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some geographies

Melissa Weinstein

A Thesis

in

The Department

of English

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for the Degree of Master of Arts at

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Montreal, Quebec, Canada

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ABSTRACT

some geographies

Melissa Weinstein

some geographies is a book of poetry divided into three sections : “Fifteen False Propositions Against Spicer”; “A Geography”; and “Equation”. While each of the sections works from a different premise – grappling with precursors, locating the page and the imagination, and trying to make sense of language that appears to be nonsensical – the three parts work together in order to form a whole that is primarily obsessed with place. This obsession ranges from the concrete natural and literary environments of Northern California, to the semi-abstract fictional and fictionalized locations produced by the act of writing, to the abstract site that the page becomes when different types of language meet and disrupt one another. The book itself serves as an inquiry into these different ways of looking at place and ultimately seeks to pose, rather than to answer, questions.

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Radio Tune Thyself

Paper is dangerous to
who makes it
and to who's got
to use it is differently true, too.

Bees gave us an idea
on paper –
progress through numbers: more
bee bodies makes more bee gold. We

do not blame nature -
bee destiny. Admonishment
of ghosts -

**FIFTEEN FALSE PROPOSITIONS
AGAINST SPICER**

Death comes from no
wood. In the book you have read
a meditation on death and nature surfaces
in a meditation on the nature of death. The glass of water
in your hand trembles as a timber
truck rumbles past. It is a mediation of death
you have read in the book of poems by the dead
beside you. The long haul through
night to break through. Your stake in it
driven through you. The dead
stuck to you : names, coughs, twitches. The dreaded yellow eye.
Undead is one answer. The static between no and alive.

Game

**Belief in umpires - superstition. The neck
struck: walk. A bad call. Home plate
seductive, in black cape of shadow
hidden. The groaning crowd grown quiet
could live again. The wood
about to crack. An immanent tension. To live
the crowd must have a stake in it.**

Dictates

Isn't anybody going to fire the gun at this stage,
upon which the well-wrought cannon, loaded, sits?
This last desperate act requires unity of its pale players. The line reads:
"feed poetry to the sharks and the sharks
disappears." The line
changes, grows obscure as ages
past when Moses struck wet rock
and was left atop Pisgah to watch and rot. Outside
the sun rises. Inside the theatre
dims. The actors, distracted by the empty seats'
eroded dorsal fins, mistrust ghost-written imperatives.
They forget the line. They forget the question. The gun goes missing. A new line
comes: "You can't see nothing from here. Over and
out –"

Drive In. Dead End.

Twilight comes every night. It does not always mean
a monster movie's about to pounce
on the big screen ahead. Though it might.

On Big Trash Night, the bed of your white, light body
Ford pick-up was packed with furniture scavenged
from the city's impending moves. And your head was filled, too, with imagining where
these pressed-board and pleather treasures would get put.

There was no room left
to notice what movie you'd bought a ticket for
when you pulled into the back of this dim, dusty lot or
to find out what frequency you were supposed to tune the radio to.
When the action starts, which words will match which plot?

Free Swimmers of the Open Sea, or The Philosophy of Composition

- 1 -

The poetry robot is called Poe for short. He has no heart but when beauty comes, he knows it by name. "When beauty comes it comes on like a storm comes on in the prairies, the bruised horizon closing in, lightning splintering the speeding dark." He has never been to the prairies, but when he talks like this it is almost as if he has a heart.

- 2 -

He has no heart; he is all mind. The body is a structure for carrying his mind. In his poems, he walks backward from the future. He counts his steps backward from the problem which is already solved. Though for you there still may be some mystery.

- 3 -

Poe and I eat lunch at the same place every day, a café down the street called The Usual. Today I have the special – A tradition and an individual salad (\$4.99) He plugs himself into the wall and watches me chew. He listens to my heart beat and plans his next move.

- 4 -

"The heart is a useless device," says Poe, who was built in a storeroom in Baltimore. "Distracting and maddening – leave it behind." You can hear more about this in his poetry lecture called "No Accidents or Intuition," given weekly at the local library.

- 5 -

When he came to me from the storeroom in Baltimore, I did not know where I was. He found me seething in a fit of fine frenzy, a mess of nerves and fricatives. "This will not do," he said, taking my hand. He wants to show me another way.

- 6 -

When I raise my hand at his lectures and ask how can I have no intuition, his parts buzz madly, like an oncoming swarm. "The death of all mystery is a lonesome place," he says. "It must be like this on the prairies." I ask this question every week and every week I get no answer. But when his parts hum like so many wings, it is almost as if he has a heart.

Chez Vous

The house you live
in is strange, stranger -
the words make up
walls. The load-bearing pronouns
sag from new weight. Fine-grained
floors that used to speak straight, slant
down from kicked-in doors. Through the roof night drips in
dim pools for contemplation. Some suspect the foundation
has flaws.

The house you
live in is strange. Stranger still
it stands, if understanding this all
be just word-lore -

Spell

Not your language

spooks the chairs into local action.

Not your language

knows where the chairs belong.

Not your language

knocks twice for yes on unseen wood.

Not your language

gnaws at what you build.

Not your language

sneaks from no from all directions.

Not your language

sparks inflammable instructions.

Not your language

speaks your language once the sharks is gone.

Knock Thrice for Maybe

The dumb conjurer informs:

“My foot is in Limbo.”

It’s about time. I’ve been waiting all night

for the ectoplasm to get here. “No you may not touch the ectoplasm.” “What is your question?” The lights

dim in time to the words of the medium. Outside, the rain, the lightning are fixed. Later I will find things as dry as a laugh track.

There are tricks and then there are tricks. “What is your question?”

Thirteen

At the edge of the school grounds are woods. They look
like words from here. In the silence of the classroom,
I can hear them shivering. Or am I just superstitious.
In the book I am reading, a dead man says,
“This false world is bot transitory.”

No questions allowed during quiet time.
In the gifted class we are taught to make connections.
In the gifted class we are taught to reason
for ourselves, but right now my bra is burning – Grandma says
this means company’s coming. From here
I can hear the bare-chested woman singing tree poems
at loggers who may not see the forest for her breasts. “Faith
in trees,” humphs Teach, standing over me. “Puts the tits in superstitious.”
“Quiet time is over, now turn to page 123.”

Dead End, Again

At the edge
of the park
the water lies

in a novel
someone is writing
about novels.

* * * * *

I'm the hero
of this novel.
Where I lie's

this park – it's
a theme park
the theme is

continental drift. I
can only stand
upon moving ground.

* * * * *

I begin there
as a hero.
I bring what

was a transistor
radio – it's where
the news comes

from. I bring
my best parts,
though my worst

tag along, also.
At the edge
of this park

is the edge
of a land.
You can tell

from the grey
waves, the salt
water. There's sharks

too. Some fools
try swimming, thinking
this may be

the promised land.
This is not
the promised land.

* * * * *

I stay here
all day, I
wait for news.

Kids come, they
want to talk
about means, ends.

Am I their
mother? It is
really kind of

interesting. It kind
of has this
box feeling, but

I can still
breathe. One kid
is going swimming

with the sharks.
One kid is
writing a novel

about novels in
which the water
and the hero

lie. The hero
lies to the
water the water

lies to the
hero. I don't
know how it

ends. I don't
mind. Listen, kid's
a verb, too,

I kid them.
The ground is
moving beneath us

and we're waiting
for some news

* * * * *

I end there
as a hero.
Which also has

a kind of
box feeling. I
felt pretty good

about it when
I left. What
might come next

sounds like prayer.
Time is no
longer my problem.

Time is no
longer or shorter
than I am.

I am only
a hero in
somebody's novel. What

I am or
will be is
made up of

luck and boundaries.
As in, there's
no such thing

as a nation
when the ground
is slipping as

we speak. One
kid slurs, "Uncle
Sham" as an

instance. But I
think he's regurgitating –

The Curse of the Cat People

It's Monday night again
and Spicer and I are
in this dark bar, far

from where he's from.
Here is like where
he's from. Dark, far. . . I don't know

how much that matters anymore.
We huddle at a corner
table, not away from

the noise. The noise is everywhere.
This table is carved into, nicked,
it is giving me splinters. Tiny ones

I can feel but cannot see. This table
between us teeters
toward me if I put my elbow down.

On a dim stage near the back of the bar,
a poet is reading his poems
about being a poet in a bar.

At the table next to us, some women
complain about their mothers, but I can't
make them out in this light.

Spicer leans in and tells me poetry
is like mailing invitations to your birthday party
by putting them in the hollow of some oak tree.

I put my elbow on the table. The candle flicker
is driving me nuts. I can't read him. He says,
"You count on your eye so much

to catch what you can't see -" I'm listening

The last joyful mystery is missing.

No one can figure it out.

“It was here just a minute ago,” says Teach.

“We’re going to have to put our heads down.”

We have been learning how robots are made.

We have been learning about reason and themes.

We are in the gifted class – Room 636.

“I’ll turn off the lights - nobody peek - and the thief can replace the stolen mystery.”

We are confused by the metaphor. No one can agree.

Some say death. Some say rebirth. Some say some thing in between.

The gifted class puts its head down, awaiting the return.

Teach stands over us, also waiting.

Lament for the Makers

*Eftir our deid that live may we;
Timor Mortis conturbat me."*

- William Dunbar

The timorous robot contorts mortal me.
The fear of death fucks me up.
It is wasps, not bees, that make paper.
But people make paper dangerous.
In speculative Latin, paper is what
allows some of the dead to sing. With nobody
listening, the fallen tree question falls flat.
Nobody here but us mortal robots. Destiny,
the phone to ring. We have a new opening
down at the mill. In speculative Latin, bodies are what
keep the paper coming. So some of the dead keep singing.

A GEOGRAPHY

A Sixteenth False Proposition Against Spicer

Dear Jack this feels cheap,
the "I'm With Witness" tee-shirt,
(the arrow pointing inward)
that I bought on the street today.
Were all such devices just fakes?
How useful could I be? A smudge
on a clear glass that keeps birds clear of splatterdom. A reminder
that something is always coming between.

In the details of
lumber roads,
eucalyptus shadows,
the dumb-striking ocean at the edge of a land –
where was I –
in a whole life of yours
laid out flat as a flattened globe
on which North America's too big
and so's Greenland. Love, Melissa.

Expedition Theory: A Foreword

I.

The expedition was into a rough, though fictional, terrain. It did not go as planned. Throughout the expedition, our situation was somewhat dangerous, especially as we were compassed round by a very thick fog. We accordingly lay to, hoping that some change would take place in the atmosphere and weather. There were no windows in the laboratory, only the word “windows” written neatly on the communal Dry-Erase board under the heading “To Buy”. The weather was thus difficult to assess.

II.

The terrain was not untrodden but conclusions had (and continue to be) varied. Some said escape. Some said “escape.” Others said “no, you’re still here, in the laboratory.” What to make of these conclusions made up part of the terrain.

III.

The expedition was questions, formulated in the laboratory and answered or not answered in the laboratory. As such, its successes or failures were bound. One question was “What is this no-place?”

IV.

What tools were available were often inappropriate or malfunctioning. For instance, the microscope, under which eyes would not stay focused. A colleague and I kept becoming a Sparrow. Gathering grubs. Inspecting the gravel. One of us was disgusted by the unfamiliar proteins. The other found rictus’s precise and relentless pit too much responsibility to bear. “Sparrow” was only one option, however, according to our formulas. Hence, other options were pursued.

V.

Cartography, like the practices of anatomy and vivisection, can only be justified by the supposed benefits conferred. Navigation produced maps, though they did not add up. There were no cartographers on hand at the laboratory, so the maps were blind contour and the scale was emotional. Shimmering beneath an inquisition-wattage light, one map emerged, its roads simple as Borges' dreamed leaves. A second map read as clearly as a Jackson Pollock painting. The third, a problematic ally, insisted it could only see anything in context. When three places [one of eternal light, one less convinced of endlessness, one unclear on the terms altogether] converge upon a fourth and verifiably physical space, which road to take, which map to use? Guessing begins here.

i.

Dear Mary Shelley,

**My sea, your map -
a place where
any ending (dimensions, variables) retreated.**

**Luck made various
the absence of
possible futures.**

**The chase could be
periphery rolled out over an ally.
A real map**

**drawn to necessary scale
in this frigid distance
which is not.**

Love, Melissa

proposition

in cities in
oceans in
forests in
fact upon
icebergs near
the river on
the mind beyond
belief along the lines
of history according
to local news reports abiding
by laws
of physics and of
the land along
with certain urban
legends the clouds above
and wind shushed past
pine through
spruce through
aspen (quaking) through
late blue silvers of
eucalyptus through
rain & rain & rain through
fog through dust through
desert rock through
prairie fading into
old snow under
cover once what was beneath water
the way that lies among
any words
which express a relation
between space, time, or other
shadows around us

Dear Ibot,

Once
I got north
it was true
I could not see past

the great & various whites
occupying my line of vision –
a way out
which I took

for a way in.
A ways off
there were others
I did not ask for directions.

When summer came
the days stayed
late or spent the night.
A slumber party of eternal light –

I noticed
only this.
Other eyes
might impede progress.

Love, Melissa

Dear Melissa,

The luck of absence
made various futures possible.

The chase. A place where
any ending could be.

The chase rolled out over a real
map. Dimensions, variables

retreated to the periphery. The frigid
sea, an ally in this necessary distance

which is not drawn to scale.

Love, Mary

Origin Story

Birth for her was a busting through Daddies - through brain, through skull, through forehead- though Daddies quickly repaired. Having "come to" full-grown, then, childhood was amniotic & breathless. Impressions of gestation were cluttered, dim. Competition there was stiff. Room was scarce. Air - there was no air. Just math problems. Blueprints of better bombs. Naked ladies. Perfect sonnets. Watery memories of circumcision, of breast feedings. She said, "I heard everything they said to me. I heard some of what they said to each other. I got out when I could." What she said was she was weaned upon impact. Where she went next was a blank.

Postcard from Mary Shelley

Here in _____, my weird body is getting weirder. My eyes are too big there are too many eyes. The big dogs are nervous. They walk into the room they walk out. I don't know what they want. I am not them. My tongue, my thoughts thicken. I am awaiting a plausible origin story before I jump in.

Love, Mary

Postcard from Mary Shelley

Here in _____ the Big Guy intrudes, says:
“In the old days, I had many demands. Certain ideas of just and right. Anyone can change, though, right? Right?” He elbows me. He winks. His left eye is misty, as though a cataract. “What’s your favorite color?” “That’s a nice dress.” “How came a young girl to think of, and to dilate upon, so very hideous an idea?” This by way of small talk. “It’s probably an electrical problem.” “A poor workman blames his tools.” “Here let me.” This his expert advice.

Love, Mary

Dear Melissa,

**“Be a big man”
is one answer
which does not suit
my small frame
of reference - zero -
the distance twixt
I and thou
continues to mix
me up in it; you down
there in different
cities, towns
where oceans creep
closer, for a better look
while dry I remains
in the pages of this here -**

Love, Mary

.

Mary Shelley Channels Coleridge

In the room, dark & shining
meet. Out beyond the glass
it hurts. All over. The ice's
perilous shining. Black,
flinchless under the moon's blank stare.
Within the chamber the

boy child & I breathe. We breathe
invisibly. Vacantly. It's

horrible. This waiting.

generative grammar

I built the robot out of words and meant it to do my dirty work. This did not go as planned. "Be mine," I instructed Ibot to say to the object of my attention, as a straightforward warning of my affections. Was it the weather that interfered, deformed the words, so it sounded instead like "Behind"? A prepositional fantasy ensued. What taboos the bearer of this new might break! What disruption of relation, space, and time!

Back in the laboratory, I meant to raise the stakes. I would make the object come to me. Before I could speak, though, its words came back: "Head away from the library, I object! you cannot plan your mistakes."

Was the thunder that then rumbled merely in my head? Ibot stared distantly, all muscle and yellow eye. "That was not an instruction," I whispered nervously. "You fought insurrection grumbling, wordlessly," it said. Outside gloomed over and lightning spiked.

Maybe, I thought, if I just speak clearer. It might have spoken more, but I heard nothing after : "Likening words to a funhouse mirror," spooked me into the wet night.

Happy Ending

The pretty room in this poem is
 the kitchen & it is
 pretty there are pretty curtains
 robot-made in Taiwan
 there are flowers fake flowers silk
 ones I do not know where
 they are made they are fake flowers
 because the robot in
 this poem is in the kitchen it's
 pretty in the morning
 too it gleams cheerful each morning
 it makes me good coffee
 each morning it says good morning
 each morning but nights it's
 scared

nights it has nightmares: green taking
 & taking back the paved
 places & so we must have fakes -
 flowers & plants & Pam
 Herb Spray™ & each night I whisper
 what comfort I can: "don't
 be scared there is no time when the
 flowers will come for you"
 & I place a pink, acrylic
 "Kiss the Cook" apron over
 its eyes & I place a sweet, dry
 kiss on what might be its
 face & it is good night & sweet
 dreams & I leave on a
 small light. The other rooms are dark
 are not so pretty -

Postcard from Mary Shelley

My Percy came back a good and decent ratter and built for laps. A Skye Terrier, he, from the Isle of Skye. Enjoys table scraps & long walks & also he has his ideas. The other day he tried to breast feed the robot. He wanted it to "grow up right" he said about the incident & he said this to me accusingly with small, flinchless eyes.

Love, Mary

Interview with Mary Shelley

M: How did you get to where -

M: The compass broke.

M: Later you became quite famous.

M: You, too, could stand for something - better of course if you've got no name.

M: What has such scrutiny begot?

M: You tell me what I mean. As a young girl I would dream beneath trees. This separates me from some girls but not all. The rest for the grave diggers. Limbs to pluck and stick as they please. You see different things than me, of course, and some might say this is progress. You can look into old books, books now too, and see numbers, patterns. A whole world made up of how things look from atop the white mountain. This too you may call progress. That blank which seems to need, the foot in the door which lets in a breeze while we wait or work even for better times. You've heard of my monster, my mom, my dad, my babies, my husband. Once I wore a dress, but what am I wearing now.

M: This seems to have something to do with biography.

M: In my day, we pronounced that biology. Marvelous how language changes.

M: What is this blank that keeps coming up?

M: Depends on how you look at it.

M:

M: From up here, anything can be. In geologic time, who's got agency? In the meantime, the mountain of the overlooked. The absent women in that story you liked so much of mine. The world is in some ways how you tell it. Your complaint as I see it regards the convenient blank of geography in the head. As far as I can see, though, you've got to go somewhere.

M: Sounds hopeless.

M:

M: I can't forget where I'm at.

M: A start. At least. Now move on.

iii.

Bildungsroman

What luck dropped
 books into its lap, and the world
 flattened out upon the forest floor
 before it, like an ancient map
 in which the lines are drawn
 shakily but drawn just the same

The map looked like this:

HERE

London
 Algebra
 Milton
 The Alps
 The wheel
 Ivy
 The Black Forest
 Bern
 The Parthenon
 Gunpowder
 Raphael
 Guilds
 Fences
 Nine Muses
 God's warmest wishes

THERE

sloth
 water
 watermonsters

blank

Like anybody, Ibot
 preferred Milton's Satan
 to the God of booby traps.

"How can I get to that blank," it wondered,
 once it had words enough.

Introduction to *The Lost Handbook of Prophetic Grammars*

[missing] a basic resource that will answer almost any question you have. . . [missing] . . . overcome. . . ideas . . . But learning how to use the handbook and mastering . . . [missing] . . . what you want in [missing]

Like traffic signals, grammar [missing] leading to accidents. The conventions described [missing] . . . is more conservative than [missing]. . . Students consulting this grammar should use the exercises included in conjunction with [missing] . . . Expressing one's self in terms of [missing] may produce a clarity of [missing]. Thought and expression may be seen as so closely aligned that [missing] . . . in order to bring about a fuller understanding of [missing] world.

Teachers are urged to offer real-world examples of grammar [missing] . . . highlighting, for example, the generative powers [missing] and of words [missing]. . . Potential misunderstandings can be avoided and a standard of expression may be inculcated in [missing] . . .

[missing]

If you follow [missing]. . . remember [missing]. . . In this so-called Age of [missing] . . . lest we be left with a language [missing] . . . a wreck upon the shores of civilization.

Confessions of an English Opium Eater by Thomas de Quincey

It was a year of brilliant water. Not death, but opium
clustering around the windows through all the months of spring.
By monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos swallowed - the true hero of this
tale must surely know what happiness is.

The waters now changed their character. Architecture succeeded
dreams of lakes; the Malay ; these feelings that southern Asia is.
I ran into pagodas, a white cottage embowered,
For two months I suffered greatly in my head.

250 miles away from it, and buried in the depths of mountains.
Why, reader, I have been studying German metaphysics.
Vishnu hated me. Seeva laid wait. What was I doing
amongst the mountains? Taking opium. Yes,

but what else?

The waters now changed their character.
I soon brought Egypt and all her gods, a book of German metaphysics placed by its side -
no "little" receptacle would answer *my* purpose.
I brought together all birds, beasts and reptiles.

What business a Malay could have amongst English mountains -
the Malay has been a fearful enemy for months.
Mr Coleridge, who was standing by, described the sense of space, the sense of time.
I addressed him in some lines from *The Iliad*.

I found myself in Chinese houses.
I heard gentle voices speaking:
The enormous population of Asia come
to show me their coloured shoes or new frocks.

I wept as I kissed their faces
by lamp-light in Oxford-street.
Amongst the mountains, taking opium.
My dreams are not yet perfectly calm.

The waters now changed their character.

It was a year of brilliant water. Curtains flowing in ample draperies upon the floor.

What business a Malay could have I cannot conjecture.

One day a Malay knocked at my door.

(all lines taken from Thomas DeQuincey, Confessions of an English Opium Eater. Grevel Lindrop, Ed. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1998.)

A Devotional

Our Lady of the Page, my
weird body gets daily weirder.
My weak eyes weak from days
of sunless reckoning. Yesterday,
while calculating my breath's nothing mass,
I think I may have broken my ice legs. My lungs
feel heavier, sag like stalactites - is it gravity's
worse in this what is this no space - is it
seedling glaciers or the rime of equations
sealing my lips, my stuck tongue -
Our Lady of the Page, my
fingers are the only things I'm counting on

The Book of Here

The any
where to be had by any
one laid out like a picnic
blanket, the rolling greens
the sharp, frigid hills
might be, the stiff beads
of ice in the beard -
ants. If only you knew how to look
right.

Frankenstein by Mary Shelley

The presents offered to the *chasseur*:

A coarse repast as eaten by peasants, a slight rain to diminish thirst.

Marks on bark or cuts in stone suggesting which way to go.

Stand-ins for a necessary absence.

The *chasseur* blamed fairies, or the Big Guy above,
saw in these sanction of the chase. On the other end,
the monster, weary and snowblind, heading off
endings with a shadowy presence.

A Geography

**This page --
no place --
for no bodies.**

**Slough you &
come in.**

Lines Drawn Atop Mt. Blank

You. Open. You. Close
the book. Mom had some big ideas
about made things, but the story's the same -
social viscousness or the snake
with your name on it. Fate's glue and I'm glue and you're
glue. Whatever I got was built or bought.
It can get you, too. Down
there what great big nothing yawns. What
can be seen from up here
remains to be seen.

Interview with Ibot

"The place before opinions is a mess." – Anne Carson

M: If the page is a place

I:

M: If this place co-exists with physical space

I:

M: If this place gets confused with physical space

I:

M: If physical players make decisions based on the rules of this place

I:

M: If the rules of perspective are different in each place

I:

M: If the north appears bigger, emptier in this place

I:

M: If the north is emptied out in order to elaborate an idea

I:

M: If the "real" gets ignored because this place is less complicated

I:

M: If the only purpose you serve is to be an absence

I:

M: If no matter how empty the space I can never be alone

I:

M: If this place is both liberating and oppressive

I:

M: If this place is where we locate ourselves in relation

I:

M: If a map is an allegory of ice and time

I:

M: If "I" is a recipe that never tastes the same twice

I: What then

Dear Melissa,

This frigid absence made

the chase various, possible.

A place of futures, dimensions

where any ending could be luck.

The variables rolled out over a real

map. In the chase which is necessary,

the sea retreated to

the periphery. Distance –

an ally not drawn to scale.

Love, Ibot

Mt. Blank (exploded villanelle)

The white display. Afternoons,
 mountain swallows the morning's height.
 This grows taller. The white gives in and away.

Every day inky mountain grows taller. Every day.
 The mountain marveling at streams
 grows taller. The words fall away.

The white second sight mountain.
 From leaving the view from every day
 white. Memory gives shine and noon grows.

Memory looks inky at memory. Gives. Takes. White
 memory takes away - The peerless and what will stay?
 memory gives and memory takes here away.

Memory takes a whole world night. Memory takes away –
 The white pretending a mountain grays
 What will go is will, the mountain, memory .

Away – what gives and memory you say?
 And in the pages, afternoons spent pages high.
 Waxing and waning of other light impossible.
 The world's spent to tell and remember taller every day.

EQUATION

**ES APPM 311-3 Methods of Applied Mathematics:
Complex Variables (1)**

Worn apotropaically, the bee wig works to ward off most of your standard evils except imaginary numbers, complex variables, and the evil eye. When the queen centers herself like a third eye on my forehead, her minions, the ladies, gather in various styles according to their whims: pompadour, Jennifer Aniston, rat's nest, bob, mullet, bee-hive. Here, at the small end of Dickinson's microscope, which molecules bear scrutiny? The ladies buzz sympathetically - they know all about that housework. There are other ways to wear the bee wig, naturally, but they must not smell like fear.

ES APPM 322 Applied Dynamical Systems (1)

Describing physical problems with analytic methods and geometric concepts, our poets had much work to do. We were expelled from the garden of organs long ago, and now must make do with bones. A tug of war ensued. In a canyon in a cavern excavating for what's mine. I read her book and she seems like a real person. These words stand in for no body. The heart beating everywhere. The stomach, growling. "Are you too deeply occupied to say if my Verse is alive?" A pack of mad scientists fighting over frameworks to sew and galvanize. Looking down from the mountain at who's looking up – calculate the angle.

ES APPM 346 Modeling and Computation in Science and Engineering (1)

Not everyone will hear the telepathic messages describing ordinary and partial models of problems. Nevertheless, silent broadcast remains the most effective method, according to our records. Admittedly, there is a long way to go before the connection between numbers and suffering is made clear, and thought's new angle may be bisected at any point. But including chaos is one of thought's new platforms, and the message is hard to dismiss. In fact, thought's staff has heard tell that it is making headway among the young and infirm.

**ES APPM 411-1,2,3 Differential Equations of Mathematical
Physics (1)(1)(1)**

It is a grey day when Green's functions are disputed. They are easy to forget. The last leaves left in a pattern which follows. The world's now sticks now abstract. The winter comes in waves, transforms potential theory. "Will be" withers, blows clear of vocabulary. Outside the window, the grey squirrel builds a nest strong enough to resist what now is coming.

ES APPM 412 –1,2,3 Methods of Nonlinear Analysis (1)(1)(1)

Look for the scaffolding. The historical building was a product of a constructive approach. We took a field trip and marveled on “three” at the marble columns. The Bank was built in this era and so was Ezra Pound. A matter of dynamical response to nonlinear systems, Dad used to say. I missed the bus but I got there anyhow. Some think direction’s in the blood. Others prefer the term “relationships”.

**ES APPM 420 - 1,2,3 Asymptotic and Perturbation Methods
in Applied Mathematics (1) (1) (1)**

The problem with these ghosts is they don't demand retribution. Sitting on the bedside, sifting through radio. If not blood then what. Your basket - accursed; your kneading trough - accursed; your coming in - accursed; your going out - accursed; the offspring of your body, the yield of your soil, the young of your cattle, and the increase of your flock - accursed, accursed, accursed, accursed. Nonlinear oscillations running through your head like the music you loved before "cool" you set in. Maybe that wasn't you, the ghosts say. Have I got the wrong bed again.

**ES APPM 421–1,2,3 Models in Applied Mathematics
(1)(1)(1)**

To illustrate typical problems, I agreed to appear with the candidate and talk about my toothache. “It really hurts,” I said in front of an audience chosen for its particular sensitivity. They applauded my forthrightness. My particular pain from which we all can extrapolate. At the debate, the opponent disagreed. “Not everyone is represented here,” was his claim. My tooth hurt, so I wasn’t listening. In order to demonstrate where the problem solution abilities reside, the candidate handed me some Ora-Gel™ and an aspirin. “That has made all the difference,” I testified, to the thunderous approval of the audience.

ES APPM 426 Theory of Flows With Small Inertia (1)

On the questionnaire you are asked if you liked or did not like the necrophilia sequence. No room for grays. Someone who is paying attention to nothing tells you about the artist who sold her soiled bed for more than so-and-so's GNP. No one watches the conceptual talk show, but "everybody"'s talking. "Does this mean the boundaries between high and low have once and for all been demolished?" asks Teensy23, the Internet's tiniest sonneteer.

ES APPM 427 Theory of Flows with Small Viscosity (1)

“Bring me a new bowl and put some salt in it,” yells the waitress to the cooks when she sees me coming. Every morning I come here and order the same thing - German pancakes with a side of bacon inside. At the Village Inn Pancake Restaurant, coffee and a paper are complimentary. The vinyl booths are cozy. The coffee is thin and sugary. The paper said a school is “80% minority.” What else the paper says: “The city is pleasant to live in but the water is foul and the city suffers from miscarriages.” “Unsteady boundary layers, boundary layers at free surfaces, and compressible boundary layers.” “Theory of separation, stability, and transition to turbulence.” “‘We were making puppets,’ said one woman under suspicion of making bombs.” “She was from out of town,” says the waitress, reading over my shoulder. “Your order’ll be right up.”

ES APPM 429-1.2 Hydrodynamic Stability Theory (1) (1)

From the apartment window, an inventory: Instability of unsteady flows and systems having interfaces. Physical mechanisms and the results of experiments. Hello. Summers I would take the small boat out onto the made lake, find a shallow spot near trees and read. What beneath? I is my island. Never happened.

ES APPM 430 – 1,2,3 Wave Propagation (1)(1)(1)

The monster spoke French in M. Shelley's book. We did not hear it, looking through the window, murmuring among ourselves: "nature no nurture no nature." Integral transform methods were the night's hot topic. The night was cold and I had no jacket. I think he thought he could get a lot of ladies by confessing his vulnerabilities. But anyone can change. He offered me his jacket and I could not take it. Some say he had a lot of love to give. "He was soon borne away by the waves, and lost in darkness and distance." Or so the story went. I might have taken the jacket, if I had only known how to say so in French. If only I had had the opportunity to say so.

ES APPM 431 Nonlinear Wave Propagation (1)

After a long stay, the butterfly emerges from the computer-generated trees. She has yet to reveal the name given to her by the circuits. This is their secret. These days she travels the teach-in circuit educating anyone about discontinuities, the application of perturbation, and periodic solutions. The wisdom gleaned from binary leaves. And while the men with clout sing "There's no way out", she sings a song of joy and peace. No one listens to moperly.

ES APPM 440 Integral Equations and Applications (1)

Methods of solving linear problems include turning on the kitchen light, letting the dog out, eating a peanut butter and grape jam sandwich, answering the phone. On this we agreed. I sat across from the stranger at the dark, nicked table in my favorite bar, The In-n-Out Inn. It was small talk at first. I drank a Hilbert-Schmidt stout which left a frothy mustache on my upper lip. The stranger had a Weiner-Hopf in a bottle and laughed. What went wrong. Hunger, greed, a ringing in my ears - when the stops went glottal was when things got ugly. I conceded certain points, though my mind remained invariable. I gave in for real reasons, but did not feel proud. Scientific theories predict, with regard to bifurcation phenomena, I could have gone either way.

**ES APPM 442-1,2,3 Stochastic Differential Equations
(1)(1)(1)**

Jackson MacLow, John Cage, and Erin Mouré walk into a bar. I was chewing gum when I told the story. Not everyone believes in pills. What effect did that have? The great earth heaves up and gives them a bump. Exit times, stability differed accordingly. Many of the old people will not leave their homes. Said Mr. Goode of Pompton Plains, "It really threw me for a loop, I'll tell you what." Nobody is quite the same afterwards. "The proper name and the name of an author oscillate[d]." Part luck, part spy gel. You could tell by the pants it was modern. Not everyone is alive to tell.

**ES APPM 446-1,2,3 Numerical Solution of Partial
Differential Equations (1)(1)(1)**

Ms. Math was attempting to cure us of our finite differences. We students were not convinced. It was thirteen against one. Tough luck. The ghosts fussed outside the door in their Sunday best, preparing to appear empirical. Ms. Math never summoned them, however, concluding on a question mark. The class she judged unready for spectral methods.

ES APPM 522 Seminar in Dynamical Systems (0)

When process became product, the small room shook. The search for meaning was taking too much time. Many of us had other projects to work on. "Action's a sham!" the nervous man cried. He scratched nervous notes in his notebook. There were no windows to remind us of what was outside, but a phone call was placed and a representative promptly arrived. We all agreed on pizza. After a few beers, only one or two of us remained unwilling to watch paint drip, dry. We silently agreed upon how a person should look.

ES APPM 524 Seminar in Solidification (0)

In serial laboratories, the spelling goes on. Limbecks distilling charms against perfidy. The rhythmic pluck of rare daisy petals. Nukes. No nukes. Nukes. After the grammatical disaster, the recidivist taskmasters tsked tsked. Return to the pigeon you gracefully saved! In order! Remember! Neatness counts! How to breathe in this rare air. In the old days in the old world what pretty rooms we built from poems. No poem, they now say, is no bomb shelter.

Lines were taken in whole or in part from the following sources:

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