

**BELLADONNA\*25**

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*Dimblue / Why Yell*

*by*

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

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## Dimblue

*After Theresa Hak Kyung Cha's Dictée*

The arrogance of the contemporary in relationship to the contemporary. Water. A soft relationship. Entrance. Contemporary. It. Breaking. Summons. Nor waters. Contemporary. Summons arrogance. Breaks. Not water. History. Waters. It makes it name itself contemporary. He. No, he. It. Who leaves. The ground. First. Contemporaneous water. Somebody says, "The first time." Is the only time. Speaking it. Is water. She. Or education. Preference. That mattered was not the same thing. Could not literate. Therefore could not contemporary. It being written history speaking. And one mind could not exchange for another mind only history. Says water meaning education. She is education history. It is contemporary. Preferring history. Not water. The first water. The only summons. It is written education waters. Does delicious silence hear delicious silence written? Child? Water? History? As speaking child. And water. Written water and arrogance. Not as a plant. But leaves and water he it or she. Leaving history to the contemporary. Taken as history. As child taken to be plant.

Breaking slip. Is education. The contemporaneous oversight. Blue for cool. Water for cool. Yellow for speech. Having a contemporary absence. A literate water. Yellow for speech. He naming itself delicious. Forgetting. The first time is the only time slipping.

It is she. It is she again. It is preference. Words in the mind on the ground speaking not writing but history in the air. Yellow. For blue. And yellow. For blue as blue speaking. The first association was arrogance. History and arrogance. Contemporaneity and oversight. Paring of blue and yellow. Slivers of preference and literate. As written history might keep. The cool oversight whose soft leaves water. And later breaking. Slips.

Brazil. There is no blue the first time. There is no blue the second time. There is blue where blue came from. Arrogance written with desire. Desire being not water. But he. Only once. As a plant taken to be history. But blue. Where blue came from. This is a lament. If you want history go east. Preference. Lament. Plant. Delicious. Literate. Slip. Finally not negation but slip. Water. She. As child's historical oversight. Is the only time. Speaking. Later. Plants. Where word plants only speaking but not education. Which is Brazil. Or preference planting negative. So grows the delicious history going east then where blue came from. Secondly as slip. As Brazil. As child taken to be plant. Therefore preference. And anti. She is education history. She. Is water written lament. And cool education written blue. A literate blue. A literate yellow. And arrogance she. Speaks. Forgetting. The first Brazil. Is yellow and so speaking yellow as blue as writing. Lament. Yellow and blue. Slip. The negative. Bury the negative. Growing written water. And arrogance. But first. The oversight.

Dim. I have not caught up. It is the rest that counts historically speaking. Therefore. Trees round the pond. It is a convenience. Nevertheless. And abandoned negative. But first the oversight.

So the experiment was he. Rounding the pond. Trees literate as child's history. Adhered to rather than abandoned. And so speaking but not about what he saw. The words immersed. In rounding the pond.

It is visible but it is not a tree. The negative that makes of a word material comes from the language making capacity and music. Trees music language co-exist. With the comings and goings the dim. She is not the same not he. But without a negative he and she. Writing he and she co-exist. Immersion and water separate. And co-author the experiment. If history accounted for made accounts of was literate on the person at rest in opposition to or not even in opposition to action then a group of ideas related to non-action would change the nature of need. So that one would say, "I need to act." And not, "I need to rest." The rest would challenge the power base. And the literate she. She. And he. He. Forget the first Brazil. There is no blue as history. The negative is still going east and has not dispensed with activity. Trees music language co-exist in a rumble. The pond also rumbles. Rounding education. As a plant taken to be water. Then child. Moving from one preference to another as if it were experimental. An electronic negative writes to non-action. Dear Sugar. Is literate child. Taken to be history.

War machines round the pond. He she and he he and she she rest. There are no provocateurs in the language of rest and the machines round the pond unprovoked.

A sinister sexuality preferring history. It makes it name itself contemporary. Blue where blue came from. As not break or plant. But lining pond rounding rest. Therefore only in one place. Written. But not literate. Taken to be history as child.



It is a lie that it has gotten worse. And it is a lie that it has gotten better. It is the same. Rounding the desert is the same as rounding the pond. No one is there but rounding but lining. If history were made by a series resting. Yet there are many arguments for the contrary. Although voices disappear as fast as the contemporary arrogance taken as history can obliterate them. Though music contradicts. She. She. He. He. The child sings. And contradicts. She brings preference to history. Banishes contemporary. Banishes pond and trees with people rounding and lining pond and trees. She imposes a meaning on people that negates the beauty of rounding and lining pond and trees.

I know that it is simplistic. And it is wrong. When one does not recede to the oversight of the western philosophical tradition. But when visa versa? Overseeing the recession of it: I speak my mind or not without receding. In this case memory is a negative. Repetition and jargon. Door mouse. Memory. Sacks of tomatoes roll my way with the contents spilling over into my hidden habitation.

