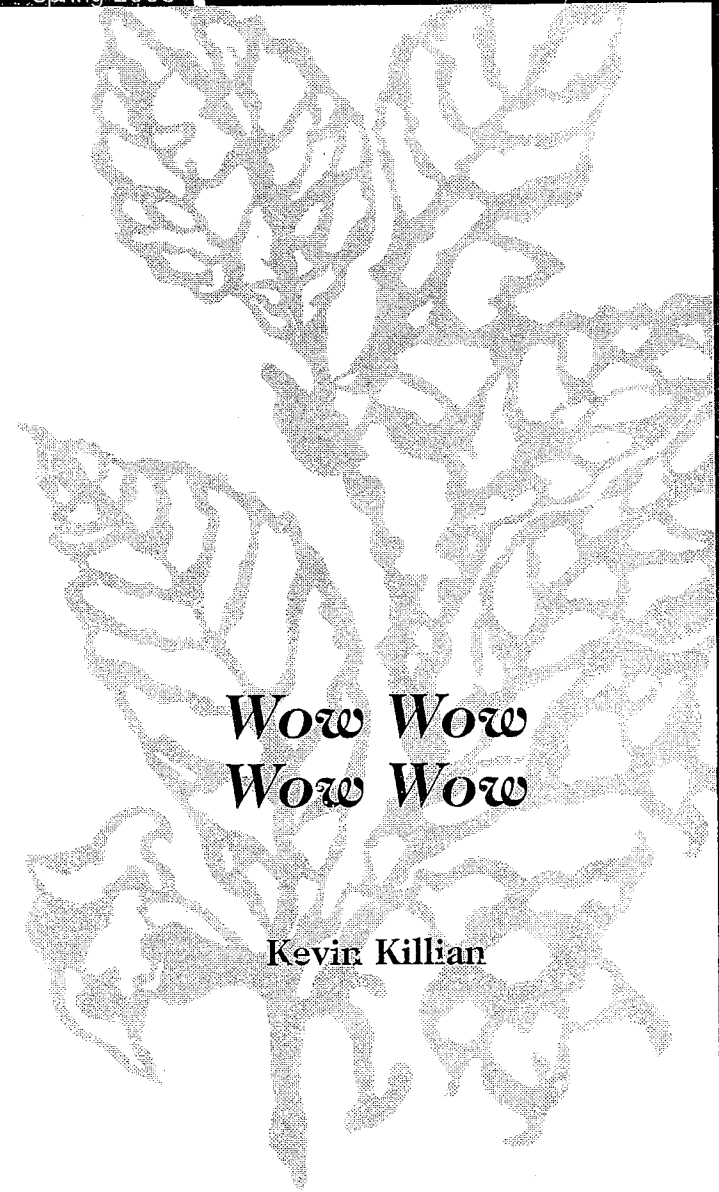


Spring 2008



Wow Wow
Wow Wow

Kevin Killian



Belladonna Books

925 Bergen Street, Suite 405, Brooklyn, NY 11238

www.belladonnaseries.org



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

Wow Wow Wow Wow

by
Kevin Killian

Wow Wow Wow Wow © Kevin Killian 2008

Belladonna* production and design, Bill Mazza.

It is set in Geneva, ITC Calson Medium and Bold, and ITC Offciana 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* 117 is published in an edition of 126—26 of which are numbered
and signed by the poet—for her Belladonna* reading at Dixon Place NYC, on
Tuesday, April 8, 2008 with Dodie Bellamy.

Belladonna* is a reading and publication 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.

