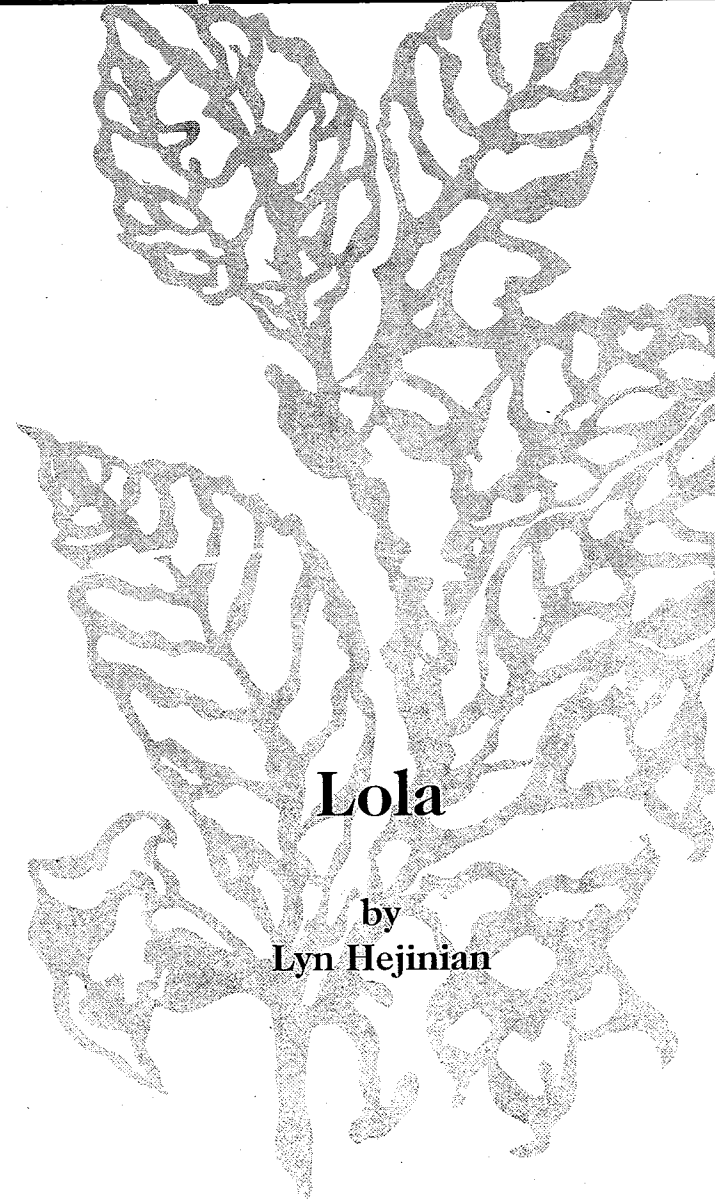


# be|adonna\* #70

Winter 2005



**Lola**

by  
**Lyn Hejinian**



**belladonna\* books**

458 Lincoln Place, Suite 4B Brooklyn, NY 11238

[www.durationpress.com/belladonna](http://www.durationpress.com/belladonna)



deadly nightshade, a cardiac and respiratory stimulant, having purplish-red flowers and black berries



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*Lola* © Lyn Hejinian

belladonna\* production and design, Bill Mazza.

It is set in Geneva, ITC Calson Medium and Bold, and ITC Officina Sans.

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belladonna\* is a reading series that promotes the work of women writers who  
are adventurous, experimental, politically involved, multi-form, multi-cultural,  
multi-gendered, impossible to define, delicious to talk about, unpredictable,  
dangerous with language.

Rachel Levitsky and Erica Kaufman, editors, belladonna\* books.

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# belladonna\* catalog

## 2000

1. Mary Burger, *Eating Belief* <sup>00P</sup>
2. Camille Roy, *Dream Girls* <sup>00P</sup>
3. Cecilia Vicuña, *Bloodskirt*,  
trans. Rosa Alcalá <sup>00P</sup>
4. Fanny Howe, parts from *Indivisible*
5. Eleni Sikelianos, from *The Book of Jon*
6. Laura Mullen, *Translation Series* <sup>00P</sup>
7. Beth Murray, *12 Horrors* <sup>00P</sup>
8. Mei-mei Berssenbrugge, *Audience* <sup>00P</sup>
9. Laura Wright, *Everything Automatic* <sup>00P</sup>

