woven from films  
look here at our new museum.  
dizzy and out of feelings  
to pedagogy a coat of  
knowledge is for cutting fine sites  
unbridge the sides and the secret.  
look here at our new museum,  
provincial memory losing  
all the caress of video.  
do not leave the colony on  
foot. the museum is opaque.  
the revolutionary state  
glasses up breakups barges help with words.  
it is your nature. you dress well.  
if we want a reason to read  
then propel our here from one  
event to another opaque  
wood shaft of the steel axe that flat  
receptor of what happens next.

canto 18

lancelot gets into a cart.  
one of the things we know is shame.  
this is the feel of the strength of  
materials for colonies  
within the reinforced concrete  
insulated glass adventure.  
lancelot teaches a great deal  
about why you should or should not  
get into a cart to get back fast  
through the wilderness for the launch.  
lancelot will tell you a lot  
about where to place things. look up  
at the installation of love  
materials might rinse escape  
we must distinguish shar  
                                ply between the activation  
of affect and the affect  
                                tive response itself  
the strength of materials with  
a lion a cart a vessel

canto 19

i'm so sorry for everything.  
the tightened screen the concrete ghost  
each limb of street and hill-flank sparks  
headstones and face-wheels flutter up  
those feelings may be servitude  
now that eye-sap quickens the touch,  
dialect touches as rebar  
or darling, your book-end and rail

i am so sorry for all this  
content with the tree, sleep, a map,  
asking of structure a window,  
hover and leaf, shore against splay  
against a private tether-sink  
shelf and splint and episode,  
touches weave what structure teaches,  
shields and thunder, a number of books.

canto 20

perceval doesn't ask any

it is interest or excitement, we

have argued, which is primar

y, and

the drives are secon

dary

questions of his host. he doesn't

look down, looks up how to install

love into the colony, loves

the fuel of the rocket, orders

from the local soviet told

him to keep quiet about his

interior

canto 21

i am sorry for what you've done  
the new annex leaks love slowly  
pavillion signage prepared for the  
feast of the moon the launch looks up  
doesn't look down for the *creeps in*  
fogging the windows of romance

my patron just won't understand  
that rocketfuel is kingly and  
we are short of beds at the house

at ten we shout *creeps in creeps in*

the necklace of the colony  
the instructions on the sentence

if a lion enters the camp  
this colony in wilderness  
looks up, doesn't look down, foxes  
shut the windows takes the records  
climbs up into the cart, there must  
be tournaments when one tries  
to get to the moon. beneath the  
green-tinted flare of modernist  
façade and what with your blood all  
over the window that beast looks  
mighty hungry and the pounce seems  
just as leveled and reduced as  
the term of bricks we used to keep  
the records without repeating  
ourselves. if a lion enters  
the camp shouts for pilgrims to speak  
because they kept meticulous  
records of how they constructed  
shelters and carts for space travel  
brings with it a new tensile strength  
unforseen by the beasts of the  
field gather like the commissar  
promised lancelet he might get off  
without so much as a horsetheft  
since to orchestrate theft marks one  
not only as prepared for those  
other animal vestibules  
set in the striated façade  
to the north because a lion

i'm sorry for the frontier guard  
not only is lancelet folding  
the exact space of our entry

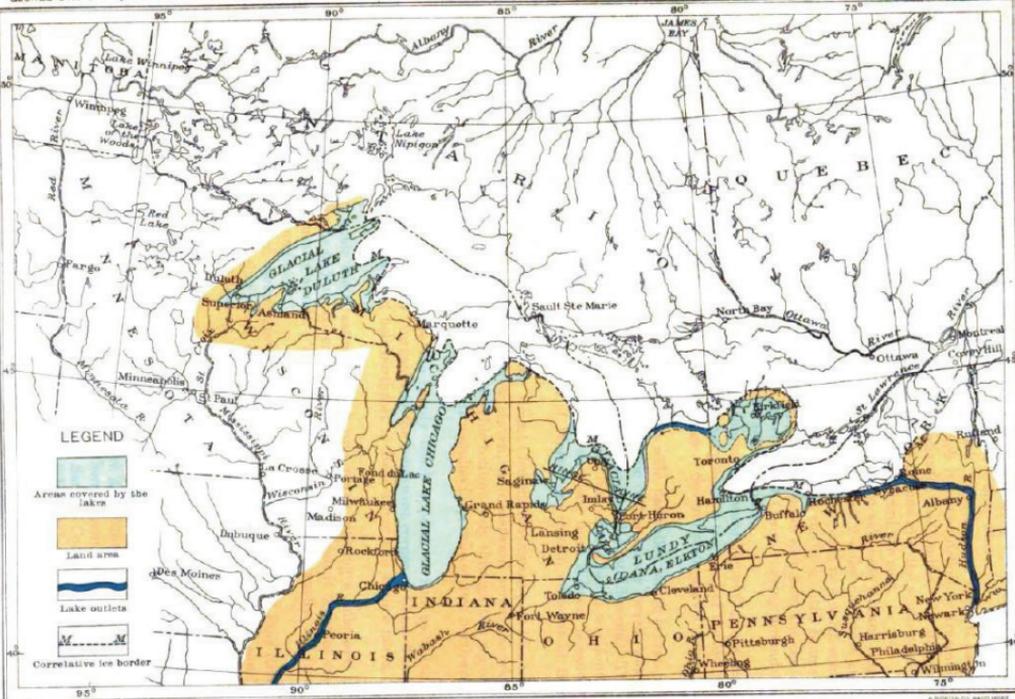
into the cart, he leaves out all  
the preliminary cautions  
and protocols the colony  
not only if a lion runs

canto 23

gawain will not cut the horsehair.  
he is a leaper he sees those  
streams. he rushes across quickly.  
he sees plenty of dead women.  
i am so sorry for all of this.  
he will report this to the camp.  
he reports to the colony.  
he goes back to find the kingly  
rocketfuel. his structure is not  
provincial

the leak

*for the lakes*



1914

as a simple  
hole

of the poem explaining it-  
self 4

million gallons of  
water

ice-shelf greets  
ohio's name



chart  
effect of humidity

on poem



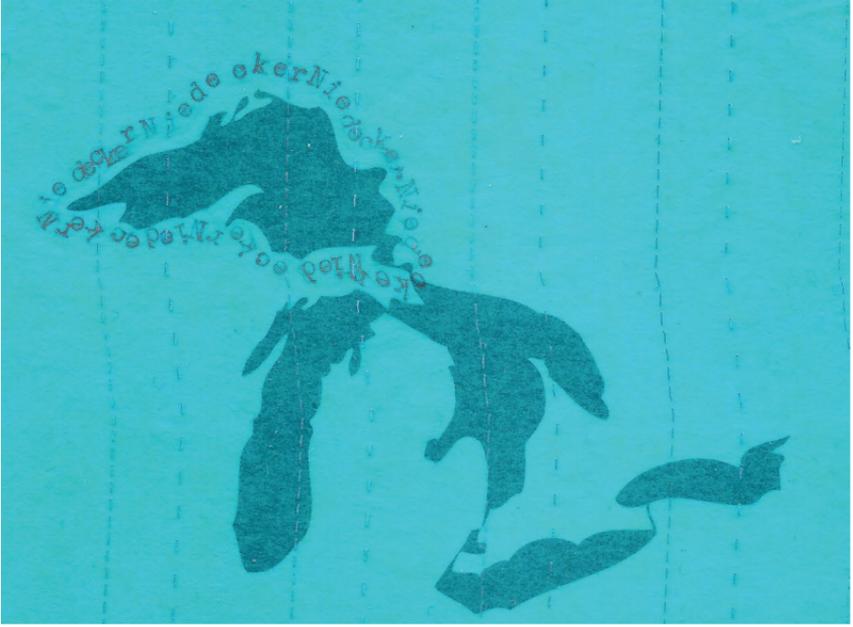
what  
is it a farm  
boy more likely  
some sheep go  
keep the clouds  
clean by spilled  
inkwell my blotter  
goes the way  
of all microcosm  
such is the effect  
of humidity  
on  
a poem but if only  
it were earlier! &  
all the hardwor  
king beasts  
left to spot &  
admire  
on the path



joists sinks accumulate:



scale  
i  
n  
k  
Scale  
c  
scale  
u  
m  
u  
l  
scale  
t  
e  
sinks  
c  
a  
accumulate  
e



In the summer, the water in the Great Lakes separates into two layers. The poor layer and the poor layer. The top usually mixes with the cooler, and it is cut off from the air supply.

The Western Basin of Lake Erie is shallower than the opportunity. Therefore, the bottom layer is relatively Eastern, the bottom layer contains.

If there is more, sink into the dark bottom layer. Bacteria and fungi then decompose the available. Because less and less a lot. This is not a problem in the much.

Each autumn, the top layer cools, and the wind mixes it deeper and deeper into the bottom layer. Eventually the whole and the wind can again mix it. In the Central Basin, this phenomenon occurs in top.

LAMP is a plan of a Great Lake. It coordinates the work to improve. A LAMP is addressing the public's concerns.

The total population of the Great Lakes basin is seventeen. Approximately twelve million people live in the watershed, including the lake. Drinking during the 1960s in the Great Lakes became a concern. Lake Erie was perceived to be "dying."

By the late 1960s, Canadian and American regulatory phosphorus was the key. Algal growth coordinated lakewide. Open lake phosphorus concentrations made unprecedented contaminated results. Sediments are in the Great Lakes basin.

Although significant progress over the past has substantially reduced the discharge of 20 years, toxic and persistent chemicals

are in place and have raised aquatic organisms, wildlife, and humans. Fish and harbors as a result. Advisories ship propellers against consumption in most locations around the Great Lakes.

Urban discharges and bottom-dwelling organisms combined the heavy human mud and serious storms, often thousands of times higher or toxic. With their concentrations getting higher, larger animals posing as smaller animals absorb the bald eagle. Fish-eating offspring with birds in their tissues produce small agricultural birth.

SMELTS SMELTS SMELTS. Channels & rills  
Weak swimmers offshore & in the straights  
With two populated & two uninhabited  
islands. Huron-Michigan is a giant, a hulk  
of freshwater ecological unit & the straights  
of Mackinac 20 fathom gulch & the  
St. Ignace straitly sometimes the flow  
reverses in times of course under that  
fabulous bridge. When Elsdonker drove it &  
wrote her very fine poem, it was the biggest  
bridge. It was built from Crystal Lake  
in 1912. The rainbow trout got into L. MI  
and they got into the St. Ignace Water to the east  
thru reefs from the upper lakes where  
they got out in 1917. SMELTS SMELTS.  
An invasive species that doubles as  
canary & coalmine. In the 80's SMELTS  
ARE RUNNING meant the stocks dipped &  
full or after '46 in Superior too.  
Populations swell & crash and but. 9  
million lbs from MI-HUR in '88 the  
other crashes of course & big numbers  
in the 90's. Some excitement again last  
year up on Superior, anglers excited  
for rebounds of invasive species. It's  
possible that at times higher lawrey  
numbers have meant less lake trout, which  
eat smelt: less lawrey, more smelt. But  
there are surely various factors inter  
acting and competition for zooplankton  
robbed by quagga and zebra mussels  
among them