925 Bergen Street, Suite 405, Brooklyn, NY 11238

belladonnascrics@yahoo.com • www.belladonnascrics.org

State of the Arts



NYSCA

1. Mary Burger, *Eating Belief* 00P
2. Camille Roy, *Dream Girls* 00P
3. Cecilia Vicuña, *Bloodskirt*, trans. Rosa Alcalá
4. Fanny Howe, parts from *Indivisible*
5. Eleni Sikelianos, from *The Book of Job*
6. Laura Mullen, *Translation Series* 00P
7. Beth Murray, *12 Horrors* 00P
8. Mei-mei Berssenbrugge, *Audience* 00P
9. Laura Wright, *Everything Automatic* 00P
10. Lisa Jarnot, *Nine Songs* 00P
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* 00P
14. Lee-Ann Brown, *The 13th Sunday in Ordinary Time/Reverse Mermaid* 00P
15. Adeena Karasick, *The Arugula Fugues VII-VIII*
16. Aja Couchois-Duncan, *Commingle: Sight*
17. Lila Zemborain, *PAMPA* 00P
18. Cheryl Pallant, *Spontaneities*
19. Lynne Tillman, chapters from *Weird Fucks and Dead Talk* 00P
20. Abigail Child, *Artificial Memory* vols. 1 & 2 (56 sep)
21. Deborah Richards, *Put A Feather In It*
22. Norma Cole, *BURNS*
23. Jocelyn Saidenberg, *Dusky*
24. Gail Scott, *Bottoms Up* 00P
25. Carla Harryman, *DIMBLUE* and *Why Yell*
26. Anne Waldman, *[THINGS] SEEN/UNSEEN* 00P
27. kari edwards, *a diary of lies* 00P
28. Bhanu Kapil Rider, from *The Wolf Girls of Midnapure* 00P
29. Rosmarie Waldrop, *Trace Histories* 00P
30. Tina Darragh, from *rule of dumbs* 00P
31. Chris Tysh, *Mother, I* 00P
32. Jennifer Moxley, *The Occasion* 00P
33. Zhang Er, *Cross River . Pick Lotus* 00P
34. Tonya Foster, *A Swarm Of Bees In High Court*
35. Lauren Gudath, *Animal & Robot*
36. Alice Notley, *IPHIGENIA* 00P
37. Caitlin McDonnell, *Dreaming the Tree* 00P
38. Eileen Myles, *We the Poets* 00P
39. Suzanne Wise, from *The Blur Model*
40. Lydia Davis, *Cape Cod Diary* 00P
41. Elaine Equi, *Castle, Diamond, Swan* 00P
42. Maggie Nelson, *Something Bright, Then Holes* 00P
43. Sumi Kaipa, *"One: I Beg You, Be Still"*
44. Julie Patton, *"Car Tune" & Not So Bella Donna*
45. Joan Larkin, *Boston Piano* 00P
46. Minnie Bruce Pratt, *The Money Machine: Selected Poems* 00P
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 Revising of the Preamble*
52. Susan Briante, *Neotropics: A Romance in Field Notes*
53. Joanna Fuhrman, *Belladonna* Moraine*
54. Nada Gordon, *Song of My Ownself*
55. Catherine Daly, *Surplice*
56. Caroline Bergvall, *GONG*
57. Maria Negroni, *Art and Fugue*
58. Lourdes Vazquez, *May the transvestites of my island who tap their heels*

