First Spontaneous Horizontal Restaurant

by

Lisa Robertson
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belladonna* production and design, Bill Mazza.
It is set in Geneva, ITC Calson Medium and Bold, and ITC Ofelia Sans.

Price is $4 in stores or at events, $6 signed copies,
mail order add 50¢ postage per item.
belladonna* pamphlets are published periodically by belladonna* books.

belladonna*75 is published in an edition of 125—15 of which are numbered
and signed by the poet—for her Belladonna* reading with Erin Moore at the
Zinc Bar, NYC, on April 22, 2005.

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.

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Pamphlets published in conjunction with the Belladonna* reading series and are 6 to 20 pages. Books are $4 ea.; $6 signed editions; add $0.50 postage per item. Checks payable to Rachel Levitsky.
Note: For the sake of expediency, here the restaurant begins with Lucretius. Elsewhere it might begin with revolution, with Epicurus, with unbelievable aerial medications, with the entire history of picnics. Elsewhere it might begin with starvation, ice, and politics. Epicurus said “The cry of the flesh is not to be hungry, thirsty, or cold; for he who is free of these and is confident of remaining so might even vie with Zeus for happiness.” The restaurant needs to ask something about health and flourishing, because health and flourishing want a situation. In order not to be hungry I made a restaurant. I made a broth. I made a perishable structure of comportment shaped by the synaesthesia of eating. Hunger might become the political sense.

Here we linger and nibble, according to the shapes of need. Perhaps the restaurant really tests the possible relations of chance to need. Perhaps it re-synchopates need and thriving. It poses a nutritive situation rather than a volume. The restaurant is a receiving device that adds something ravenous to the frequency of movement. It asks of our hunger “what is a cause?” “want is a form?” If we could slow down our needy swerve, offer it—for the instant of hunger—a frame or a dias that includes all that’s unknowable about the earth, it might show us something new about how to resist what is traditionally felt as causation’s law. What precisely is required in the moment? I want to study the refreshing flora within resistance. I want to relax also. I want health and resistance to tarry in synaesthesia. I want to move on. Thus I am thrown headlong into transcendent things.
This inauthenticity and the earth is a tipping dish
Where chance wears its messed up items
Entirely apart from intention. Finally some
Combination happens to originate an appetite
And we are still
Rotating
On
Doubt.
How did we come to negation?
Spontaneous horizontal restaurants begin where Utopia ends.
Lucretius invented them in Book 2.

You have to realize that elsewhere a parallel materiality also
spontaneously resists our will.
Begin here the catalogue of hungers.
Call it –The Future

Lucretius said that to flourish we must absorb more than we exude
Of elements, minerals and so forth.
We call this food, and it fabricates us
From the inside. But much does drip and escape
From the corporeal tissues and we use this
Excess to make belief.
It is normal therefore for the body to perish
From the incessance of belief. In the mean time
How about a milky pabulum, nutmeats
Quickened with liquor, the iron
Our blood sucks from roots, the delicate
And ingenious bodies we call pastries
Or most intimate aspects of animals
Honey, sap, and other lucky seepage
Various salts and the slightly bitter textures of leaves:
From a fortuitous concourse of atoms
Blonde foams, dripping vineyards, these swerved
Spontaneously out of the pleasurable earth.
Clots of rubbish washed up on shore became us.
Similar yet unrelated swerves hosted each
Fruit and flouncing pasture, all those that now with meagre effort
We’re hard pressed to husband.
We use up the cattle and their fields. We use up iron.
Dirt’s tired of giving. We sigh at our expired
Work, envious at the luck of our
Parents. We walk to the bar again with stooped shoulders.

Some say the soul is made of wind
Others say it’s full of wood. They
Are certain and don’t need this information.
Some, shut out of their homes by
Politics and circumstance, far from their
Siblings, flayed by grief, continue to
Pace through their ritual acts, judging
And proving. Bad luck wakes others up
To actual voices vibrating in torn open
Breasts. They are hungry.
Why should the fear of death feed them?
Why do we tip over the supper tables
Of both cousins and strangers? I must transform
What I am in hunger.

Lucrertius says the soul, the speaking, thinking force that flows
through a girl
Is part of life not less than hand, foot, or eyes are vital.
He says that thought is of the hungry
Body, not different than limbs and senses.
He says fragility sustains us. I mean
Even in effortful situations there is a delay,
A minimal interval where we turn towards hurt.
This delay could be consistent
With deep reverence
Without cause.
Say the girl or animal again wakes up
Desiring unctuous bullions and summer Latin
Of incredible lightness and smoothness
Incredible fineness and smoothness
In a kind of direction both up and down
Since she suddenly knew this to be absent.
Say there is a surplus
Of speculation.
In this way we are not restricted to only falling.

Let's take the totality of an animal.
Some bone, blood in the veins, heated fluid of the gut
Nerves weaving a form
Fattening some method
Finally you see corpulent colour, tasting
And absorbing dirt, and a language suspends itself as if falling.
Any correction is arbitrary, monstrous.
Now, attend to vcritable hunger.
Something astonishingly fresh might approach
Reveal its wild fragrance. Every case
Was first unbelievable, outside, stunning,
Seeking admiration. Then it becomes the colour of the sky
With its various startling components.
Everything is for the first time mortal
Improvised, surging to the look.
Nothing else foams towards me.
Nobody lifts their eyes to
No romantic, impracticable, extravagantly ideal conditions
No impossibly ideal schemes
No impossibly ideal, visionary, chimerical perfection having no
human location
Silly, inevitable, hot elsewhere coming
To the scale of no parties, no past, no other
In danger and alarm.
The institution of social longing fell

Nowhere, in no direction, neither to side of
The left nor the right, nor up high, nor lowering, limitlessly
Towards an uncertain site intemperate
In no determined direction of space and in no determined time
In no untimely place it moves
A thing crying itself by resorting to light
And then to take hold of semblance and call it
Nothing as dirt is zapped through
With habit and lacking a better verb I promote