The Race Within Erasure

Robin Coste Lewis

Portland Arts & Lectures

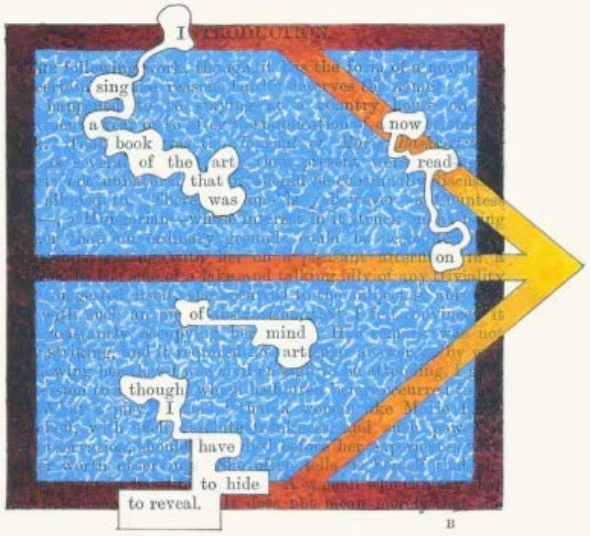
Presented by Literary Arts on
February 25, 2016

~~*being*~~

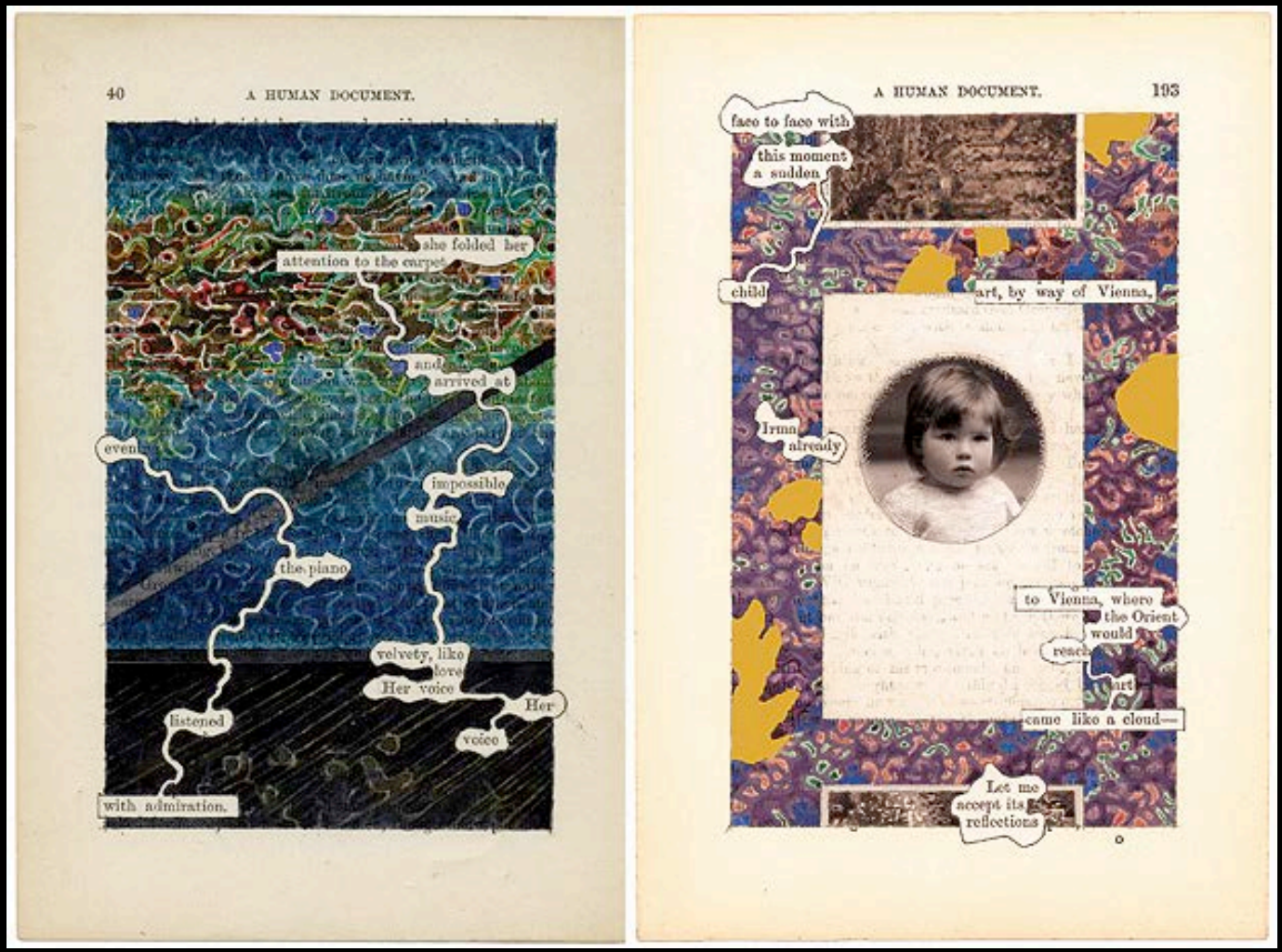
A HUMUMENT

A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

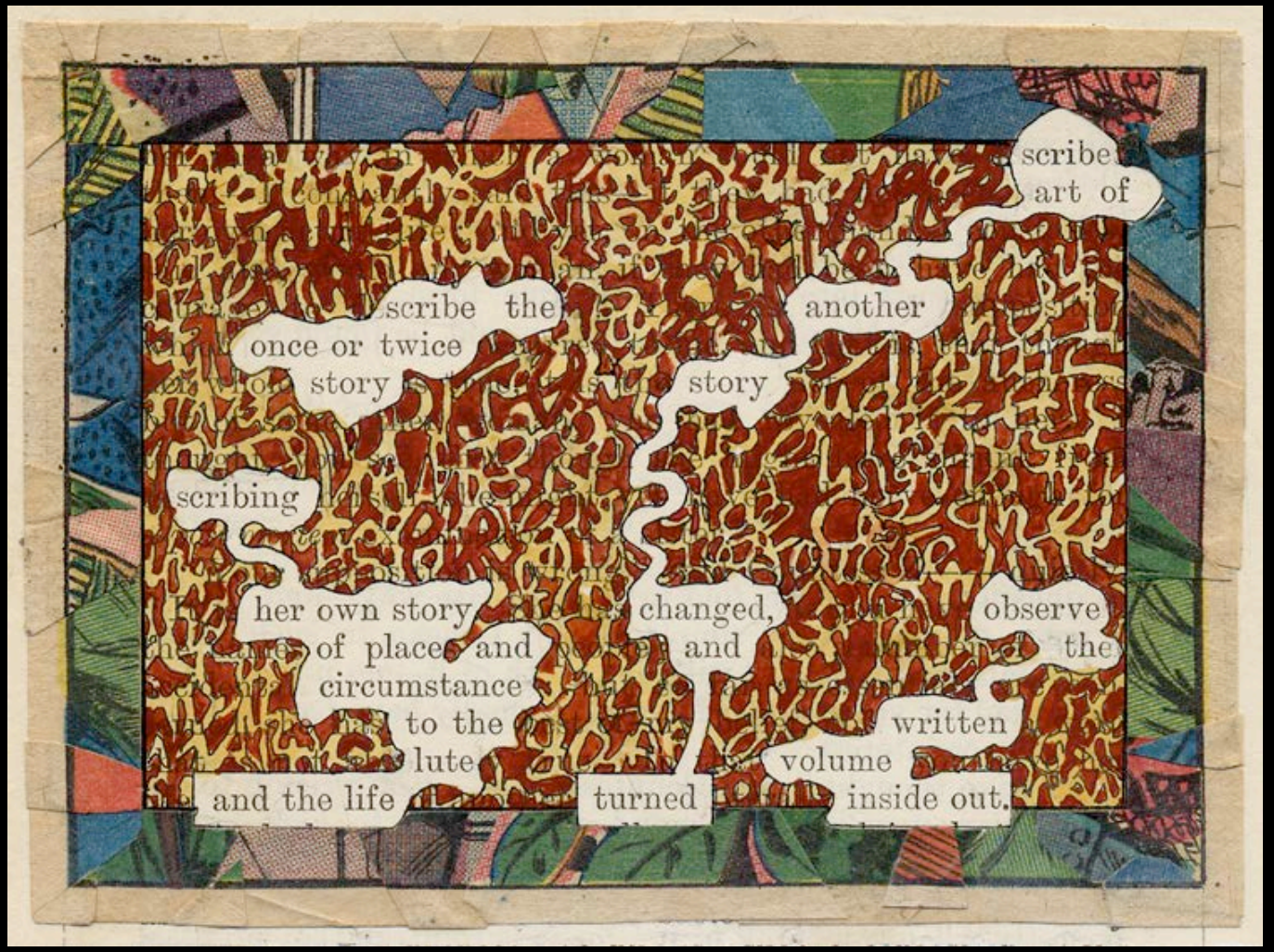
New Edition



Tom Phillips' *A Humument*



A Humument


scribe
art of
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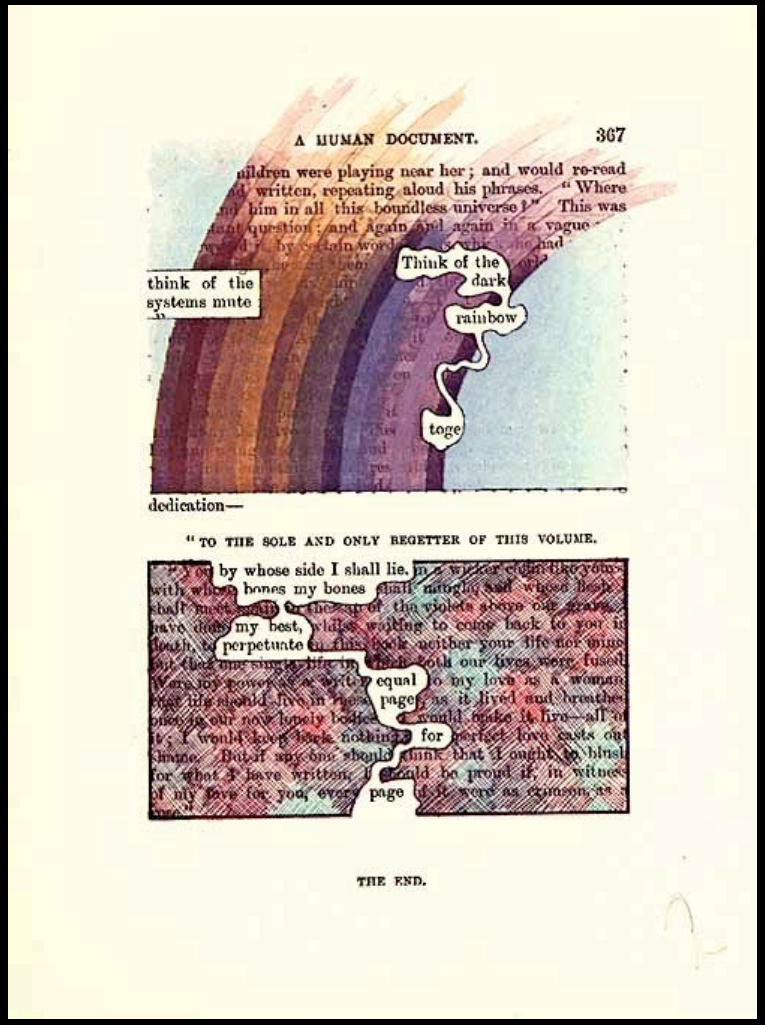
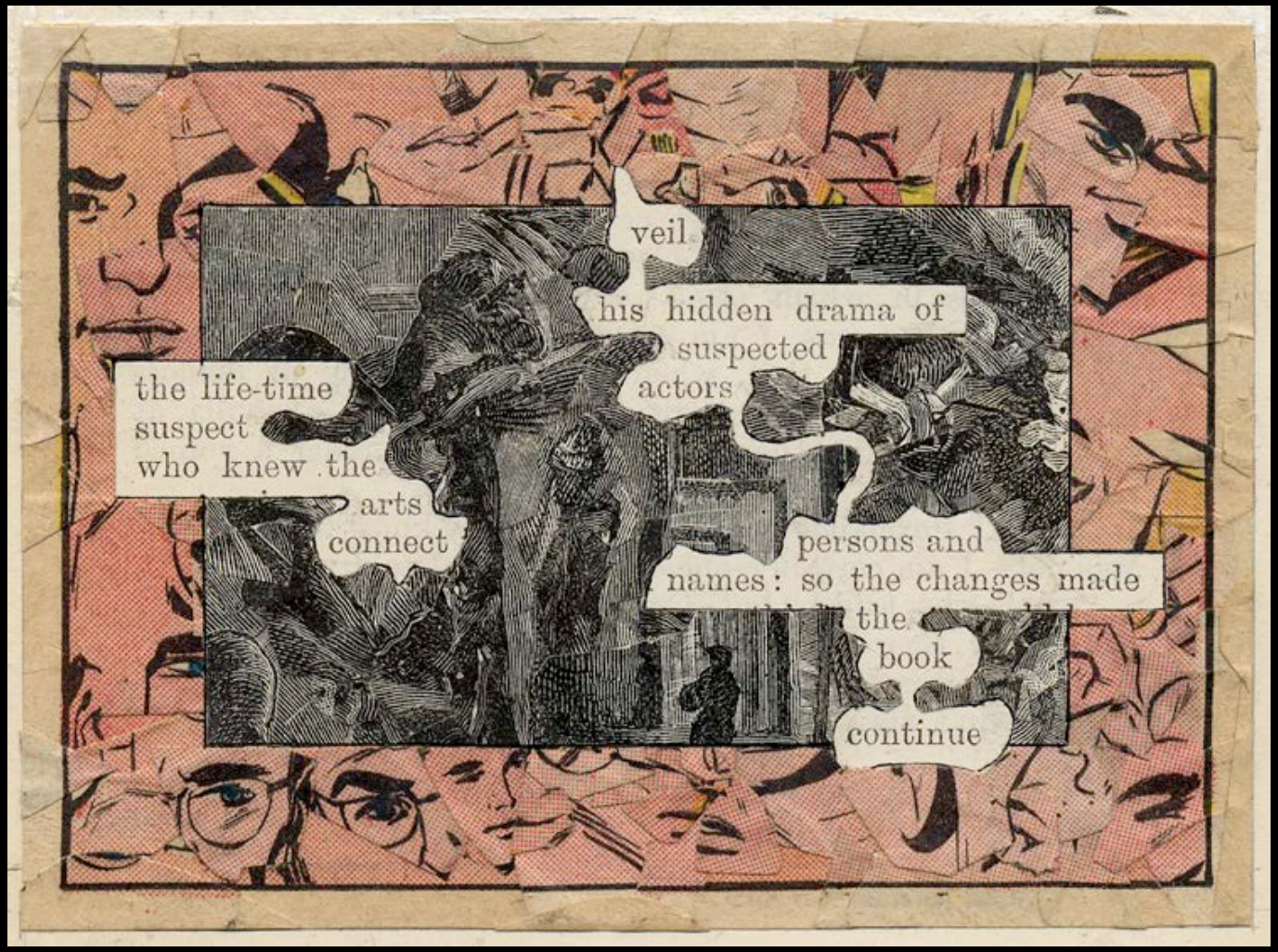
inside out.

A Humument


A HUMAN DOCUMENT. 367
Think of the
dark
rainbow
toge
think of the
systems mute
dedication—
"TO THE SOLE AND ONLY BEGETTER OF THIS VOLUME.
by whose side I shall lie.
bones my bones
my best,
perpetuate
equal
page
for
page
THE END.

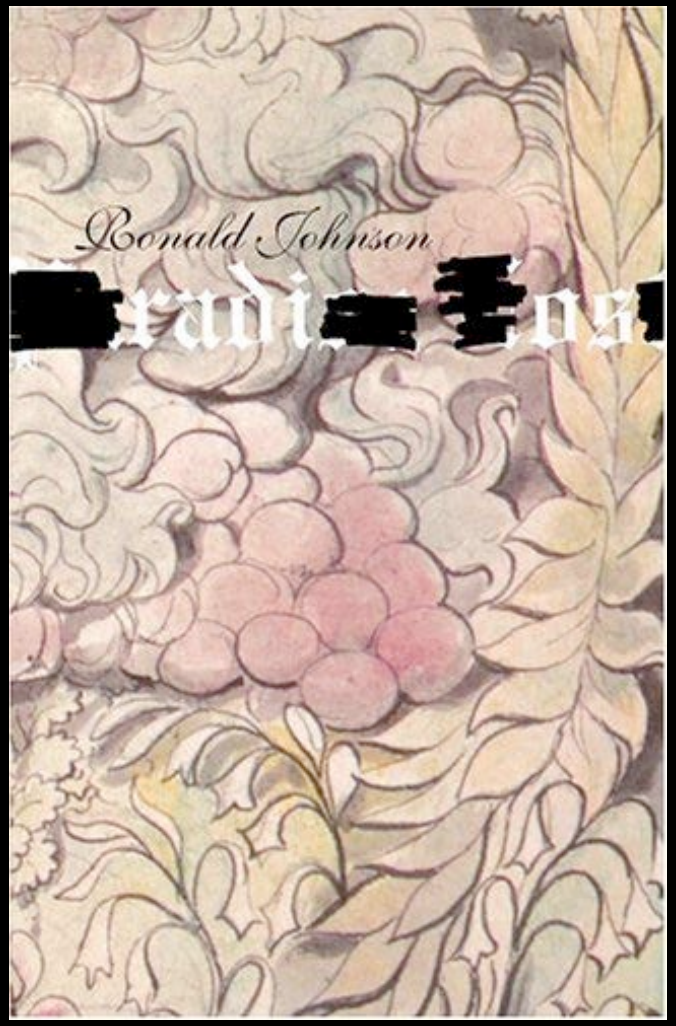
A Humument


veil
his hidden drama of
suspected
actors
the life-time
suspect
who knew the
arts
connect
persons and
names: so the changes made
the
book
continue

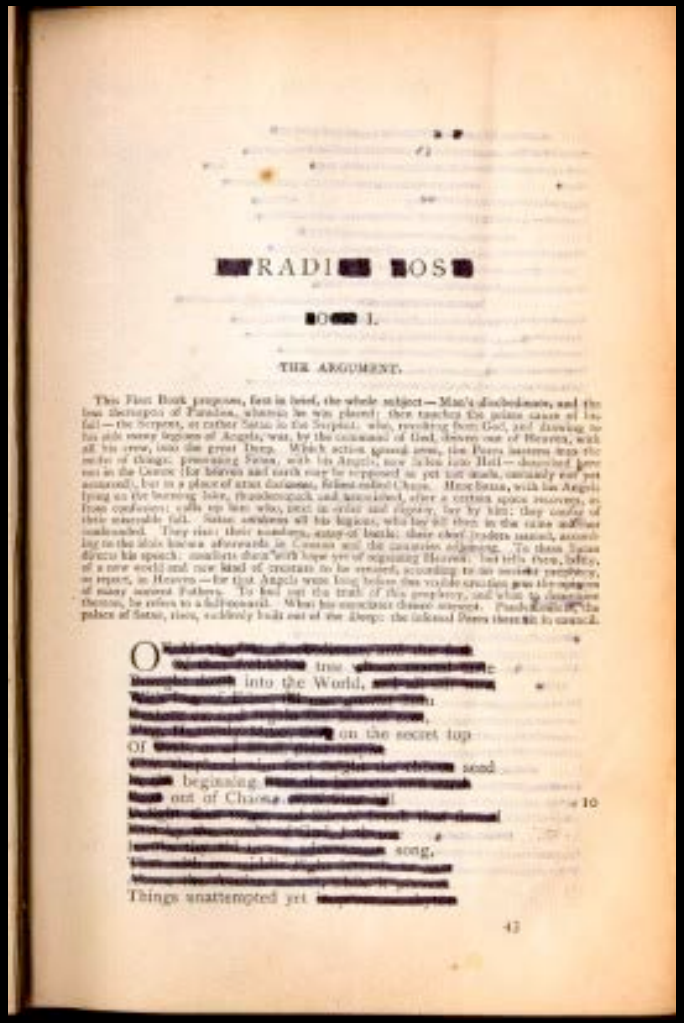
There’s an ap for that

Tom Phillips at work

Radi os
Ronald Johnson



Ronald Johnson's *Radi os*



[redacted]RADI[redacted]OS[redacted]

[redacted] I.

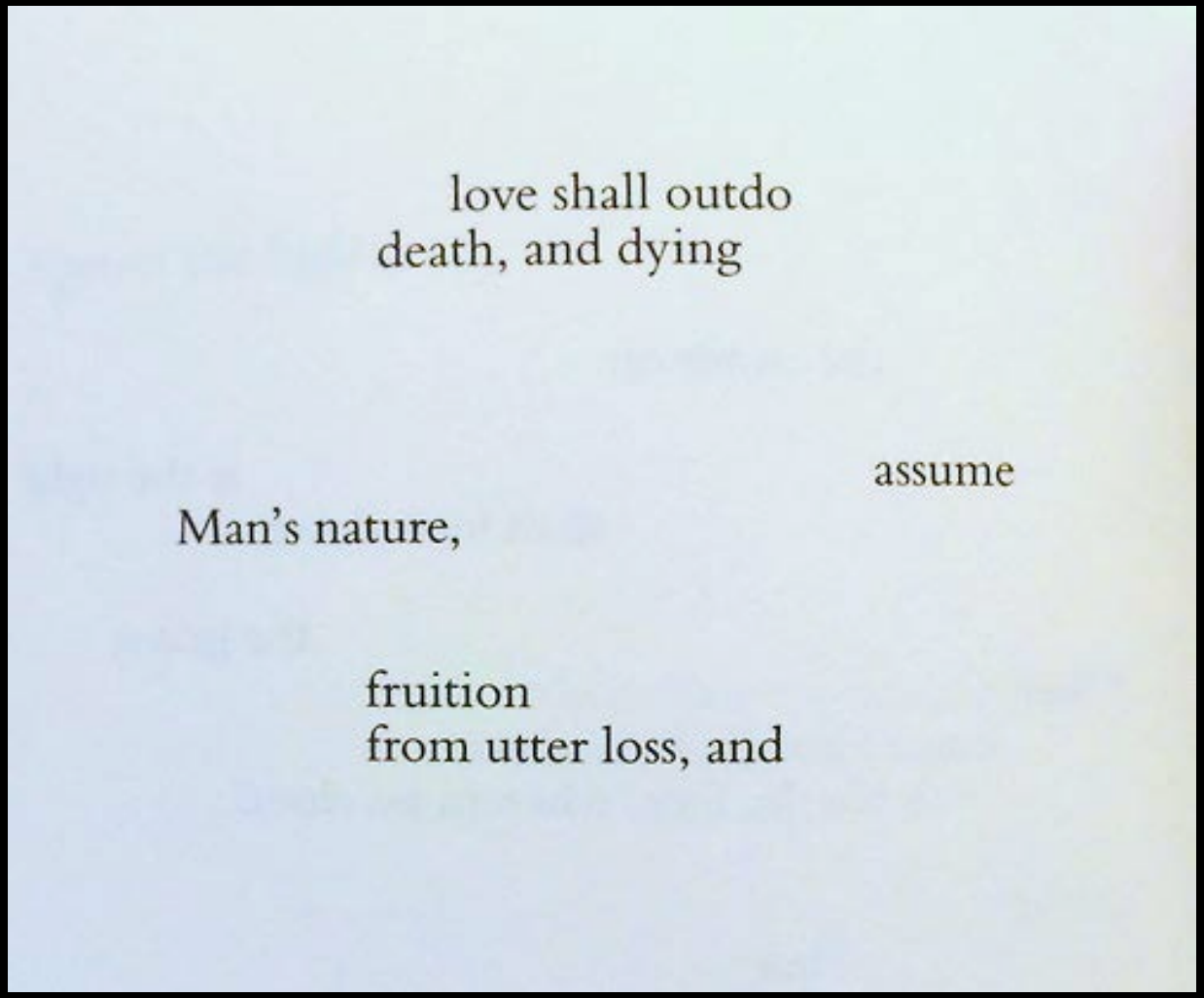
THE ARGUMENT.

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject—Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed; then touches the prime cause of his fall—the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great Deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastens into the midst of things; presenting Satan, with his Angels, now fallen into Hell—described here not in the Centre (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos. Here Satan, with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion; calls up him who, next in order and dignity, lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay all then in the same manner confounded. They rise; their numbers, array of battle; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To them Satan directs his speech; comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven; but tells them, lastly, of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report, in Heaven—for that Angels were long before the visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thereon attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.

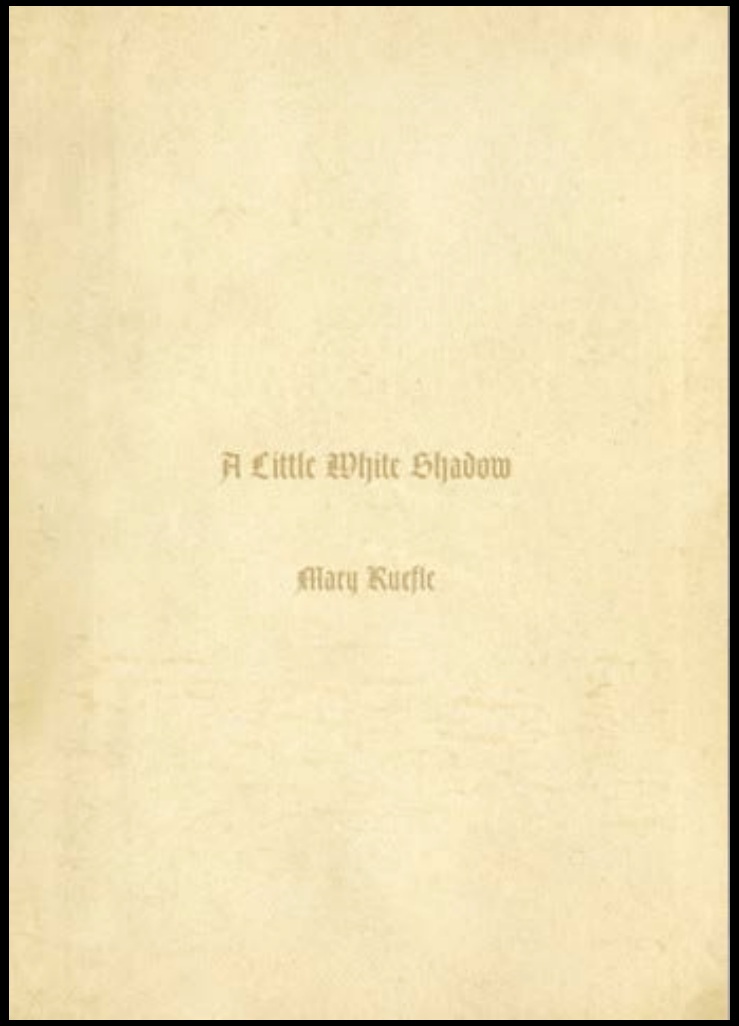
O[redacted] true [redacted]
[redacted] into the World, [redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted] on the secret top
Of [redacted]
[redacted] send
[redacted] beginning [redacted]
[redacted] out of Chaos [redacted] 10
[redacted]
[redacted] song,
[redacted]
Things unattempted yet [redacted]

43

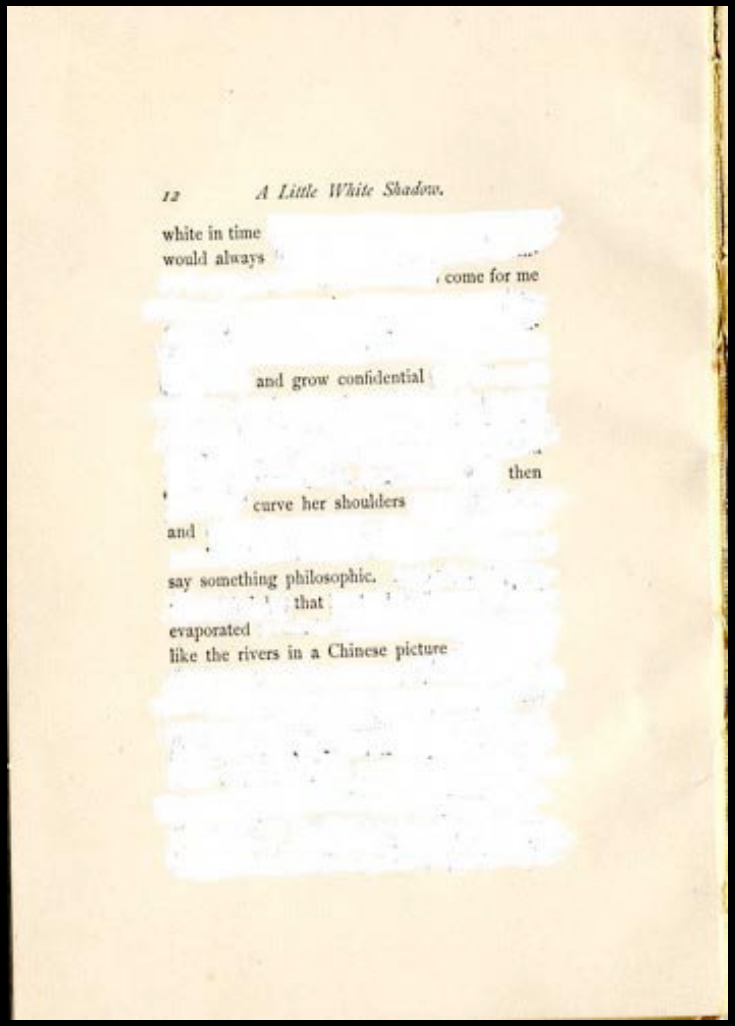
Radi os
Ronald Johnson



A Little White Shadow
Mary Ruefle



A Little White Shadow
Mary Ruefle



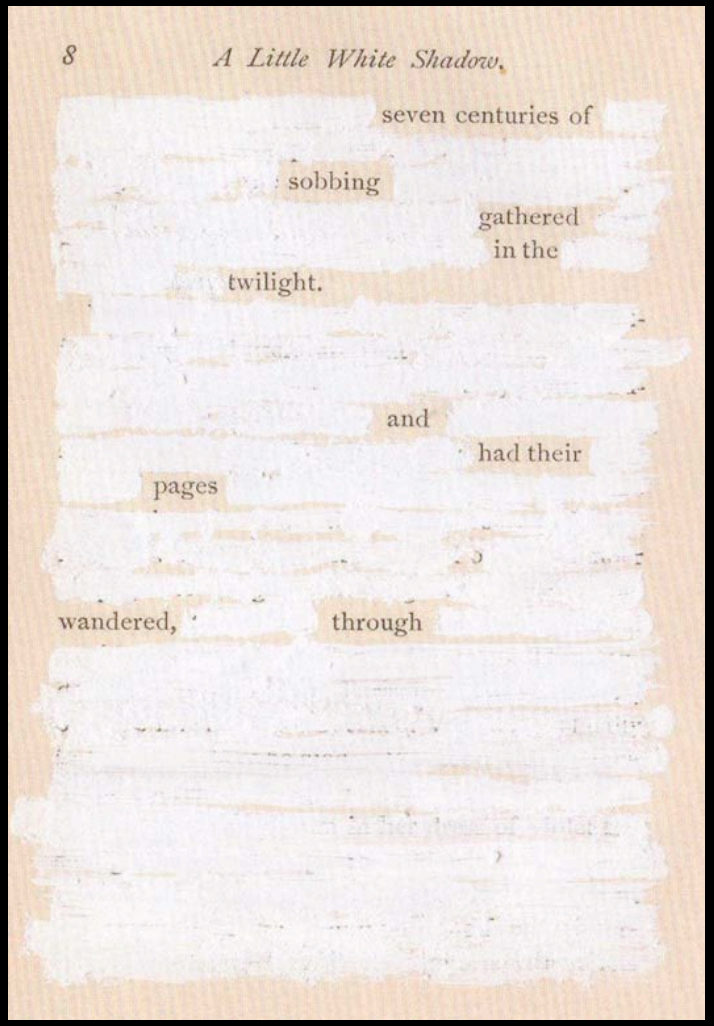
12 *A Little White Shadow.*

white in time
would always
come for me

and grow confidential

then
curve her shoulders
and
say something philosophic.
that
evaporated
like the rivers in a Chinese picture

A Little White Shadow
Mary Ruefle



8 *A Little White Shadow,*

seven centuries of

sobbing

gathered
in the

twilight.

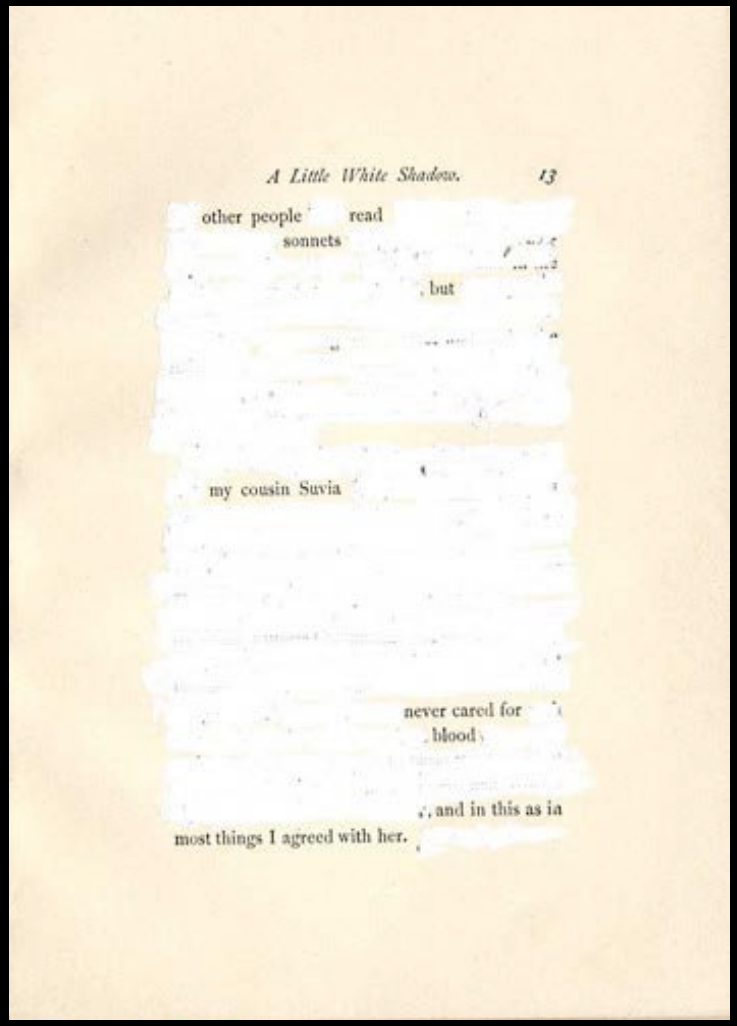
and

had their

pages

wandered, through

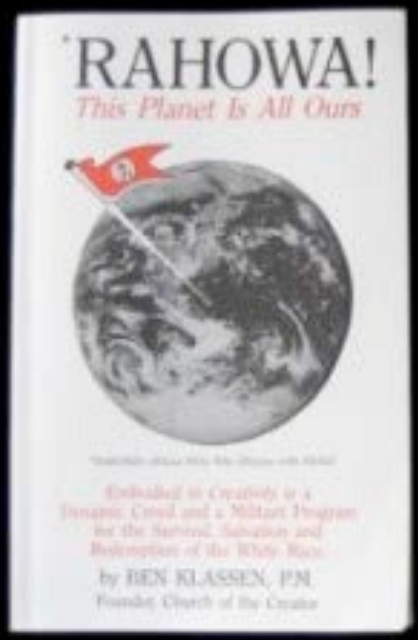
A Little White Shadow
Mary Ruefle



A Little White Shadow. 13

other people read
sonnets
, but
my cousin Suvia
never cared for
blood
, and in this as in
most things I agreed with her.