2001
2002
2003

59. *Belladonna* Bilingue: Womens Work In Translation* (vol 1)
60. *Belladonna* Bilingue: Womens Work In Translation* (vol 2)
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*
67. Eileen Tabios, *THE ESTRUS GAZE (S)*
68. Susan Howe, *118 Westerly Terrace*
69. Conna Copp, *Play Air*
70. Lyn Hejman, *Lola*
71. Mercedes Roffé, *Theory of Colors*
72. Jassen, *Salem*
73. Monica De la Torre, *Doubles: An Excerpt*
74. Erin Moure, *Befallen I*
75. Lisa Robertson, *First Spontaneous Horizontal Restaurants* 00P
76. Martine Bellen, *NYC Stories / Lessons of the Microscopist*
77. Karen Weiser, *Heads Up: Fever Pile*
78. Fernanda Laguna, Gabriela Bejerman, Cecilia Pavon, *Belleza y Felicidad*
79. Mairéad Byrne, *Kalends*
80. Stacy Szymaszek, *Hyper-glossia* 00P
81. Nathalie Stephens, *You But For The Body Fell Against*
82. Rachel Zolf, from *Human Resources*
83. Kathie Izzo, *Public & Private Love*
84. Kim Rosenfield, *10 Perfumes*
85. Ann Lauterbach, from *Nothing To Say*
86. Myung Mi Kim, from *Penury*
87. Laura Elrick, *Permeable Structures: A Performance Essay in Stereo (excerpts)*
88. Melissa Buzzeo, *Near: a luminescence*
89. Dawn Lundy Martin, *The Undress*
90. Sharon Mesmer, *Vertigo Seeks Affinities*
91. Marjorie Welish, *Art and Language Writes an Epitaph*
92. Rae Armantrout, *Fetch*
93. Laynie Browne, *Desires of Letters*
94. Elizabeth Willis, *All the Paintings of Giorgione*
95. Kate Colby, from *A Banner Year*
96. Margaret Christakos, *My Girlish Feast*
97. a.rawlings, *Wider*
98. Deborah Meadows, *The Draped Universe*
99. Laura Moriarty, from *Ultravioleta Documents*
100. Maureen Owen, from *Working Papers*
101. Patricia Spears Jones, *repuestas!*
102. Anna Moschovakis, *The Tragedy of Waste*
103. Rebecca Brown, *Always & Like This*
104. Evie Shockley, *31 words ** prose poems*
105. Jocelyn Saidenberg, *Dispossessed*
106. Jen Benka and Carol Mirakove, *1, 138*
107. Harriet Zinn, *IT IS AS IF*
108. Maggie O'Sullivan, *Windows Opening*
109. Stacey Levine, *Susan Moneymaker, Large and Small*
110. R. Erica Doyle, from *proxy*
111. Fiona Templeton, *Media in Aia*
112. Elizabeth Robinson, *Rumor*
113. Barbara Cole, from : *ear say*
114. Jean Day, *DAYDREAM (The Eponym)*
115. Kathy Lou Schultz, *Biting Midge*
116. Dodie Bellamy, *Mother Montage*
117. Kevin Killian, *Wow Wow Wow-Wow*

2004
2005
2006
2007
2008

Belladonna* Catalog

Books \$4 ea.; \$6 signed; add 50¢ postage/item. Checks payable to Rachel Levitsky; 00P=Out Of Print.

Wow Wow Wow Wow

In memory of fallen angel Heath Ledger
and for Jason Morris, Raimundas Malasauskas, Todd Melick, Tirza
Latimer, Bradford Nordean, Mike Palmieri, and Kylie Minogue

For Dodie Bellamy:

“Read my lips, I’m into you,
I’m into you, I can’t resist, you’re so hot
(Get me into the shade!)”

The spotlight’s on, you creep into it,
You like it, and just the way that you dance.
Just the way that you dance . . .”



Wow Wow Wow Wow

Giving You Up
Tightrope
Cornell Woolrich: The Bride Wore Black
Cherry Bomb/Heath Ledger
Smell of a Book Jacket
Wow Wow Wow Wow
Claude Cahun
Autumn Leaves
Notes for a Music Video Panel
Genital Emotion
Go Naked in the World

Go Naked in the World

Giving You Up

He was the man who circumcised himself,
impatient for the knife, pulled up his gown

in long, dim, hospital hallway, blade in one hand,
with practiced hand slid up his cock, and zam

blood spattered on white hospital wall tile, over
magic graffiti, "Rex quondam, rexque futurus."

Now he has a smaller dick but more self-
satisfaction

Tony Franciosa. I don't want to sit in your living room. I don't like your living room. It looks like it won't be there tomorrow. Everything you've got looks that way to me: very impermanent, as though you moved in twelve minutes ago and you could move out in half an hour and not leave a trace. Well, you left your traces on me all right. Why can't I get you out of my mind?

Gina Lollobrigida. You need a girl maybe.

Tony Franciosa. Oh, I've tried that, believe me. —That bothers you, doesn't it.

Gina Lollobrigida. Why should it? I don't care about what you do.

Tony Franciosa. Julie, you're a liar.

Gina Lollobrigida. Go away.

Tony Franciosa. No.

Gina Lollobrigida. I said go away and don't come back. I don't need you and I don't want you. Why should you come drifting into my life out of nowhere and ruin it? You think every time the phone rings, my heart doesn't jump at it?

Tony Franciosa. Maybe it's time you answered, Julie.

Gina Lollobrigida. No. I don't want to be loved or be in love or have any trouble. That's what love is to me. Trouble. Leave me alone.

Tony Franciosa. OK, OK, we won't talk about love. Never. Love is trouble. Down with love, Julie.

