

hypatia

Barbara Mor

it is clear here in the copy place where we(may) reproduce ourselves in calm

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- how you select the correct alignments (8"9"11") the lid is down
check darkness-number-size depress copy button and the brilliant light passes over
- and the brilliant light passes over many times,specify or once only,the repeat above each time: solo pass,light repeat above

shells waves replicating patterns scoop her flesh mind time into the future as the sea (clone)

i have no memory then of anything but black line emerging graph on white space no memory(need fear purpose physical discomfort)but the graph emergent of white with black with rough etched texture or precise ink hieroglyphs perfections of all copies

- i taught mathematics astronomy philosophy (clone)
- and how they scooped with lovely large shells the shape of oceans burning thighs of the sea

i taught astronomy in Alexandria, 4th-5th c. of their time also algebra, geometry and hydrology i specialized in conic sections, uses of the astrolabe, Neoplatonic sciences my father Theon, Orphic scholar, professor of pagan religion magic astrology dream divination, above all Astronomy condemned by Christians among the "black arts" I,like Theon renowned for eloquence, brilliance, astute wit, encircled by many students a woman by nature honored before the victory of other minds

- think a style of Erosion Erasure -

put it down and then begin to erase it gradually and allow it to erode

rotten places crumbled interior brick walls where a room of jewels emerges red vines or the erosion of Gargoyles

Notre Dame cathedral resculpted the gargoyles eroded by
rain in our throats
a plastoid sealant on the (stained) windows of Chartres
protect from Time,pollution but the luminous the
luminous is gone

- and how they scooped with clean female shells the pain
of oceans the mind of the sea

presumed to teach men not remarkable,teachers of men
in all things my sex bore the Mind in a dark cave
which is the skull the womb & great night this they found
intolerable,ruled by doctrine of a vile and unconscious
Nature. "holy" they called themselves,not from Cosmos but
from a Book

-earth is flat the Universe squat like a tabernacle

-science is Evil,submission a Virtue

-disease fear ignorance are Mysteries

-a woman teaching men is Sin

such was their dogma some religion dript like poison froth
from the mouths of madmen,stunningly empowered,the most
prurient&mean among them,to great heights:bishops archbishops
popes "Saints"

who lust for nothing real a womans nakedness helpless some
bird stripped of feathers a whimpering dog unlike cruel
Rome,which sought public amusement in wounds of strong men,
these "holy men" fly to heaven on womens screams,Christs
wounds are vulvas,my raped legs spread as bloody wings
i did not scream

-Cyril,the Instigator,Bishop of Alexandria,despised among
us as misogynist, Paulist, ambitious liar (but
does not one term include the others)desired mathematicians
be torn by beasts or burned alive: he became with my death
therefore a virulently potent man in the region,and then
of course a Saint

)after my death,that is: his business did quite well

after my death he said I was alive and living in Athens

a womans hand the adjacent copier white flutterd intrusion
of ghosts from a sidestreet into her eyes swiftly mutely she
reproduces her duties are they memories assignments collations
they are paper.some flesh with signs on it,they scratch
directions on you map yr skin as to where you will be disposed
of. or the names of all the schools the cries the books of
oceanography that will proceed from you the floating pieces
her final paper flutters to the floor and she retrieves it
she never looks to one side or another this is her lifes work

my murder on the other hand ends Platonic teaching in
Alexandria, throughout the Roman Empire every item of
intelligence consigned to Fire : mss & books, the Library razed,
utterly pillaged the great School of Philosophy – poetry music
medicine geology geometry astronomy calculus -- the sacred
learning of the known world *which proved them wrong*. a
rabid religion must attack the Earth: thought art exstasis
denied them, fanatic thugs destroy all evidence they exist
reduced to wasteland the ancient world as they would do
to (my) flesh
when there was little left to rip insult & burn, they turned to
my fame. when that was gone they turned to the future.

i am told they succeeded

a strange face strange hair eyes of mirror seafoam
greengray, black as history gazes back & knows then forgets
she might be a woman of genius abandoned husband and/or
children to write in a bare room desperate fictions or construct
philosophies of our disappearance her cause is hopeless
on her back inventing God on my knees scrubbing cloister
floors which she entered to study algebra or catalog
poetry of asylums, her ink personal blood stealthily extracted
womans work as daily excrement is womens work
staring into washtubs toilets abattoirs bowels of diapers &
hospital sheets the Void men make a philosophy of
daily female practice scouring foul tenets pretend to heal
war poverty lust conduct economies of scale i count out
toothpicks string bouillon cubes she became an old woman
selling old spoons in a doorway with no teeth, or in some
battlefield ditch or brothel she was once beautiful or brave but
nameless nothing survives but anonymous bodies struggled
to achieve Enteletz inside one bare room one day walked
out walked into a bus walked into a lake died of absence

we rode in a chariot which is a final imagination
(copy) the young man with me my student Synesius
of Cyrene if a lover that ended abruptly as the first shell
scooped me out

“To be short, certain heady & rash cockbrains whose guide
& captain was Peter, a reader of that Church, watched the
woman coming home from some place or other” wrote
Socrates Scholasticus, 5th c. Christian historian “they pull her
out of her chariot: they had her unto the Church called
Caesarium: they stripped her stark naked; they raze the
skin & rend the flesh of her body with sharp shells, until
the breath departed out of her body: they quarter her body:

they bring her quarters unto a place called Cinaron and burn them to ashes.”

the Parabolans, Cyrils Guard who served as Church enforcers a gang of thugs who spread rumors of my “witchcraft” & “black magic,” instigated by Peter the Reader, church lector perhaps clergyman “a perfect believer in all respects in Jesus Christ”

who did not want me read but RED all my blood documented [all is Text]

“the [last] pagan woman” murdered by “a multitude of believers in God” [John of Nikiu] also called “beasts” [Damascius]

naked,dragged into their church,sliced & butcherd with “broken bits of pottery” and/or “sharp oyster shells” Or, I was dragged naked thru streets until dead. Or, I was torn to pieces “...and her body shamefully treated parts of it scattered all over the city”

Synesius saved himself by professing to be a Christian
- and later became bishop of Ptolemais

my death occurred during Lent, March 415AD, I was 40,45,60 or some age. Investigation of my murder repeatedly postponed for “lack of witnesses.” Eventually Cyril proclaimed it hadnt happened

Cyril thus “destroyed the last remnant of idolatry in the city”

And Alexandria was no longer troubled by philosophers.