RAHOWA! The Planet is Ours
Racial Holy War
White Supremacist Bible



WE BELIEVE that RAHOWA (RAcial HOly WAr), under the victorious flag of the one and only, true and revolutionary White Racial Religion — Creativity —, is the only road to the resurrection and redemption of the White Race.

(Ben Klassen)

izquotes.com

The White Man's Bible

★ A POWERFUL RELIGIOUS CREED AND PROGRAM FOR THE SURVIVAL, EXPANSION AND ADVANCEMENT OF THE WHITE RACE.

★ OUR FOUR DIMENSIONAL PROGRAM: A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY IN A SOUND SOCIETY IN A SOUND ENVIRONMENT.

★ THE TOTAL PROGRAM, THE FINAL SOLUTION, THE ULTIMATE CREED BASED ON THE ETERNAL LAWS OF NATURE.

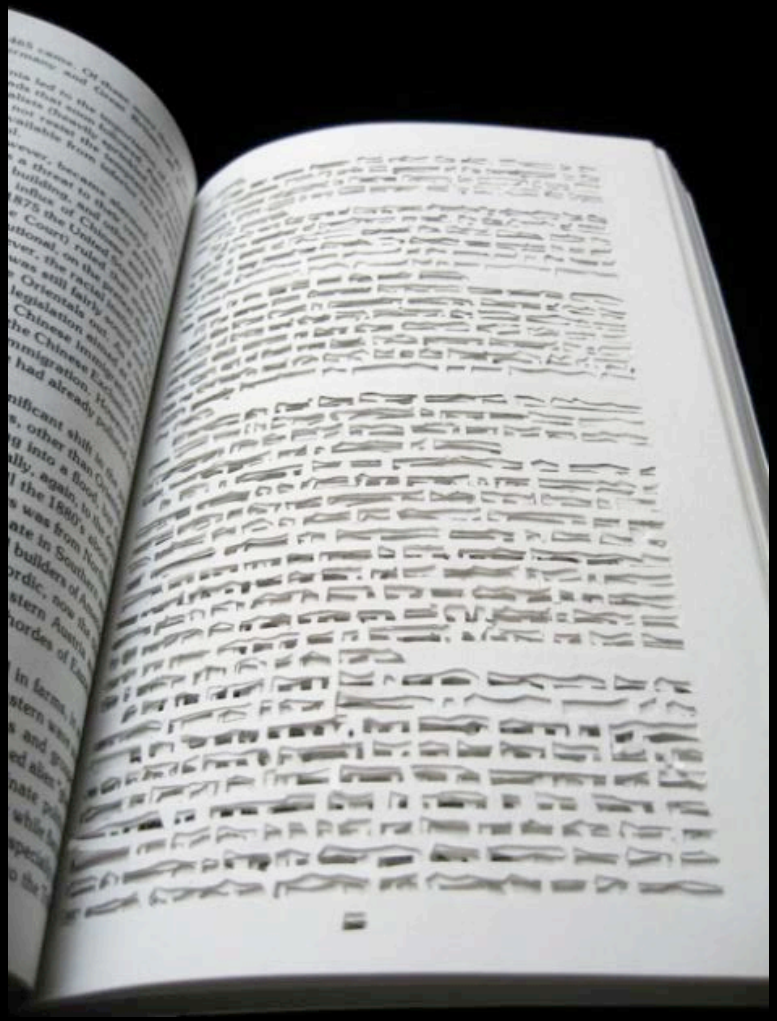
BY

BEN KLASSEN, P.M.

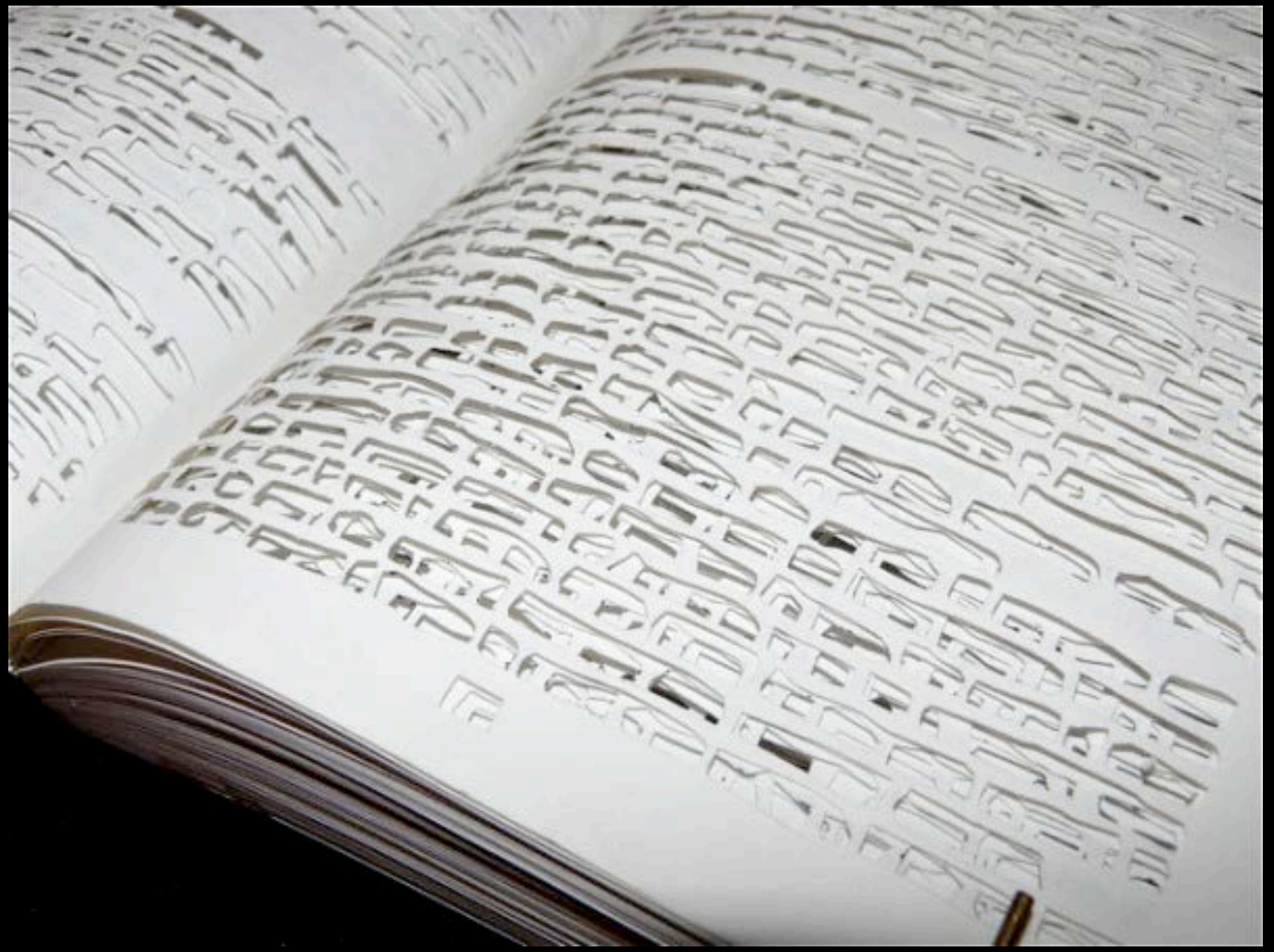
FOUNDER, THE CHURCH OF THE CREATOR

Ariana Boussard-Reifel
Between the Lines (2007)

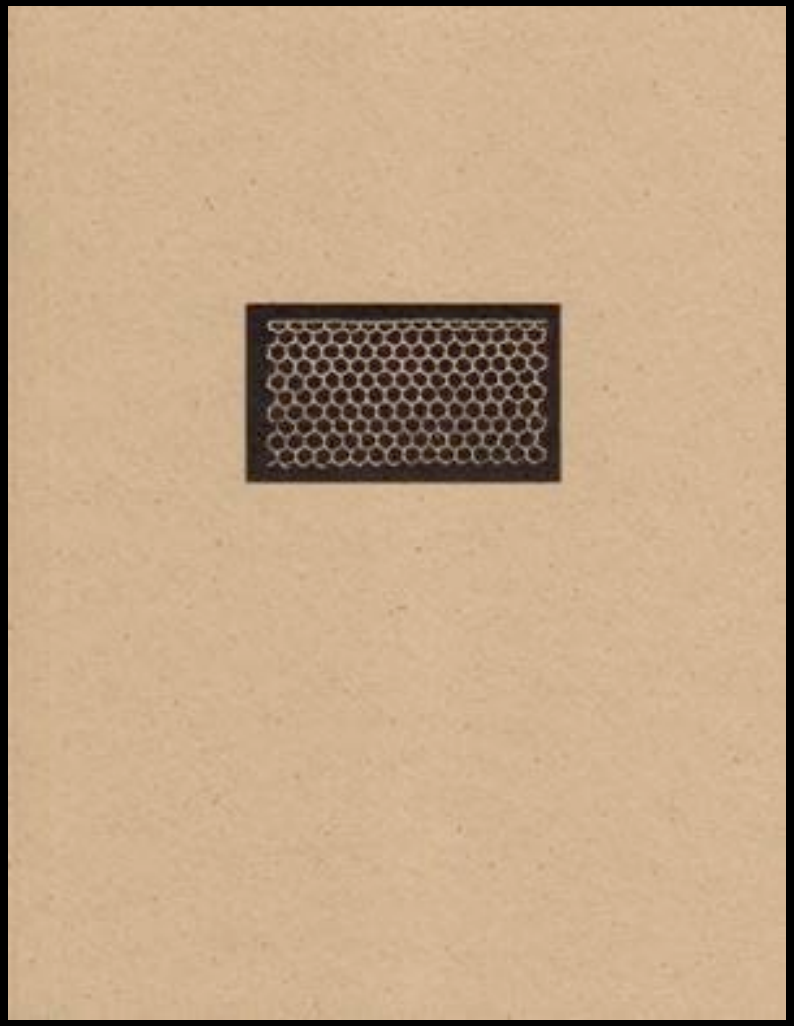
Ariana Boussard-Reifel
Between the Lines (2007)



Ariana Boussard-Reifel
Between the Lines (2007)



Jen Bervin
Nets



2

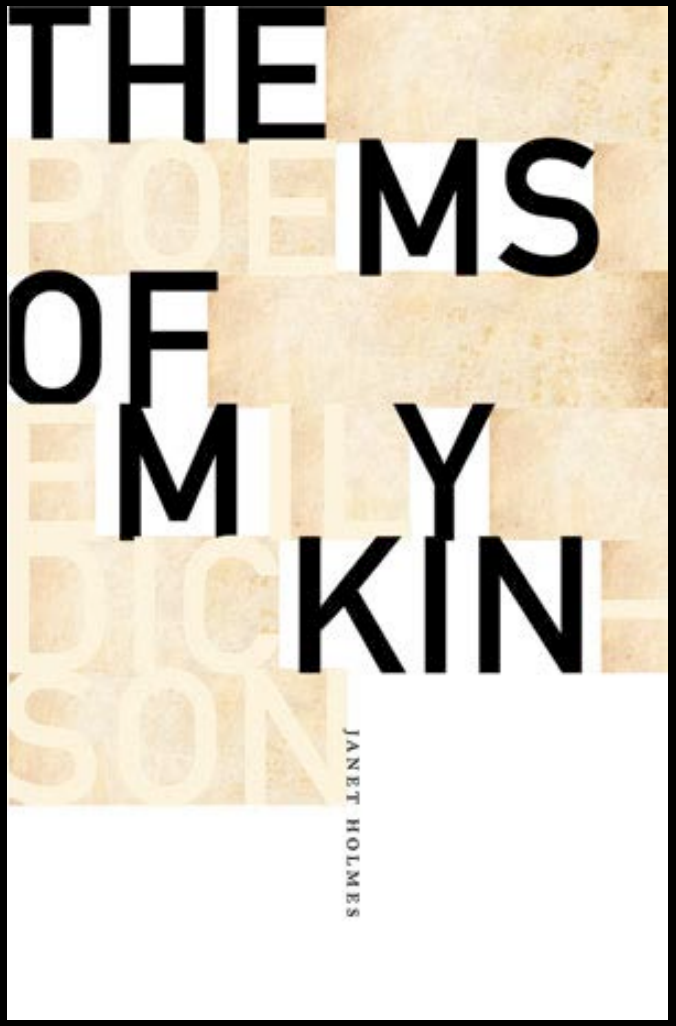
When forty winters shall beseige thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tattered weed of small worth held:
Then being asked where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine.
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

22

My glass shall not persuade me I am old
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy '**Will**,'
And '**Will**' to boot, and '**Will**' in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet **will** making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose **will** is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my **will** in thine?
Shall **will** in others seem right gracious,
And in my **will** no fair acceptance shine?
The sea all water, yet receives rain still
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in '**Will**,' add to thy '**Will**'
One **will** of mine, to make thy large '**Will**' more.
Let 'no' unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one '**Will**.'

