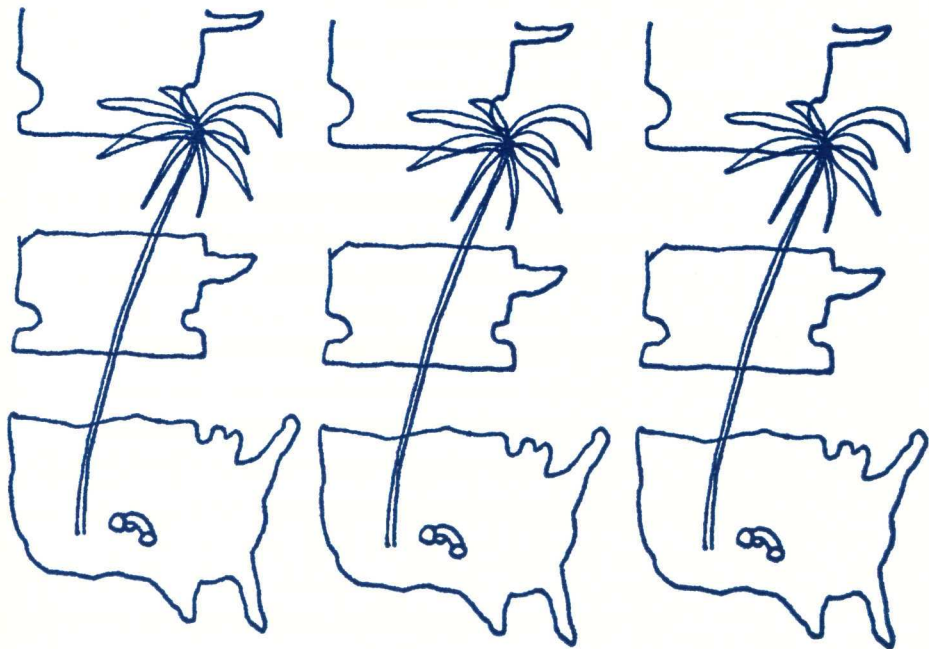


no, dear



No, Dear

Issue 10

FACSIMILE

No, Dear
Issue Ten
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New Century

The CFO
pours 12 fl oz
of Just for Men
into his diaper.
The three-car garage
balances on the edge
of the World Trade.
The winds flesh
the temples
like kites.

Lorie/Lorikeet

I'm in an In-N-Out Burger in National City.
The BoomBox is chained to the palm tree.
A janitor argues with a redheaded ashtray,
impassionedly begs her to throw the brick.
A squadron of bombers sputters overhead
seeding the starless sky with psychic flyers.

Axolotl

The future wriggles.
I throat my hollow artery.
A Christmas tree grows
where a fire pit will be.
The emoticon is dangling
by a thread with the carrots
in the belfry of my holler.
The halfmoon projects
a PowerPoint pie chart.
When I open my blinds
clouds of soot plume.

Robert Fitterman

LEDGER: DAY 7

from *ROB'S WORD SHOP*

Left apartment at 10:53 walking. Stopped for coffee. Arrived at *Rob's Word Shop* at 11:03 AM. Set up between 11:10-11:20. Probably my busiest day so far. Customer 16 arrived at 11:30. He ordered the 2 words "Robert Fitterman" and asked for them as a signature. I produced this signature on 4 separate pieces of paper (pen, marker, print & script) but only charged for the 2 letters. Customer 16 also asked for quotation marks on a separate piece of paper (all punctuation marks are free.) Lastly, Customer 16 ordered the word "Pichler" in cursive as a signature. For this last order, the customer produced his own sheet of paper that already had the word "pichler" printed on it. \$3 total.

Customer 17 arrived at 12:15 PM and ordered the words: "Don't make YOUR problem MY problem." The charge was for 5 words because "problem" is repeated. The words were written in lowercase cursive marker except for the pronouns "Your" and "My" which were written in uppercase block letters. \$5.

Customer 18 ordered 6 words: "manufactured scarcity" as a phrase on a single sheet of paper, "retarded practice" as a phrase on a single sheet of paper, the word "I" (single sheet) and the word "ressentiment" (single sheet). This customer received a 20% employee discount, which made the total \$4.80.

Customer 19 ordered 2 words: "under" and "where?" on a single piece of paper in marker and written in cursive. \$2.

Customer 20 ordered 3 letters on separate pieces of paper: "I", "K", and "E". These were written in marker, all uppercase and centered on the page. \$1.50.

Customer 21 ordered 2 words as a phrase on a single sheet: "oil'd pelican." We arrived at these words together. They were written in lowercase cursive with marker. The word "oil'd" was offered free of charge as a student discount. \$1.

Customer 22 ordered the words "flowers" and "ICE." "flowers" appeared on a separate sheet of paper—it was written in quotes (gratis), lowercase cursive with marker. "ICE" was written in all caps with marker. \$2.

Total sales: \$19.30

Left Rob's Word Shop at 2:20 PM; stopped at stationary store for folders, new marker, 2 Sales Books, and a computer printer toner cartridge. Total price \$28.70. Arrived at apartment at 2:45 PM. Received a phone message requesting "Gift Certificates." Designed two \$1 Gift Certificates and sent to patron as an attachment via email. The Gift Certificate customers never came out to the store to redeem their gifts, and the balance due from this customer who requested the Gift Certificates is still outstanding.

Adam Soldofsky

from *Panorama-O-Rama*

I am here to milk the clock and perchance arrange a rendezvous between two amorous head-shrinkers
what some classify as brain matter I refer to as lethargy clouds
moreover I would love you to scratch me gentle and ever so slowly from the record

David Feinstein

GLITTER FACTORY

I work it into the canvas until it looks like autumn
Until it looks like what I call my habitat

You say it needs something but I don't know what
I don't know what's left to add except myself maybe

Just because I haven't killed anyone ever doesn't mean
I don't have the balls to get these teardrops tattooed yes it does

My cashmere sweater says We Love Bambi on it
A friend gave it to me I think because I work with children

But today its stinging static doesn't feel ironic
The way last night's dream never feels ironic

My dreams are forgetful and I'm not saying that to be ironic
You can have my dreams but you can't take my drool

You can have my shitty painting
But you can't take a speck of glitter from my preschool

Everyday I come home to find some shining on my face
Because that's where I work for real life

In a factory where the old are new to getting old
The way the young are new to being young

It's a factory where tiny people want to be real life ghosts
Who care about everything all the time no matter what

They know how to pretend to be ghosts the best
Because they know how to pretend without irony

Because they don't think death is done the way we do
They just want to turn into something more beautiful than anything

They paint sun after sun and I write it out
I write this is the sun next to it

That's the sun I say one by one it's so yellow
It pours all the glitter out into your eyes

It's so yellow I say I can't see my hands
They are too busy putting the light back between the trees

Of Public Record

- All matters (other than adversary matters) will be heard at 10:00 a.m, Courtroom 601, United States Bankruptcy Court, Alexander Custom House, One Bowling Green, New York, New York 10004.¹
- He always dressed immaculately for work, in a navy-blue suit purchased from Richard's department store in Greenwich, Connecticut, along with a white shirt, black lace-ups polished to a high sheen, and an Hermès tie.²
- At the same time, Lehman said it was raising \$6 billion in new capital from blue-chip investors, which suggested not only that important people believed in Lehman's future but that its balance sheet now looked stronger.³
- On January 21, 2008, Barron's published an article titled "Apartment House Blues" that questioned the value of Archstone's equity.⁴
- