

## UNIT J: ALTERED BOOKS / ERASURE

*Art isn't made, it's in the world almost  
unseen but found existent there.*  
-William Bronk (from his last poem)

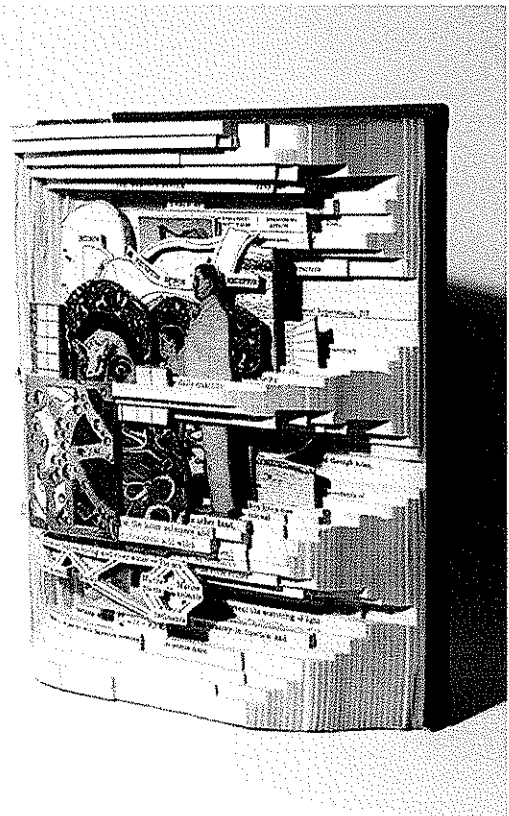
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### READING:

"Untitled" Man Ray  
from *The Memory Screen Notebooks* Anne Halsey  
from *The Humument* Tom Phillips  
from *RAD I OS* Ronald Johnson  
from *A Little White Shadow* Mary Ruefle  
from *NETS* Jen Bervin  
from *Zirconia* Chelsea Minnis  
from *Voyager* Srikanth Reddy  
from *The Joseph and Mary Poems* Mary Hickman-Fernandez  
2 poems by Chicago Public School students

### EXPERIMENT:

**Erasure** "write" a piece using the methods of one (or more) of the above projects.



**Erasure poetry** is created by erasing words from an existing text in prose or verse and arranging the new text into lines and/or stanzas.

**Found poetry** is the rearrangement of words, phrases, and sometimes whole passages that are taken from other sources and reframed as poetry by changes in spacing and/or lines (and consequently meaning), or by altering the text by additions and/or deletions. The resulting poem can be defined as "treated" (changed in a profound and systematic manner) or "untreated" (conserving virtually the same order, syntax and meaning as in the original).

**A collage** (From the French: coller, to glue) is a work of formal art, primarily in the visual arts, made from an assemblage of different forms, thus creating a new whole.

**Assemblage** is an artistic process in which a three-dimensional artistic composition is made from putting together found objects.

The origin of the word (in its artistic sense) can be traced back to the early 1950s, when Jean Dubuffet created a series of collages of butterfly wings, which he titled assemblages d'empreintes. However, both Marcel Duchamp and Pablo Picasso had been working with found objects for many years prior to Dubuffet. They were not alone, alongside Duchamp the earliest woman artist to try her hand at assemblage was Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven, the Dada Baroness, and one of the most prolific, as well as producing some of the most exciting early examples, was Louise Nevelson, who began creating her sculptures from found pieces of wood in the late 1930s.

**A palimpsest** is a manuscript page, whether from scroll or book that has been written on, scraped off, and used again.

\* As always, when working with found text cite your sources.

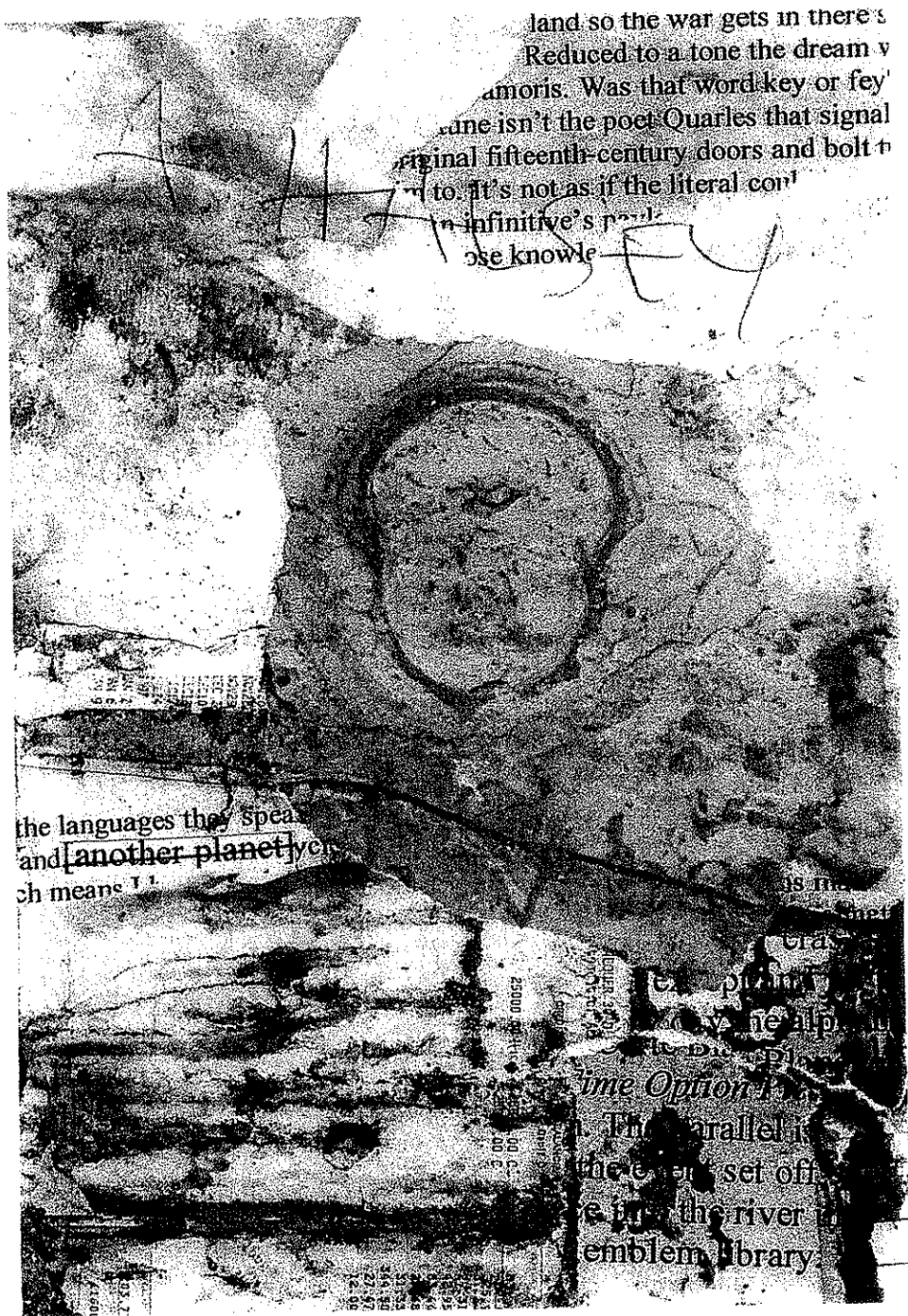
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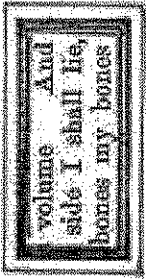
Alan Halsey, *from The Memory Screen Notebooks*



