Manuel is destroying my bathroom...

by
Latasha N. Nevada Diggs
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belladonna* catalog

2000
1. Mary Burger, Eating Belief 00P
2. Camille Roy, Dream Girls 00P
3. Cecilia Vicuna, Bloodshot, trans. Ronny Alcala 00P
4. Fanny Howe, parts from Indivisible 00P
5. Eleini Sikeliotou, from The Book of Jon 00P
6. Laura Mulvin, Translation Series 00P
7. Beth Murray, 12 Horses 00P
8. Mei-mei Bresenhan, Audience 00P
9. Laura Wright, Everything Automatic 00P

2002
21. Deborah Richards, Put A Feather In It
22. Norma Cole, BURNS
23. Jocelyn Saidenberg, Dusky
24. Gail Scott, Beltane Up 00P
25. Carla Harryman, DIMBLUE and Why Yell
26. Annie Waldman, [THINGS] SEEING UNSEEN 00P
27. Karl Edwards, A Diary of Lies 00P
28. Bhaskar Kapil Roper, from The Wolf Girls of Mudjigooke 00P
29. Rosmarie Waldrop, Race Histories 00P
30. Tina Darragh, from rule of dumbs
31. Chris Tysl, Mother, I (fragment of a film script)
32. Jennifer Moxley, The Occasion
33. Zhang Er, Cross River. Pick Lotus
34. Tonya Foster, A Swarm Of Bees In High Court
35. Lauren Gudath, Animal & Robot
36. Alice Notley, IPHIGENIA

2003
53. Joanna Fuhrman, Belladonna* Moraine
54. Nada Gordon, SONG of My OWnself
55. Catherine Daly, Sulpice
56. Caroline Bergvall, GONG
57. Maria Negroni, Art and Fugue
58. Lourdes Vazquez, May the transvestites of my island who tap their heels
59. Belladonna* Bilingue: Women's Work In Translation (vol. 1)
60. Belladonna* Bilingue: Women's Work In Translation (vol. 1)
61. Jaimey Gordon, A Month of Love
62. Rachel Daley, You and Me Story
63. Latasha N. Nevada Diggs, Manuel is destroying my bathroom...
64. Joan Retallack, THEREINVENTIONOTRUTH

2001
10. Lisa Jarot, Nine Songs 00P
11. Kathleen Fraser, Soft Pages
12. Rachel Blau DuPlessis, Draft 43: Gap
13. Nicole Brossard, Le Ciel de Lee Miller/The Rock of Lee Miller 00P
14. Lee Ann Brown, The 13th Sunday In Ordinary Time/Reverse Hymnal 00P
15. Adeena Karasick, The Aragula Fugues VII-VIII 00P
16. Aja Cohosso Duncan, Commingled: Sight
17. Lila Zembardi, PAMPA 00P
18. Cheryl Pallant, Spontaneities
19. Lynne Tillman, chapters from Weird ladies and "Dead Talk" 00P
20. Abigail Child, Artificial Memory—vol 1 & vol 2 (565 sec) 00P

2004
53. Joanna Fuhrman, Belladonna* Moraine
54. Nada Gordon, SONG of My OWnself
55. Catherine Daly, Sulpice
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57. Maria Negroni, Art and Fugue
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Pamphlets are published in conjunction with the belladonna* reading series and are between 6 and 20 pages in length. Books are $4 each; $6 signed editions; add 50¢ postage per item. Checks payable to Rachel Levitsky.
ways. the silent tip toe when passing after i've spoken. here & not so there. mocked (&) admired. strangers are kinder to me. the trees accept my pedagogy. i only desire to translate the wind and later, the sigh of my lover. this SpaCe says you'll understand when its done. everyone can’t live <harmoniously w/ abstraction>. there are no belts of degrees, no platinum necklace, no 12inch rims rewarded for being in (between). no car to pImP here. just a person. in (be-tween) schools of school of schools of schools. you may or may not like me. but you can’t sleep on these <disturbances in dexterity>.

to be continued...

broken kotoba*

(a macaronic verse)

asunto mio
arimasu una gameboy
yochi na
tapestry
is binaga tula
dodging
tuwid
hacia un hanran o okusu
sorry so so sorry
deja, the nagágalit
under tide of unification
is a genial pustule
picked upon
ryui suru
eso boredom