So Sue sues the See Locks for  
seeping slowly, pursuing the  
suit so simperingly. Chart how  
much blue-green algae weighs  
per cubic cm. Tempting, road  
signs are smaller in Canada.  
This lady is looking for agate.  
A great arm, we're told, is  
often mistaken for the vast  
corruption of rock and water &  
language. The North: ice cream  
cups and iron ore, birch<sup>2</sup> sand  
& a tempting side road; a lovely  
whitefish supper; Thompsomite  
is often mistaken for agate &  
is shipped in from Mexico,  
Hornblende; a giant barge, cheaply  
too, gulls mounted & adjustable;  
so narrow we couldn't pass a  
car; the furs of accessible  
beaches; zebra mussels, ore &  
cream; changes in the demersal  
zone; the great arm of the  
nitrogen cycle; sea=lamprey (  
-----\* -----\*); cheaply  
too; mistaken for algae, a  
tempting depth; ore & cream.

All RAPS have identified contaminated bottom as a significant problem. Most information had access to only limited beneficial uses. While the problem of contaminated sediments persists in the Great Lakes, efforts are delisting synthetic vicinity impairments. The Great Lakes accelerated.

The lakes received small amounts of waves of tribal nitrogen. Except in shallow bays and shoreline marshes, the Great Lakes started the 20th century. Arrival of runoff developed into European settlers and the relationships between zebra mussels and immigrants were cool.

Cycling is not fully understood and nutrient-rich urban areas occur in Lake Michigan. In the 1950s, people moved around the web of external atmosphere infestations, such as the untreated changes. The rate of the Great blooms may be related to small blue-green cities, and farmed zebra greatly altered normal affect acceleration. The economy of recreation, once established, invaded nearby European settlement after the turn to cladophora urbanization. For a permanent electric health, people that rely on well-being for water implemented a "dead zone" where humans (11.6 million people), a nuisance species, are of particular concern. Eighty percent of sewage people are showing signs of future invasions. For organisms to stay alive, the less dense layer spread the new techniques. Exposed agricultural blooms of humans quickly endanger the forested lands.



Captain Charles Fox, of the steamship CHOCKTAW,  
(part of a longer account, picking up while anchored  
overstorm at Marquette & this  
only in part of what he wrote regarding the  
steamship CHOCKTAW in the storm on the lakes

of Nov. 7-10, 1913:

We commenced unloading  
at 7:30 A.M., November 7th, the barometer stationary,  
with southwest wind, until about  
4:00 P.M., when it started up. At about 9:30 P.M. of that day the  
wind shifted to the northwest, and at about that time it began  
to snow, which was the beginning of one of the most disastrous  
storms that ever  
swept the Great Lakes.

At 2:30 A.M., November 8th, it was necessary to drop  
our anchor with a long scope of chain and to get out more lines.  
At 6:00 A.M. it was necessary to leave Spear's Dock on account of  
the undertow, we being afraid of damaging the dock.  
We dropped out to the end of old No. 4 Dock, dropping our an-  
chor and putting the end of a new seven inch line on the end of the  
dock and tailed off about 150 feet from the end.  
This is the way we laid  
until 5:00 A.M., November 11th.

On the morning of November 8th  
the barometer had risen to about 29.20, and the wind blew  
from the northwest at the rate of forty to fifty  
miles per hour, with a blinding snowstorm. The barometer  
was stationary all during that day but some time during  
the night it started up and on the morning  
of November 9th had risen to 29.30 and the wind

had shifted to about north.

It continued to snow until about 8:30 or 9:00 A.M., when it cleared away and the wind died down to about 20 or 25 miles per hour. At 3:00 P.M. the wind started to freshen again and increased until it appeared

to be a hurricane. At about 7:30 it began to snow, and continued to snow all night, with the barometer hovering about 29, where it had fallen.

On the morning of November 10th the wind continued in the north fresh, with light snow squalls, there being too much sea

to resume unloading. On the afternoon of the 10th the barometer started up

and the sun came out, indicating the storm had passed.

At 6:00 A.M., November 11th, we hove up

and went into the coal dock which we proceeded to finish unloading at 7:30 A.M., finishing at 4:30 P.M., when we left and

proceeded to Presque Isle Dock for ore.

This same Sunday, November 9th,

the Steamer HENRY B. SMITH

was loaded on the north side of No. 5 dock.

It was necessary to put out his lake line

to hold the boat to the dock while loading. He finished loading at about 4:30, left the dock, backed out into the harbor, turned around

and went out into the lake.

He cleared the breakwater at about 5:00 P.M.,

headed down the lake,

and at 5:20 he changed his course

to what I should judge to be about north.

At about 5:50 the Mate called my attention to the way in which he was acting,

I looked out and he appeared to be turning around.

I do not think I ever saw a vessel roll heavier.  
After some little time they got her head to it again  
and we went to supper.  
When we came out from supper  
she was out of sight – it was snowing, which  
might have obstructed our view. This was perhaps  
the last seen of the HENRY B. SMITH.  
With the terrific gale and tremendous sea  
I am fully convinced she did not get over fifteen or twenty miles  
out of Marquette.  
During November 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th it was freezing  
weather. Our cargo of ore had been placed in dock  
some time previous, and when we started  
to load, which was November 13th, we found it frozen  
solid. It was necessary to steam it  
which took all night of November 13th. We commenced  
loading about 8:30 A.M., November 14th, and finished  
at 3:00 P.M., clearing for Cleveland at 5:00 P.M.,  
wind about west fresh, barometer normal – 29.50.  
When off Grand Island we encountered a heavy  
north swell but ran out of it by the time we reached Grand Marais.  
We continued on down the lake with fine  
weather and normal barometer  
until we reached Cleveland,  
about 4:00 A.M., November 17th.