Bertrand Russell,1945 [copy]

i am making copies of knowledge

the straw lit,then kindling then large branches & the pyre flames up becomes her body & all flesh for one moment as sweating wax suggests the requisite mortality it is all a business so much for the judge scribe torturer so much straw bedding etc days weeks in a cell what she eats bread meat salt fish,wine for the guards,the woman who comes to shave her (head armpits legs pubis devils live in our hair) the laborer who cuts the wood those who search her house for magic powders cost of paper to record the trial (11 leaves approx +ink)cost of transport to trial & the pyre,cost of wood,wagon plus 2 judges w/charrd lump to a grave pit,her property confiscate by Church & State children disinherit present the bill to the corpse a woman sometimes old often young,wife or virgin striipt exorcised depilated tortured several days,weeks (centuries of this)undergone w/priests blessing the instruments sadistic tools applied to quiverous flesh w/a kiss after this burning is incidental all a business *pan et circensus* a banquet goes on the bill

lawyers physicians mayors clergy & soldiers feast & drink
copiously, men larded by stench of their salvation, crowds
fill towns, innkeepers & taverners prosper it is a major
industry called eating pain, scooping out food & eating
great agony of bodies denied the soul lives (they say) it is
all about the disembodied soul

- this woman gets her ComeUppance
- thinks shes so damn smart
- a God who can lower the mighty presume to teach men
abomination, beat her to her knees & grovel upside cocky head
w/Gods big cock open her mouth to scream
- utter philosophy her oral poetry i'll give her oral
- jism Up Her Ass w/some silence
- haw haw haw
- shut her mouth
- what we could do to them all, given the Time
- slice out big pieces of bitch brain stick it on a sharp stick
roast it in the fire like marshmallows
- the Length of Gods private member up her bitch Vagina
shovit all the way to the *dura mater*, w/stifled screams
- call it History
- call it Law
- call it World
- haw haw haw haw

her nervous compulsion at the machine, manacled by
technology her hands process occult letters & our tidal
eyes, papers documents trial records which become the
scientific method *as if her anatomy still dissected by a
burning light* [F. Bacon, Aphorism 124], his Inquiry of secret
places as basilisks & newts jump from boiling womb, &
lucrative metals, *her diamonds & natives & raw lands i give
unto you*, a preponderance of "witch marks" occur inside the
labia majora which he inspects for its great wealth, Iron or
gold extract'd or new Laws of physiks Always the objective
man enters Caves, seas & sexual venues w/eye to Profit, & Time
born from such Plunder, *Nature on the rack* etc joints, levers
sulfurs & engines of Her perverse dreams in our hands
not monsters but Power, as maggot, marrow & menstruous hair
become fish & snakes from fish & snakes "squeezed & molded"
cum Coin & property, Her slime accrues his Mind via Alchemy
All Matter mechanized (dumb) or Evil (female) she
must not read Books but be Open'd as a Book, scann'd
as woodcuts & color'd plates show ladders pulleys & platforms
erected into her InnerSelf already wounded by Definition, he
performs "a very diligent dissection & anatomy of the World"
over & over upon her dead body the machinery rolls, she
does not scream

Silence is the kosmos of women Sophokles, 5th c. bce

(Sophokles who burned in the same flame as Hypatia

the copies of herself office memos birth & death files
tv scripts novel passages *which are not her* temporal
bodies reflected in glass 9 to 5 contract w/money she
strangely performs then disappears to motel sleep, cemetery
apt shared w/a cat the humming efficiency of ancient
landscapes *we were bees in Ephesus workers in honey our
beating urgencies our Kosmos our good order* build the
hallucination of honey a female machine that is broken the
druidic codes love potions of Thrace documents of buzzing
epiphanies they must not read .or receding streets into
suburbs of located normality there is a bank there is a
church there is a school there is a life *once oracle once
Delphi once pythoness of the world* her body busy & lost
watching thru glass children in plastic pools wives&husbands
joined in squat marriage over toilet bowl & insurance papers
the Female clitoris qua ontologic pleasure grows larger a
male organ *close lips suture scrotum* the phallus a clitoris
both magnified & distanced via the entertainment of Risk, a
soap opera now sad appendages of mayonnaise & backyard
barbecue attempt normalcy squat as in original cave over
newly discovered fire, drip blood & grease
(a student, young & ideational, professed Love, i
removed my menstrual bandage & dangled it before his
horrific eyes, Sir do you love this? I thought not
the male is weak. the fastidious sex thus becomes
a Tyrant. & i remain a Virgin

return to mechanical reproduction attempt paraphrase
a woman at the next copier moves in dream, in her head a
lighted room she enters but does not know how, her name, or
what for
obedient ovulations = family breeding
advanced thought = the bird flies, wings artificially alive
as beating electrons of no air
factories of men = organs of women
a ring on her finger, around her neck aura of seizure
in the event of historic amnesia memory retrieval as a disease
all institutions are erasers they rub her flesh blank
she does not seem to think her work occurs elsewhere
& other times
and every room lights up, she enters, radiant with light but
the other rooms forgotten she doesn't know she exists (ever)
otherwise/in them bereft ovulations 1600 years
datum of women

“The universal social pressure upon all women to be all

alike, and do all the same things, and to be content with identical restrictions, has resulted not only in terrible suffering in the lives of exceptional women, but also in the loss of unmeasured feminine values in special gifts. The Drama of the Woman of Genius has so often been a tragedy of misshapen & perverted power.”

Anna Spencer, Womens Share in Social Culture,1913

“Sexually awakened women, affirmed & recognized as such, would mean the complete collapse of the authoritarian ideology.”

Wilhelm Reich, The Mass Psychology of Fascism,1933

“Christianity desires to dominate *beasts of prey*; its means for doing so is to make them *sick*.”

Friedrich Nietzsche, The Anti-Christ,1888

among crowds of,nicely dressed who are normal(are tame)
w/inside a beast beast plugged umbilical to machine machine
to industry industry to a Corpse,the terminus God or planet
inside walls emitting on/off messages Monday 10a.m.
9th & A Spring 21st c. *the destination of Earth is*,Now
Is Money male&female equal in pursuit of,All Is Commodity
resurrect that Sexy beast! sell you buy me digital flatline as
empty happy efficient clean automaton of money do not
struggle question sweat sufficient pain to be otherwise,dots
pulsed thru eyes on way to entropy *i recur as Hypatia*
among sick animals avoidIntonation,do not scream

therefore,they are clones cognizant of monitored 24/7
computer surveillance worksite public toilet cellphone
mall shopping fucking in cars asleep in backyards dying
in libraries some go in disguise carry extra 15-20 pounds
attach curly wig grow mustache wear sunglasses the ones
in suit tie &cleavage all on elevators all smell the same
to disappear in crowds to be unknown as if dead not there
blur on video screen too identical of job & dream to
be identified by name 10:32 70F 21C World Ends
in 5 Minutes HaveNiceDay Bank US

... ..

her hands,she,i frequently the water like a skin becomes
us,or we become whatever the woman assigned by,adrift
as seaweed in this element the clinging pieces fleshly salt
glue Desire “a viscous fingering” describes the lust of,flow
& sticking of matter reaches Life as “growth by repeating
pattern” bacteria coral fire mountains plague lung &
cloud each aspect of a Body i secrete,try on, repeat,move
on “...first order models of rivers, watersheds, botanical
trees, & human vascular systems” fractaling ion to ion

as Desire replicates everywhere Itself, expanding & Alone
in Egypt each year Sirius ascendent w/the Sun, as our
year begins our great star conjunct w/a star, they climb
& everything is reborn in generous thick overflow of a
river, midsummer DogStar & Hawk pulled into blue skylap
of their mother Nut as Ptolemy's Tetrabiblos in
Alexandria taught us & my father Theon, e.g. "On Signs
& the Examinations of Birds & the Croaking of Ravens"
Sirius rises w/Horus & great Nile ejaculates, fields lush
in spermy heat, womens bellies ignite by stars All Things
conjoined in Desire, as we observed, flow & adhesion of Vital
Lust, that great burst from which flung out as *effluvia*
all the fiery & planetary bodies, first Orgasm populating
Void w/mysteries of Thought, thought w/mysteries of Objects
objects w/mysteries of Desire galaxies worlds continents
wind over ocean ocean over rock blood sweat semen tears
all Salt all sacred equally flung wet cells into repeating
of this Time that is Original

Diakosmos, from *potentia*
a Universe, jewels & drama upon nakedness She may
wear Generations of amusement then suddenly in boredom
rip them off, plunge into Darkness to dream the next world
so Pythagoras & Stoics Parmenides & Plato observers
of Eclipse, as the Saros each 18.64 years Sun crossed by
Moon in the Cold Solstice, this could be the end of the
world oceans rivers lymph & milk pulled heavily into
one terrible place of the Sky, tides of massacres & nameless
animals drown & rotting, awful chokes & eyeballs bulged
w/last visions "scientists look for things that obey laws,
they do not look for things that don't obey laws" but
all things follow law, it is not obedience but Desire, a
tropism as Chaos to numbers Eros to words & then the
great reversal as she devours Herself in a tedium or
rage to forget, begin again. they forget wild law, rise &
fall of a phallus, Arousal of caged beasts, slaves eating
masters "once every 175 years conjunction of 2 outer
planets" once every 1000 minutes collision of meteors &
black spirals

oceanic, time & foam & there appear miraculous my
hands. we demonstrate all erotic body parts but it is
these hands that do things to you: button yr coat, point
a finger, wind clocks & cut the thread *shave you head*
to foot preparatory to salacious torture bloody
like prayer \$50 manicure magazine thighs & deadly
perfume, these appendages are th' advertised scythes of
Doom chop chop *how do you like yr women* wrapt
in cellophane & rayon, defurred & detongued, i move
among men easily, clotted fingernails scratching out my
own brains the cosmetic words are *free & lost* a Logos
of pricetag, a portent of endless scream i am the

corporate head of important Bodies, or her victims, or lawyers on both sides of her Trial, or i could care less what happens to her i wash my hands in piss water these fingers are mythic & bored or i care so much for everything i can't breathe, i am always weeping i am always smiling on camera while things explode & all this is photogenic, keep busy in common sink, female gelatinous gestures that once gods extrude a world, *the more forced flow the more spread* increasing desperate odds, we are free & lost together this gluey confusion is profitable, my angles in her chemicals, my face dissolved in all mirrors until my dears, it is Time she says to Reverse, slimemold & Fate periodically as the Tides, change yr Mind & hands appear thick as a ship made of dead witches' cuticles, very expensive primeval claws scratching at yr bones i look down they could be mine, gnarled versatile stumps, brass knuckles, or lovely hands of Fate which can be lovely, *strange attractors*