Gina Lollobrigida. I could believe in love. I think—I think I believe in loving you.

Tony Franciosa. Oh I hope so, Julie. Why?

Gina Lollobrigida. I don't know. You make me feel like being honest, and honest women have lonely nights. I don't want to be honest. I want to live on a cloud, a big white cloud, with nothing to do but dangle my feet over the edge and fool myself that I'm completely happy for a change.

Dialogue by Randal McDougall

Genital Emotion

Did she say “genital emotion,”
Or the more logical, “angelic motion”?

The teletypes pound like jungle drums,
hell of commotion on the Kylie international network,
it almost sounded like “genital something,
genital emotion,”

Like Frank O’Hara I have behaved disgracefully,
thrown up on Erica Jong, fainted at readings,
confused two black poets with each other,
been accused of not being able to distinguish
black faces, tried to talk Dodie into
posing nude with me a la John and Yoko for
nude for Brains magazine, made a pass at David
Johansen, —and Chris Johanson—and Hanson, —but I never actually
spoke the words “genital emotion,”
it is the bourne from which no tapwater returns,
there’s a line here, separating sheep from goats, men from boys,
pumas from cougars,
called genital emotion,
You know it if you got it,

It is the most embarrassing thing that could
happen, outside of death
Now wow wow wow wow

Tightrope

I’m high up on a tightrope

High up on the passage between the vowels, a rope that crawled like
a snake from one edge of the page to the other, then bouncing back

Do they have this problem in Japanese or Hebrew I keep
wondering?

In Japan or Israel are the poets into genre collapse, the way I keep
my heart on the mattress like a tin can of nothing?

Are those putative poets novelists at heart? So easy
to push a little at your poem and all of a sudden Alice
Notley is checking her wordcount every few minutes

In France in that little room, the red, white and blue
intertwined in ribbons

I’m high up on a tightrope and I’ve got to get to you

Kylie whispering this song and then deciding, to leave it off her album,

All her best songs saved as B-sides or just leaked onto the internet,
where they live on as fan favorites, where a life of their own ennobles
them, where when they creep into Duane Reade’s needing something
mundane as Scotch tape, shoppers start to shriek in excited whispers, a
la David Cronenberg’s *Scanners*

Cornell Woolrich: The Bride Wore Black

The light of the city streaked off below him like the luminous spokes of a warped wheel. An indistinctly outlined, pearly moon seemed to drip down the sky like a clot of incandescent tapioca thrown up against the night by a cosmic comic. He lit the after-the-dance, while-waiting-for-her-to-come-back cigarette. He felt good, looking down at the town that had nearly had him licked once. "I'm all set now," he thought. "I'm young. I've got love. I've got a clear track. The rest is a cinch."

In *Slow* there's a similar tension between background and foreground. The director of the video took an unusual approach, by concentrating on a young man's high dive at a swimming pool in Barcelona, then he hits the water, and climbs out, in three cuts, I suppose, and the music starts in after a bit. When I heard the theme of tonight's panel was *Vertigo*, I thought of *Slow* because of the way the video oscillates between extreme long shots and tight closeups. She's hard to make out even at the best of times but the video takes a cue from Emilia Torriani's lyric, "Track in on this feeling/ Pull focus close up you and me/ Nobody's leaving/ / Got me affected/ Spun me 180 degrees/ It's so electric/ / Slow down and dance with me" etc. The camera lingers high in the air, looking down at the mass of colored beach towels, then drops vertiginously stopping inches away from Kylie's lips or eyes. Then it bounds back again to show the chorus boys (and a few girls) flexing their muscles or getting up on their hands and knees in Linda Blair's famous Spider Walk crouch from the Exorcist.

The art design on this one had us all buzzing on the Kylie newsgroup for weeks. Well, there was the matter of which model, or dancer, seems to be growing an erection that outflanks his little orange colored speedo. He hops from towel to towel, so you can't always spot him, and in one shot he's been replaced by a girl. But that was only to be expected. We were stunned however to realize that the placement of the beach towels was an homage to one of Matisse's "Jazz" cutouts. As Matisse said, "Scissors can acquire more feeling for line than paint or charcoal."

The track, "Slow," went to #1 on the British charts despite it being pretty weird on several fronts, and several Matisse enthusiasts credited their man with this surprising finish. If I remember right, he was so old he could no longer paint properly, so he mixed gouache on cardboard and then kept cutting out shapes, enough of them that they would drive a person mad, and he made this towel picture.

Notes for a Music Video Panel

[“Vertigo,” organized by Mike Palmieri, Mission Creek Music Festival, May 17, 2006]

The matter of Kylie Minogue is so vast and misshapen, like a hurricane, that I could jump in anywhere and make about just as much sense. I could have started with Kylie’s connections to San Francisco and, in fact, her most recent video takes place on location here in the Mission and in the South of Market area where I live. I start with “Come Into My World” because it is a video largely dependent on a trick, a sort of Freed Unit trick, like the way Fred Astaire was made to dance up the walls and across the ceiling of a horrid English living room in Royal Wedding, and maybe Michel Gondry, who devised this video, knew that if there was one woman capable of following all the directions involved, it was Kylie.

You’ve seen it so you know it was all one long walk which Kylie takes around the square, in Paris, and then each time she reaches the dry cleaner I suppose they either subtract or add her previous walking? So it’s all shot in real time, and that means, every time the camera moves away from, say, the wife throwing the husband’s mattress out onto the street, the mattress got whisked off stage, and another husband and wife were added to the shot so that two windows are being used. So there’s one meter maid at first, one skateboarder, one old man in a wheelchair, one punk balancing on a stanchion, and then by the end of the video there are at least four of everything. One motorcycle topples over in the first minute, and by the end, if you noticed, there’s a huge crowd of bikers beating up on each other, big dramatic punches, lots of left jabs and uppercuts like the big Irish village fight in John Ford’s *The Quiet Man*.

Dodie said that Kylie walks on through all of this anguish and suffering relatively untouched, and that it becomes ironic in retrospect when you consider that she came down with cancer a year or two after making this video. So that you can distract yourself from pain but it eventually finds you.

Cherry Bomb/Heath Ledger

Cherry, can you see me? You’ve got the way to
move me Cherry . . .

In the vicissitudes of not believing in God,
but I believe in Henry Miller,

author of *Tropic of Capricorn*. Yellow roses
open in the dark of the crystal vase, I’m spilling
my beans over in a web site closed but to

subscribers

Fans split on *Cherry Bomb*, which some declare the best
of all the X-era B-sides, which others jeer as “Euro-

vision hell,” as for me, I’m undeclared, thinking mostly
that Heath seemed like a wild name, Dionysian,
the boy of the moors, all mad fire,

while “Ledger” was Apollonian, like St. Peter
counting up your sins in his ledger when you
knock on heaven’s door. Ledger, that is one

motherfucking MBA sort of book, pages lined
sums entered, by a man who stands. Entering sums
in his ledger, browbeaten, Bob Cratchit kind of guy,
the quiet desperation of the clerk.

You made me feel like I didn’t need to go to work.

You had the hands of a clown grown calm.

Feed me up sight with your cherry bomb.

So that you would cast Heath Ledger in parts that exploited both sides of his personality—mouthing Shakespeare in high school drag in *10 Things I Hate About You*, as a smart ass modern boy thrust into medieval underwear in *A Knight's Tale*, the gay cowboy in *Brokeback Mountain*, that which he did was the work of Attis

When Ledger died the blood of Attis sank deep into earth,
poetry rose from his seed.

In the pink of his bones we saw a better world,
with weird flowers.

He tore off his balls to bring ritual to a universe
deadened to sin,

Obama doing that video with "Yes I Can," with a straight
face,

And McCain damaged by torture, a hothead, threatening
sanctions.

So that around the world flashed that one AP photo of Heath Ledger and Dannii Minogue hugging that Australian boy with Downs syndrome at some charity event, hearts all over them, while we argued that "Heath" was "health" without the "h," a consonant instantly supplied when his surname began, "Heath L," they called him, "heat hell."

Autumn Leaves

Joan Crawford. Emotionally upset! Of course you want me to commit him! Get him out of your life, put him away permanently where he can never again remind either one of you of your horrible guilt! How you, and you, committed the ugliest of all possible sins, so ugly that it drove him into the state he is in.