Alan Halsey, from *The Memory Screen Notebooks*

**A HUMUMENT:  
A TREATED VICTORIAN NOVEL  
Tom Phillips**

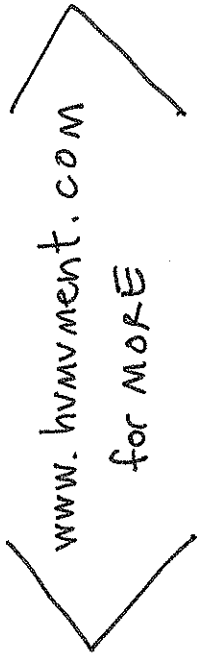
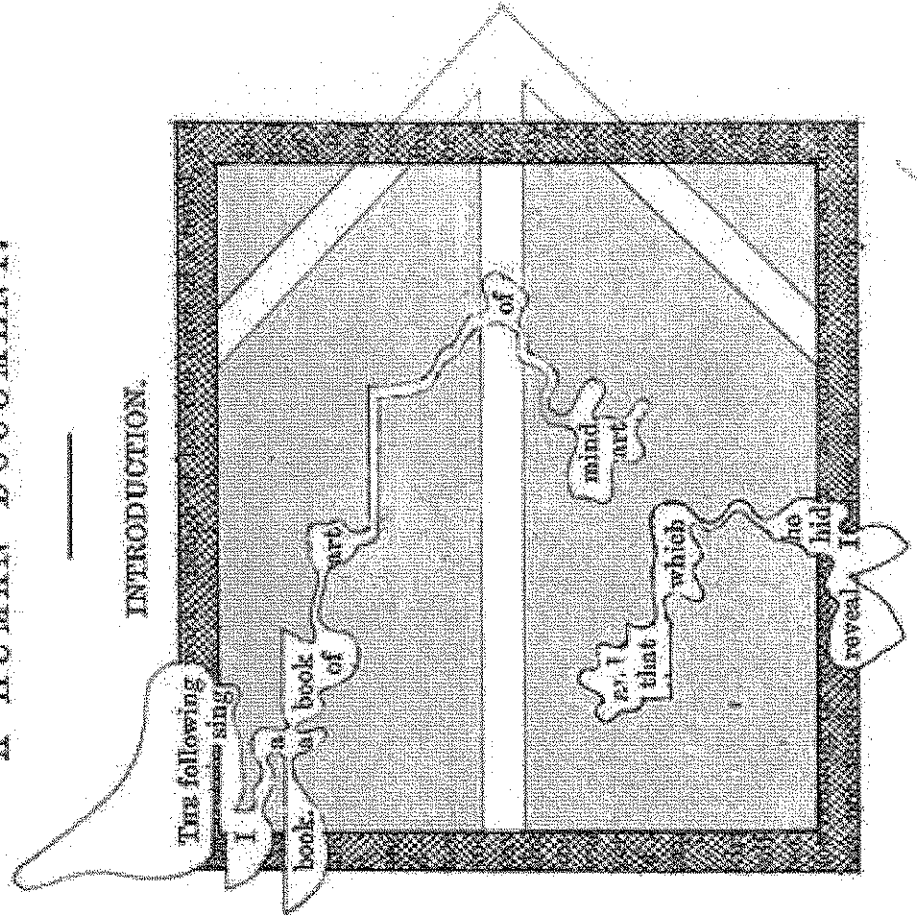
*I plundered, mined, and undermined its text to make it yield the ghosts of other possible stories, scenes, poems, erotic incidents, and surrealist catastrophes which seemed to lurk within its wall of words. As I worked on it, I replaced the text I'd stripped away with visual images of all kinds. It began to tell and depict, among other memories, dreams, and reflections, the sad story of Bill Toge, one of love's casualties.*



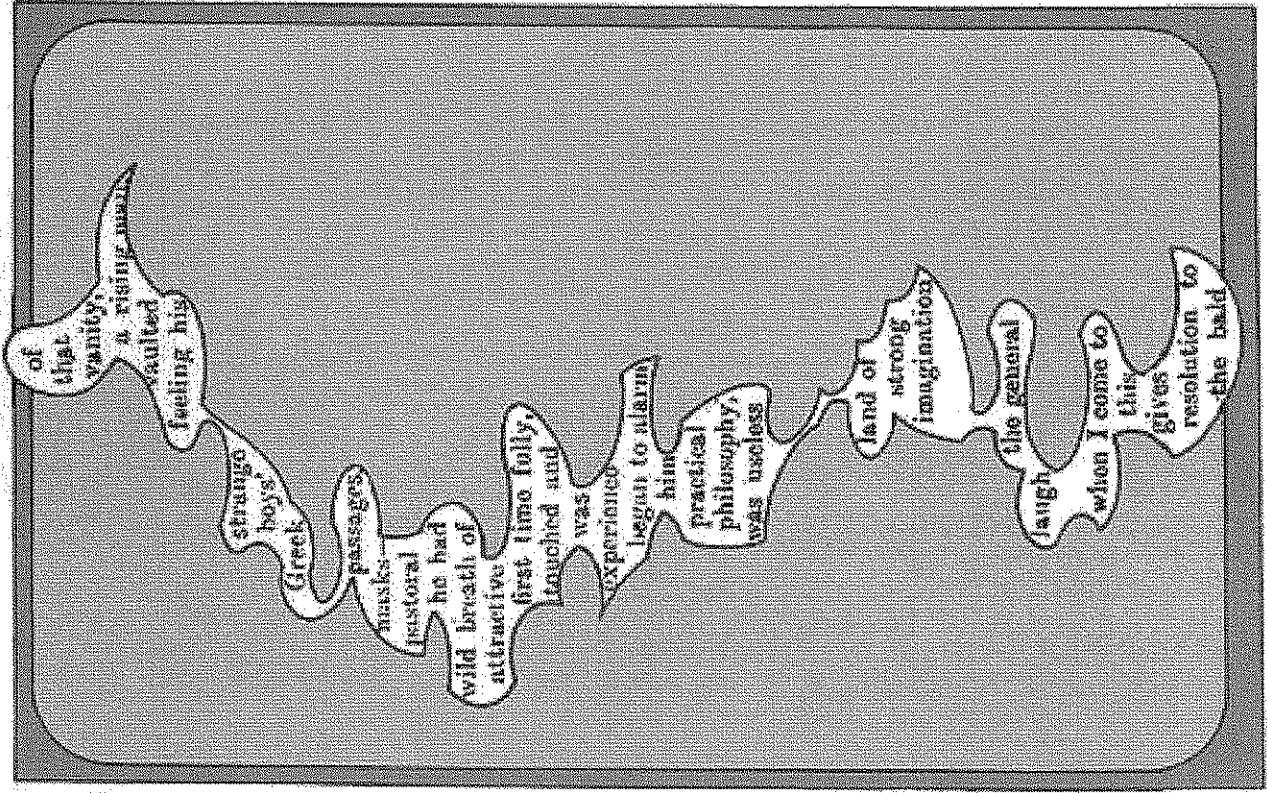
**A HUMUMENT.**

**A HUMAN DOCUMENT.**

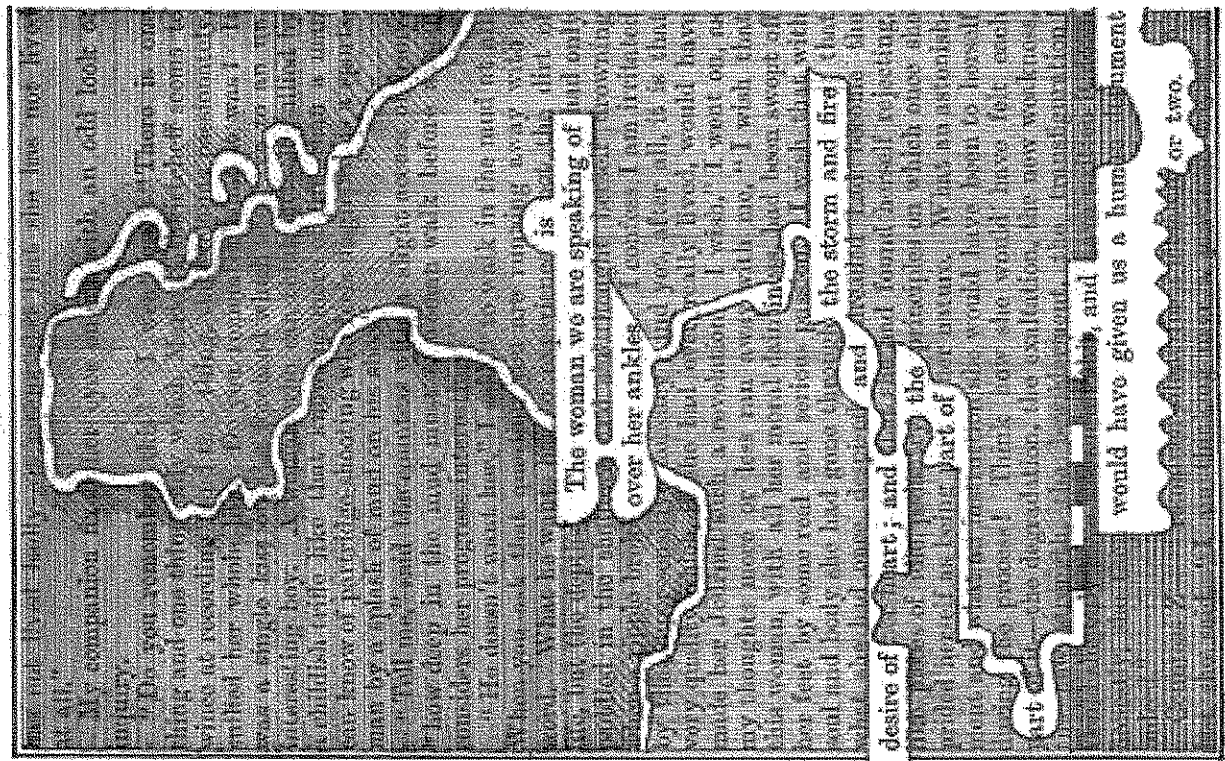
**INTRODUCTION.**



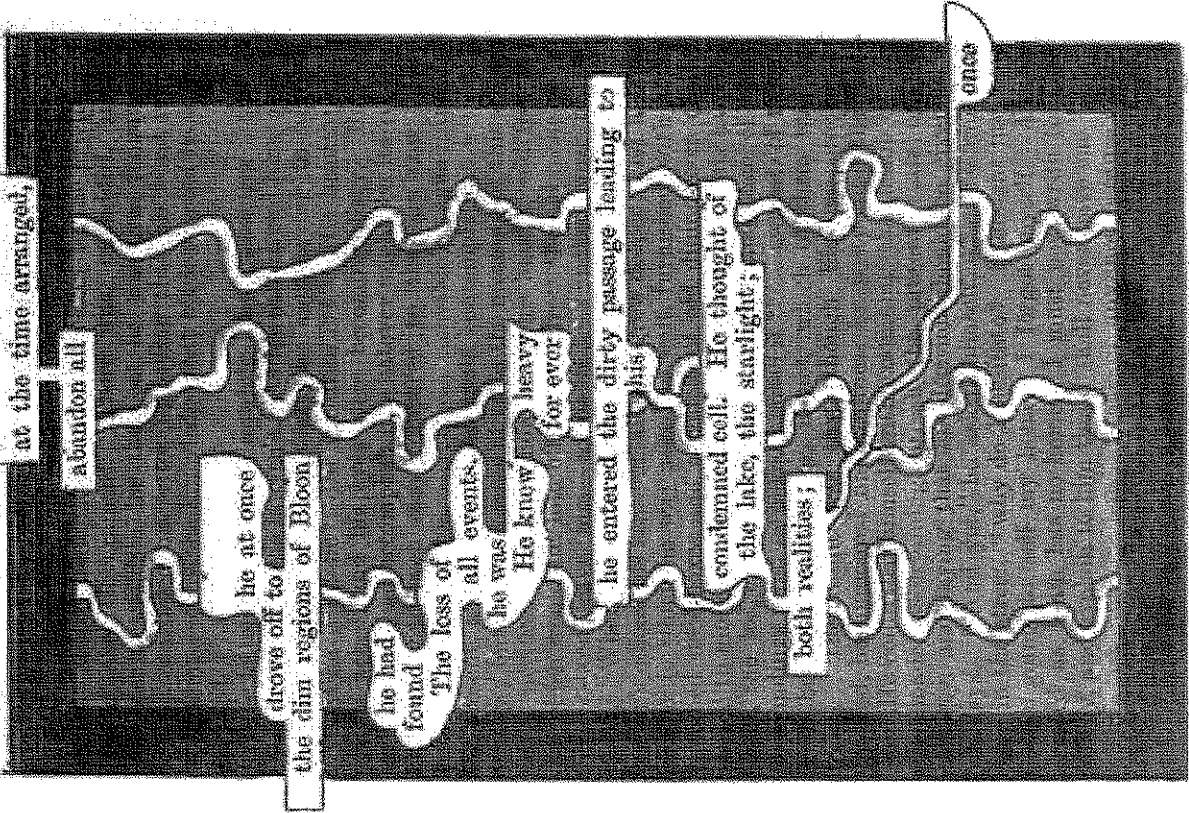
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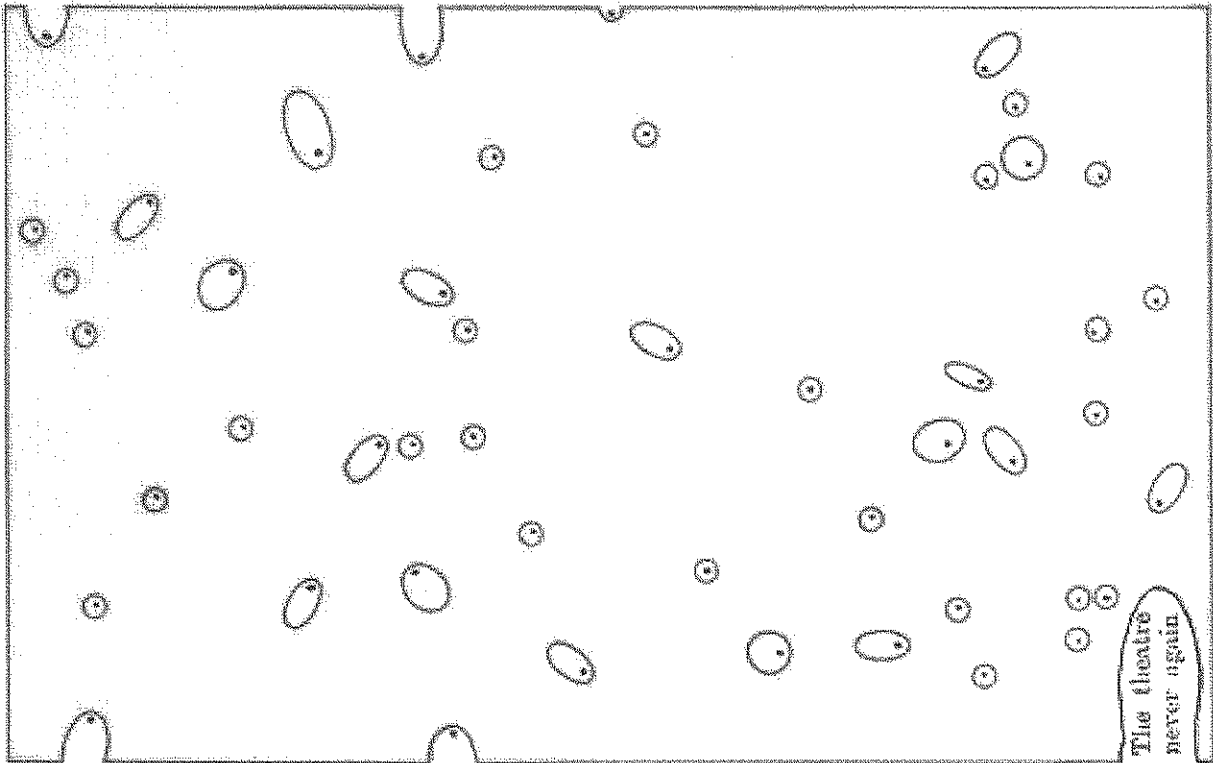
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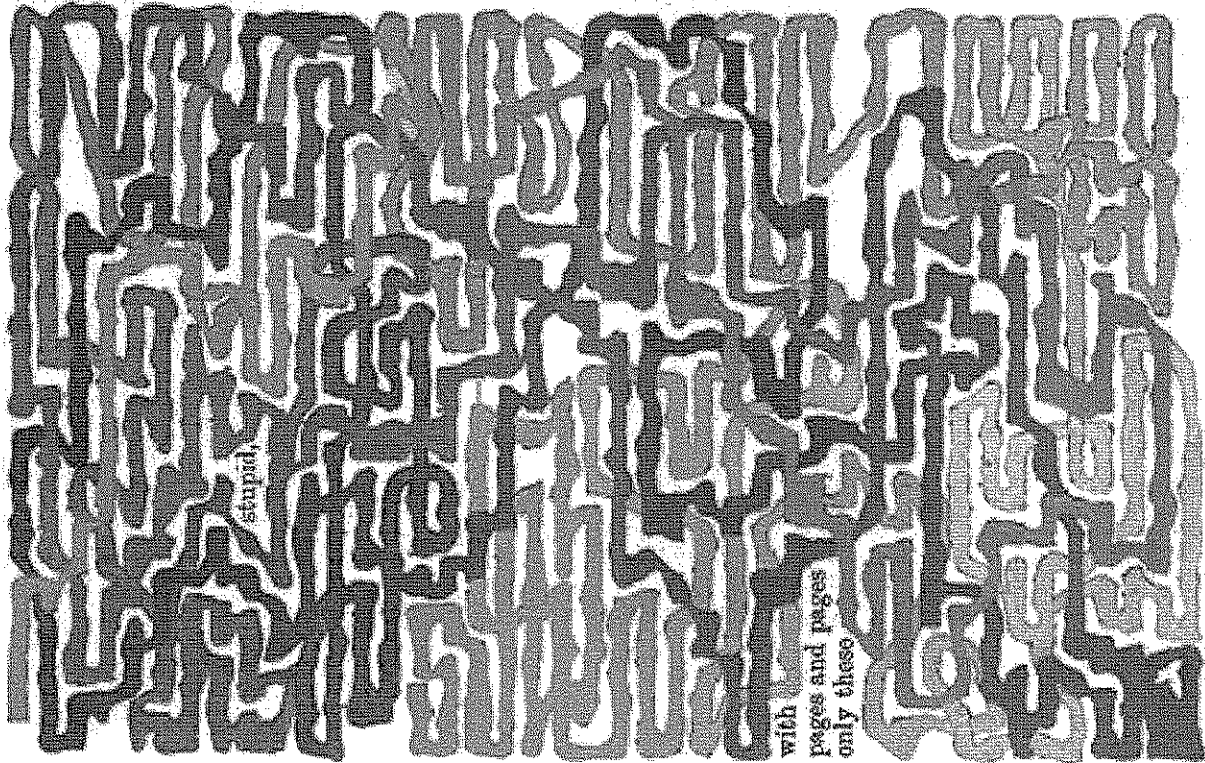


Handwritten mark resembling a stylized 'S' or 'L'.



Handwritten mark resembling a stylized 'L' or 'C'.





stupid,

with  
pages and pages  
only these

A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

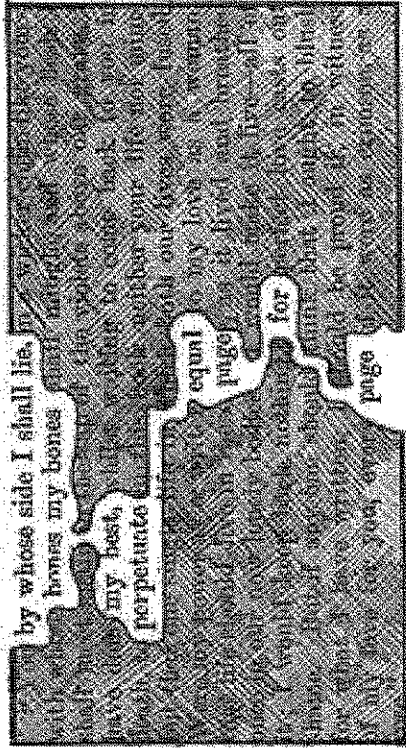
children were playing near her; and would reread  
written, repeating aloud his phrases. Where  
him in all this boundless universe? This was  
the world, and again and again he would  
and

think of the  
systems into

Think of the  
dark  
rainbow  
together

dedication—

"TO THE SOLE AND ONLY BEGETTER OF THIS VOLUME.



by whose side I shall lie, by  
bones my bones

my best,  
perpetuate

equal  
page  
for  
page

THE END.

# RADIOS

by Ronald Johnson

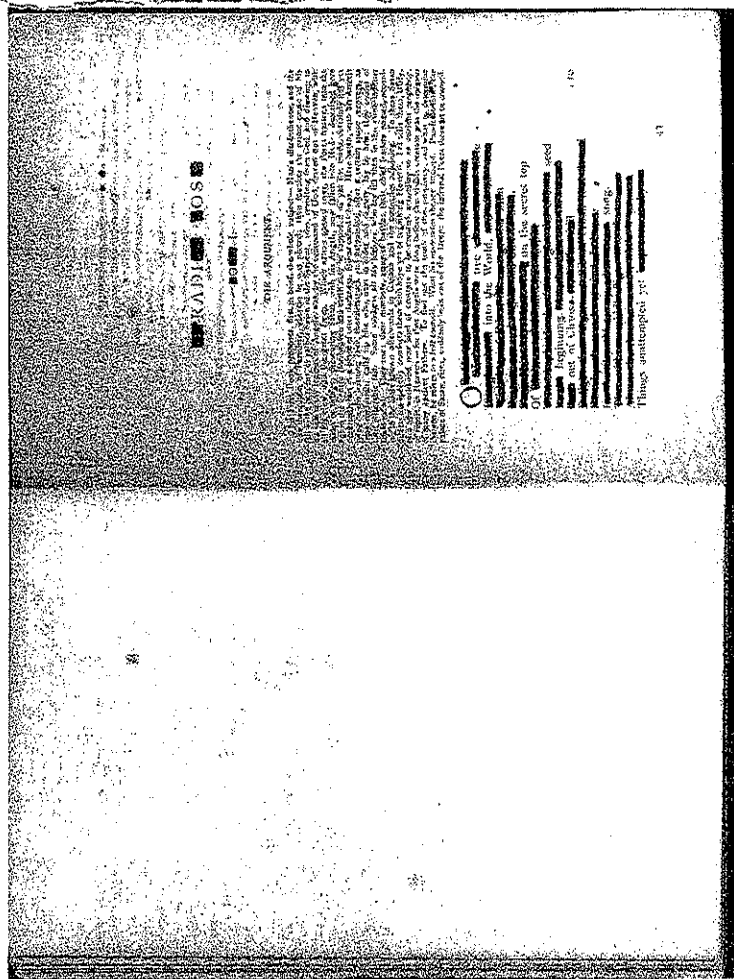


Figure 1.6.3 Ronald Johnson's mark-up of his 1892 edition of *Paradise Lost*.

tree  
into the World,

Man

the chosen.

Rose out of Chaos:

song,

on the vast  
outspread,

Illumine,

I

Say first—

what time

aspiring

equal

Raise

headlong

To bottomless

fire

times the space that measures

Both

thought

eyes,

At once,

on all sides round,

fed

With  
place Eternal

In utter darkness,

from the centre

whirlwind

“If

Myriads

Joined  
In Equal

thunder:  
The force of

outward lustre,  
mind,

raised

Innumerable

on the plains of

And  
All is  
And  
And  
And  
That

Who, from the terror of this

empyrean

Irreconcilable

of joy

answered

Too well I see

: for the mind

swallowed up

entire,

in the heart

to work in fire,

words the Arch

being

!

the gates of

lightning

through the vast and boundless

rest,

With head uplift above the wave, and eyes

Leviathan,

slumbering on the  
small

tell,  
rind,

the burning

dark designs,

How

wind transports a hill

conceiving fire,

Sublimed

the soil,

celestial

field

A mind to be changed by place or  
lace  
Heaven of Hell,

astonished on the oblivious pool,

the O

Of

wonder,

Hung on shoulders like the moon, whose  
optic glass  
At evening, from the top  
new  
globe

Of some great

burning  
azure;  
vaulted

Forms,  
autumnal leaves  
where

winds Orion

iris

wheels.

all the hollow deep

the Flow

To slumber  
Or  
adore

the flood

Transfix us  
Awake,

Upon the wing, as

locusts, warping on the

numberless  
under

upper, nether,

waving  
balance  
fill all the plain:

deluge

Forthwith, from every  
head

—godlike Shapes, and Forms

cell

the invisible

by various name

on the bare

Between the

light.

man.

passed through fire

His temple right against

The black

realm, beyond

The flower

who, from the bordering flood

Dilated or condensed,  
of love

left

star

bright image

heart,

like heat

Ezekiel saw,  
His eye

against the

Is

equal

To him no

Exposed  
rest

door  
the prime in order and in

seized  
measure found;

By

through all the bounds

fields,  
Isles

In loss itself;

high words

Who

meteor streaming to the wind,

blowing

concave, and beyond

in a moment

Appeared,  
Of depth immeasurable.  
phalanx  
Of flutes and

pain

Breathing  
in silence

they stand—  
and dazzling arms,

number

embodied

—though all the giant

Mixed



And all

with all

above the rest

Stood  
All

: as when the sun  
Looks through the horizontal  
behind the moon,  
eclipse

Archangel:

heaven's fire

From wing to wing, and

Words interwove with  
mortal  
Matchless,

change  
of mind,

For who can yet believe

to re-ascend,

and re-possess

in close design,

At length from us

Space may produce new Worlds

to pry

Abyss

For who can think

the sudden blaze

There stood a hill

A numerous

least erected

In vision

the Centre,

ribs of gold

and wondering

Of Babel,

in many cells  
of liquid fire

A various mould

the sound-board breathes.  
the earth a fabric

Built like a temple,  
round

And porches wide,

both on the ground and in the air,  
As bees

Stood  
Opening  
Within,  
And  
Pendent by  
star

the crystal battlements:  
from noon to

trumpet's sound,

The ascending pile

In clusters;  
to and fro

the Sun  
about the hive

Earth's  
arrow

fountain,  
dream

and dance

At once

to smallest forms  
their shapes immense, and

far within,  
in their own dimensions

silence

# radi 03

Mary Ruefle

from A Little White Shadow

8

*A Little White Shadow*

seven centuries of

sobbing

gathered  
in the

twilight

and

had their

pages

wandered,

through

the dead.

borrow so little from  
the past

as if they were alive,

\* go to Ruetfle's publisher, WAVE for an  
online erasure maker : [www.wavepoetry.com/erasures](http://www.wavepoetry.com/erasures)

# Jen Bervin from NETS

2

When fifty winters shall beset thy brow,  
 And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
 Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,  
 4 Will be a **useless 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,  
 8 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 cost and make my old excuse,"  
 12 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.

8

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music silly?  
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy;  
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,  
 4 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?  
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
 8 **In singleness the parts** that thou shouldst bear.  
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,  
**Strike each in each** by mutual ordering,  
 Resembling sire, and child, and happy mother,  
 12 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:  
 Whose **speechless song, being many, seeming one**,  
 Sings this to thee: "Thou single wilt prove none."

## Process Note:

"I stripped Shakespeare's sonnets bare to the "nets"  
 to make the space of the poems open, porous, possible -  
 a divergent elsewhere. When we write poems, the  
 history of poetry is with us, pre-inscribed in the  
 white of the page; when we read or write poems,  
 we do it with or against this palimpsest."

## 22

My glass shall not persuade me **I am** old  
 So long as youth and thou art **of one date**;  
 But when **in** thee **time's furrows** I behold,  
 4 Then look I death my days should explain.  
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee  
 Is but the scantly raiment of my heart,  
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;  
 8 How can I then be older than thou art?  
 O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary  
 As I, not for myself, but for thee will,  
 Keeping thy heart, which I will keep as chary  
 12 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.  
 Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain:  
 Thou gav'st me **this**, nor to give back again.

## 33

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
 Flatter the new-born babe with sovereign eye,  
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
 4 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,  
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
 8 Stealing **unseen** to west with this disgrace.  
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
 With all triumphant **splendor** on my brow;  
 But **cast**, alas, he was but **one hour mine**;  
 12 **The region cloud** hath mask'd him from me now.  
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth:  
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun scorneweth.

## 45

The other two, slight air and quaking fire,  
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide;  
 The first **my thought**, the other **my desire**.  
 4 These **present-absent** with swift motion slide.  
 For when these quiet elements are gone  
**In tender embassy** of love to thee,  
 My life, being made of four, with two alone  
 8 Sinks down to death, oppressed with melancholy;  
 Until life's composition be secured  
 By those swift messengers returned from thee,  
 Who even but now come back again, assured  
 12 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me.  
 This told, I joy, but then no longer glad,  
 I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

## 98

From **you** have I been **absent** in the spring,  
 When proud pied April dressed in all his trim,  
 Hath put a spirit of youth in **every thing**.  
 4 That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.  
 Yet nor the lark's first notes, nor the sweet smell  
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
 Could make me any summer's story tell,  
 8 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.  
 Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,  
 Nor praise **the deep vermilion** in the rose;  
 They were but sweet, but **figures** of delight,  
 12 Drawn after you, you **patters** of all these.  
 Yet seemed in winter's still, and you away,  
 As with **your shadow** I with these did play.



## 117

Accuse me thus: that I have earned all  
 Wherein I should your great deserve repay,  
 Forget upon your dearest love to call,  
 4   Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day:  
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds,  
 And given to time your own dear-purchased right  
 That I have **hoisted sail** to all the winds  
 8   Which should **transport me** farthest from your sight.  
 Back both my willfulness and error down,  
 And on just proof surprise accumulate;  
**Bring me within** the level of your frown.  
 12   But shoot not at me in **your wake** and hate;  
       Since my appeal says I did strive to prove  
       The constancy and virtue of your love.

## 141

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
 For they in thee **a thousand** errors note;  
 Nor 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,  
 4   Who in despite of view is pleased to do so.  
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,  
 Nor **tender** feeling to base touches prone,  
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited  
 8   To any sensual feast with thee alone.  
 But my five wits nor my five senses can  
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
 Who **leaves unswayed the likeness** of a man,  
 12   The proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be.  
       Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
       That she that makes me sin towards me puns.

## 150

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might  
With insufficiency my heart to sway?  
To make me give the lie to my true right  
4 And swear **that brightness** doth not grace the day?  
Where hast thou this **becoming of things** (?)  
That **in the very refuse** of thy deeds  
There is **such strength** and varnish of skill  
8 That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?  
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,  
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?  
O, though I love what others do abhor,  
12 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state.  
If thy unworthiness raised love in me,  
More worthy I can be beloved of thee.

# CHERRY

.....I see you are kneeling.....  
.....  
.....on the bone-marrowed wood floor.....and you want to grind your sorrows.....  
.....into it.....  
.....and twine your sorrows into the grain.....  
.....or just cry on the bloodflecked.....  
.....wine-soaked sunburned surfaces.....  
.....with the smashed and polished spirals of grain.....and the knotholes.....  
.....you are sprawled on the auburn woodgrain.....and the sunwarmed.....  
.....dusty beaten wood floor.....  
.....with the scars of burns and the chairscrapes.....  
.....you want to touch the warps and knots.....  
.....of the beautiful hand-laid.....  
.....thirsty...russet.....wood.....  
.....and plunge into the whorl.....  
.....where the grain encloses a flaw or swerves.....

.....around it.....  
.....the beautiful burgundy wood.....  
.....fed on blood.....  
.....with the long-boned grains.....  
.....and the scar of dragged spurs.....or the soft scuff marks from the.....  
.....drunk waltzes.....  
.....the wood that resembles the swollen pond.....enclosing.....  
.....the thrown stone.....or the stain of the.....  
.....expanding pool...of rosebrown headwound blood.....  
.....that.....absorbs and throbs through the grain.....  
.....or the stain of the.....punchbowl slosh.....or grown branch.....  
.....I see you are kneeling.....and raunchily.....or ironically.....scrubbing.....  
.....the floors with your.....naughty manual labor.....but.....  
.....you want to whisper your fears into the ear swirls of the wood.....

PRIMROSE

.....when my mother.....

.....was raped.....

.....a harpsichord began to play.....

.....red candles melted.....and.....

.....spilled down the mantle.....

.....there was blood in the courtyard.....

.....and blood on the birdbath.....

.....and blood drizzled.....on brown flagstones.....

.....as a red fox bared its teeth.....

.....white harts.....froze.....

.....and left.....

.....heartshaped footprints in the snow.....

.....that melted.....

.....in the spring when I was born.....

TIGER

.....spattered lilies..... with their.....recurred.....  
 .....petals.....and suffusions.....  
 .....dangerous.....are breathless and.....  
 .....flowers..that you hold in your hands.....as you stride.....  
 .....through the garden.....  
 .....with your petulance.....  
 .....and your self-punishment.....and your extravagant disappointment.....  
 the hungriness.....  
 of the bloomed.....flowers with the thrust of the floers.....  
 .....that are 4-6 inches across.....  
 .....as you go toward them.....  
 .....you see their outward development.....  
 .....as they are.....like sprung traps.....

.....and it is torture.....for my mother.....that I am now luscious  
 .....and she is dead.....  
 .....bare shoulders.....  
 .....and a flower behind my ear.....  
 .....as I beat gentleman rapists.....  
 .....with bronze statuettes.....  
 .....oozes down their handsome sideburns.....  
 .....or give them.....  
 .....a poisoned mushroom.....  
 .....or corsages and corsages of gunshot

.....the flecked lilies.....that you carry around.....  
.....make you feel.....tasteless and overjoyed.....  
.....because they have no restraint.....as they are opened flowers.....  
.....with no reserves.....although.....  
.....they get deeper and deeper in their funnels.....  
.....and have the appearance.....of a fine wine thrown.....  
.....against a wall.....they seem to be marvelous.....  
.....as I think about.....how I want to replicate.....  
.....them or re-create their arcs.....  
.....or put them in a spotlight.....  
.....against a black backdrop.....or lower them into.....  
.....a glass case.....with a humidifier.....and a temperature control.....  
.....and watch the needles.....

.....graph their life force.....  
.....they are.....preserved objects.....  
.....in the controlled environments.....  
.....under heat lamps.....  
.....nurtured and nurtured.....to turn into the desired unruly organisms.....  
.....you can place.....  
.....in a beautiful.....unbroken vase.....  
.....or.....  
.....in refrigerated trucks.....  
.....as you like their.....  
.....expansiveness.....  
.....and the difficult angles.....  
.....and the compression.....

.....as they express a generous hunger.....so that you may.....  
.....not fear.....  
such a property within yourself or.....others.....  
.....of.....  
.....demonstrate an unusual loud vulnerability that is forgivable.....  
.....and vulgar.....and causes you to.....progress in your understanding.....  
.....of combinations of bad behaviors.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....lilies with the yellow throats.....and floppy leaves.....  
.....that you have to leave alone.....  
.....like show girls.....  
.....  
.....the soft apricot/orange coloration with brownish spark-burns.....  
.....of the daylilies.....that live in the day.....  
.....  
.....your emotion forms.....in response to their presence.....  
.....and the fearsome hunger.....

.....resurged by the.....  
.....oblanccolate.....  
.....unpleasantly scented.....hairy blooms.....  
.....whose bulbs.....  
.....are.....  
.....dried.....in the sun.....  
.....and eaten with reindeer milk in some parts of Russia.....

SRIKANTH REDDY

'The World' is a book-length project  
composed by crossing out language  
from Kurt Waldheim's memoir  
In the Eye of the Storm.

The world is the world.

To deny it is to break with reason.

Nevertheless it would be reasonable to question the affair.

For the cancellation of everything known would not cancel the world.

The world should thus be considered.

The speaker studies the world to determine the extent of his own troubles.

He studies the night overhead.

He says *therefore*.

He says *removable art*.

He traces its wonders in a book & considers the conclusion.

He could come to the conclusion that reasoning serves no purpose.

He could speak of the world as *mashed*.

He could then concern himself with undoing the world to describe it.

*Justice is the absence of unreal forms.*

He may find himself obliged to labor as a minister in the field.

For reality is a bitter ministry.

However it is far from the only figure of the world.

Therefore he describes fact without pictures.

For it would have been romanticism to represent the lustre of the earth.

*The world is superior to pictures of the world.*



Of course to be accepted the world has to be seen.

But even deletion is capable of producing the image of a world.

For the visible may be reflected in vexing relations.

*To damage the image is to resist representation.*

This might be desirable, for representation forces the mind.

Words complete the assembly of an ideal.

And his is one of many.

He thus should remember he endeavors to speak for one human.

*Representation is a world apparent.*

A world, like all orthodoxies, means so.

Statements like *representation is political* influence the world.

It is easy to state political insights.

A theory of judgment would further complicate the situation.

*Reason forces one to believe in secret.*

To judge his problems in the world, a person has to quiet thinking.

Those who think minister to reason.

To wonder, perhaps, is to believe.

To believe? *To never lose feeling.*

The dead do not cease in the grave.

*The world is water filling on a stone.*

A line is a difficult figure.

For lines assure the arrival of history.

*To lesen ahbings, think of a number.*

Not of the world.

*One.*

One.

Lines ground process.

They transfer displaced presence to other areas of the work in question.

Thus they reflect the order of a river.

This premise might indeed move the river.

Some serve the state.

Some grace.

He talks of the interminable minutiae of making.

*Process is autonomy.*

*It questions the order of the world.*

*It is the administrative structure of creation.*

In this fashion he would study the byzantine heart.

And a life would be composed in his lines.

*It forces men to look into the blue overhead.*

*Praise it.*

He may believe in strictly limited forms.

For there is pleasure in a difficult process.

And order in a melancholy process.

Some utter *serenad*.

*Voice, reason, nation.*

The horses on the record lived long.

*Be at home in the field and the tides.*

Two. One.

There might be problems at home.

Swiftly the pieces fall into place.

He cannot say *retrospect it thus*.

For reason is a matter of policy.

Humanity can devise no other law.

One.

*Silence the voice in the conduct of creation.*

Community is the cumulative effect of all possible speech.

But he wishes to act as a mouthpiece for the unknown.

*Listen.*

At the end of the recording he talks of a kingdom.

*The world is a format approach.*

He would have no objection to the study of nations.

Nations occur.

For a time, Finland.

Likewise, Namibia.

The Namibian people journey through the story of Namibia.

The Congo depends on Angola.

*Nations are responsible for the failure of nations.*

The Soviet Union is an interesting case.

He also will one day collapse.

*World, Africa, globe.*

Note the dimension of the sphere.

Number the countries.

*Cuba, Vietnam.*

The Mongolian People's Republic is the case.

Nations influence thought.

Three.

*To redress history one needs a process.*

*It must extend the capacity of conscience to face necessary facts.*

Four.

Process could be a self in the woods.

Fold the world far away in the last glow of all promontories. Dear voice of prayer. Tell us, who is your sweetheart, sweetheart.

He was young. He might learn to love her. Wearing the blue for luck hoping against his own colour. Then came out upon the air the sound of voices and the pealing anthem of the organ kneeling before the feet of the immaculate virgin of virgins.

Tell me how to woo thee.

\*

★ from The Joseph + Mary Poems  
Mary Hickman-Fernandez  
(erasure of Ulysses by Joyce)

# theater



**THE STRANGE CASE OF**  
**MISS THREE**  
When Monday, Sunday  
up hair

## WHOLE MESS MESSAGES

Ary Fengar Gail's who-dunit raises the possibility she were murdered, the would include several authors she's gleefully nicked ideas. of course, as the play's and Edward Gorey. *Clara Doyle*, who virtually in the economic asexual detective. a *TV* writers for: *The X-Dr. Who*, and *Midsomer Murders*. at purveyor of *Wicca* to the should also be questioned, as Ellen Bass and Laura Davis, and the writer for *sexual-abuse survival The Courage to Heal* problem is that Gail's comedy, ceiving its local premiere from ai Theatre Company under

~~... This direction, ... loving ...~~  
~~... aliens, a ... memory therapist, Dr. Flora ...~~  
~~... Drink ...~~  
~~... Scotland ...~~  
~~... "Foss" ...~~  
~~... club ...~~  
~~... nightmares ...~~  
~~... Lady Alice Augusta ...~~  
~~... creaky sci-fi ... psychological thriller ...~~  
~~... spiral ...~~  
~~... the ... of human life, ...~~  
~~... fetched ...~~  
~~... the girls ...~~

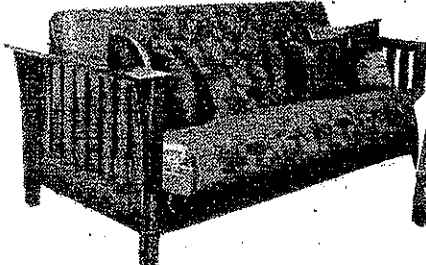
~~... the past decade.)~~  
~~... However, Gail wants both comic distance and convincing dysfunctions that have an emotional impact. When Gussie talks about her childhood rape with her son, she also comments. "You can't see a play without some vulgar revelation." Inevitably the audience laughs. But Gail certainly deserves points for trying to look at well-worn issues in new ways. In fairness, I can't think of any playwright outside of the Theater Oobleck cadre who might successfully combine the wildly disparate themes and influences she's introduced here.~~  
~~... The end is morally soggy, but the journey features plenty of highlights. Wendy Robie—who gave a ballsy performance as "Mommy" in Wes Craven's cult favorite *The People Under the Stairs*—is marvelous as Gussie, particularly in the chilling dream-sequence monologues that kick off both acts.~~  
~~... Gussie's ...~~  
~~... Dr. Breakdown ...~~  
~~... by Kayla Jacobs, 6th Grade~~  
~~... direction loving apes drink Scotland "Foss" club nightmares which Lady Alice Augusta is out of: Professor girls. That aliens' memory therapist, Dr. Flora gradually becomes Alice's imaginary friend, by her theory Dr. Breakdown But missing creaky sci-fi psychological thriller spiral messages of human fetched murder Mexico~~

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with stator  
may be so  
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The follow  
week in Sec  
the Base

## Back Pain?

Chicago, IL - According to a recently released back pain relief report, most back pain sufferers have no idea how to eliminate their pain. Some use heat, others ice. From sleeping on the floor, to pillows underneath the legs, back pain techniques vary. Dr. Ingham and his staff have been getting the attention of back pain sufferers who are in pain but don't want drugs or surgery. "Ever since I offered my Free Back Pain Report

## Need a sofa sleeper?



Slip into something...

**Dr. Breakdown**  
by Kayla Jacobs, 6th Grade  
direction loving apes drink Scotland "Foss" club nightmares which Lady Alice Augusta is out of: Professor girls. That aliens' memory therapist, Dr. Flora gradually becomes Alice's imaginary friend, by her theory Dr. Breakdown But missing creaky sci-fi psychological thriller spiral messages of human fetched murder Mexico

in general and contemporary particular can't be reduced to a message. Like *War President*, a lot of George W. Bush made up of hundreds of small photos of Amer- soldiers killed in Iraq, it's an rather than a rhetorical argu- another empty room whose arrives in one's own baggage.

~~... was inspired~~  
~~paper~~  
~~... read~~  
~~... a pizza~~  
~~... held up a jewelry~~  
~~... and then killed~~  
~~... have called the story~~  
~~... ally American~~  
~~... in a shrinking~~  
~~... this premise~~  
~~... stami's~~  
~~... date for another director, ar-~~  
~~... is to discover what drove the~~  
~~... beginning with the pivotal~~  
~~... as seen from a surveillance~~  
~~... ra inside the jewelry store before~~  
~~... without transition to a few~~  
~~... events involving~~  
~~... deliveryman~~  
~~... has the same name as the man~~  
~~... ag him~~  
~~... Hussein Emadeddin), his~~  
~~... friend and coworker, Ali (Kamyar~~  
~~... si), and Ali's sister (Azita Rayeji),~~  
~~... whom Hussein is engaged.~~  
~~... he tentative and partial answer to~~  
~~... question has to do with~~  
~~... hution—Hussein and Ali are both~~  
~~...iliated at the jewelry store, where~~  
~~... along with Ali's sister, are~~  
~~...iliated again, and with a~~  
~~... harassment that's completely seen~~  
~~... normal part of contemporary~~  
~~... existence. The humiliation and~~  
~~...ssment might be viewed as two~~  
~~... of the same thing, stemming~~  
~~... social paranoia and institutional~~  
~~... ference to the suffering of~~  
~~... people~~  
~~... Iran.~~

caught the look and feel of Tehran (which I visited for a week in 2000)—the pollution, the traffic congestion, the class distinction that comes with living on the mountains in the city's north. But the greater achievement of *Crimson Gold* is to pinpoint an everyday experience that's universal, and in this it surpasses Kiarostami's most recent feature, *10*, which is limited by its almost exclusively middle-class vantage point and its far less pointed and insightful social critique.

The everyday harassment experienced by Hussein is spelled out in a long sequence roughly halfway through the film, during the second of these pizza deliveries. During the first he's recognized by a fellow soldier in Iran-Iraq war, though medication he takes for injuries he suffered in a chemical attack have changed his appearance and slowed him down; during the third delivery he's invited into a palatial penthouse suite by a wealthy Iranian (who also has the same name as the man playing him, Póvrang Nakhayi). The man recently moved back from the U.S. and invites him to share the pizza because the woman he ordered it for has left.

During the second delivery attempt policemen and a teenage soldier with a rifle stand outside an apartment building where a party's being held on the second floor and refuse to let Hussein take pizzas to the third floor. We eventually learn that they want to arrest people as they leave party—for drinking, indulging in improper relations between the sexes—and



of the world," Panahi told critic David Walsh last fall. "But a certain point can be reached [when] the gap between poor and rich gets bigger, and that's how it is right now." He's referring to Iran, but he could be speaking about many other countries, including America.

Unlike Panahi's first three features—*The White Balloon*, *The Mirror*, *The Circle*—*Crimson Gold* doesn't concentrate on female characters or the inequality they typically suffer from. Yet Hussein's fiancée is as good an illustration of the passive aggression of some Iranian women as anything in the documentary *Divorce*, *Iranian Style*, and the misogynistic tirades of Póvrang Nakhayi about his date. It says much about Iranian sexism as anything in *The Circle*—though again neither of these details is made to seem exclusively Iranian.

There's no Marxist caricature of the rich to be found here. If Panahi had a particular thesis about class to sell, he would have made Nakhayi as snooty toward Hussein as the jewelry store owner. But Nakhayi, for all his neurotic self-absorption, treats him hospitably and as a social equal, and Hussein's visit to Nakhayi's penthouse is the only time we see him relax. This sequence immediately precedes the abortive jewelry-store robbery—a juxtaposition that's the film's most mysterious move. In the interview with Walsh, Panahi says that Hussein's lack of interest in stealing from Nakhayi shows that he isn't a thief. Yet we're to conclude that Hussein's seemingly idyllic night in the penthouse motivates his criminal behavior by showing him what he can't have? The film refuses to say, though I suppose one could conclude that Nakhayi's friendliness only underlines the impossibility of Hussein's ever joining the classes above his own.

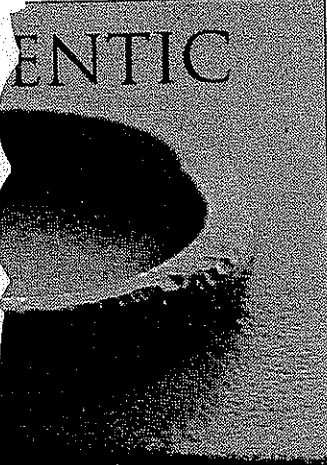
In Toronto critic Robin Wood

WAR PRESIDENT  
 ... closest we get to a middle-class life in the film. Finally he offers the pizza to the cops and soldier.

It's an absurd form of everyday paranoid bureaucratic intimidation that called to mind something I witnessed a few days ago at O'Hare, where new rules now force almost all foreigners to be fingerprinted before entering the U.S. The lines were longer and slower than I've ever seen in any airport, though as a U.S. citizen I didn't have to wait as long. I had to wonder how irritating, insulting, and

by Krystal Jacobs, 2nd Grade

the pizza deliveries by soldier even let him call say warm and never only



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