hypatia must read newspapers study events w/scissors select cut out photos, headlines disasters dates one murder one rape one broken mind per second per hour one seduction one kiss one slit or strangled throat or bullet file these, level upon level in sediments of an infinitely deep time of infinitesimal accumulations as "growth by aggregation" a world of physics, cries, facts is built up, atom into subject into universe as one brick upon brick composes a solid wall & then blood splatters on it & shriek of red dots decoded has also a pattern, a nova as hypatia observed the night sky beyond numbers or miniscule thought variations, how the world from one cell becomes this massacre war famine repeat repeat rich poor fat starve ugly beautiful repeat try to change (erase) atrocity revolt return to original repeat talk talk break break repeat repeat (women are free to partake of all this women are lost inside bags of weeping) one burned book one beaten virgin one mans holy war upon one woman pornography hagiography calligraphy of my moving finger on my brain wall monotonous (kill the woman who studies history the repetition is so obvious this redundancy 200 million sperm per shot repeat repeat) & she abides it again & again abets it as if *the human condition* & every wound becomes a religion becomes a prison becomes an industry that makes new wounds bigger nastier more profitable repeat repeat & my sex colludes w/this desecration of (our) Nature until it becomes Our Nature

Prague, 1994, first commercial tv station postSoviet

world Czech Republic NOVA flowering ideals of social & cultural life,finagled by “American cosmetics money”EsteeLauder family taxdodge into tabloid sex&violence enterprise “meeting public demand” American women,who could not buy their own tv station,nor radio,not even a major newspaper in the best of lives,yet billions of dollars of pretty lipstick &deodorant&perfume(& vanity & silence)pours from them into women of neoVictorian “free market” their capital deficient enslavement to femme wiles& image paranoias,at cost of Mind cosmetics exist in this world to decorate corpses,ornament wounds w/ bloodcolor as if historic air kisses them,thus death goes away daub stench of rot &corruption,fear w/ sweat of flowers,sad exhalation from the slaughtered petals so you cannot tell the difference a woman hit black&blue a woman trying desperate to seduce you rouge raw & lurid global eyeshadow surely if i do not protest one i will not fight the other,broadcast as a terminal clown,Advertisement for Do It Again(or she cowers inside a bag,a corpse or a corpse,you choose,God’s whore or Market whore,not the oldest profession the oldest profession is Man

kosmos: order, a universe *kosmetos*: well-ordered
kosmein: to arrange *kosmetikos*: skilled in arranging

clouds of exhaled gods squat on a city,Pharos is not in the harbor,nothing breathes sewers&surrogate life under some stale idea this is the weather report

humanity,bred to hate itself 2000 years reaches a logical conclusion Let it end,a prophecy of old men fixd as virus on itsHost,fed on reproduction grown fat ticks on genitals gorged w/misery the home the family the heaven which never existed,the safe bed far away from war,it never was the Holy which are heretics then products then wealth then weapons hammer the mind never think never dream never become except perversion,a religion of old mens wetdreams plagueInquisitionlaying of tick eggs in yr eyes,tuberculosis of sooty air,firebombs mustardgas he breathes into you like soul,millennia of autoViolence as yr Way to Glory,the Pious God the Righteous Godthe God of BloodMoney multiplication of a bad dream,some Hatred called religion &theEnd of everything crazed young men ejaculate napalm uranium anthrax into white black red yellow vaginas of all colors we are in the mob of resentment now,who betray themselves to be PureLies,what lives beyond mass suicide the good,the good old boys &good wives chokd on their knees,they laugh haw haw tears fall of marriage,divorce kitchentable abortions dirty hangers

& biblical fingers into shivering bodies,suffer for the Lord of SuperiorFlesh,MoralValues which never existed beyond property beyond fear beyond crowded little animals together in a dark den as monotonal war drones over the price of sex the cost of Sex the God Who Judges Sex punish punished punishment of this woman for HumanBiology,*which does exist* her autonomy that evolved HumanMind &it is my mind they lust to scoop out,Body&Mind my mouth &my mouth &my mouths SHUT UP

ressentiment sd Nietzsche the morality of slaves not bodies forced to labor but minds volunteered to “sin” self-defined as “sinful” to merely Belong,prostrate before gods not their own *bloom'd miraculous from eachSpine* but some words,dript ejacula on paper wads vengeful ink of OldMen(the future not theirs,never again except as GodsLaw),beg for a masters whip to simply feel Identity,Being which their overlord forbids except this chronic shame,spread to every streetcorner of earth the converted strut the pious cringe “where every noble morality develops from a triumphant affirmation of itself,slave morality from the outset says No to what is ‘outside,’ what is ‘different,’ what is ‘not itself,’ and *this* No is its creative deed. This inversion of the value-positing eye—this *need* to direct one’s view outward instead of back to oneself—is of the essence of *ressentiment*: in order to exist,slave morality always first needs a hostile world” &ghosts flutter out,from alleys&sudden gusts of paper that cut,razorthin Godwound: *excise genitals,fuck the resultant wound* a vile lust displaced to “devils” i.e. the corpse of my gods good town matrons who shave&search theBody w/Questions the flesh is by now undulating in pain i.e. undergoing sufficient punishment it happens again everything alive blinded for their eyes,crucified for their lust,ankles wrists Rings of pain embrace the body the torturers Bridal Union w/our Flesh,hands jewel'd w/erotic depravities No,one single jewel,boil of Power to do so,the Penile Eye w/a black spider shitting on it,shitting & gouts of blood flying into walls all joints of the body are now divorced,the torturers spasms of Kiss,the rack,& holy instruments all my memories of flesh,holy fires lit inside them remember this is how they salvage souls an extraction business the heart,the craft the secrets raked from ash,sold,dealt as lotteries call'd the NextTime dingy shops of teeth,gold dentures shoes watches buttons,little toys all in neat piles remember yr presence more than once theres more where that came from Haw Haw

since, now, sd Reich, the core of the energy release of the Living has been excluded & ostracized by men for ages, truth must needs be evaded, too. Truth is being evaded because it is unbearable & dangerous to the organism which is incapable of using it.