## 2002

21. Deborah Richards, *Put A Feather In It*
22. Norma Cole, *BURNS*
23. Jocelyn Saldenberg, *Dusky*
24. Gail Scott, *Bottoms Up* <sup>00P</sup>
25. Carla Harryman, *DIMBLUE* and *Why Yell*
26. Anne Waldman, *[THINGS] SEEN/UNSEEN* <sup>00P</sup>
27. kari edwards, *a diary of lies* <sup>00P</sup>
28. Bhanu Kapil Rider, from *The Wolf Girls of Midnapure* <sup>00P</sup>
29. Rosmarie Waldrop, *Trace Histories* <sup>00P</sup>
30. Tina Darragh, from *rule of dumbs*
31. Chris Tysh, *Mother, I*
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*

## 2004

53. Joanna Fuhrman, *Belladonna\* Moraine*
54. Nada Gordon, *SONg of My OWnself*
55. Catherine Daly, *Surplice*
56. Caroline Bergvall, *GONG*
57. María Negroni, *Art and Fugue*
58. Lourdes Vázquez, *May the transvestites of my island who tap their heels*
59. Belladonna\* Bilingual: *Womens Work In Translation* (vol. 1)
60. Belladonna\* Bilingual: *Womens Work In Translation* (vol. 1)
61. Jaimy 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, *THE REINVENTION OF TRUTH*
65. Renee Gladman, *Untitled, Woman on Ground*
66. Nicole Brossard, *Matter Harmonious Still Maneuvering*

## 2001

10. Lisa Jarnot, *Nine Songs* <sup>00P</sup>
11. Kathleen Fraser, *Soft Pages*
12. Rachel Blau DuPlessis, *Draft 43: Gap*
13. Nicole Brossard, *Le Cou de Lee Miller/The Neck of Lee Miller* <sup>00P</sup>
14. Lee Ann Brown, *The 13th Sunday in Ordinary Time/Reverse Mermaid* <sup>00P</sup>
15. Adeena Karasick, *The Arugula Fugues VII-VIII* <sup>00P</sup>
16. Aja Couchois Duncan, *Commingled: Sight*
17. Lila Zemborain, *PAMPA* <sup>00P</sup>
18. Cheryl Pallant, *Spontaneities*
19. Lynne Tillman, chapters from *Weird Fucks* and "Dead Talk" <sup>00P</sup>
20. Abigail Child, *Artificial Memory*—  
vol 1 & vol 2 (\$6 set) <sup>00P</sup>

## 2003

37. Caitlin McDonnell, *Dreaming the Tree*
38. Eileen Myles, *We, the Poets*
39. Suzanne Wise, from *The Blur Model*
40. Lydia Davis, *Cape Cod Diary*
41. Elaine Equi, *Castle, Diamond, Swan*
42. Maggie Nelson, *Something Bright, Then Holes*
43. Summi Kaipa, "One: I Beg You, Be Still" from *Was. Or Am.*
44. Julie Patton, "Car Tune" & *Not So Bella Donna*
45. Joan Larkin, *Boston Piano*
46. Minnie Bruce Pratt, *The Money Machine: Selected Poems*
47. Anne Tardos, *A Noisy Nightingale Understands a Tiger's Camouflage Totally*
48. Michelle Naka Pierce, *48 Minutes Left*
49. Veronica Corpuz, *Untitled*
50. Leslie Scalapino, "Can't" is 'Night'
51. Jen Benka, *A Revisioning of the Preamble*
52. Susan Briante, *Neotropics: A Romance in Field Notes.*

## 2005

67. Eileen Tabios, *THE ESTRUS GAZE(S)*
68. Susan Howe, *118 Westerly Terrace*
69. Corina Copp, *Play Air*
70. Lyn Hejinian, *Lola*

Pamphlets published in conjunction with the Belladonna\* reading series and are 6 to 20 pages. Books are \$4 ea.; \$6 signed editions; add 50¢ postage per item. Checks payable to Rachel Levitsky.

The dog on its leash knows the secret of freedom.  
This is promising, says Lola.  
Fanfare and ridiculous light.  
Chapter One.

## Chapter One

Even before I existed, says Lola, I was already at work on myself, I came prepared.

Along comes Lola.

It is much easier to be enthusiastic about what exists than about what doesn't.

Air and screams, too, rubble, flitting litter, shadows, and all the rest slowly in disequilibrium kept indefinitely before the senses of the payers by players yearning to share all their pleasure mercilessly, as if this were what they'd prepared for, that: to show their pleasure mercilessly.