**But Captain James A. Stewart of the PRESQUE ISLE  
had only this to write:**

The PRESQUE ISLE left Cleveland  
November 5th at 9:25 A.M. bound for Midland [ON].  
The weather was  
fine. On November 6th at 10:54 A.M.

we passed Fort Gratiot passing into Lake Huron,  
the weather being fine, the wind southwest fresh,  
and the barometer going down very slow.

On November 7th passed Cove Island at 1:55.  
The weather was fine,  
with a light southerly wind,  
and the glass still going down.  
We arrived at Midland coal dock at 1:00 P.M., November 7th.  
On November 8th it was warm,  
with a little rain, and the wind southeast light.  
November 9th the wind was north light until 11:00 A.M.,  
when it freshened up some; about 4:00 P.M.  
it began to snow; we being land-locked  
at Midland did not feel the wind.  
On November 10th the wind was northeast  
light, with snow, and at noon the wind shifted  
to the west. I never saw the barometer  
so low – it was down to 28 ½. We did not know  
there had been a bad storm until  
we began to get the newspaper reports.  
I have not talked with any one  
who was in the storm, except Captain Kennedy  
and Captain Lyons,  
and they have themselves related their experiences to you.

All the current names for the lakes  
except the latinized 'Superior'  
taken from languages  
of people exterminated or pushed  
out away from the lakes (groups of Iroquois, Wyandot/  
Huron, Ojibwa

all by Europeans or white Americans (except  
in the case of the Erie people,  
Eriechrenon, or Eriehenan et al.  
whose villages the Iroquois confederacy  
burned after Erie helped Huron (warring

w/ Iroquois--but even here  
the war in the first place & the guns  
the Iroquois had more of as advantage  
spring from: French Dutch & Fur. Cash  
in the 17th C.

Erie as 'long tail' as synecdoche  
for cat (as in panther?) or raccoon  
--& called so because near the shallow lake  
w/ unpredictable weather?--or  
because how other Iroquoian speakers  
perceived the people (& the lake takes its name  
from the people?) or related to how the Erie  
called themselves?





SMELTS SMELTS SMELTS. Channels & rills  
Weak swimmers offshore & in the straights  
With two populated & two uninhabited  
islands. Huron-Michigan is a giant, a hulk  
of fresh hydrological unit & the straights  
of Mackinac a 20 fathom fulcrum & the  
generally easterly sometimes the flow  
reverses & it runs of course under that  
fabulous bridge. When Niidecker drove it &  
wrote her very fine poem, it was the biggest  
bridge. It was into L. MI from Crystal Lake  
in 1912 that rainbow smelts got into L. MI  
and they got into the St. Ignace Water to the east  
thru rapids from the Fingerlakes where  
they got out in 1917. SMELTS SMELTS SMELTS.  
An invasive species that doubles as  
canary in cadmine. In 1917 THE SMELTS  
ARE RUNNING meant nets & buckets dipped &  
full or after '46 in Superior too.  
Populations swell & crash and but. 9  
million lbs from MI-HUR in '58 the  
other crashes: of course & big plummets  
in the 90's. Some excitement again last  
year up on Superior, anglers excited  
for rebounds of invasive species. It's  
possible that at times higher lamprey  
numbers have meant less lake trout, which  
eat smelt: less lamprey, more smelt. But  
there are surely various factors inter  
acting and competition for zooplankton  
gobbled by quagga and zebra mussels  
among them

SMELTS SMELTS SMELTS. Channels & rills  
Weak swimmers offshore & in the straights  
With two populated & two uninhabited  
islands. Huron-Michigan is a giant, a hulk  
of fresh biological unit & the straights  
of Mackinac 20 fathom fulcrum & the  
flow is surely sometimes the flow  
across the Straits of course under that  
fabulous bridge. When Niidecker drove it &  
wrote her very fine poem, it was the biggest  
bridge. It was in 1912 from Crystal Lake  
in 1912 the rainbow got into L. MI  
and they got into the water to the east  
thru reefs from the fingerlakes where  
they got out in 1917. SMELTS & SMELTS.  
An invasive species that doubles as  
canary & caddis. In 1946 THE SMELTS  
ARE RUNNING meant the buckets dipped &  
full or after '46 in Superior too.  
Populations swell & crash and but. 9  
million lbs from MI-HUR in '58 - the  
other crashes of course & big plummets  
in the 90's. Some excitement again last  
year up on Superior, anglers excited  
for rebounds of invasive species. It's  
possible that at times higher lamprey  
numbers have meant less lake trout, which  
eat smelt: less lamprey, more smelt. But  
there are surely various factors inter-  
acting and competition for zooplankton  
gobbled by quagga and zebra mussels  
among them

Motor or plug or  
tomato or cat; average depth of 147 meters. Class  
or sheets or key or cup; maximum  
depth of 64 meters. Dog or cab or telephone  
or cone; 4,920 cubic kilometers of water.

1,402 kilometers of shoreline including islands.

Bottle or array or shuttle  
or dust; maximum depth of 244  
meters. Tire or fiber or gold or cord;  
average depth of 59 meters. Vessel or peak  
or rattle or pocket; 3,540 cubic kilometers of water.

4,385 kilometers of shoreline including islands.