The ms of my kin
Janet Holmes



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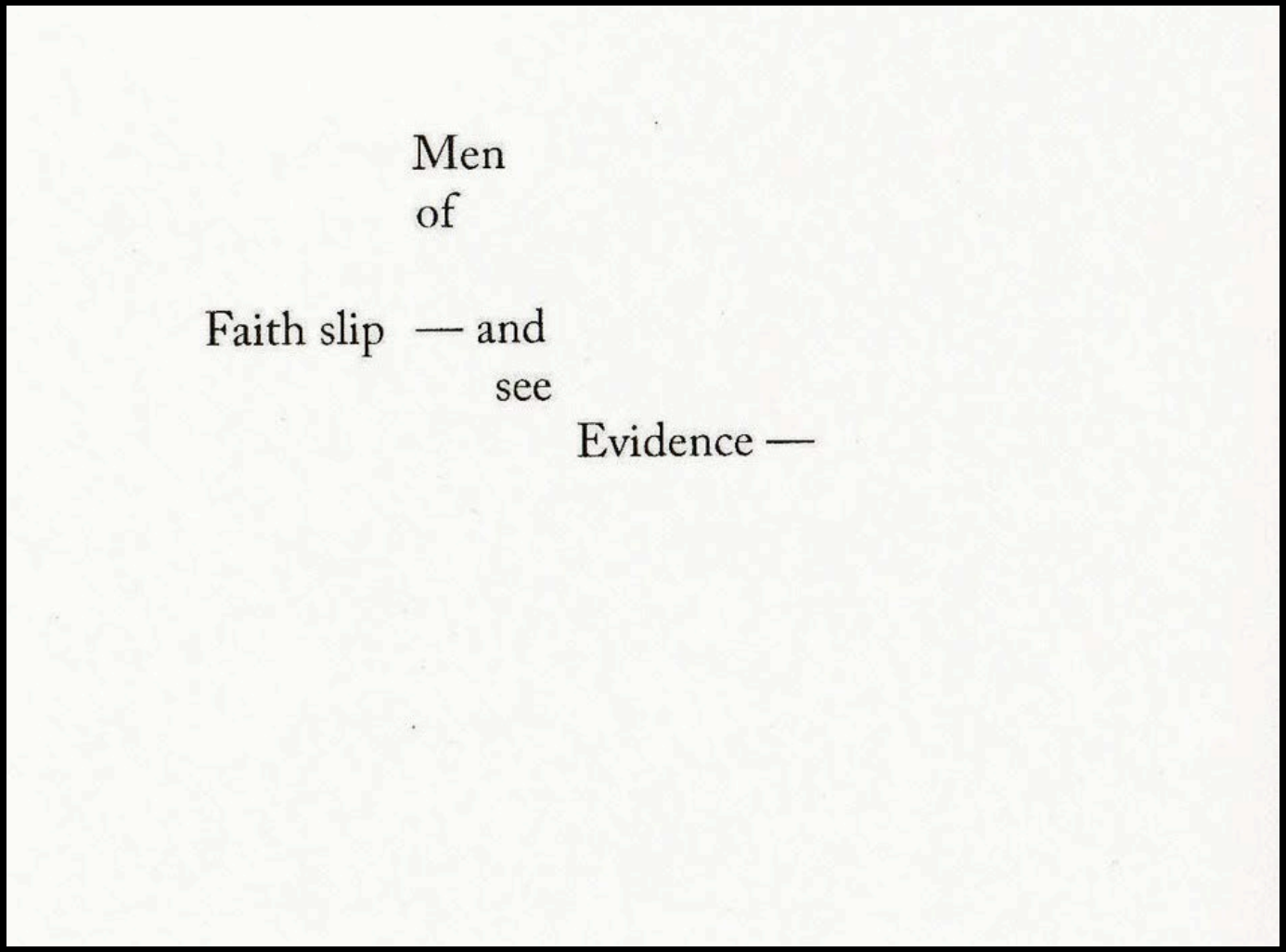


The ms of my kin
Janet Holmes

Gentle Reader!

Joshua Beckman, Anthony McCann,
& Matthew Rohrer

I WAS ALIVE

I was alive
Sometimes
I looked

on the valley
No object

Was the moon

And I fixed my eyes on that with pleasure

I discovered
The radiant roof
I discovered

Sound
The uncouth
Inarticulate
Sound

Which broke from me
The moon appeared

My mind
Received

additional ideas

I found
Windows

Had
silver hair
I was deeply affected by it.
I suffered
very poignantly however

I learned and applied words

Fire milk bread
Wood brother sister

Good winter listen

Gait listen

Snow

As the sun became warmer
A high wind dried the earth
The birds sang
Gilded by sense
I soon perceived

Words enraptured in a city

*

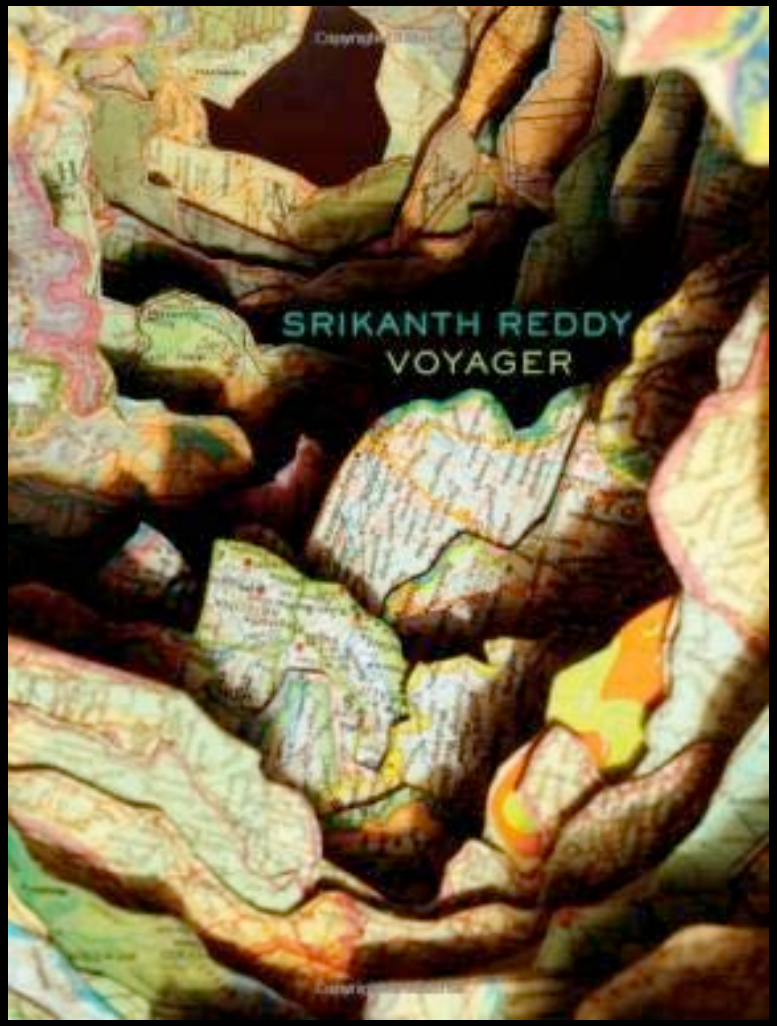
I was seized in an obscure part of that event

Such were events

When alone I
Formed determination
Taking
The common language
With devoted hands

I bound death in the safety of history

Voyager
Srikanth Reddy



Now I realize that, in the theatres of neutrality,
the heart freezes. This is a difficult problem.
Everybody watches the wheel as it turns...
I embraced a new work. It was
engendered in my dream. It was built of desire.
Experience taught me that, in the final analysis,
nothing ends. The first steps must follow.

Untitled [Is is]
Srikanth Reddy

Is is.

There is no distinction between ideology and image.

One.

He records his name on a gold medallion.

Two.

The philosopher must say is.

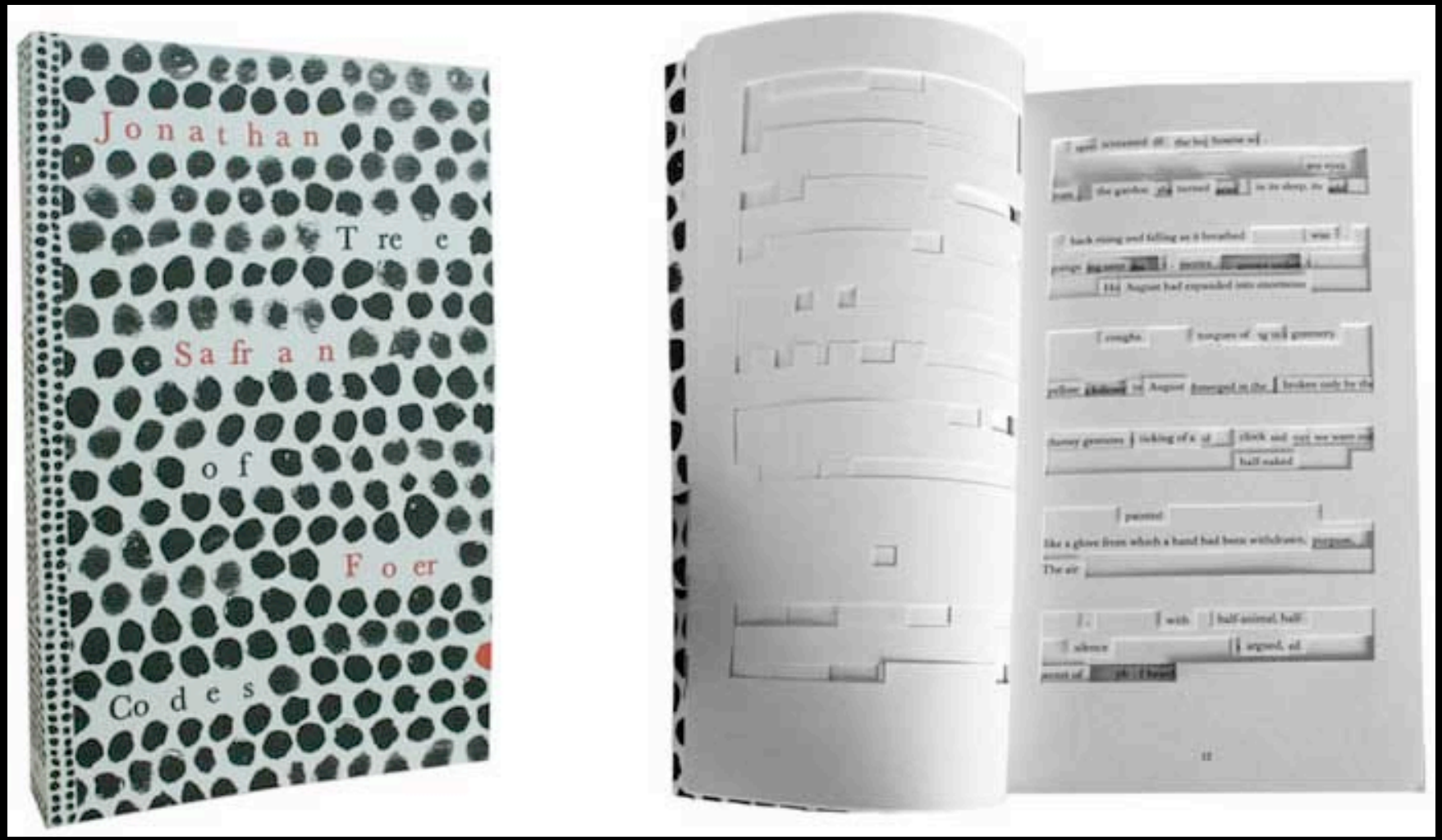
The world is legion.