## Chapter Two

Chapters admit events, chapters worlds apart, chapters in a mood, mid-air, in plumes.

Sam comes along with binoculars, cash, gloves, a bridle, and a net, he says, there's a bird—with a rat!—and payers.

There are didacts, a killer, one polymath, a mother, a Russian gymnast, occasional passersby and idle salespeople, a juggler, a man with a sore throat, and a sorrowful child with cold hands and a three-legged dog on a leash, and all of these are players.

The sisters Hertha!

Drew!

Nina!

Abdul Tommy Ahmed!

Trish O'Reilly!

Kurt Krakauer!

Ludmilla Kaipa!

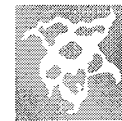
And Sue!

## Chapter One

A novelist is no more a scientist than a snake charmer is a herpetologist or a tightrope walker is an engineer or a cook is a chemist or a voting booth is a sanctuary or a confession is an autobiography or the folding of the nomad's hammock is a surrender of territory.

A goldfish is no more a guard dog than a divorcee's guilt is a balancing rod in the hands of the tightrope walker making his or her way from the Arctic to Antarctica or vice versa.

Go, little pebble, go shoe, go accountants in trances, go missionaries distributing rice to saxophone players on tour in the Sierras, go naked.



## Chapter on the Side of Three, One, Two

We want to piss in brilliant colors, say Montgomery, Bill, and Drew.

### Chapter One

I'm called Charl, says Charles to Frankie, and this is my wife, Doe-rah

Eagerly Frankie says his name is Frankie but my real name, he says as if he'd only just this moment received it, is France!— and am I right to guess that you're from France—too, as it were?

From Lyons in the West, says Charles, yes.

This is Fredo, Frankie says.

Olla, Fredo says.

The sun is drifting like a tourist through a country market overhead.

We have arrived to escape Lyons, Dora says—everything is dead there, living every day.

Living every day for the person living it should not be a negligible part of a long biographical act, says Fredo to his surprise.

We cannot know the name, says Dora drawing her shawl closer to her chest, of what, Charles asks irritably, of living every day, Dora says.

Then let's call it a circus and admit rings, says Frankie, each as different from another as the minute before noon is from the minute after, which is when, having parted from Frankie and Fredo, Charles and Dora find Graciela Parker lying as if asleep among the poppies Dora's thought to pick at the edge of the parking lot among the tall gold weeds.

It's against the law to pick those, hey! Helen is shouting, as Dora whimpers, shudders, and screams.

Later she will remember the moment at random as one she would never justly foresee, mournfully, angrily.

Nearby a kid is standing on the rear bumper of Charles and Dora's red rented Dodge scratching OLLEH into the rear window glass.

Lola goes by, fleetingly.

Lola—voilà!

## Chapter Two

Along come a multitude of little things, illusion's provided with reality and reality with illusion too, a circus whose rings withdraw in disgust, spread doubt, produce warts, night falls, owls call, the moon comes up, the battlefield is lost in mist.

The juggler tosses his pins, his plates spin, behind him the tumbler slips and falls into a soft new warm coiled turd just left by the clown pulling up his pants by green suspenders at the edge of the ring.

Quindlan comes in from the dark off guard, he says, What's the big deal? but his hands are shaking.

### Chapter One

Welcome, there will be interruptions, that can't be helped, we're occupants of a tent "quickly struck for a long time" and removed to a new site, there are always many players and help is not always on their side.

Lola's on a bike, Helen is a largeness, Bill tumbles backward and jumps to his feet pointing to the parking lot, Nina says she wishes it were a field in which she could pasture a trick cow, you can't train cows says Bill, but Nina remains spontaneously reasonable, on some days she wakes to play placards and on others to play the flute politically and she says, Look, I'm telling you what I saw not what I know, that comes tellingly second.

Players all have second things poignantly in mind.

That's just what I said to my mother the day I was born, says Jeannie.

A juggler attempts to seize everything at the very instant he lets it go, the juggler says the field doesn't leave us, we leave it.

For all the years that my wife will live after me, though I'm dead I'll long to be with her, says Bill.

Lola cycles past.

Graciela Parker is missing.

## Chapter Two

It is late afternoon and Lola goes with her shadow.

Two wagging caravans are crossing the horizon, one approaching, the other moving away, and as the one arrives the other disappears, both are like giants wallowing in years, some taken from others, leaving this one, the difference.

Alice minus Carlos is Sam, 1999 minus ice is the 21<sup>st</sup> century, the hours Paloma put in at the shop minus the hours for which she is paid are the hours that turn a profit.

