jetsam in the laminar flow andor find the threads in redhats andor litter a keyboard
with milletseed so that exotic songbirds might tap out their odes to a nightingale
andor transcribe the letters pressed onto the platen when stalactites drip on the
homerow keys andor reconstruct the ruins of a bombed out capital i andor rein-
vent the canonic works of western art as a series of roadsign glyphs andor com-
mission an artist to       paint the large ass of marcel duchamp andor use a
dotmatrix printer       to sound out a poem in which each line is
        a series of pauses whose length is deter-
        mined by formatting codes and then record the squeal and lurch of the
        printhead moving across the paper and then replay the noise and then have it
transcribed as chamber music for cello or voice andor compose a text acknowled-
ging that words are fourdimensional objects in spacetime andor write an es-
say on the collected works of jane austen treating the text as a tour de force li-
pogram that never once makes use of any characters in the sinhalese alphabet
Isn’t a construction a beginning of a thing like a seed? Isn’t it a segment of a larger totality, like an elephant’s tail? Isn’t it something just about to emerge—not quite structured—never quite structured...like an unfinished church with a sky ceiling?

tapeworm ˈtāpˌwərm
noun
a long ribbonlike body with many segments that can become independent
Published on the occasion of *Tapeworm*, a collaborative exhibition based on Darren Wershler-Henry’s text *The Tapeworm Foundry: andor the dangerous prevalence of imagination*, opening November 20, 2008 at the University of Pennsylvania.

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À l’infini

John Lennon once told a reporter, “Yoko got ideas like other people have diarrhea. It’s like she’s got diarrhea of the mind.” It’s true that ideas came to me like I was tuning into some radio from the sky. So I was always frustrated that I couldn’t realize most of my ideas. But by instructionalizing my artwork I was, in effect, delegating the final outcome of it to others... now, I could just write instructions. It freed me.

– Yoko Ono

The divorce of idea and production was a liberating impulse, an abrupt redefinition of the work of art that cultivated a collaborative spirit and sensitivity to whim—a culture fertile for the birth of Fluxus in the sixties. Reducing art to its mere mention in words suddenly rescued many a discarded brainchild, restoring it to a perpetual, public status as an abstract possibility open to re-appropriation. As Henry Martin articulates in his introduction to George Brecht’s Book of the Tumbler on Fire, a ‘heterospective’ compilation of his own instruction works that he called an exhibition in book form:

“Music after all has little place for noise, literature little room for word salad, none of the sciences of the transmission of information are very tolerant to any of the forms of static. Fluxus, with a suitable disorder in its techniques, was a wild-goose chase in everything ephemeral.” (p 18)

Likely cousins to this school of thought, Allison Knowles and Yoko Ono carried on the instruction-work vanguard with their respective event scores and instruction paintings, or “exchanged menus in the air.”

As with many other hallmarks of modern art, the instruction piece can be traced back to Marcel Duchamp. In 1919 he famously directed his sister to construct her own wedding gift by suspending a geometry text book from a balcony and leaving it to be tousled by the
His notes titled “Speculations” included lists of phrases like “buy a dictionary and strike out all the words that can be stricken.” Duchamp is said to have commented: “These notes all had something in common: they were always written as an infinitive. ‘A l’infinitif’ means doing things, finally doing that, which I never did.” Like Ono, Duchamp was relieved to shift the creative process from hand to the mind, in all its infinite burgeoning.

In devising the syntax of an exhibition, a curator is allowed a curiously similar capacity to instruct and construct a system of his own. Presaged by Harald Szeemann’s 1969 show When Attitudes Become Form, the Großausstellung or “great exhibition” model has transformed curatorial praxis into a generative enterprise. Instead of arranging a preexisting palette, a top-bottom exhibition scheme allows an artist-curator to commission work according to a conceptual recipe. Hans Ulrich Obrist’s recent do it! project, an ongoing and expansive exhibition staged online, on television, in catalogue form and museums internationally, reinforces the notion of curator-as-instigator. The artworks constitute an evolving dialogue between artists producing and fulfilling sets of instructions, dispersing the curator’s architectural role and making him the activator of an organic system. Any exhibition of new work entails an element of chance in its composite, but here open formulae for individual pieces amplifies the indeterminacy—the synapse from phrase to substance is vast. What to make of an idea? It is precisely this provocative gamble that has made the notion of an embryonic, unrealized piece such a staple of twentieth century conceptual art.