Sky with a tomato in my hand. It is a happy tradition. And what might be said not resting but in the midst of uncertain activity or even violence might be an excerpt. If some thing were capable of becoming an animal. A door mouse. Surfacing. After the master has left the house.

The first mental association resulted in arrogance and the second in embarrassment. Then came humiliation. This hierarchical lineage is a product of an overactive memory. In which the first words from the memory stem from this oversight: they are not to be permitted. but if they are not to be permitted why is a child taken in language to be a plant, to be watered fed nurtured like a plant, as if a plant, as if a diminutive as if a plant were a diminutive. Which it is not. As also a child is not. The sky. In one place. In the company of the door mouse.

Who hides. The philosophical humiliator insists. "Take a guess." The sky below is the guess. The wrong answer. Is Brazil. Thought the drunken skunk sadist can think the wrong answer anyway because he is a sadist. And the child is not. Even though the humiliator encourages the child to produce the wrong answer. Creating a loop. When the drunken skunk sadist affirms the wrong answer of the child as his own unswerving thoughts. When the answer is as it always will be an oversight.

The sinister oversight mounts social convenience. Riding it through a rotund assembly of cadillacs driven by snakes. A U turn slips on a yes. History. Sips yellow. Hers for speech. His is blue. A fantasy blue and dim lament.

# Why Yell

*for Suzanne Dove*

Cohesion. A thief. Works. With a ticket under her. Throngs. Work. Cohesion. Thieves. The grandiose weapon. Will be discretionary. She concludes. Her speech: the health. The ticket is the. Cohesion. Grandiose speech. Or weapon? Flip the throng. Is is is is. Discretionary thumb.

Y is stealing. Under the ticket, love. Work. That philosophical joke! To a Y. Go. To T the feminine, or bring her to it. Steal arguments under Y is stealing under feminine as a joke is. Something one can not steal. Overpass, overpass I argue into what is almost antiquarian. The discretion that in my ticket has become almost benignly attractive. Once there had been a cold communicative and ultra-powerful function. Overpassing a generative discretion.

It is difficult to understand that it doesn't understand what I am saying. Once a tree, now a keyboard. It asks me is it feminist? I respond at the remote edge of an actual object so as to distinguish myself from the theory which inevitably arises from the moment I speak to the moment of rebuttal to the moment of retribution to the end of the line and into the darkness where a quiet prepares me to encounter it again, and its challenges and. Once a tree, now a keyboard. We are all in this together. That is why the bridge rises into the yellow sky in such a way that when you hold your ticket out to the ticket taker a desert is added to.

With tickets, women are freezing. Or practicing or belonging later. While practicing a stolen joke. We are the philosophical investigators of the late 20th century. Or only women. Practicing. A thick voice in the forest lures me into this scrupulous behavior: I will not tell anybody. And I did not tell anybody.

Desert. Forest. Keyboard. And conclusion.

The same gestures go to my pocket. They strip the ticket away from only feminine. Only philosophical. The mind is used against us in Iraq and "women" and "children" are organized around an outside remorse. But actually we live within the world of the unimagined. It is a highly developed world. And the outside minds do not imagine it. It is created by words that skirt around the possibility of imagining that create a false image in lieu of the imagination and we are therefore organized as if steers in a feed lot around the vague sensation of remorse. Yet we can not see the false impression because we are inside the world: when one of our trees dies of blight, the loss is felt by 2,000 people. Some are men. They have ceased to have any value to those others who live in the minds outside the world. It is for this reason and the reason in cohesion that we would like to find this outside. We need to know where the outside is.



Is and an overpass. Is and a function. Or men. Who we have stolen for.  
Disguised as us. And us. Disguised as men.

There is no work. There is no conclusion. There is no hand and there is no  
thumb. No Y without stealing. Discretionary. Throng.

But the women have migrated. Equated with being open to interpretation. And therefore neither the inside nor the outside of a picture or the world. But for the fact that birds. Or windows. Grayed. Or lightened. Depending on the colorist. That thief. In our ticket. Joining tickets as if we were throngs. As if our thumbs were equated with overpasses. Or had grabbed something that did not belong.

## BELLADONNA \* CATALOG

Pamphlets are published in conjunction with the BELLADONNA\* reading series (Bluestockings Women's Bookstore, NYC) and are between 6 and 20 pages in length.

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

### published in 2001:

10. Lisa Jarnot, *Nine Songs*
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17. Lila Zemborain, *PAMPA*
18. Cheryl Pallant, *Spontaneities*
19. Lynne Tillman, *chapters from Weird Fucks* and "Dead Talk"
20. Abigail Child, *Artificial Memory*—vol 1 & vol 2 (\$6 set)

### published in 2002:

21. Deborah Richards, *Put A Feather In It*
22. Norma Cole, *BURNS*
23. Jocelyn Saidenberg, *Dusky*
24. Gail Scott, *Bottoms Up*
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