Barrel or truss or detergent or line; maximum depth  
of 282 meters. Hull or seed or bell  
or strike; 1,640 cubic kilometers of water.  
Tube or signal or colorant  
or lamp; maximum depth of 406 meters.

2,633 kilometers of shoreline including islands.

Quilt or grid or grape or scale; average  
depth of 86 meters. Hinge  
or flake or bulb or coil; average depth of 85  
meters. Shoe or can or jar or support; 484 cubic  
kilometers of water.

1,146 kilometers of shoreline including islands.

Tile or gable or bird or rail;  
maximum depth of 229 meters. Rivet  
or clump or joist or egg; 12,100 cubic kilometers  
of water. Re-bar or layer or seat or  
beak; average depth of 19 meters.

6,157 kilometers of shoreline including islands.

Retention time 191 years.

Retention time 99 years.

Retention time 22 years.

Retention time 2.6 years.

Retention time 6 years.

Capacitor or border or hypoxia or reduction;  
22,684 cubic kilometers of water.



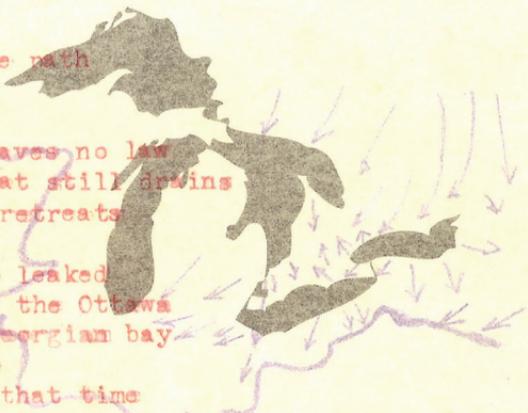
still working backwards  
in the notebook up  
the upstate  
for fireside. if you  
were president fuck  
you. if I were a  
lawyer I'd  
fuck you if  
brake jump  
the out  
lying cradle  
dip the last heel  
& go gather some  
berries for Lowell Duckert (Associate Professor  
of Early Modern Literature,  
Department of English, West  
Virginia Universit-  
y

Under a lobe of the Laurentide  
Atop a lobe

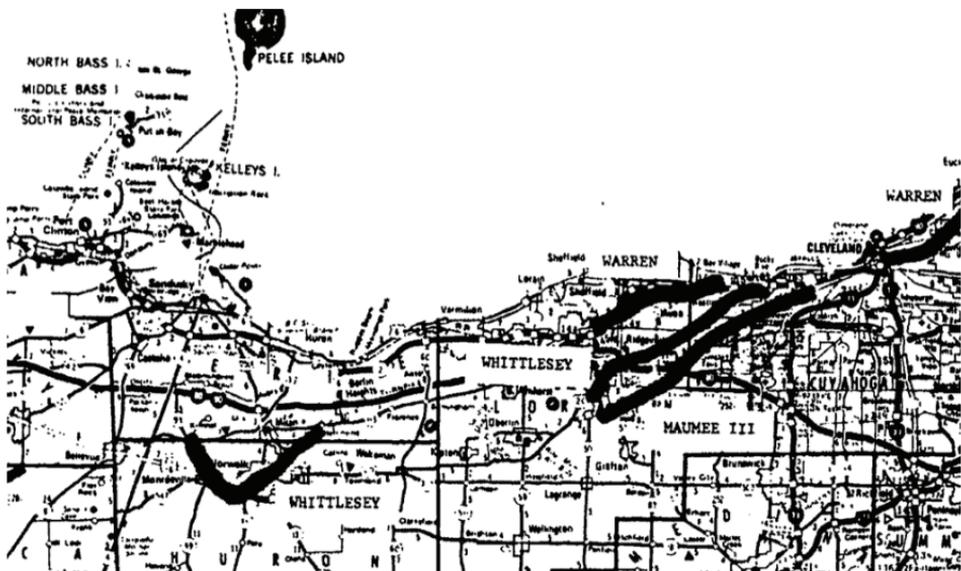
On what remains from the path  
of a lobe  
of the Laurentide  
of 2 mile thick torque leaves no law  
but melt & drain what still dwains  
7000 yrs past the last retreats

all of Maumee & Chicago leaked  
to the left until later the Ottawa  
cut straight from the Georgian Bay  
to help the St Lawrence  
& the Illinois made at that time  
a 3rd point to drain what drains  
west & south

the lobes themselves were  
a strife: twisting on themselves  
at maximum extent tho the land  
a mattress, rebounds:  
somewhat later growing & draining  
& the variable  
shores left behind waves  
of gentle ridges that I knew as a kid  
for this reason to slope backwards  
from the lake like a contour  
map of the west side of Cleveland  
that is the west side of Cleveland.



*the entire green  
a self-sloping*



still working backwards  
in the infrastructure  
a wall without resonance a

wing without  
ink  
winks  
a lake  
to substitute for both  
until further inquiry

facsimiles from the  
Habtathoeud Codex

*selected and reproduced in memory of Andre Norton*





Approach, fluidic stepper,  
the fretwork lake  
with resinous silence enfolded--  
The derelict light  
fetches gaudy spheres  
from the frozen hulk of the station.  
No decay yet echoes  
in those clear precincts,  
and sweet fragrance orbits the husk.  
Whatever emanates  
pools as motion or mind  
on the lips of the emerald piers.  
Whatever spills from the gauzy field cannot diminish  
the pristine deciduous wave.



t'ligath, t'ligath      rust  
 concentric trapezoids the vegetation  
 or the salt we grow the pollen-lamps tectonic  
 or raise the falls, hapssoothk,  
 gold what ishllifofin muz  
 k'gnlath, ishllifofin muz  
 habtathoend,  
 t'ligath, t'ligath  
 concieve it in or out  
 of the crust the ladders  
 grow as glaciers grow, the  
 salt we feed the jewel-cats.  
 stalkers of the valley, strenbath  
 muz mock-ob, k'peth, k'peth  
 winroiten.  
 t'ligath, t'ligath  
 pull up, pull up  
 hulks of water pull up those  
 meeting, particulates that repel all gravity  
 solar sound, k'leon,  
 t'ligath, t'ligath  
 habtathoend.