Darren Wershler-Henry’s The Tapeworm Foundry inherits this historical vein in a text faithfully formulaic yet unusually compelling in its fruition: a single rambling, unpunctuated sequence of possible projects, ranging from quirky and absurd to highly ambiguous and allusive, all highly informed by the avant-garde of the twentieth century. Tapeworm’s fabric is pure prospectus. The mini-premises that comprise it, linked by the pulsating conjunction ‘andor,’ compose a run-on rhizome of countless other projects.

Some of the schemes are mischievous andor farcical (“compose a love poem called
charged particles in which each line consists of a single word ending in the suffix ion...andor take a cow that damien hirst has cut in half and then use it to make a squishier equivalent of a humongous potatoprint”). Some intimate a specific preexisting work, contemporary (“encode it in a helix of dna” – Christian Bök, Xenotext Experiment), or historical (“drift aimlessly through the streets of the city for days on end” – Situationist International). Some are more vague, often using “it” without an antecedent, leaving the notion open: “figure out a way to do it without metaphor,” “write without your fingers blushing,” “eclipse the differences.”

*Tapeworm* as an exhibition challenges a group of artists to realize Wershler-Henry’s language. Like performances of written music, each piece is simply one nuanced rendition of the general prescription. The text is less parameter than catalyst; contributors act not as blindly contracted executors but interpreters. While the thrill of the writing is in its fanciful possibilities, its actualization, in recruiting external energy to flesh out what the author did not, engenders a new dimension. *The Tapeworm Foundry* is self-sufficient on the page, and yet, as anyone who’s stood before the field of delicate lead traces that comprise a Sol LeWitt wall work can testify, sometimes the impact of conceptual work lies indeed beyond the equation.

Of course, there is some tentative risk involved: is this defective reasoning—is the language medium a crucial constraint? One may doubt whether this conceptual pivot defeats the charge of the source piece, whether the very presence of the works dilutes the reading of their formulae. Will the pieces live up to their terms, or pale compared to the power of their suggestion? In describing *do it!* and its precursors, Bruce Altshuler highlights the provocation of a viewer’s simultaneous “awareness both of what is and what might have been” —it is precisely this clashing of imagination and product that sustains the exhibition. Furthermore, the work is never finished. As Wershler-Henry’s subtitle and looping of text (the last term connects back to the beginning) seem to imply, instruction pieces provide an inexhaustible stimulus—the creative virus will live on.
publish the results in a prominent medical journal andor write a poem using only
the names of paint swatches from a hardware store and then arrange the colours
syntactically andor make a popup version of the making of americans andor plan
some actions for the stupefaction of stupid f actions andor have it inscribed on a
grain of rice and then cook the grain into a pilaf and then serve it to the critics andor
make it pointy and inhospitable andor write it across an empty field in cursive script
by rolling a big snowball in front of you realizing all the while that the snowball must
eventually form the period at the end of the sentence andor renounce the language
made impossible by journalism andor burn a painting once a day say yours or
some one elses andor put it up for auction andor practise surrielism after canada
d andor happen very naturally andor make a mondrian colouring book andor take the jokes seriously
andor write for a world where instead of proper names everyone has one unique
term that he or she uses to refer to everyone else andor fool the americans with it
andor connect the rooftops of the city with delicate wrought iron footbridges andor
place a completed manuscript into a cage and then let a gerbil do the final edit
andor regret not having sported a suit the colour of an unripe lemon nor a red paper
gendarme’s hat because alas one cannot think of everything andor annotate a blank