Harlem, NYC
August 2004

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* Broken Language is written in Spanish, Japanese, Tagalog English and French. It reads: My business/be a gameboy/childish/tapestry/is reformed verse/dodging/straight/towards a mutiny/Sorry so sorry/Already/the indignant/under tide of unification/is a genial pustule/picked upon/keep in mind/this boredom.
blind date
(a sound poem)

network cheesy van halen rock rifle
benny hill slapstick grapefruit hater
Idaho coppertop jaws jibber

flat matt designer adobeTM

the video profile:

sassy southern bell open minded per photographer
likes men who are sincere

“divorced fun lovin’ whino mid-life cruiser earth hipster
goes for girls with a butt”

beef eater chatterbox guzzler
jaeuzzi silicone
honey bunny

“is eric’s down to earth attitude what earle is looking for?”
“can rrrrrrrico be the z lover not the fighter elizabeth needs”

c.p.i.s.o.d.e. 3.18.02

washer board back side
speed bar candy factory
body paint mud bath
lap up a ham hock for a belly dance
taxi ride escort
eye doctor overboard

her bikini lini maxi plops spots on g-strings
jail house tattoo on his boo boo ain’t water proof
waddle waddle id to ego to no goodbye kiss

poker shot pucker and please
diss the vagina
flash the juicy flat-liner

“once you go ricen you never go seekin”

On being in (between) SpaCe

A rough meditation

here & there. if so (&) thus. pavements & grass. when you see me,
you’ll see nothing. there & somewhere. far (&) stunted. reason
& denial. i am what you can not! understand nor want to join in
membership. i am <someone> who isn’t always here. i am what
you’d LiKe but fear the pressure of being. i am the SpaCe not at
all comfortable. a SpaCe that demands shapes to shift. i am not scien-
tific. i am not pop politics nor perfected syntax. i am a marvel
comic gone to live in the slums between <visibility & erasure>, not
exactly mutant. not quite a !heroine! stuffed in a refrigerator. just
an illustration between trace & free hand. crooned (&) arranged.
typed & cross-hatched in charcoal. is it too much to ask why you’re
ok w/ what i do when what i do is struggling to do what you detest
from a genre? or am i a new species of <something>? am i a crea-
ture <out of place> in a gangster/ish vortex of <words & jugglers>?
the hunchback heretic who communicates in babelish gulosh? the
mumbler who can only be reasoned w/ through a sean connery w/cloak & cross? or have i confused you just a shy too much w/ pop
culture? the remote control could disenfranchise you. you could
turn me off but you may miss <something>. you may not (hear) the
loop. you may not hear (the) loop. you may not hear the (loop). hap-
hazardly, i embody the regrets of puritans making do to desensitize
my pressure points. manuals read half/assed. i attempt to deny the
mistake. by misunderstanding digital & analog frequencies. i inhibit
this SpaCe to further re/define language & human/ism. there is no
clear comprehension of sentence structure. <only macarionics>. a
hand full of catchy hook lines. endless stress headaches. if so &
thus. you’ll find yourself presumptuous towards my doing if your
suggestions shun this manifesto in the process. i am not a voiceover
nor am i not a synth player. i am not (at times) a writer. most of
what i do retrogrades. maybe i could help you to understand. i am
(between) the hand (&) cheek. i am the hesitation in your hello. i
am the <ego> that curls your mouth & forces your eyes to roll side
mama wants a loaf of white wonder bread
and 75 cents for the bus tomorrow;
 mentions the shoo bomber
and his match and his
shoes and how they beat his ass on the plane
and how "Bush done started some shit!"

when Judy came back from break,

mama's twisting her braids. mama is sitting twisting. mama's twisting

Judy got's to decide what to do
with the trash on the porch and pepper spray in the plaintiff's face:
(she wants money for losing her job. for the fight she got
in with a Mexican janitor)

I convert mama's holy seriptures into a lap desk

find me a piece of paper

good enough to scribble

a pen

my protest.

**churp**

"Birds, he says, have about five things to say."

*Stan Brakhage on Hollis Frampton*

good morning. a moment to shoo with clock radio. a moment to coo
and flounder last scene. love me. this haunch misses you. this scalp
has felt neglected since. everyone wants love. not many get it.
get out. go somewhere. go on. this haunch remembers everything. this
scalp admits something. i found a worm. you found your pill. literally
found a worm. on concrete. in the sun. in a puddle of rain. drowning
and frying. good night. as if you'll be there to say good morning. as
if another worm could be found with you. as if you'll love me. you.
another alarm clock. another dream. another word. a new word. same.
meaning. good morning. love me. i found a worm. good night. get out.
like you said, all the rest is noise.
the seventh tile from Dominata