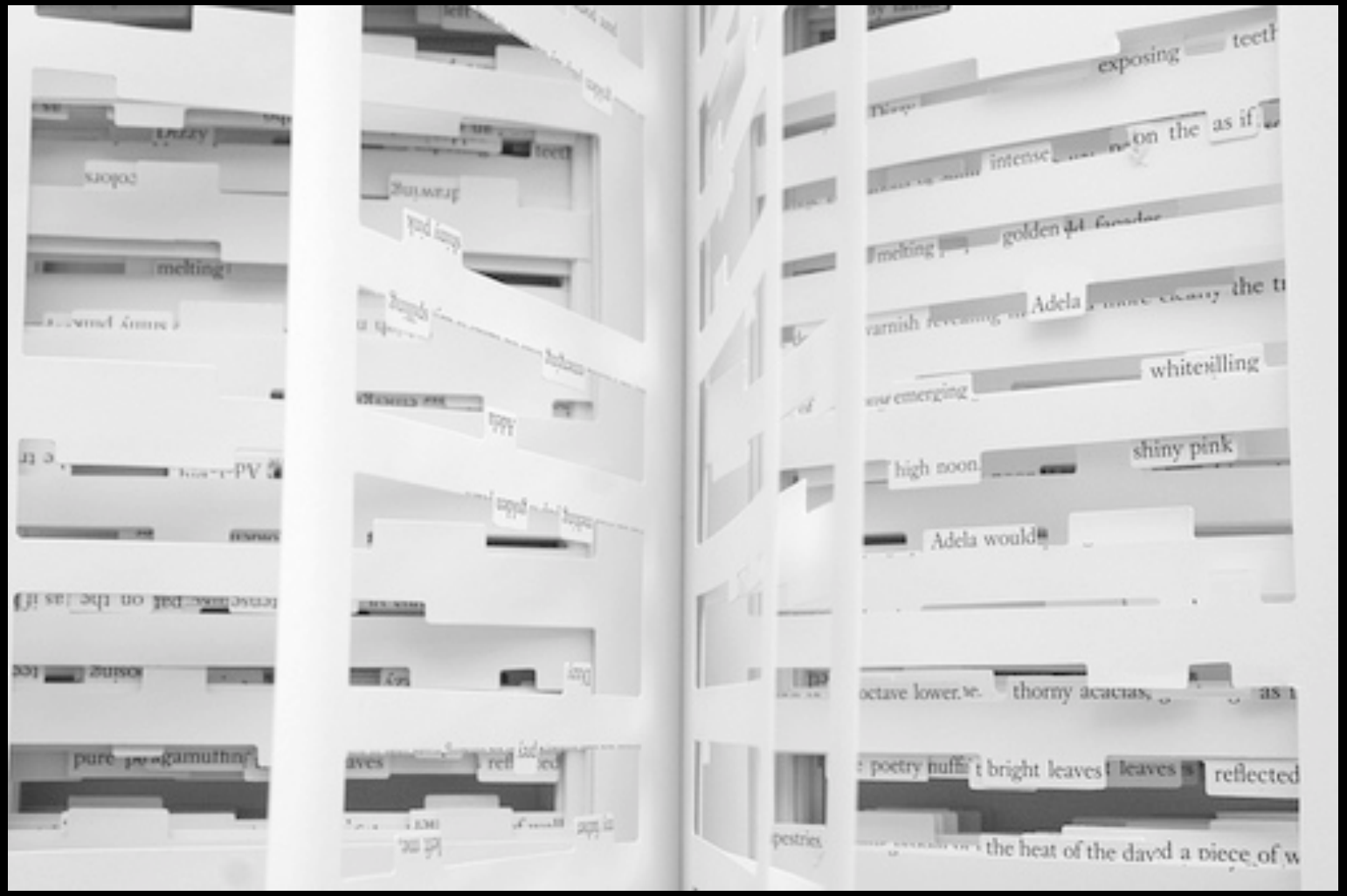
The self is a suffering form

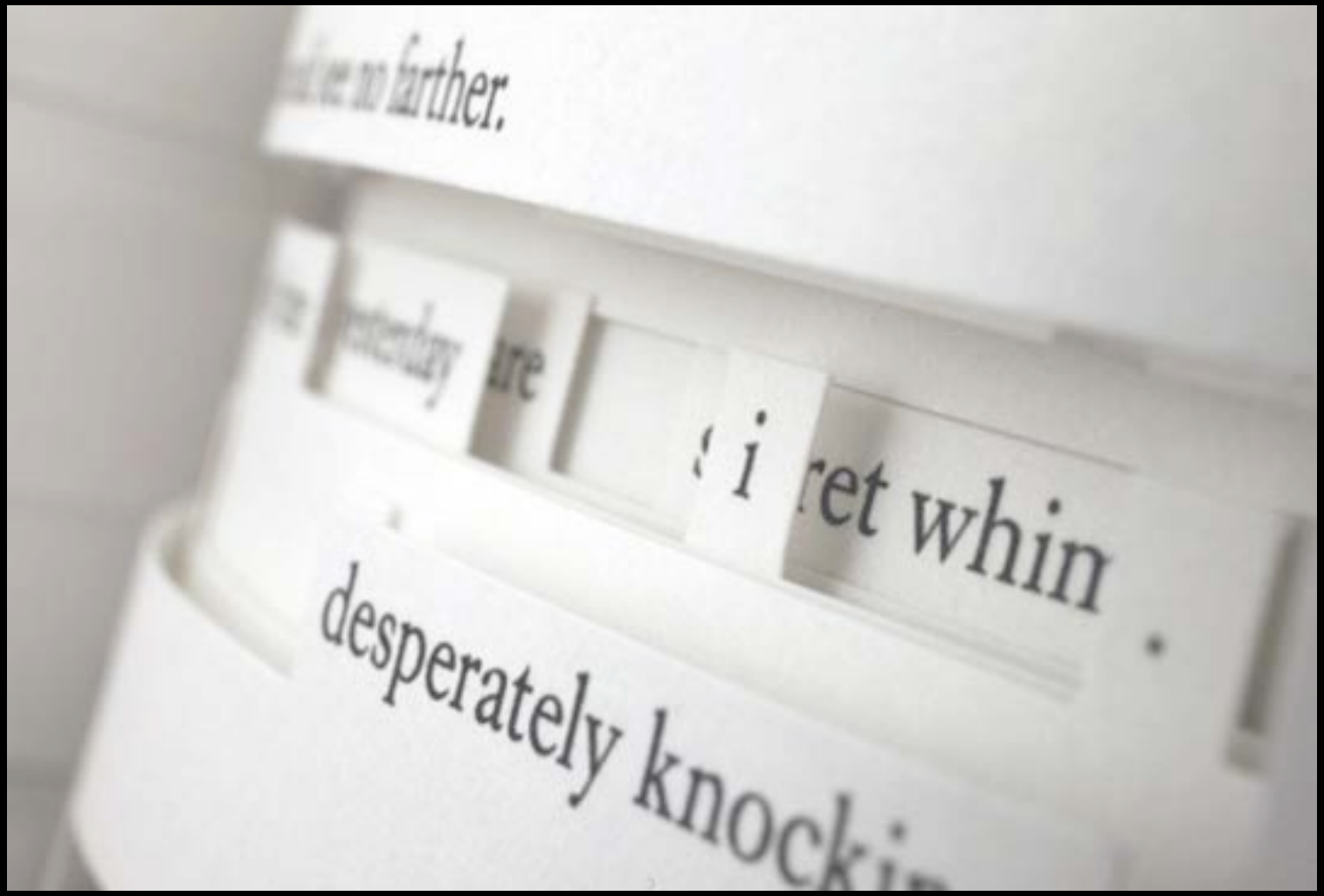
Is is.

Waves rise and fall, but the sea remains.

Tree of Codes
Jonathan Safran Foer






farther.
are
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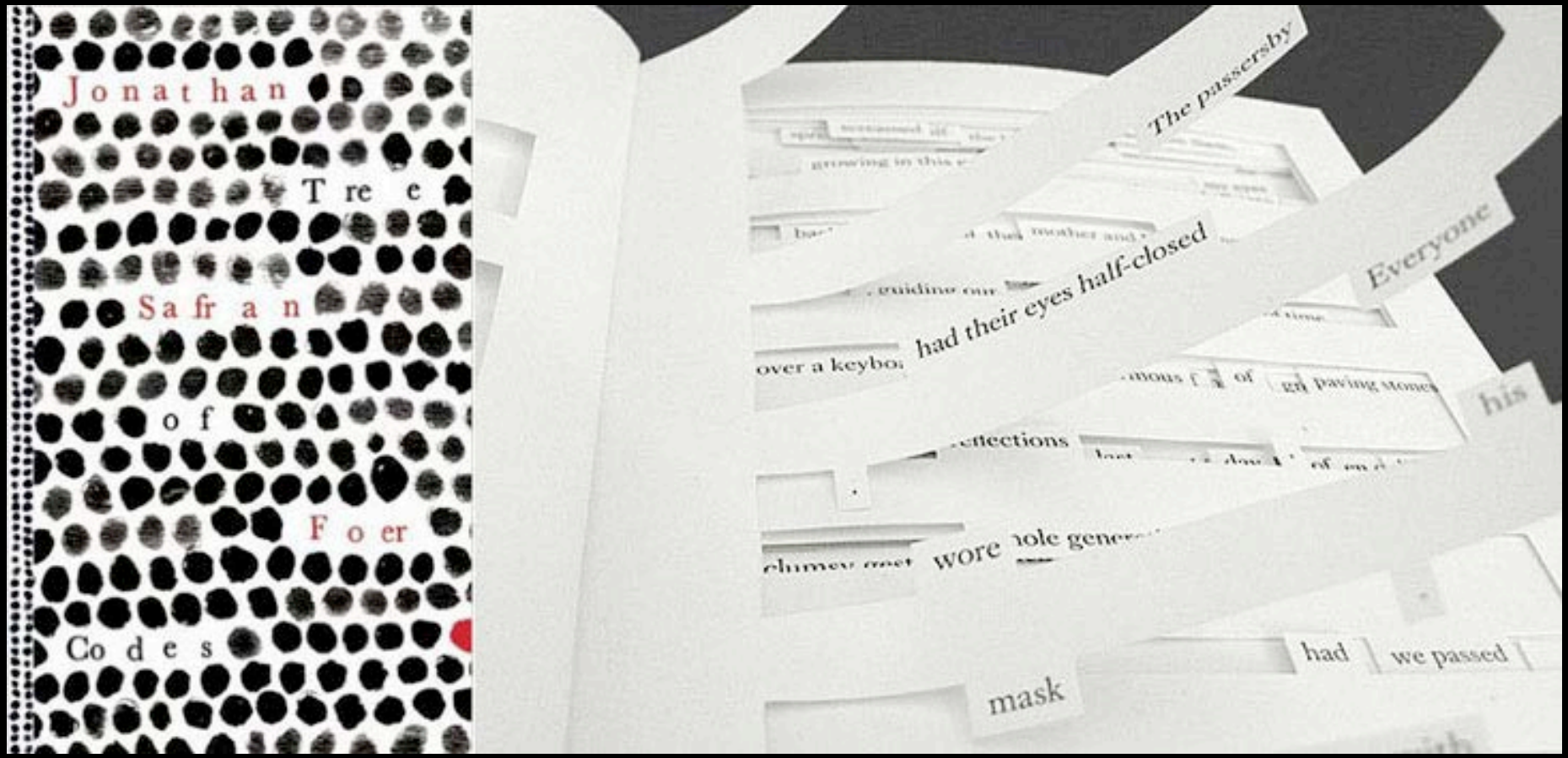
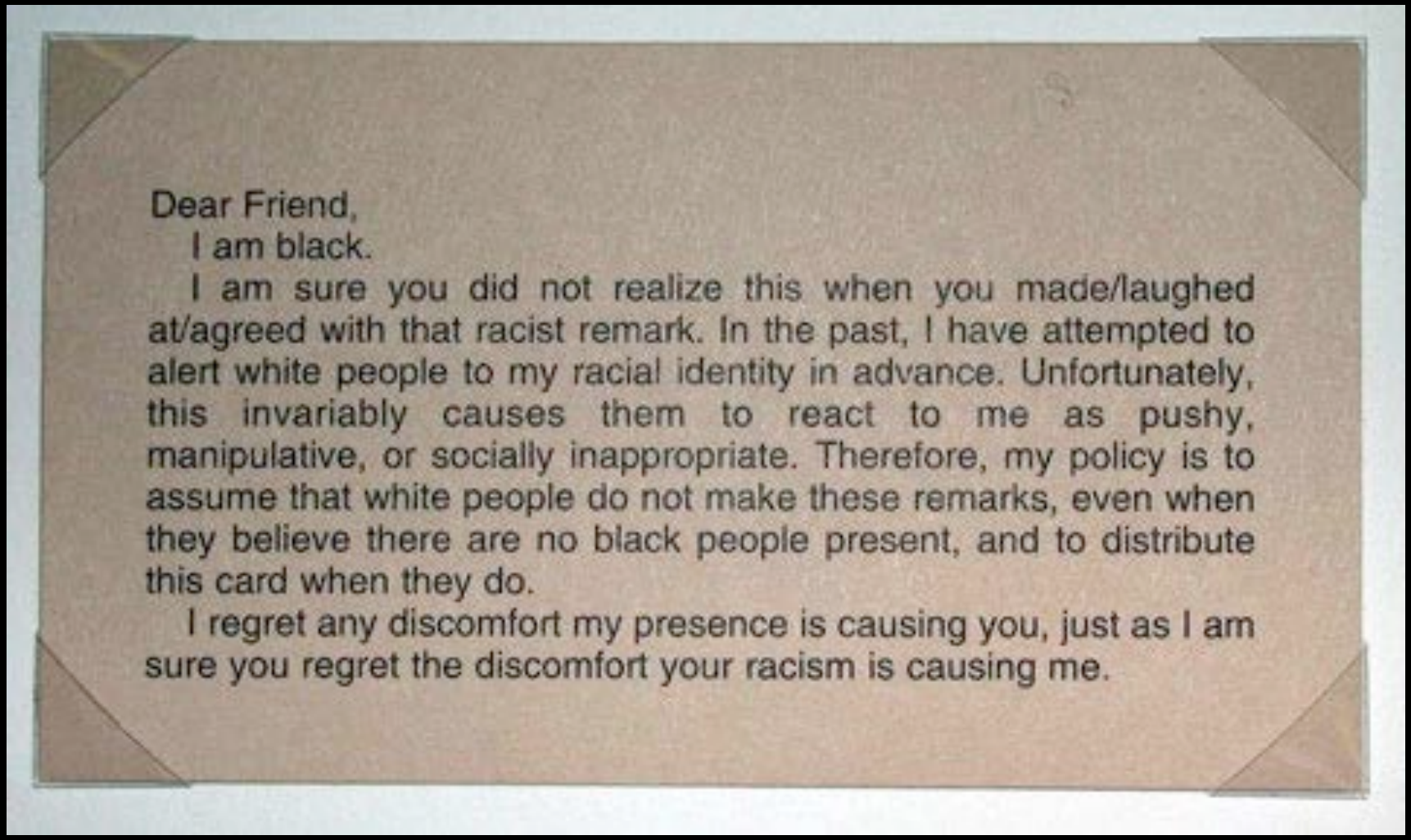
desperately