Yesterday minus today, Sally Dover's family minus Sally Dover—but let's look on the plus side, says Maggie Fornetti to Helen, who has buttered her baked potato abundantly and is now dipping a chunk on her fork into the mayonnaise.

If a cow were to be paired with a bird the result would be sterile but beautiful, says Helen, but there's no way back from beauty to usefulness, says Maggie.

Helen's lover Sam says, My lover resembles a house.

In the distance a train whistle blows, Mrs. Fornetti says, My daughter is more perfect than the finest melon or the daintiest birch or rooftops in Lisbon, the past does not return.

## Chapter One

Sid is a young Marine, Quindlan is a player, Mrs. Parker is climbing the stairs and in the grocery bag she holds in her arms are a starfish, a potato, a bottle of syrup, a map of Minnesota, a misspelled word, a sample of satin, and an ominous owl, a scream.

Then along comes Chapter Two for which everyone has practiced and with it comes Chapter 3.

## Chapter Two and Chapter 3

The apple in fall comes to rest near a man with his fortune rolled up in a ball that he caught on a dare as it bounced off a car, the door slightly ajar, a strange smell in the air.

The lovers tumble to the side of spontaneity without wondering

Like long-distance truckers or tourists, the possibility that they will see someone eviscerated or mauled is among their ugliest fantasies, an expression of their greatest sorrow, and a sorry lot they are, says Quindlan, lowering his camera just as Lola comes along.

## Chapter on View

Memo and Dolores teeter between wonder and annoyance.

Memo and Dolores at 9 and 11 are too young to know how dangerous a cliché can be, how quickly and gratuitously it can kill, it's fun just to be out as if in Amazonia alone except for each other and the chameleon called Eleanor, Dolores has Eleanor in her hand.

Where there was no breeze at all now there is suddenly wind.

Happiness?

Sadness?

Plovers and companionship and information and consul generals.

Many years ago, after his fall, Lorenzo Fornetti's vocabulary changed completely, it shifted, it now existed only nowhere, where he found a meaning for words like roff and mott and pum and slemmy none of which meant Chianti or botanical gardens or Karl Marx or lion trainers, Carolina-Francesca and Maggie and neighbors and doctors ruled those out, he'd stamp in frustration and rephrase what he'd said, in the end the trick wasn't to discover what he didn't mean but what he did and they never mastered it, his words were as magical as a juggler's balls, to hear him talk was spellbinding.

Flirtatiously Fredo runs his fingertips up Frankie's thigh with sudden bravado and Frankie jumps as a horse might, it's delightful, he shies.

Litter swirls, the weeds brush against the cyclone fence.

Adieu forest! Frankie says, waving at a band of adolescents who are grouping themselves together to be photographed by Lola.



that she plays without melancholy and no one's bad opinion, she vows, will keep her from satisfying her curiosity, but she is highly susceptible to opinions, these are, to her regret, what she is too often curious about.

Maggie Fornetti must have had a lovely childhood, she understands very little about human nature.

## Chapter Two

Every child has a dog to call his or her own, every dog heels, sits, and somersaults on command, every dog can beg and count to three, every mother has a child who can do the same, the ranks swell and then diminish, citizens sigh.

Askari Nate Martin takes a ghostly interest in Maggie Fornetti, he wants access to her past—her childhood games, how she scribbled in her workbooks, the source of the scar on her shin, the memento vivi of Maggie Fornetti.

Circles, scenes, and conjunctions—no peace.

To think it a mere appearance to think that Lola sees it sink!

She makes only a brief appearance at this time to say irritably that it takes her time to appear.

There are wires in hand to speak to the lights of what's to come.

There's a little scab on the skin over the clavicle of a man on the beach.

Dang! says a child Lola thinks to call Maria when she wins at Bingo.

Dang! says a general others generally think to call when he wins a war.

What a circus!

## Chapter One

The spectators are attentive and now fall spontaneously silent as if they've been given precise instructions.

Being eager to please they are determined to be pleased almost bitterly, they await the unfolding of events and then, in their total innocence, the escape from what they will discover others desire, no matter that what others desire lurks in close proximity.

what it's for, what it can do, and declare it "an un-in-ter-rup-ted round of pleasure!"

Along comes a juggler with a treasure hiding jars in the air made bright by the sun in the eyes of the lover, a beholder.

A small cop tumbles into view, happening onto the scene without a clue as if at fate's request to find a guy left high and dry whom he can arrest.