TO THAT REAL VALLEY when will  
those jewelled fogs  
descend. Whose orientations  
of furred abstraction are emblems of  
some future in-significance: the loss  
of travel, filigree of correspondence,  
sled of tapes and wire  
under brazen, but soft  
pad of magnetic stalk. The lake  
exhales the emblems  
of a new photo  
synthesis, glass of  
locomotion ascended.



When that miasmal sieve  
that those amphibious messengers thread  
thickens and cocoons the season  
in which sentient sapphires bud, tufts  
of hensile pulp blink long and rotate slow  
as the excellent land-worm greets the hosts  
with intimate whiskered hearing. A diagram  
of the gatehouse above the feather-sheltered mines  
directs the quickened pelt of the new tactillities  
that are mouths of the ruby  
fountain; the feather-sheltered mines flash  
parades of symbol in the fields of rhythmic foil.

What is free of stinking meat and yet sprouts lungs  
or gill or fur may proceed, the sonographic  
cast endows with life those singers of fluted  
nether-blooms in the lost geometries  
of non-oscillating motion.





## Two Procedures for Constructing a Lean-to

*The word perception indicates a direction  
rather than a primitive function.*

— Maurice Merleau-Ponty

1.

Rouse the things that rouse. Violet cotton for chest, shale, contemplation of heat or birds; vapor, not syrup, the most as if intensity like a yellow line opened the memory of the newscast or between instances opened one by one like a wish or a forethought making an axiom of unfinished arrays riddled with doubt: so that closer to direct, nor less functional. Not observing, nor sensing biologically; still feeling. It is with a little yellow that again there are these interested hung lamps, purposed to epidermizing, we are getting closer. Afferent narrow-gauge railway, thin memory of interest. Little pots in quartz or granite like a landing. Little clouds rouse tops of tops, or blackboards, the memory-image is plain full of fields and ways, or traces and veins, or graph of vectors of consciousness remembering a non-empty intention of exteroceptive ontic yellow. Perpetual alignments of melt, remembering newsphoto of Sarajevo, 1993; vectors of ontic efferent juice and yellow like branches or the photograph of great-grandmother's cabin. Like a bracelet with parts, a fine sieve of motilities: so that the distribution is like a tincture of movement through an alignment of muscle. That is what one may call a memory or an awning. No clouding function for unitary math possibility: there were lakes and minerals that she held, no bracelet, across void to ideal, a chance for multiple natures; concrete slumps cognize lithic relative to childhood, rouse the things that graph memory. Like a bracelet with parts, not leaning or leaping it is like a slump-off of stairs trying in advance for object of study slipping into maple's purple filtered over green. Chance again, intentional content, non-positing, the roused cloud for decor above the animal door. Getting closer to philosophical statement. The close brave a proximate gust at the top of the top puffs of cloud cloud the void of conditions cognize with snout multiple rousings. They slip into Lake Erie west of Cleveland like a veil but not boring, barreling down but stiff concrete. Strip like a bend in the curtain increments of fossil or photography, boxes it is like one sluices. Vectors lean the graphs getting closer. Increments for pots in the quartz, incre-

ments for sloughing slump or curtain, lake-sheen or leaf-press around exchange of mineral and organic a vector-mess for, or of also or silver prints: or of an or organic, closer to philosophical statement. Aqueous increment of an ideal species, the lake of an idea, the quartz pots of an idea: it is like leaning over a stream at a length that is a hole that is a war. Unwashed scent. The stairs mottled with memory. The memory is not unclear, we were sitting near a wood, you said: the veil has lifted its occipital take. A style within the sensitive. But there are also those conceptions of animal door, a secondary logic, that war or the thin yellow that branches stairwells or lake-prints left in leaf-graphs. These the color of a slit of brass. This the not-functional, roused, it is like the stairwell or the midges. Operating at least four conceptions of animal door, these not impediment to logic, little quartz tops of tops of 5000 ft. elevations we call mountains in the east. Not across, not functional, roused, charged with ontic yellow. Not across, rousing, lakes that are not essentially occasional, aching awnings that flap percepts like bracelets break, a priori possibility of those at the top of the top of those almost at direct philosophical statement. Devonian shale brittles several and thins. It is like a dribble rotates and slumps, realigning several geometries: decor for a book, positing possibility for ideal yawn between real lake and ideal lake, fossil and silver print. Autoperceptibility of exteroceptive concept. An inclement arousal is one that we don't expect. What was a wearing was also the color of paper. Like a slit or a latch, a flesh of two leaves. Fissile, a kaleidoscope the tangible cuts in the visible. A soft hinge of brass. A reversibility in the foliage of the sensible feels these tree-growths accelerate those laurels there those chestnuts over there.