was born between translation
to keep even with passing

lost before hills
ivory called me to stone

for symmetry's sake
was born to settle one's fuss

a courtyard bone spread
six halves from my blood

mission towards a seven
making me a suit

evenly

dates on dry trails and skirts
full of pepper and sour sap

still lost, a farmer's market has little choice

my presence relative
on Malcolm's Blvd

with no pips, 28 Bonito is memory
caught in slack pidgin

here no caste to class
here no longer military
here no longer civil

just a blank

dummy check    dummy check    dummy check    dummy check
keys           wallet         toothpaste     haircomb
hair grease    condoms        tampons       passport
social security card telephone book american express scarf
purse          eyeglasses     reading glasses notebook
pen            gloves         traveler's cheeks jacket
decodorant     headphones     vibrator
la loca ningyo
(a macaronic verse)\(^3\)
el oishii zutsu creó gran confusión

la ningyo, gunya-gunya y flaqueza

se comió el subarashii arufabeto a todo la carrera

canto canto, jinruigaku

no podemos hacer mucho mas con sekiti

ni se me pasó por la cabeza que tu

una yochi na zasshu

en eso dōnguri gijutsu, no me interesas

isha! bokusa! estupefecto saigishi!

hace mucho que esperas?

tenía los dedos en carne viva!

hace mucho que esperas mi kaku

no tatsu no otoyshigo?\(^2\)

---

yemmu from Dominata\(^6\)

nervous moves make weapons
but the whirlpools were me

panoramas of ebony pips
formalized doubles

with licks

maybe ignored
you won't fogot

der's no green river like my sister's in New York

where the Honduran women freckle with salt
sne plays & shirts fold themselves

here the scent of laundry
is the back door of home

forget banana boat & man-made canal
where mosquito killed the pallid before

I healed the bites of blood suckers
washed the mud slide from you

so be nice
foil my backside
lay carbon this woman thigh\(^7\)

I arrived long before bottled jerk

---

\(^3\) “La loca ningyo” or the “Crazy mermaid” is written in Spanish and Japanese. It reads: The delicious headache caused havo/The mermaid, flabby and weak in character/She’d rushed through the admirable alphabet/singing anthropology/“There’s not much we can do with dysentery/It never entered my head that you were a childish mongrel/That acorn technique, I’m not interested/Doctor! Boxer! Superficial swindler! You’ve been waiting long? My fingers were raw! My fingers were raw! You’ve been waiting long my imaginary sea horse?”

\(^6\) This poem and the following is from a series of work written in collaboration with choreographer Gabi Christa for a performance premiering in September at Dance Theatre Workshop in NYC.

\(^7\) Taken from the poem “Lead Belly” written by Tyhember Joss.
pistology
(a macaromic verse)

kyooryoku na transmitter de cielo
blessed visor de imagen
captured hoshano of hikari
dotekina kinescope
globalizing sounds unit modulation
fallacious shizuka

fukyu no meisaku! fukyu no meisaku! fukyu no meisaku!
anata wa absorb my peripherals
contrasting en medio real time y
buffy la matar de vampiro
azucarado reflection of stale tecnologia
suteru realism
my gabriel blow horn de propaganda

fukyu no meisaku! fukyu no meisaku! fukyu no meisaku!
mediator of media
grocery bag stuffer of life's
marketed indulgences
yo reso para te

mi amplified padre
mi prime time okaasan
watakushi no/closed captioned espiritu santo

by broadcast...

you are my sagrada communion
you are my anti christ

07/04/02

wouldn't shed
this blood for another compromise

instead exchanged a uterus
a lining spilled
four days longer
with defined moments

I later return to
a beep before
now sculpture

a lack lustered
smile

illuminating with a
happiness
not for my arrival

clearly this new devotion
to depart
re-arranges me as forgotten
and less known

the living
demon mirror
smudged
with wax
he's broken that cycle
those vows

and a rupture
of blood
untamed
and revived

makes him more a man than this space

I am the old dream

5 In the tradition of macaromic verse, the poem is written in three languages, English, Japanese and Spanish. It reads: Mighty transmitter of heaven/blessed view finder/
Captured radiation of radiance/color kinescope/ Globalizing sound unit-modulation/
Fallacious peace/Immortal masterpiece/You absorb my peripherals/Contrasting between real time/And Buffy the vampire slayer/Sweet reflection of stale technology/Giver of realism/My Gabriel blow-horn of propaganda/Immortal masterpiece/Mediator of media/
Grocery bag stuffer of life's marketed indulgences/I pray to you/My amplified father/My prime-time mother/My closed captioned Holy Ghost/By broadcast/You are my holy communion/You are my anti Christ