The Race Within Erasure

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being
A HUMUMENT

A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

New Edition

[Diagram with text: "day", "book of the day", "way", "read", "mind", "very", "though", "have to hide", "to reveal"]
Tom Phillips’ *A Humument*
A Humument
A Humument
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 app for that
Ronald Johnson’s *Radi os*
love shall outdo
deaht, and dying

Man’s nature,

fruition
from utter loss, and
A Little White Shadow
Mary Ruefle
white in time
would always
and grow confidential
then
say something philosophic.
that
like the rivers in a Chinese picture
seven centuries of sobbing

twilight.

and had their pages wandered, through
other people read sonnets

but

my cousin Suvia

never cared for blood

and in this as in most things I agreed with her.
WE BELIEVE that RAHOWA (RAcial HOly WAy), 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)
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)
When forty winters shall besiege 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.
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
The ms of my kin
Janet Holmes

Men
of

Faith slip — and
see
Evidence —
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 noon

And I fixed my eyes on that with pleasure

I discovered
The radiant roof
I discovered
Sound

The untruth
Isolate
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

For milk bread

Wood brother sister

Good winter listen

Goit listen

Snow

As the sun became warmer A high wind dried the earth

The birds sang

Gilded by sense I soon perceived

Words enrapured in a city

*

I was seized in an obscure part of that event

Such were events

When alone I

Fervent determination

Taking

The common language

With devoted hands

I found death in the safety of history
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.
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
to see no farther.
i'm yesterday are secret whin.
desperately knocking.
Dear Friend,

I am not here to pick anyone up, or to be picked up. I am here alone because I want to be here, ALONE.

This card is not intended as part of an extended flirtation.

Thank you for respecting my privacy.
Dear Friend,
I am black.
I am sure you did not realize this when you made/laughed at/agreed with that racist remark. In the past, I have attempted to alert white people to my racial identity in advance. Unfortunately, this invariably causes them to react to me as pushy, manipulative, or socially inappropriate. Therefore, my policy is to assume that white people do not make these remarks, even when they believe there are no black people present, and to distribute this card when they do.
I regret any discomfort my presence is causing you, just as I am sure you regret the discomfort your racism is causing me.
Paul Pfeiffer

*Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*
Paul Pfeiffer

*Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*
Paul Pfeiffer
Four Horesemen
IF NOT, WINTER

FRAGMENTS OF SAPPHO

ANNE CARSON
θέλω τι τ' εἶπην, ἀλλά με κωλύει
αἴδως ...

............... [αἱ δ' ἦχες ἔσλων ἵμερον ἢ κάλων
καὶ μὴ τι τ' εἶπην γλῶςς ἐκύκα κάκον,
αἴδως κέν σε οὖν ἦχεν ὁππατ',
ἀλλ' ἔλεγες περὶ τῶ δικαίω]
πιστω την
και τον θεό
και τον θεό
dadæh kai

και τον θεό
και τον θεό
dadæh kai

bitter
I
and know this

whatever you
I shall love

for
of weapons

I would not think to touch the sky with two arms
Go [ so we may see [ lady of gold arms [ doom ] ] ]
THE LAST
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,”
gray and

gracious

into a

light

a hole

She threw

c water

bent over her

from the next

yard
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 mysef, 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 lil’ 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
always

early
nice and
dirty
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