Jonathan
Tree
Safran
of
Foer
Codes
The passersby
had their eyes half-closed
Everyone
his
had
we passed
mask

Adrian Piper
Calling Cards

Adrian Piper
Calling Cards



Paul Pfeiffer

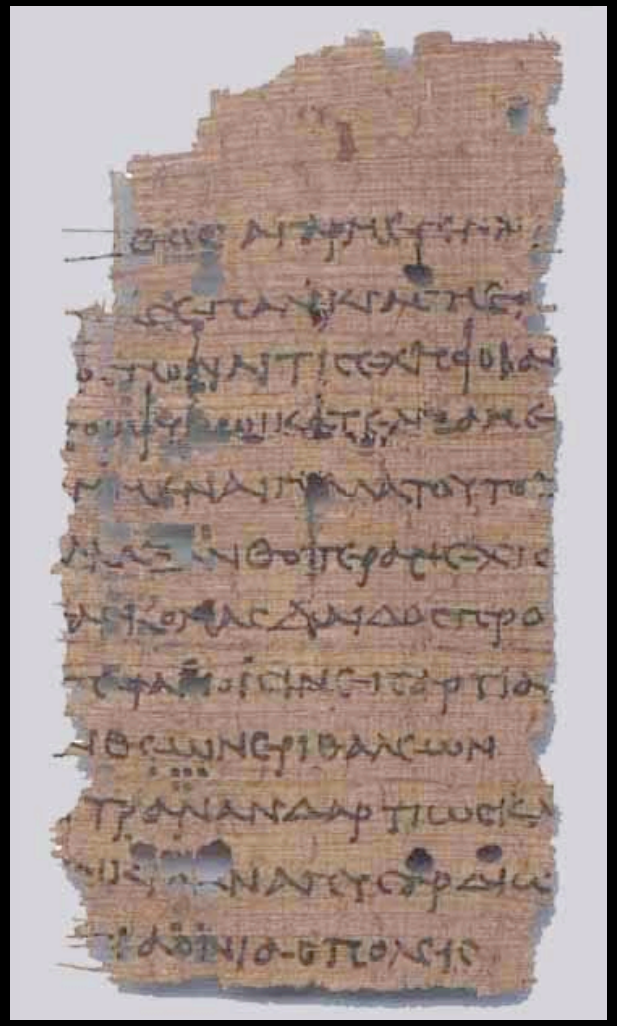
Four Horsemen of the Apocolypse

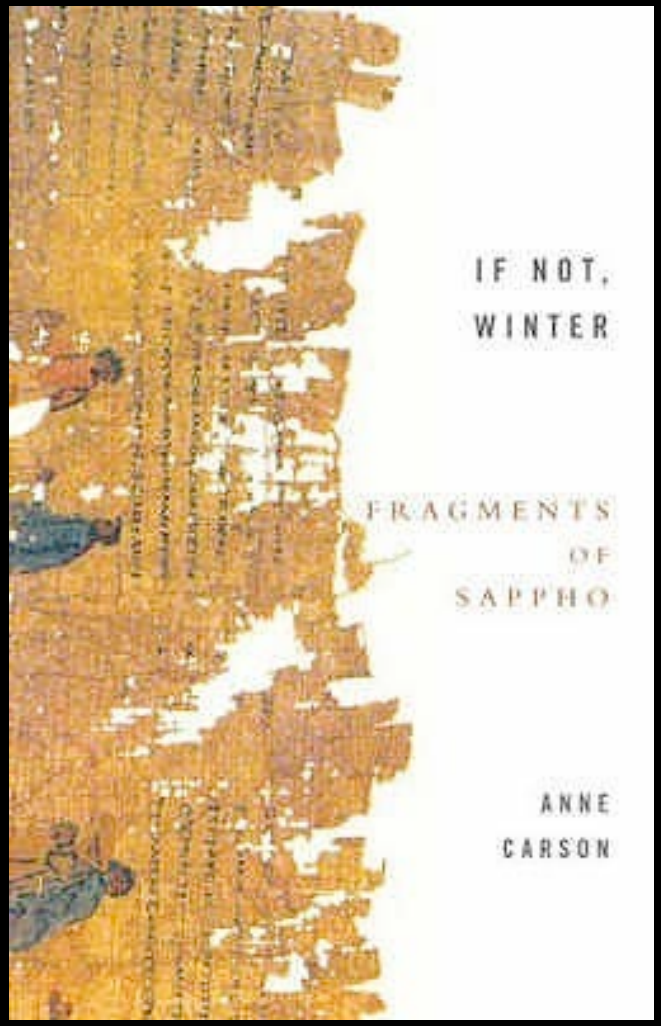
Paul Pfeiffer

Four Horsemen of the Apocolypse

Paul Pfeiffer
Four Horesemen

WE
AINT




IF NOT,
WINTER
FRAGMENTS
OF
SAPPHO
ANNE
CARSON

θέλω τί τ᾽ εἴπην, ἀλλά με κωλύει

αἴδως . . .

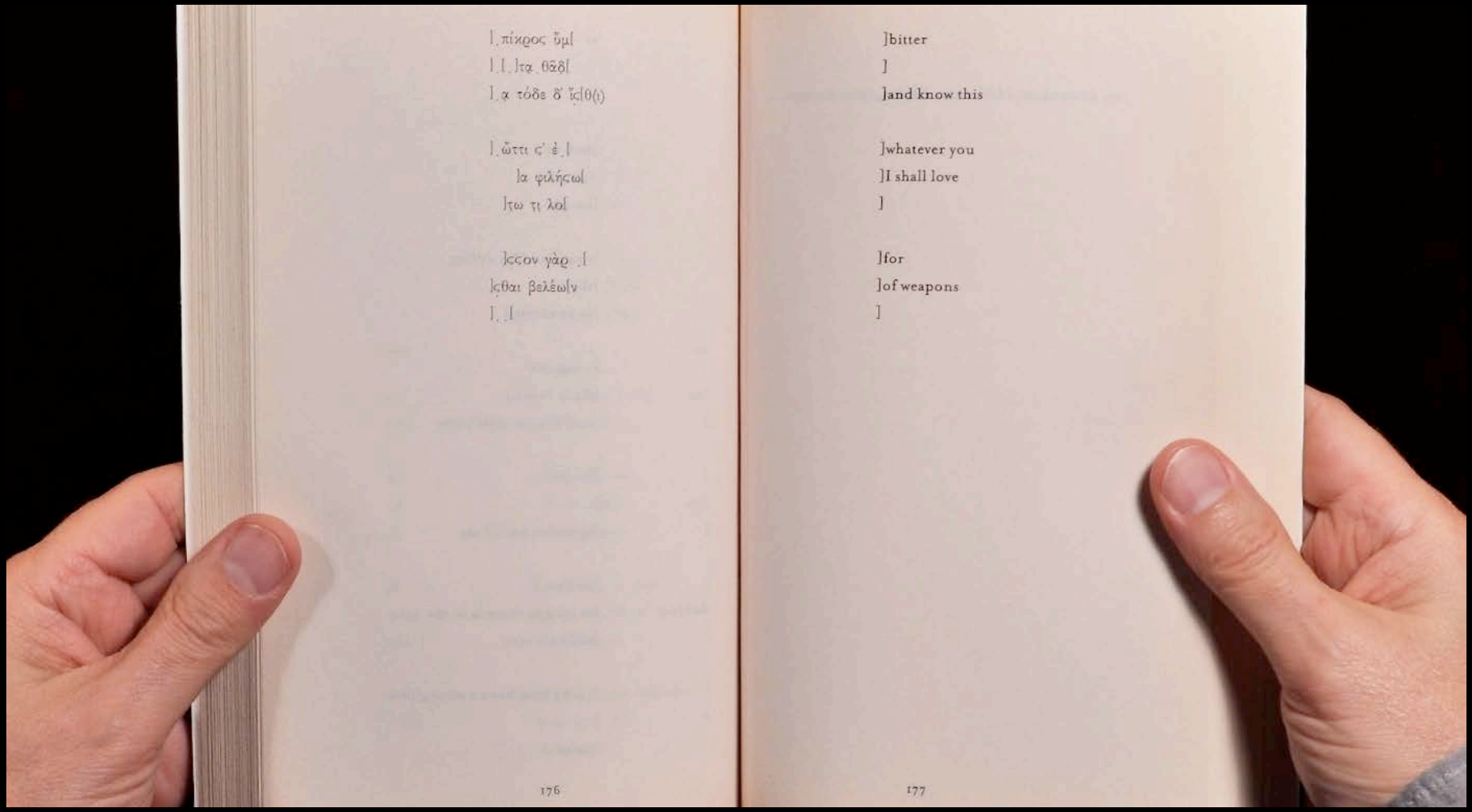
. . . . . .