something vomits on straw they drag me naked to their church, do it to me in a church some food they hand to their God a genital cream which only comes in such dungeons where we scream *it is happening again*

& the aristocrat says “most people don’t find sex that pure, that deep, that organic...” instead, they find it “sort of partial & hot & ugly”

& the lover says sex is “better off dirty, damned, even slavish! than clean & without guilt” because for Him Guilt constitutes “the existential edge of sex” w/out which the act is “meaningless”

& the priest says

“You see, I think sex has always been dangerous. In the Middle Ages, before modern medicine or contraception, a woman had to love a man, or feel huge lust, in order to have intercourse with him, because if she got pregnant she could die. Very easy to die—something like 1 in 10 women died in childbirth. That meant yr lover could be yr executioner. Maybe that’s the way it was meant to be. God’s intent.”

sex shouldnt be violated he sez take it seriously *in the Middle Ages* bereft by biblical Fiat of ancient knowledge of her body, pagan biology, Egypt burning at the stake, forbidden sex a question occurring at the mercy of celibate Sons of God embracing vengeance of God on her terrestrial flesh *peccatum originale* Sin at the Origin of Earthly Life my desire that shapes Evolution becomes His Curse, & when did they respect sex *breeding females like cattle* who thinks his little 20 second squirt of sperm gives him the right to own Humanity. that Sex should be dangerous for the Female, that is, punishable by Death (her death) to enhance the puny *frisson* of his engagement, Man pretends to be On Top of It he needs that little thrill not of his death but of the Other

cf St Cyril, the kind of men who succeed

“The ONE God and the ONE Son of God: both products of bitter resentment...”

“...I cannot endure the way they have of rolling up their eyes to Heaven—“

Piety's orgasm

Fellowship Church in Chicago, 4 week ceremony for young Christian girls who call themselves HANDMAIDENS pubescent teens make public covenant, a Wedding to Marry Jesus they receive a ring, marry God & vow to remain chaste ("Virgin") until marriage "i feel God is loving me, has His Hands over me, i'm protected by Him, He is there as Lord, my Husband..." says 15 year old Handmaiden her fathers hands unfold her like a white sheet keep her tame, as the Incestors say, keep her sweet & at Purity Balls, young girls in company w/their fathers pledge abstinence "i won't kiss a boy until i get married!" says 9 year old, pretty in ballgown, eat white cake & vows exchanged w/Daddy, first dance w/Daddy, girls may date Daddy safely he sd. (funded partly by govnt faithbased initiative \$\$\$\$ which mandates no STD or contraceptive info) 90% of those who make abstinence pledge break it, a lifetime of erotic Guilt guaranteed

the bodies of young girls w/no protest up for Grabs bodies of shy antennae, the tongues of birds, pudendas of little birds throb in waiting for Daddy, or for sale "the dominion which was liberty to her" he sd

Butterflies are the most sensitive indicator insect. A mosquito spray is 100 times more powerful than what it takes to kill an adult butterfly. Killing mosquitoes is killing the butterflies. They are disappearing all over the world.

how to move the leaves in wind, light on retinas something articulates sky as wingspan hawk brown translucent as it circles the axle of bones who sees this is revealed to be a form of vegetable body transported on stretchers by robot or automatic wheelchair in the group moving session reveal all movement sucked from world into the human mind self-conscious but paralyzed by this the muscles fail their definitions at group sessions they talk of motion how to move once they workshop around how to relate & then disappeared into sanctuaries of virtuous reality & now dysfunctional body must discuss to recall retrieve simple motion even how to speak even how to blink learn biomuscular anatomical stepbystep description of a movement into & out of a life

the instinct & natural process becomes sclerosis so
determined they are painful hard & full of grief &
all but extinct
they dwell as fossils their names are Flowing Clouds
Running Wind Gallop Fly the Sky
bloom erupt uncurl explode implode the destinies
of forms they live now only in mind & wistfully give
names to this which is always & forever
lost

Theon my father,a pagan
scholar,all fathers since policemen or priests. forbid girls
read the Fathers secret knowledge of his fecal libraries
we are inspired by words we realize Art recognize Nature
as our own go out to comprehend jungles speak w/Fire
what we were forbidden,to gaze at the Pit between our
legs & know the Void is not necessarily Hostile – or
Indifferent.

--your father doesn't want you to have those
my mother slid back her bedroom closetdoor,pointed in
silence to a dozen redbound books on the high shelf.
Books of Knowledge,of adventure classic fairytales
folktales legends poems of ancient history mythology
it was 1942,i was 6 it was the only comment she ever
made about my father,a rare visit to their small room
in a small house in a small world in a War
your Father doesn't want you to have those
but i had them & i had them all

mid20th c. we went surf-fishing below Pt Dume Malibu
not yet Dawn we drank red wine as dark erased,erase
March fog,chill i caught the first fish,another then as
light,warmth came i went to climb rocks,explore the
beach a woman southward running her horse in surf,the
strong ankles of the sea i began climbing up&up,dirt
path,rock to the top of Dume hunched over the ocean
lay down in my jacket,jeans head on arm to sleep,groggy
w/wine. for how long i woke from,a horse push at my
head,woman on his back gazed down "he thought you
were dead" i rose in a full sun,turned to look out,down
to the sea 2 California gray whales coming north from
Baja the larger,lead whale just below as i stood up
it breached heaved over,dived disappeared in a deep
lunge of ocean,then lifted up Rose huge motion slow
Rocket out of the sea straight up,the absolute sun
dazzling him,all the way to the flukes and he hung
there,stopped the world in Wild salute of joy forever
then in another slow time sank down dazzling dazzling
into the sea reappeared far north spouting laughing
rolling as the companion followed,due north home

to breed i turned, woman & horse were gone the
synchronous kiss of the horse,awaking a Dead Woman
the perfect Salute of the whale,the earth & the sea

write it never happened
right it never happened

... ..

All meaning is an Angle – ancient Egypt
Skating comes from the Blade – Elvis Stojko, 20th c.

the bees angle to the Sun,*Apis mellifera* beo bhei bion western honeybee describe/
perform light tangent to our Home Cretaceous
fossil, 70-100 million years,Africa into Europe all
hemispheres making flowers pollinating agents,as
small animals&birds bloom everywhere,apples berries
almonds onions citrus&melons sunflowers,following
flowers perhaps we(humans) came,eating Light
geometry geometry the terrestrialMind angles
to Earth,spine vectors to Sun&Moon,tiny roots of
growing things in darkness know where we are, 97
degrees heat of buzzing bodies the amber hexagons
of the great dance,sweet angle Love that is ancient
honey

*Our treasure lies in the
beehives of our knowledge. We are perpetually on our
way thither,being by nature winged insects &honey
gatherers of the mind. The only thing that lies close
to our heart is the desire to bring something home to
the hive. – Friedrich Nietzsche, 1887*

& then the great reversal,Earths deep octave,grief
the bees are gone America Poland India Brazil
massive failure of the Hive,disappear billions billions
female Workers leave behind wax packed w/honey,
starving larvae,the helplessQueen,no dead bee bodies
anywhere,silent the Deathly hive as if good house
wives,crazy hivewives just walk out,leave full
cupboards & refrigerators,meals in the freezer,kids
dying in their beds just walk out the only door &
Disappear

i am making copies of knowledge *Mind is necessary
to make the world work in the transition from Possibility
to Actuality.* John von Neumann 1955 Mathematical
Foundations of Quantum Mechanics *consciousness,
site of wave function collapse,where mystery of matter
becomes mystery of mind,the quantum jump would
be My Mind*

mysterious. i can be mysterious

Ptolemy, text of 13 books, Syntaxis Mathematica the Mathematical Treatise medieval Arab scholars called ALHAGEST “the Great Book” my father Theon & I Hypatia worked on this among our hours, the Sun rolled around us as if entranced the Bees also as unobserved Universe is possibilities POTENTIALIA nothing lives here but vibration, Chaos & Desire & Mind by entering makes something happen by mere observation ACTIVATES a potential & it becomes Reality, or Quantum thoughtforms buzz around Discourse of Elemental Mind (events stay in this dream until I observe, look in, they collapse, combine or fractal into multievents of multiworlds, & thus my view collapses Chaos into World, e.g. Newtons classical Universe, one of many I said. if God was Newtons Eye, or Bentham's Panopticon IS an Eye, but not sufficient: only the Eye of a Fly approaches us, a Holograph of Being. Cosmos views itself is lived expands, collapses in the same Eye it telescopes microscopes explode, implode the View of Itself into Itself the fractured eye of Insect or Bee Wing angling, or cells of Thought abandoned in her Last Flight

worked to death, the beekeeper said. fetching pollen, lovemating flowers, spewing honey it was all an ecstasy for them, all in a days work their ecstatic Dance, & thence the world we know of animals, fruits vegetables, erotic Flowers, turned into an Industry, shipped in cold trucks, region to region season to season, factory workers chained to the clock, man's Money Time which has no mercy, never rests, they lose their sense of direction, no roots no *jouissance* no reason to keep on going, bathed in poison rain fungicide germicide suicide, forced fed junk syrup denied their own Honey, like prisoners, refugees immigrant workers who have become the World chained to its own nonExistence. they Refuse

Chaos, I was called. *Chaos* meaning “chasm, gulf, abyss, Hole” as the Greeks knew it my bloody self the Moons menstrual bandage & what monsters they think I am *disorder in the atmosphere, in the turbulent sea, in the fluctuations of wildlife populations, in the oscillations of the heart & the brain* “Chaos theory implies that huge changes can be made using a minimal amount of effort” as noted, & my eye shifts from Now to Then

and the brilliant light passes over

I am the all-seeing Eye
Whose appearance strikes terror,
Lady of Slaughter, Mighty One of Frightfulness
Who takes the form of blazing light
I...most ancient female of the world

Egyptian Coffin Texts, from Spell 316

and the brilliant light passes over

the first wings were not pale Angels, flutter'd hands
at mute corners of Time, good women, the first Angels
were Female Dragons who erupted, spoke of Fire
parthenogenic Lizard, shark, snail & waterflea all
extend a Paradise, & take it back All offer a
bargain, & change Her mind, *a rational leap into
fractal scream*

Flammantia moenia mundi sd Lucretius "the flaming
world walls" "...far-flung fortifications of Being
against Non-being" Robinson Jeffers, 20th c. poet,
from "the unformed volcanic earth, a female thing"

and the brilliant light passes over

in Africa we are eating primates, gorillas, chimpanzees
logging roads open to men w/light, cheap weapons
semiautomatic slaughter kill the jungle there is a
market for "monkey meat" as one would eat ones
child, mother laughing without shame bullet tears
, or machinegun them to death for Nothing, because
that is life, a river thick with hippos, pigs or human
bodies stink all the same, in Africa as elsewhere, it
is time to eat ourselves, the hour of *ouroboros*
eating his delicious lunch, bulldozers order our
bones like gods, the time of mining whales for
dogfood, the seas all stink w/death, & will soon be
deserts as Men have dreamed in the great religion
of machines & War. breed children for Armies or for
food, or let them die to clear our continents, scrape
Africa etc flat & bare as a newborn planet, build
Industries of disaster that need disaster, disease
that feeds disease, manufacture Death to profit huge
tautologies of Money, eating pain & shitting pain
yr sole occupation, swallowing & shitting Death
your only food. ancient forests cut, upturned soil, my
laboratory, library of bacteria virus medicine & raw
dream, what i once gave to hallucinate the simple
human, inchoate moods breed, replicate a rage like

butchering wild horses,men drive Kinshasa Hwy
across Africa ocean to ocean,trucks night&day ease
the long monotonous haul to nowhere fucking women
along the way,spread everywhere to the globe this
humusDeath my gift my death,this humusGift
after a million years,you should have known

*Nature can be bored,sd Rimbaud After all, Nature
can be bored.*

“Donning the philosophical cloak,& making her way
thru the city,she explained publicly the writing of Plato
or Aristotle,or any other philosopher to all who wished
to hear...the magistrates were wont to consult her first
in their administrations of the affairs of the city,”
wrote my student,Hesychius the Jew

Thoth,god of writing w/head of baboon,mocked by
crowds of Christians who worshipp'd inanimate
Nescience,led by Theophilus,Bishop of Alexandria,
“God’sLove” *the nothing naughts he sd the nothing
naughts the darkening of the world forgetfulness
of Being* the god Serapis,statues shattered to bits
by a soldiers ax,orders of the same Theophilus
25 years before my murder before that, Temple of
Ephesus 550 bce,burnt&rebuilt destroyd&rebuilt,
Lady of Ephesus ancient Cretan,Artemis/Diana,her
priestesses call'd Melissai,the sacred Bees
until St Paul of Tarsus came to pray,cast out my
Demons,split my altar (Acts of John,2nd c.)rape my
heart,then 401ad a mob led by St John Chrysostom
finished it,erase the ruins

you are grabbed while removing sacks of groceries
from the car trunk you are an educated woman who
works harder but earns less you are not wearing a
dress they rip off trousers & blouse a long robe of
elegant cool limbs & w/religious hands they are in
shape of dirty spoons,violently opened oysters,the
consciousness of Hypatia is eaten breasts thighs belly
face,they scoop visions from yr eyes & especially(so
piously)drooling drooling they scrape out yr cunt
they enter the sea soft womb tunnels they grab
fistfuls of genetic future,& “When all is done: the
aphrodisia of the oysters’ raw meat,” eat you alive
current assassinations,intellectuals writers artists
the wonders of the world must not be wonder'd,my
Image,“idols” smashed by *Iconoclastes* who work
for God,Descartes, men of power&DeadEye(Dick)
Himself w/a DeadEye,hypnosis of human capacity
to obey a Lie,to render a world Dead w/stare of

aVoyeurist eye,as he masturbates his numbers the
glare of holy men,police,interrogators searchbeam
into the soft dark where we hide,always afraid,his
one power the stolen Medusa passion of earth's
ocular judgment,of My Eye

*and the brilliant light passes over
and the brilliant light passes over*

i am making copies of knowledge

*The whole world is knit & bound within itself: for
the world is a living creature everywhere both male
& female & the parts of it do couple together...
by reason of their mutual love. – Giambattista
Della Porta, Magiae Naturalis, 1558*

an erotic silence,as thought wanted,but my voice
gagged my legs open,the gift of Everything in
return for bitterness,even the celibate &the dead
require for his HeroicStory haw haw haw haw
“Woman is never anything more than the scene of
more or less rival exchange between 2 men,even
when they are competing for the possession of
mother earth.” exhibit these wounds to the world
surely they will see the damage done. No,only a
mans wounds are sacred as the world is made of
Women,females are female,males are halfgirl
halfboy,thus men are jealous real women bleed
Alone

at the end,from caverns of fiends,dungeons w/
chains impeccable &cold as Thought,jewels
of dead animals i wear on my shoulders,the last
oryx the last gryphon the last river all i remember
they split me nakedly open pour'd out rain&
metal &blood,whole galaxies of spinning letters
nerves pulpfiction Zerofuturetheory unwritten
poem of the earths mind burned as witch witch
witch strange&prophetic events,data of her
eyes,tongue,statue as she might walk now into
the public zone & speaking of it she is truly
dangerous to the holy man she is truly the
enemy ofMan owlEyed,catcrouch'd,fragile
you are up for seizure,you have been SoldOff
the entire female Landscape is plotted w/the
NationalForest, old growth the wetlands the
immunity of frogs,gargoyles & vultures &
lemurs you belong to them yr lust & wit, the
radio spectrum of mass elucidation,silenc'd
birdthroat,scarab foot,scabrous&sleek limb,

the female voice 2000 nasty years dreaming
of it Apocalypse of Everything can happen
she sd,life being Real can Die
suck in the worlds

last breath,

his enterprise to create My Death as
a Religion,erase this Brain a blank testament of
pages on which Extinction writes,the End

*& the Feminine voice reaching to the bottom of
volcanoes & grottoes of the arctic seas*

do not leave the copy place where we may reproduce
our selves as clarity in calm

Phase Transition:

*discontinuous jump in a system's behavior as a
parameter crosses critical thresholds*

(e.g. ice \leftrightarrow liquid \leftrightarrow gas)

*Once a critical threshold is passed, the fire spreads
outward, the disease becomes an epidemic, the
material magnetic.*

Mandelbrot set

$Z = Z^2 + C$

Z iteration Z squared plus C

iteration: output of one equation becomes input of another

some old men masturbate into books their testimony
of venom,w/no Love,the fracturing spasms,power
tautologies break theMind

& then the great reversal,the breathing of stars

women,the young,animals

will refuse. Earth will refuse the Use of her
body. Some old mans brain becomes a big pot
of dust remove the pot it is entropy remove that
it is Me

CHORA or "receptacle" of Plato's
cosmology [Timaeus] where it is "the mediating
instance in which the copies of the eternal model
receive their shape."

*"this rhythmic space without thesis or
position,this process where SIGNIFICANCE comes
to be...."*

these are not Ideal forms but Nature,nor manmade
but Real "the broken, wrinkled & uneven shapes"
not Euclids thought,or pure God solely mouth

tongue clitoris cunt brain ear eye(theFemale1100
genes,theMale50,the Egg *evolution*,the Sperm
residual)& then they burn us among our libraries
,runes & spells & rituals museums of codes
100,000 years of ice at the top of the world
dripping weeping tears into thoughts last pool
now at copy machine,somewhat like a womb
of parthenogenesis copies & memory
DREAM ON/OFF
(X creates Y then takes it back)

Mandelbrot Set

complexity generated by a simple act
11010100001

on off on off black white up down
simple reversals of time/space man/woman
plus fluid complexities pain biology function
the earth who dreams evolves to be self-
desired in our Eyes

QuantumEpiphany bluegreen geometry color
sound the quantum jump is my Mind
all dials checked that signify

and push the button
and then there is the light and then there is the copy
the perfection of recollected lines pages texts the
code of absolute

transmission

and all the luminous sequences of,instruction of
clone machine which appear [new]genetic code

COPY

... ..

“...the COPYING MACHINE is a CLONING MECHANISM,
rather like the reproductive organs of the female...there is a
sensation that bellies are coming out of bellies”

--Peter Greenaway, filmmaker, *Belly of an Architect*,
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Working Notes

Hypatia, 355 AD(?) - 415 AD - – the first Witch killed by the Inquisition.

Hypatia, the First Witch sacrificed sadopornographically (stripped, assaulted, tortured, burned, erased from Man's History) by what was to become, in 10 centuries, the European Inquisition. Who was she?

Halfway thru, I realized she was the daughter of *Theon* (essentially, Theos = God), who dies & is, in my text, “reborn” -- funny!!!

What is this about? Hypatia (1) comes to consciousness in a copy shop, circa our time; gradually via copying documents & resensing memories, she recalls her Past, inclusive of the past lives of other Western women punished precisely for their Powers. (2) Embodied by this recollection into Now, Hypatia absorbs our gluey gestalt ambience in which the West's “liberated woman” moves, sometimes exhilarated sometimes trapped, “free” & “lost.” This middle part is muddle, i.e. Now is Messy. The ambience is one in which great changes can occur because forms & orders, both material & psychic, are so fragmented & in flux: a female oceanic matrix that can churn into conscious acts of fractaling & recombining DNA & its imaginations. The copy machine is, like the Female, a reproductive organ; i.e. some quantum/magic/poetic capacity to re-engineer a world committing suicide (for want of Female intelligence). (3) Past energies recollected & Now cognized, Hypatia becomes her supraTime/Space Self: not only Nature's Creature but Earth's Creatrix. Vast responsibility & sorrow implied: this is a story of Witch Power, not always a happy ending. Because it is Real, i.e. up to Us.

Hypatia, more than an historic person who “reincarnates,” is a kind of natural female consciousness that recurs in any of us if we are not programmed otherwise. Hypatia *becomes* Us – recollecting those original radical days! Like many of us in the 60s, she comes to awareness in a Daly act of *re-membering herself*: reading & reprinting female history discovered for the first time (over & over): *Wow, this is what we were, this is what happened to us.* I am an historic essentialist, sorry. Herstory, retrieval of our past, becomes a kind of parthenogenic machine, in the end, for Hypatia. This was the original idea; last year I read *The Last Sex* (Arthur & Marilouise Kroker, editors), & found the Peter Greenaway quote, which made me yelp Hah!! My copy machine trope is HOT!!!

Of course the idea is desperate: the Hypatia figure is desperate: the whole world is desperate. This text is a condensation of *The First God* (my title for *GCM*), a longer but optimistic book...I believed there was some hope then. Now: maybe not. Hypatia's recall/realization of ontologic power is desperate, in face of the huge forces of terrestrial destruction, human psychopathy. But still: Refusal. *REFUSAL.*(That was Thurmer-Rohr's theme, in *Vagabonding.*) It's a kind of wobbly pathetic

grand iconic DEFIANCE: to redo the species DNA without men? Without Republicans?? Without religious opportunists & fanatic freaks??? I don't know. Worldwide women are so bogged down in the details/detriment of sheer survival; Western women performing various patriarchal handmaiden positions; who would've thought, in 1965, American women would still be Asking Permission to Live, even more desperately & with less hope?

Nobody expects the American Inquisition!!! But look at our Supreme Court, ladies. I thought the rousing old Fist would be fun one more time, even if it's just punching a copy button. But, definitely ambiguous. The arty cop-out. Copy=Clone=FractalPatterns=Quantum Jump=Change the World=Save the World=Slogans Typed on a Screen to Be Copied.... I believed, we all did believe, that women's writing had, could have & did have, this kind of world evolving power, inherent in the awakening experience described: knowledge of past, present, possible futures. I tried to write Hypatia as if I still have such belief, but I don't know if I do, or consequently – if it works.

Bio

Barbara Mor, author of *The Great Cosmic Mother*, has published poetry, essays & experimental fiction in *Sulfur*, *BullHead*, *Orpheus Grid*, *Studia Mystica*; Brit journals *Intimacy & Ecorche*; *The New MS & Trivia: a Journal of Ideas* (1990-94). Online, "24/7 & Yr Dreams," an essay-interview with Adam Engel, appear in www.dissidentvoice.org, June 14, 2004; "the secret pornographies of Republicans," "What's Left," & "Preferably Knot" appeared in www.triviavoices.net, Feb 2005; "A Song of Captain Joan" & "akaDarkness: on Kathy Acker is online at www.triviavoices.net, Feb 2007. Experimental fiction, "Oasis," "Oasis2," "Here," & "Sea of Hunger" are online at www.ctheory.net, "A Thousand Days of Theory," Aug 4, 05; April 4, 08; Dec 15, 05; & April 12, 06 respectively. www.woodslot.net, April 4, 08 also links to the CTheory fiction, & also Trivia #1's "the secret pornographies of Republicans."

Published in

Trivia: Voices of Feminism, Issue 7/8, September 2008

www.triviavoices.net