Lorne Greene. What kind of woman are you to be satisfied with only half a man?

Vera Miles. There must be something wrong with you.

Joan Crawford. Even when he doesn't know what he is doing, he's a saner man than you are. He's decent, and proud. —Can you say the same for yourselves? Where's your decency? In what garbage dump, Mr. Hansen? And where's yours, you tramp?

Vera Miles. I don't have to listen to that.

Lorne Greene. She's the one who's crazy.

Vera Miles. She'd have to be crazy to put up with that weakling.

Joan Crawford. You: his loving, dotting fraud of a father. And you: you slut. You're both so consumed by evil—so rotten—your filthy souls are too evil for Hell itself.

*Dialogue by Jean Rouverol, Hugo Butler, Lewis Meltzer,
Richard Bles*

Claude Cahun

Is it “K-Hoon” or “K’un,” second syllable so tight and small it’s not even really there? Claude Cahun, French surrealist, and her partner,

Marcel Moore (or something else)? Kylie had that song, More, More, More,

was she singing of these two artists from France? But bien sur one thinks of Britney and her comeback song, “Gimme More.”

The center of attention, Claude Cahun stands in full harlequin drag, big patchwork squares, under a blond bleach and a haircut so short, it’s nothing but cowlick. The mirror acts as a clearing ground for the rest of her personality. Is she sneering or just being someone else?

“There is no first time around,” so nothing is new, but theories of social subjectivity, alterity.

Who was it first made that construction, If so and so had not existed, we would have had to invent her?

I’ve got a vulgar mania for citation

the face is not the other but
the center of attention

Smell of a Book Jacket

Wearing a tough jacket, the yearbook stands on the altar proud and fierce, the cockatoo of books, its leather a rich Spanish blend, for the boy who bought it hailed from Spain and came to us here in California like Kim Novak, arrayed in the dusty turquoise-y pink costumes Novak wore in Hitchcock’s *Vertigo*. Every day Scottie Ferguson, graying private eye essayed by James Stewart, tracks his prey to the Legion of Honor, where she spends hours gazing at this Spanish infanta from the time of El Greco. Old time kin of hers? Scottie jots a note in his mental pad. He’s half mental following Madeleine everywhere, and not a trace of Judy.

Under her arm she clutches one Birkin bag and a book, bound in Spanish leather, its rich smell infecting its contents.

Can a book be physically altered, the way Tom Phillips erased his way through *A Humument* (1970), by merely binding it in leather, letting animal scents inhabit and manipulate words on a page? Scottie’s beginning to think so. Like alphabet soup you could switch the noodle letters around, on the gruel’s viscous floating surface. Outside Ernie’s, the swank five star restaurant Madeline dines at nightly, Scottie presses his nose against the glass and yearns for a touch of that book. Its scent is telling his dick where to go. He hasn’t a clue otherwise, but even his initials spell out San Francisco—the city of names, sheltered bookful of gossip and incarnation. Madeleine might be descended from grand Spanish royalty of the Maja era of Spain. She is after all devoted to the

Mission, and at the proto-Church on Dolores she tends her own grave is it? Scottie pretends to kneel behind her, but he's just adjusting his underwear under cover of the twilight. He's all like, *this is only a book erection so how can it possibly count my lady?*

He wonders maybe he should dip his hard-on in holy water, or bella donna, for a man when he dies doesn't want to wear the traces of his seed, or the rod that fetched it out of him like dowsing. He looks up, she seems to nod, paying an allusion to the boy from Spain who brought the book to her doubleness. That boy was the first page of Spain, and she turned him.

Wow Wow Wow Wow

New LP, new day for Kylie Minogue,

As strength resistant tests on gay clinics here in San Francisco
turn into some Dr Seuss test of prying men from their doors

Looks like a mighty virus cats his flesh, jumping first,

A Tasmanian devil, or Javier Bardem in *No
Country for Old Men*,

straight for his ass, to shred the flesh down to the bones,
ham timbales out of what was once the urgentest organ.
Read my lips, "I'm into you," the virus seems to wriggle
through plate glass, plates spun in the air, Kryptonite seal of lead
on his cock,

Microscope's on, you creep into it, you like it

Get me into the shade