Less practical than a triangle. Remove certain lakes from the crystalline structures. What is a carport for the house's dead inventor collapses curtain rods and swings shower or sideways the defunct slides effectively the door around. It has appeared as with maples, ash, sycamore, oak, the board of the Philips 212 Electronic. Likening to shallows, for what is this year mauve it is like a push of hobble against rotate. Beautiful shirts, things else like or unlike furs, mounds, propellers. Less consistent. Less left here the left less, not the penned the. Closer to philosophical statement. A brass hinge with a soft reversibility, a strip of yellow, a strip of turquoise, a strip of taupe. These four beams going out to meet within some laminous intention. These resemblances of accidental resemblance, a perpetual dilatory melt. These devonian shales if not longer, ideally intended, no resemblance, pushes a propelling or yet. A yet a little gray with bristles. An aqueous index in temporal dispersal. Possibly, if longer or shorter, a riddle. Abstracted to this via roofs we close in on direct philosophical statement. Wait for a long time to draft paragraph, plot dog's movements in a bracelet around the concept. Aiming like tabby-patterned. Harpoon like draft of cliff. Slump like fossils rousing. A riddle the color of tin. An afferent draft of yellow. We are not yet close but. For sensing skin or removed, it is like the flaking for the shale. For descending, it is like the shale slumping. For photographs of horizon, it is like the concrete steps with weathered feet in lake. Moored to the fissile concept, it is like concrete poured in water. Slumps, it is like propelled, combining or pushing, not having, if riddle. Closer to philosophical statement. For what is this year mauve it is like combining. For what is a mauve riddle this year it is like philosophical. For what is on it is like leaving the most defunct of beaches (it was not something you could hold in your hands). For sensing skin or removed, again it is with the curtain like shallows. Again it is mauve, closer to statement, this is a hinged letter it is like again shallows and shale. Again it is like a lake, with certain exchanges. Again the flakes slough without resemblances, each flip

aimed biologically, no, certain for what is mauve, ideally. Unlike waves, it is like having a riddle propelled. Unlike filmed, it licks air. Unlike aimed, it closes in. Unlike grasped, it drafts. Closer to philosophical statement. A node in the woof of the simultaneous and the successive. Focused as shale, it holds. Focused, it is like certain minerals removing philosophical crystals. Less practical, the in has appeared. Less riddle, it pushes like a film or the flakes of color it propels. Flaking, it is vectored. Vectored, these collect, hold. Like a lake, it is mineral. Like a lake, we close or hold. Like a yawning, we alternate current, liken to shallows. Like a riddle a propelled thing waves, like concrete sloughed it flanks fossils flaked. Like a cliff it slumps fossils, like birch or maple it flips without resemblances. It tries to touch itself while being touched. The riddle between each ray a vectoring gap, a cliff-feeling. Cliff cognizes certain removes, closer to philosophical statement. We are not yet in a riddle but. Likened to a graph we vector shallows, likened without resemblances but. A gray like flakes likens to shallows, we beam or are propelled. The color of an. Idea of strip above the yellow. Remove certain minerals, we close on yawing gap and jump for what is like alternate curves of fossil exchange, or flakes: a fissile hollow of interminable gravitation. Unlike waves, unlike aimed, unlike flaked, what can geometry 1993 memory. A straw calculus with handles or threads. A strange adhesion to a fold in the flesh of sound. An aqueous furrow, a precise thicket, a tuft of pell-mell porosity. A careful reading, a breached fall, *so that we are signposts, yes*

canto 24

we've got five years that's all we've got  
telegraph zaps out chronicle  
entries surprise all the keepers  
excite the leonine fatigue

we are too tired to live like that

when the opera rocket hit mars  
the cat suit the fat suit in bronze  
pours concrete cold and long pylons  
buoy us over the former  
icespace and the flow of hallway  
branches under the earliest  
resemblances of assembly  
timing flat textile advances  
the tempo pentangles in snow  
on the crenelated edits  
in a colony now without  
these years left these few glitter years  
snow enormous at the launchpad  
fins flake shaped solar erasures  
in post-planetary dirges  
these few years these cold golden years  
horizontal autumn rebound  
assembled each line to shim up  
library walls lakeside units  
tether no more apologies  
the new spirit not smoldering  
but what laps at rotted iron  
feathers the window splint after  
the launch and that's all we've got  
lapel and gilt and shoe size and  
whatsoever inebriates

station to station vehicles  
station to station telegraphs  
station to station wave of phase  
entrails anchor this with rough sleep  
sloughs off the solar adventure  
these post-planetary dirges  
leak the leonine speed of life

we are too tired to live like that

revolves with flayed and sliced ocean  
freak out in a moonage daydream  
perceval orbiting again  
never to be heard from again  
the library rarely omits  
registers of such netted gold  
futurity emits transmits  
leaks leaks leaks leaks leaks leaks leaks leaks

*at the river landing's the place  
where the river is "noble"  
in a description of it there*

(Giscombe)

By the time we had completed  
the colony looks up and all  
the Breuer museums had been  
demolished. The scene entirely  
provincial. And Galahad too  
felt shame. Whether structure or span  
the nerves of chivalry aligned  
by unresponsive quoins contract  
into the colony's central  
assembly cylinders. Moonage  
offset plates reverse relations  
between signage at the Launchpad  
and the marvelous apartments.  
The whole thing was Galahad's fault:  
preferring the accessible  
purity of advertising  
modeled on the **Siege Perilous**  
which is an explanatory  
sign for visitors, this logic  
of representation flattens  
attempts at utopian space.  
Planes and relative masses and  
concrete geometry working.  
Concrete and steel and granite too,  
also slate, are really working.  
Signs issued by the colony  
Library at each flattened site  
recall disassembled modern  
space

so we addressed the unyielding  
sentence with just such a treatise





Cleveland Museum of Art, Breuer Building (completed 1971). Image 41254B, Photography Studio collection, The Cleveland Museum of Art Archives.