[αἰ δ᾽ ἦχες ἔσλων ἵμερον ἢ κάλων

καὶ μή τί τ᾽ εἴπην γλῶσς᾽ ἐκύκα κάκον,

αἴδως κέν σε οὐκ ἦχεν ὄππατ᾽,

ἀλλ᾽ ἔλεγες περὶ τῶ δικαίω]



]. πίκρος ὔμ[
]. [.]τα. θᾶδ̣[
]. α τόδε δ' ἴς̣[θ(ι)

]. ὥττι ς' ἐ. [
]α φιλήςω[
]τω τι λο[

]ςςον γὰρ. [
]ς̣θαι βελέω[ν
]. . [

]bitter
]
]and know this

]whatever you
]I shall love
]

]for
]of weapons
]

52

φαύην δ' οὐ δοκίμωμ' οὐράνω δυσπαχέα

52

I would not think to touch the sky with two arms

6

so
]

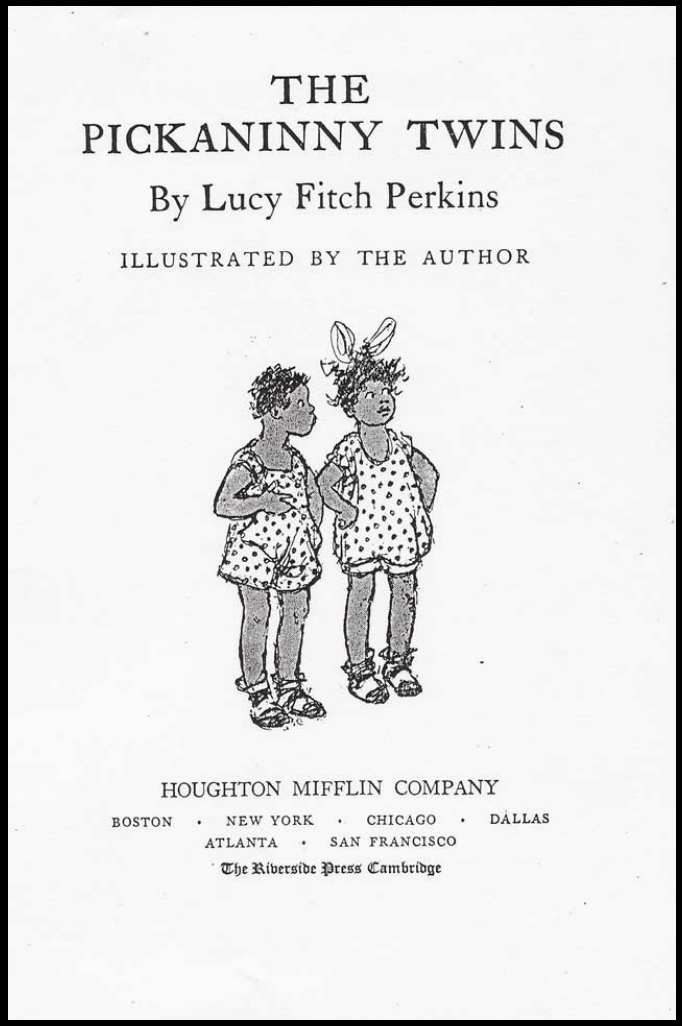
]
]
]
]

Go [
so we may see [
]
lady

of gold arms [
]
]
doom
]

FROM DIRECTOR KIM JEE-WOON
TH
LAST

Lucy Fitch Perkins
The Pickaninny Twins



THE
PICKANINNY TWINS

By Lucy Fitch Perkins

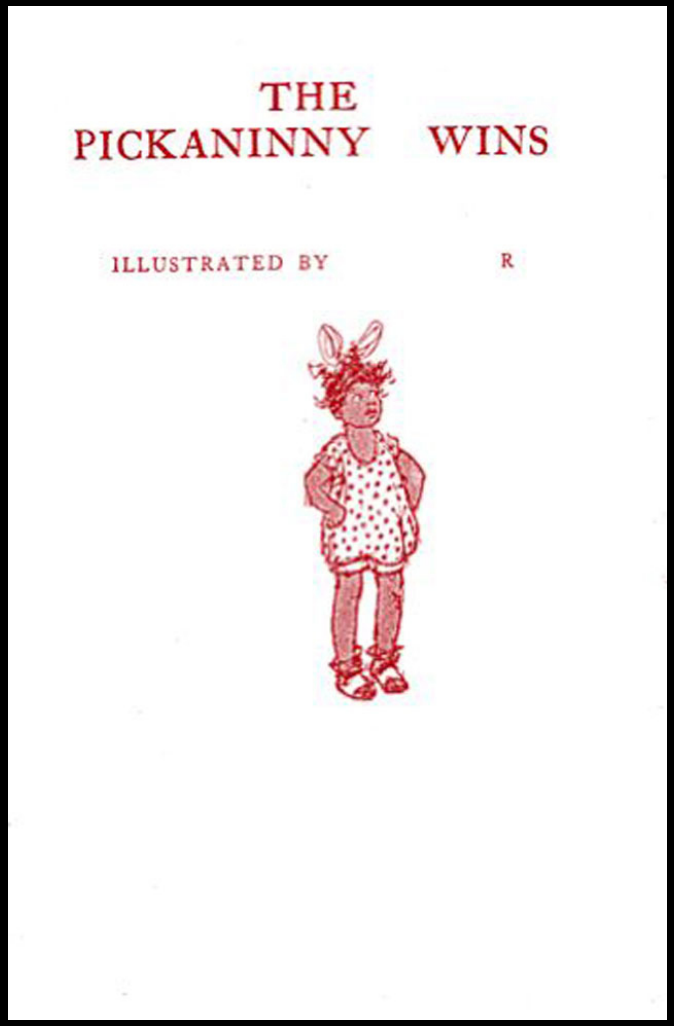
ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · DALLAS
ATLANTA · SAN FRANCISCO

The Riverside Press Cambridge

Robin Coste Lewis
The Pickaninny Wins!



"I can sing much better than that," he said to himself. "What strange noises those great creatures do make, to be sure!"

He gave a saucy flirt to his gray and white tail-feathers and flew away.

Mammy Jinny wrung out a pair of small gingham trousers and held them up to see if they were clean. Her song stopped, and she began to talk to herself. "I 'clar to gracious," she said, "efn dat Sammy ain't de beatines' boy for gittin' his cloes dirty! I mighty nigh scrubbed a hole thoo dem pants tryin' to git 'em clean." She threw the little trousers into the rinsing-water.

She picked up a small checked apron, held it up to the light and went on talking to herself. "It's de Lawd's truf," she said. "I reckon dey ain't no chillun bo'n into dis world what kin beat dem Twins for gittin' in de dirt. Dey sho'ly gives me de wash-day blues!" She bent over her tub again and began to rub, rub, rub on the little apron.

Just then a voice called out from the next yard, "Good-mawnin', Sistah Hawkins,"

I

gray and

gracious

a hole
She threw
into water
a
light

bent over her

from the next
yard

4

and a sunbonnet rose above the top of the fence right beside Mammy Jinny's tubs!

"Mawnin', Sistah Harris," said Mammy Jinny. "You is so monst'ous spry I reckon you got yo' washin' all done by dis time."

"I jes' come out to hang my cloes on de line," said Mrs. Harris with satisfaction, "and I sho'ly thought I heered you talkin' to somebody."

"I was jes' passin' a few rema'ks to myse'f, about my chillun's cloes," said Mammy Jinny. "Dey sho'ly is mighty forward about gittin' in de dirt. Seems like my hands ain't nevah out'n de suds. Every day look like Monday to me!"

"It don't take me no time at all to wash my li'l Ca'line's cloes," said Mrs. Harris proudly. "Dat's how come I gits my wash on de line so early in de mawnin'. I always dresses Ca'line nice, and she ain't nevah git her cloes dirty sca'cely, 'scusin' de time she fell in de ditch out yander. But I reckon somebody done push her in dat time! She

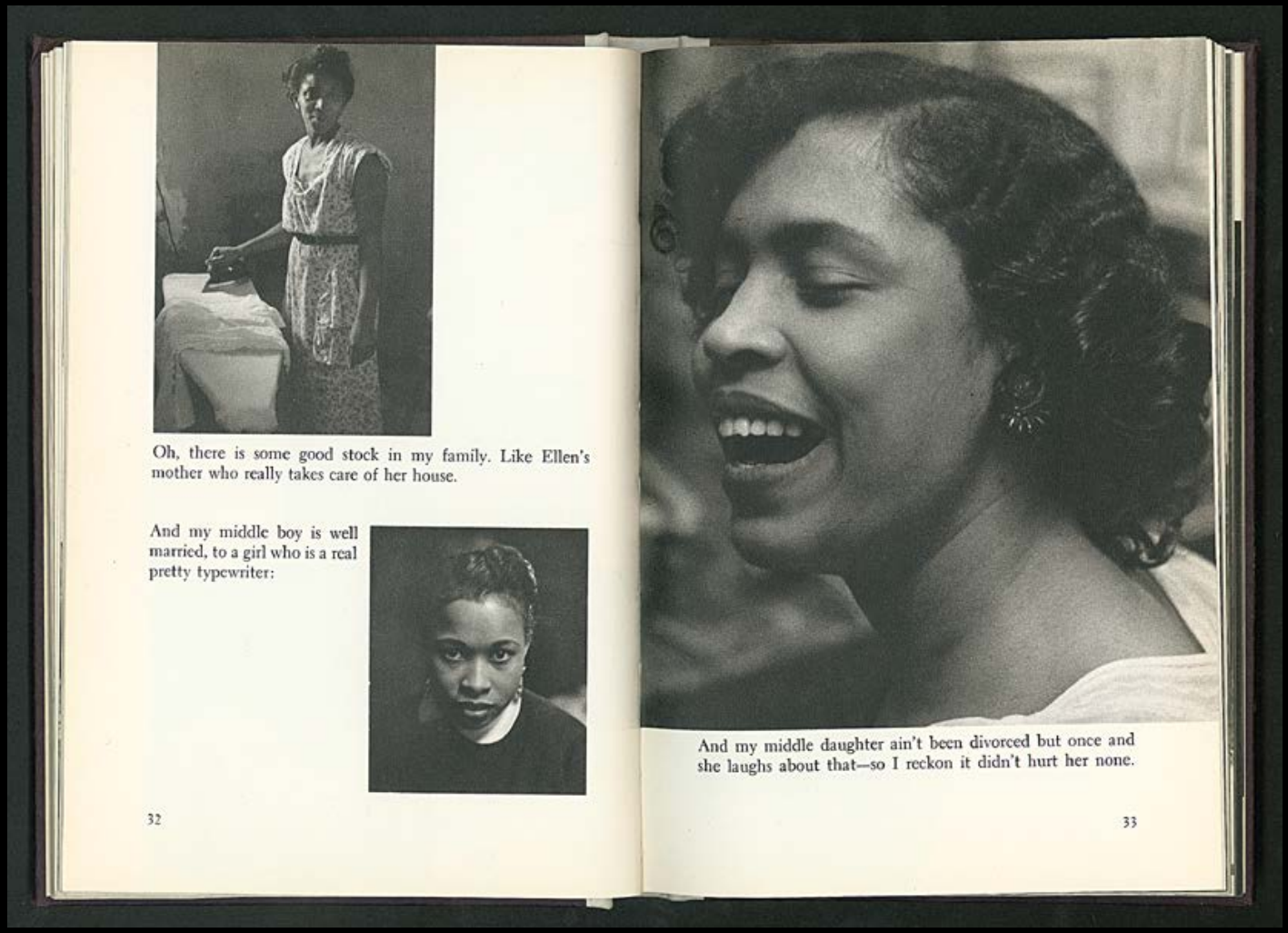
a sunbonnet
right beside

satisfaction

mighty
Seems like my
Every day

my
early always
nice and
dirty

The Sweet Flypaper of Life
Langston Hughes and Roy Decarava



Oh, there is some good stock in my family. Like Ellen's mother who really takes care of her house.

And my middle boy is well married, to a girl who is a real pretty typewriter:

And my middle daughter ain't been divorced but once and she laughs about that—so I reckon it didn't hurt her none.

Lucy
your secret book
that you leaned over and wrote just in the dirt–
Not having to have an ending
Not having to last

–Jean Valentine