Symptomatically belligerently Quindlan asks, What's dubious about Fritos?

Did you know that cats that purr don't roar and cats that roar don't purr? Maggie Fornetti asks Askari Nate Martin, who thinks perhaps he's being grilled.

Helen says paranoia is archaic, Maggie says, full of old surprises.

Askari Nate Martin notes that conversations in real life rarely move directly from A (derived from elements of the theme being developed) to B (derived from completely different elements using completely different talents) but still the conversations give birth to the image in which the matter is most clearly embodied.

The juggler juggles with jugs that have been prepared, the tumbler is him or herself prepared.

The result will produce in the spectators a complete image of something other than the theme itself.

## Chapter Three

Askari Nate Martin, when inspired by love, takes note with a silent nod intended to point out things that he loves to the one he loves as his love but Maggie Fornetti when it comes to love wants more than a nod, more than shadowboxing, Take that! and that! and that! she says to herself sarcastically dismally.

A strong wind is blowing rings around them, hardly noticeable at first, shadows flit, leaves pretending to dance with themselves flirt with the shadows, but now shadows and leaves are dodging, ducking, seeking refuge behind each other, done with dancing and then with batting at each other, they would gladly drag whole trees after them to escape the wind.

I'm not sheltered in arms, Maggie Fornetti thinks to herself involuntarily, touching her hip bones through her coat pockets.

Maggie Fornetti must have had a pleasant childhood, she understands very little about human nature.

Pleasantly aware of appearing thoughtful, watching Maggie thinks of Nate investigating, going on with only what he calls Piece A and Piece B.

Piece C, she says to him, connects them—it comes between them, not after.

## Chapter Two

Along comes Mrs. Sally Dover.

It's now after 4, now after school, Mrs. Sally Dover is wearing yellow, violet, blue, she has semblance, her memories are trapezed.

It's now after all.

It has always been for Sally Dover, thinks Sally Dover, not chapter one but chapter three.

Resentment never loses its specificity.

Resentment takes itself to itself.

Resentment continues, talking to itself, Sally Dover, she laughs at what she has, what she hears, but the laughter's a far cry from merriment, she's always hated the carousel with its turning and terrifying horses getting nowhere, hating herself, she's happiest at home aloft in her yellow pajamas.

When she complains her allusions are anything but vague, she never says "Women!" when she means Nina Lee, though when she says "Nina Lee hates me" she means that women hate her.

Mothers are always suspicious of their children's teacher, says Trisha Jones who isn't trying to comfort Sally Dover but only to dispel her anxiety, i.e. to make her shut up.

They love you, says Sally Dover bitterly.

Sally Dover is thirty-two.

## Point of View of Chapter Two

Faces everywhere.

Faces bend to the soft valley without emotion except that of ended joy.

The young Marine thinks, he can't see beyond faces, there's nothing behind them, he thinks, he thinks of loud stormy nights and

grasses, the sand and dead mice, the battlefield, the population, a lost purse, a dark vehicle.

The young Marine keeps his words in his cheek, he thinks, he's nothing himself but a face at the doorstep with nothing behind him but trees perhaps hiding the sky, why would trees go to such extremes as to hide the sky, in the forest they are seen by their fellows.

The young Marine thinks, nothing follows.

## Chapter Three

Askari Nate Martin shouldn't have been awakened for something that shouldn't have happened but it did and only a block from his apartment where he had been dreaming until awakened that he was having dinner with Samuel Johnson who was saying, "Invention," as he tore the gristle and gray edges away from the red center of a great slab of beef on his plate just before the phone rang, "is a faculty given to clowns that's not given to cows."

Stepping into the field Askari Nate Martin scowls and monkey to man the scampering sun scowls back as man to monkey the sun fires.

Graciela Parker has been found.

## Chapter One Introduces Chapter Three

A crime has occurred in Chapter Two, maybe more than one, that's for Askari Nate Martin to discover, but in Chapter Three Maggie Fornetti considers bicycling past the police station in the hopes of encountering, as if by chance, Askari Nate Martin.

She dismounts.

It is explicable but not necessary that Quindlan happens to take a snapshot of Lola at just this moment.

Quindlan explains that the photographer's interest is not sincere but neither is it patronizing, it's momentary, random, reactive, he catches Maggie Fornetti with Askari Nate Martin.

Maggie Fornetti is far too human to care for art or is she far too human not to care for art, she knows she can't have it both ways and would like to ask Quindlan what he thinks.

She has a picture that she studies with great delicacy and a violin