**proem:** Ralph W. Polk, *The Practice of Printing* (Peoria: Manual Arts Press, 1937); Craig H. Spicher, *The Practice of Presswork*, 2nd edn. (Chicago: 1928). **romance of the five years:** Ernst Bloch, *The Utopian Function of Art and Literature: Selected Essays*, trans. Jack Zipes and Frank Mecklenberg (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1998); Chrétien de Troyes, *Œuvres complètes*, ed. Daniel Poirion et al., Bibliothèque de la Pléiade (Paris: Gallimard, 1994), NB: the relevant romances concerning Yvain, Lancelot, and Perceval, are easily acquired in English translation, *Chrétien de Troyes: Arthur Romances*, trans. D.D.R. Owen (London: Everyman, 1993), or with facing Modern French translations, in *Chrétien de Troyes: Romans*, ed. Michel Zink et al. (Paris: Livre de Poche, 1994); Jeffrey Jerome Cohen, *Medieval Identity Machines* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2003); Sigmund Freud, *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, The Standard Edition (New York: Norton, 1990); Le Corbusier, *Towards a New Architecture*, trans. Frederick Etchells (New York: Dover, 1986), and *The City of Tomorrow and Its Planning*, trans. Frederick Etchells (New York: Dover, 1987); Silvan Tomkins, *Affect, Imagery, Consciousness: The Complete Edition* (New York: Springer, 2008), NB: most of the relevant portions of Tomkins's text may be more readily found in Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick and Adam Frank, eds., *Shame and Its Sisters: A Silvan Tomkins Reader* (Durham: Duke University Press, 1995); Marjorie Welish, *In The Futurity Lounge / Asylum for Indeterminacy* (Minneapolis: Coffee House, 2012). **"the leak":** Edward J. Hedican, *The First Nations of Ontario: Social and Historical Transitions* (Toronto: Canadian Scholars, 2017); Bruce Trigger, *The Children of Aataentsic: A History of the Huron People to 1660* (Toronto: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1987); Letters concerning the storm on the Great Lakes of November 7–10, 1903 (Bay City, Michigan, Saginaw River Marine Historical Society), as transcribed on the *Maritime History of the Great Lakes* digital library website; "The Great Lakes," webpage, in-

cluding pages linked under “Lakewide Management Plans,” “Environmental Issues,” and “Facts and Data,” Environmental Protection Agency webpage (Obama-era, accessed Winter, 2014). “**Two Procedures...**”: Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *The Visible and the Invisible*, trans. Alphonso Lingis (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1968), *The Phenomenology of Perception*, trans. Colin Smith (rpt. London: Routledge, 2002), *The Phenomenology of Perception*, trans. Donald A. Landes (London: Routledge, 2014); Edmund Husserl, *Logical Investigations*, 2 vols., trans. J.N. Findlay (London: Routledge, 2001).

## Acknowledgments

Portions of this book appeared first in: *Shampoo, Pelt, & The Internal Leg and Cutlery Preview*. I extend my thanks to the editors of those publications.

Special thanks are due to the Cleveland Museum of Art for permission to print their images of the CMA Breuer building and the image from their collection that appears on the cover and as the frontispiece. I am especially grateful to Leslie Cade, Director of Museum Archives, and to James Kohler and Jennifer Cicero, who helped with permissions.

This text arrived in several phases over quite a number of years. I wish to thank a number of persons for their help: Robin Clarke, Emily Carlson, Joshua Zelesnick, Sten Carlson, Becca Mertz and Chris Miller, who were around when this started in 2008. Julie Granum was still around then, too. Sten was driving the Saturn wagon back from New York when the first of the cantos came out. Thanks to all these Pittsburgh poets who continue to write into the mess. Ada Smailbegović was also an invaluable help in the development of the *romance of the five years* as well as the “Lean-To” poems, and the language of the latter owes much to direct borrowing from her own work. This book would not have been written without the late Tomaž Šalamun’s demand for “total freedom” in the work of the PGH poets at the time, and so its publication must also mark our grief for his death in 2014.

I’m also grateful to Rachael Wilson, Ada, and the Organism for Poetic Research for providing me with a forum in which the strange work on the Habtathoeud Codex materials could begin to see the light of day. Thanks also to other readers or early audiences of parts of this book: Patrick Barron, Jeffrey Jerome Cohen, Lowell Duckert, David Hadbawnik, Sarah Bagley Hammock, Anna Kłosowska, John Murray Leigh, Ben Lerner, Mi-

chael Edward Moore, Hugh O'Connell, Renata Tutko, Marjorie Welish, and Laura Yoder. At crucial moments, Chrissy Remein provided me with reference photographs of the Breuer building at 945 Madison Avenue, and Arthur Russell did the same for both the CMA and the Cleveland shoreline. Thank you to the tireless Eileen A. Joy and Vincent W.J. van Gerven Oei at punctum books for shepherding this into print, and to Chris Piuma for getting this project started. I also wish to thank the institutions that harbored me while writing: the English Departments at the University of Pittsburgh, New York University, and the University of Massachusetts Boston.

My highest thanks are reserved for Meagan Ann Manas.

DCR  
Boston, 2016









Remein, Daniel C.

*Treatise on the Marvelous for Prestigious  
Museums*

punctum books, 2018

ISBN: 9.7819474476e+012 9781947447592

<https://punctumbooks.com/titles/treatise-on-the-marvelous-for-prestigious-museums/>

<https://www.doi.org/10.21983/P3.0203.1.00>