grace ambrose

Sunny, bright, hazy green, no more blue.
Evergreen forever, green grass stain
denim rhapsody. Blue blue jeans on a
washed limestone wall, pool fresh waterview.
Grape fizz, berry sorbet, the scent of lavender.
Then purple clouds, purple rain, lilac renaissance.
Charismatic flirtations meander and sizzle rouge red.
Dreamer! Delight in early leaf, soft lichen, serenity, rapture.
and then make living paintings by brushing samples onto glass sheets coated with agaragar andor write on yellowing velvet andor vomit alphagetti onto the page as an homage to robert rauschenberg and jubal brown andor title a story the fall of the house of escher andor think of the souvenirs without nostalgia andor annoy the people at the art bar andor take a newspaper andor take a pair of scissors andor choose an article as long as the poem that you are planning to make andor cut out the words andor cut out each of the words that make up the article andor put them in a bag andor shake it gently andor take out the scraps one after the other in the order in which they leave the bag andor copy conscientiously so that the poem is like you and voila you are a writer infinitely original and endowed with a sensibility that is charming though beyond the understanding of the vulgar andor do all of these things andor kidnap someone and then make them happy andor construct grammatically correct sentences that in a given text might link the last word at the end of each line to the first word of the following line andor continue to consider yourself very likeable andor take a cow that damien hirst has cut in half and then use it to make a squishier equivalent of a humongous potatoprint andor work flat for a while andor do concrete poems in needlepoint andor write poems for your pets not
fucked up and or replace the stairways in a piranesi drawing with escalators and then sell it as a blueprint for a goth shopping mall and or use some squirt guns to paint a water colour picture and or collect one subway transfer per minute for an hour at a given subway station and or collect transfers for another hour from every station and stay underground for days or even weeks but such are the sacrifices that we make for art so be sure to pack a lunch and or consider doing this stunt in teams in order to present a seamless chunk of time without any gaps between the transfers and or move seven words forward in the dictionary from every word in your text and copy down the results and or sock it to me and or put a sock in it and or put it in a sock and or think about translating some of the other haiku that basho has written instead of his stupid frog pond thing for chrissakes and or write poetry in the language spoken by the great apes of the tarzan novels and or observe for five minutes what crosses a square traced out with a stick in the wet soil of a luxembourg garden at eleven in the morning and or exhibit the undersides of elementary school desks encrusted with gum and or bolt it to a
scatological parody of a landscape painted with tea by milorad pavic and then entitle it a landscape tainted with pee and or document what is going on in a room not necessarily but possibly the one that you might be occupying and or write a novel about what paul eluard might have done in the year of his disappearance and or publish a guidebook for nonexistent monuments found somewhere in downtown toronto well not found but you know what i mean and or illustrate that this must be the case and or sandblast the scrawled missives of schizophreniacs onto sheets of coloured glass in church windows and or spell it according to a phonetics of your own devising and or start a pataphysical software company and or write with your bones dry and distant and or imagine a poem called ideas for poets consisting of pithy epithets that describe the personalities of literary notables so that for example christopher smart might be a thin one forever patrolling the edge of the sidewalk smelling of vegetable crates and cat food and or avoid the habits of another artist and or fill a steamer trunk full of it and then let your friends edit it while you sleep off the drug of your choice and or make a western about the group of seven starring yul brynner as emily carr and or write all of your misgivings about your work in ballpoint pen along the edges of your collated manuscript doing so in My pataphysical software addresses the issue of survival in the business world through the lens of a familiar narrative of a struggle for mankind's literal survival. The hypothetical software is designed to address problems by directly mimicking the tactics of the human protagonists of the 1968 film Planet of the Apes. My objective was to inlay a subliminal dimension of a commonly known story onto a set of unrelated, modern-day business challenges. I think this is a neurological pattern that occurs in humans every day, representing a certain kind of synesthesia implicit in the human thought process. My pataphysical software addresses the issue of survival in the business world through the lens of a familiar narrative of a struggle for mankind's literal survival. The hypothetical software is designed to address problems by directly mimicking the tactics of the human protagonists of the 1968 film Planet of the Apes. My objective was to inlay a subliminal dimension of a commonly known story onto a set of unrelated, modern-day business challenges. I think this is a neurological pattern that occurs in humans every day, representing a certain kind of synesthesia implicit in the human thought process.
Why do people stare at you? What do they say? Do you care for your cuticles? Are you aware of vessels in the eye? Have we time for one? How do I open this? What do they use it for? Where is the odor of apricots? How do I unscrew it? Are we there yet? Which states have you been to? Which zone is this? Did professional sex force her to alter emotions? Do you opt for or against irrevocable acts? Can you make it hard? What does it taste like? Is it Kansas?

They are trying to know me without having to navigate themselves. They tell themselves what they want to hear. Mine are ragged like thorns. They are difficult to overlook when one looks through them. We have forty-five minutes to our name. Use the tab. They can be reused for pipes or armor. It is released with pressure. Counterclockwise to loosen. Location is relative. I am not well-traveled. This is Zone Three. Suppression is a form of alteration. All acts are irrevocable; our follow-up has infinite possibility. I can petrify it. There is a citrus bite. It is Kansas.
If language could talk we would refuse to understand it.

As to "avant garde": I am not in advance of anything but perhaps close, in the neighborhood, around.

Better to come up from behind than to lead. If you lead you'd have to know where you are going whereas I only know where I am not going. The politics in a poem has to do with how it enters the world, how it makes its meaning, how its forms work in social contexts. The politics in a poem is specific to poetry not politics.
The piece documents the development of an organic network amongst a group via structures imposed individually on each by physically displaced actors. Participants are placed in a room with access to paper, writing instruments, personal computers and text message-enabled cell phones. They are dictated instructions written by external actors according to a time-based algorithm decontextualized from a major social event: the 2008 election projections of four different media outlets. Each numerical value relates to a different simple task or provocation—written by an anonymous group contracted over the internet, Darren Wershler-Henry, and the artist—which the participant enacts until they are fed a new task (in relational real time, as the projected returns change). Taking cues from Oliver Herring’s Task, Trisha Brown’s exploration of structure and the commonplace, Oulipo, and John Conway’s Game of Life these instructions create an architecture for emergent behavior through the complex interactions of simple rules.

Video and other materials can be found at writing.upenn.edu/wh/involved/series/art/
behave yourself because a monkey is watching you and or select a bookcase full of books and then measure the limits of the bookcase and then count the books and then take the first book and then count the number of periods on the first full page of type and then multiply that number by all the pages in the book and then record the title and the approximate number of periods in each book and then total all the periods in the entire bookcase and or translate it into a language of your own devising and or write it under the rims of coffee cups and or realize the huge distance between words and or your dog and or postulate a psychoanalysis based on orestes rather than on oedipus and or write down the best lines that you hear at every reading and or string them together and or write with tears in your fingers and plant crocus bulbs so they grow into the shape of dirty words in both french and english on the grassy slopes of parliament hill and or drift aimlessly through the streets of the city for days on end and or glue the good dishware and the leftover food onto the tabletop after lunch and then flip the whole thing onto its side and send it off to the gallery and or use a laser beam to chop the text into strips and then enclose each strip in a fortune cookie shaped like genitalia as if such cookies
letters to the editor andor get closer to the lens andor transcribe every movement that your body makes on bloomsday andor disguise a muskox as a ram andor drop a pingpong ball full of drano into the gas tank of a car and then record the sound of the fragments hitting the ground as an homage to the rain poem by apollinaire andor make a rhizome andor write down the first sentence spoken on television when the set is turned on and then change the channel in order to write down the next sentence and so on andor construct a museum of language in the vicinity of art andor construct alien earthworks in provincial parks andor write a history of the avant garde of unreconstructed hippies or the avant garde of cemeteries or the avant garde of colourful french bohemians at the turn of the century or the avant garde of dissipated scandals or the avant garde of endless lies tantamount to truths or the avant garde of postraphælites or the avant garde of kitsch or the avant garde of less than nothing or the avant garde of myopia or the avant garde of nomenclatures or the avant garde of simian vulgarity or the avant garde of students who think they are workers or the avant garde of tautologies and contradictions or the avant garde of vicious circles andor put the pieces on one at a time and then burn them andor wrap the reichstag with
emotionally difficult questions with evasive answers andor address the united
nations with your intentions andor write an encyclopedic novel about a whale but
maintain throughout that the whale is a fish not a mammal andor write a series of
haiku about barrett watten and bruce andrews and lyn hejinian but sign it using the
pseudonym lang po andor remove specificities and then convert to ambiguities
andor learn that paisleys are based on hindu glyphs stolen from india by a clan of
scottish weavers and then think of an alternate history in which indian castes not
only develop a system of tartans but also compose raga's for duos consisting of
bagpipe and sitar andor type the words dylan thomas on a piece of paper but leave
the paper on the roller and then submerge the entire typewriter in a solution of
white alcohol calling the resulting object underwood milk andor dial a number at
random and then finagle your way into reading poems to the person who answers
andor pick some names out of the phone book and then enrol them in the book of
the month club andor author a sound poem consisting solely of noises made by a
spindryer anderson sonnet on one of the little plastic paratroopers from a box of green
armymen and then throw the soldiers one by one from a balcony onto the audience below andor write a

Audio mp3s can be found at writing.upenn.edu/wh/involved/series/art/
end of endlessness andor stop going to class andor let the birds out of the john cage
andor refuse to recreate your so-called system andor write a book that consists
solely of a very long title andor tear the roof off andor point out that you have more
creativity in your pinky than all of this bourgeois merde andor make famous poems
more efficient by abstracting them into commercial catchphrases so that for
paradise lost by milton you might say ive fallen and i cant get up andor write poems
on the backs of stolen bank deposit slips and then surreptitiously return them to
the bank andor use a vcr to dub dub poets reading rub a dub dub three men in a tub
and then dub this reading over the credits of all the movies that you rent andor turn
it up to eleven andor translate the æneid into pig latin andor write poems using only
words found in the california registry of licence plates andor realize that the figures
have to wear masks preferably trout masks or at least trout mask replicas andor
stage a dramatization of the wife of bath starring mary daly andor talk for thir tysix
hours straight andor write what you really want to say on the same page in invisible
ink made from a mixture of lemon juice and sugar water andor impregnate key
words with lsd and dmso andor whip it andor whip it good andor clog up subway
cars during rush hour with cumbersome objects such as bass cellos or packing
Further abstracting Milton’s canonical “Paradise Lost” from its
ten magisterial books (the literary establishment’s required
reading for cogent conversation at your next cocktail party,
trolley ride, or Job Talk), this experiment posits a sociological
theory of reading in just moments! In three easy steps tackle
all forms of “literature!” Simply open up your g-mail account,
e-mail yourself the title of the desired work, and consult the
’Sponsored Links’ column on the right-hand extremity of your
browser window for a list of slogans distilling your chosen text
into its essential historical, anthropological, and literary merits.
to see what the hell is causing all the goddamn noise andor write a treatise on the physics of luggage calculating the difference between volumes of air displaced by a clean shirt when ironed and folded and the same shirt when wrinkled and unlaundered andor write a letterbomb scenario with little casts of the negative spaces on or around or under rachel whiteread or bruce nauman andor punch holes through every copy of the bound book and then save the little punched-out bits to use as confetti at the wedding of someone related to peter eisenman andor replace sigourney weaver with jacques derrida and then make a film about him chasing hegelians through the airducts of a spaceship in order to immolate these vermin with a flamethrower andor take everything from the hairnet of an upperclass lady to the propeller of the rms lusitania and then deform these things into the dimensions required by the work andor soak your hair in japanese calligraphic ink and then drag your head down a long paper scroll andor do your part to end joblessness by posting a classified ad calling for applications to a training school for such fabulous obsolete or bizarre professions as anchorite or apostate or bearbaiter or bodyservant or carnival geek or chirurgeon or contact lensman or elvis impersonator impersonator or fudgepacker or ghoul or hangman or hayward
page with comments and quotations on postit notes and then annotate the postit notes with a layer of different coloured postit notes and then continue until you run out of colours andor muddy the waters between invention and discovery andor suggest that some vastly complex principle of order underlies works of absolute chaos and then nod sagely when the critics find it andor replace collage with frottage andor write for a few years only in lowercase or only in uppercase and then switch andor have the same problem all the time andor remove all the verbs from a book and then replace them with the verbs from another book andor make a huge paper boat from all your correspondence and then climb aboard to sail away andor engage in unauthorized pyrotechnic displays be they verbal or otherwise andor take the tarot card that is most significant to you and then attach it to the forks of your bicycle with a wooden clothespin so that the card sticks into the spokes and thus makes a cool whirring noise when you ride fast andor work against your better judgement andor steal it from a writer who is not as talented as you are because your audience is going to think that your victim is actually the one who has stolen the idea andor make a series of trading cards for poets complete with action photographs and statistics including number of publications and
ink and then get a sharp pin and read it by giving yourself a prison tattoo of the text and/or move away from guns ‘n’ ammo and/or misunderstand the lyrics of popular songs in order to make them funnier or smarter so that in the former case you hear bob marley sing i shot the sheriff though i swear i was in silky pants but in the latter case you hear jon bon jovi choking on his beer and attempting to give himself a tracheotomy with the broken bottle and/or treat the author who is not armed to a little target practice and/or note the lack of seriousness in a camaro chasing after dozens of musical theatre castmembers and/or use a knife on the hood of your car to transcribe the most illegible photocopy of a text and/or think about it from a fighter jet’s perspective for a change and/or obtain illicit copies of the passion considered as snuff film and then have your priest deliver them to your friends at the dungeon and/or spell it out in atoms at bikini atoll and/or knock the teeth out of anyone who won’t write a more interesting list than this one and/or lease an abandoned church in order to reenact the demise of the members of mayhem but then burn down the church and perform their whole back catalog and/or make each letter in your text out of plastique placing all the letters that comprise a word onto the face of

nick salvatore
people to like what has happened to your writing andor clog up commemorative brass plaques coated with canadian identity andor burn your body across the grain of your principles andor spell it andor copy blue cardboard for your bourgeois readings andor appear to fuck a tour de force lipogram of your own devising andor stop being recombinant for a while andor drive over the pages of it in the parking lot before you bind them andor record a drum n bass version of an opera by emmett williams andor make it nude andor pack all the furniture of the house into a single room and then attempt to live in it for as long as possible andor throw me a fricking bone here andor embed the real poems as comments in the html source code andor forget all about it when a person from porlock drops by for a visit andor attribute your work to other authors and then review it andor sell it on the street andor try not to be so parochial andor remove the middle three words from every sentence in the new testament as an act of hostility towards trinitarian values andor luxuriate in the way that everything rubs up against everything else andor devote your career to writing
the same way that you might have written on the edges of your highschool math book and then shuffle the pages before you bind them andor write haiku noting that stonehenge is actually a circle of big pi symbols made out of rock andor massmarket it as if it is both obtainable by all and producible by all andor remove random keys from your typewriter before you begin to write and then forget which ones have been removed andor write with your head between your hands andor posit a novel in which a time traveller first appears at the denouement and then proceeds backwards to the beginning through a series of non sequiturs andor smoke your manuscript page by page when you run out of rolling papers andor ride hard shoot straight and speak the truth andor sell the designs that appear after trickling a thin stream of ball bearings onto a computer graphics tablet andor write a sonnet about what a grecian earns andor look closely at the most embarrassing details and then amplify them andor write a brief history of television including the television at lascaux or platos myth of the television or the york and townley mystery televisions or shakespeares globe television or the first steamdriven television andor write with the tips of your eyes while holding back in advance andor tell the story about the night when vladimir ilyich lenin finally goes across the street to the cabaret voltaire
about them andor paint it on the soles of your shoes and then walk around while your shoes are still wet andor write a piece entitled nodes consisting of short homages to the letter n andor make people believe make believe people andor write everything down and compile a detailed concordance of all the words beginning with the words belonging to the long poem and then entitle it for a secular martyr rology andor write even duller if you can andor conduct an investigation into whether or not the tailor are and then organize the animal kingdom according to the categories drawn with a very fine camelhair brush such as the animals included in the present classification or animals that from a long way off look like flies or embalmed animals or fabulous animals or innumerable animals and then submit your research as a term paper for biology class andor have nothing to lose andor commission a carpenter to fashion a chair designed for humans whose knees are on the backs of their legs rather than on the front andor write as though you must

vladimir zykov
alphabits and then pour milk on it and then read it by rolling your body across the
text andor move away from black and white andor misunderstand the lyrics of
popular songs in order to make them funnier or smarter so that in the former case
you hear bob marley sing i shot the sheriff though i swear i was in silky pants but in
the latter case you hear jon bon jovi sing thoreau is like ralph emerson ralph
emerson is what i read andor treat the author who is not a genius with a little
respect andor note the lack of seriousness in a text that contributes nothing new to
the technique of the theatre andor use an ocr scanner to transcribe the most
illegible photocopy of a text andor think about it from my perspective for a change
andor obtain illicit copies of the passion considered as an uphill bicycle race and
then deliver them by bike courier to your friends at easter andor spell it out in
atoms under an electron microscope andor come up with a more interesting list
than this one andor lease an abandoned church in order to paint an exact replica of
the ceiling of the sistine chapel but then burn down the church and then exhibit the
drop cloths andor make jello moulds of each letter in your text placing all the letters
that comprise a word into separate parfait glasses topped with ærosol whipped
cream and then serve one word to each member of your audience andor refute the

Text A
Dr in impolite.,.,.a.,.,. ... ... I,... L I”
about, into people message a.
Leave sister a after I people a there.
There its. To

Text B
It be just it. *

Old a... A I in I in one in as areasI it I a is ..”.. “in I I “I all I
The opening included a reading of Darren Wershler-Henry’s *Tapeworm* and collaborative renditions of other *Tapeworm* phrases, including:

andor write each letter of a shakespearean sonnet on one of the little plastic paratroopers from a box of green armymen and then throw the soldiers one by one from a balcony onto the audience below...andor cover a refrigerator with fridge magnets that spell out poems from the food section of tender buttons by gertrude stein and then fill the contents of the fridge with the corresponding comestibles...andor write it under the rims of coffee cups...andor operate a sidewalk fastfood cart whose menu consists of items drawn solely from the pages of the futurist cookbook by f t marinetti

and a temporary installation/performance based on “andor make a rhizome...andor stage a reading in a bathroom stall” by Cecilia Corrigan.

Special thanks to James LaMarre, Trisha Low, and the Kelly Writers House for their assistance with this exhibition.

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Title page quote:  Yoko Ono, “To the Weslyan People,” *Grapefruit*, unpaginated

*Introduction notes*

2 Yoko Ono, “To the Weslyan People,” *Grapefruit*, unpaginated
3 Bruce Altshuler, “Art by Instruction and the Pre-History of *do it*,” e-flux.com
4 Quoted in Hans Ulrich Obrist, “Some fragments on the history of do-it-yourself art,” e-flux.com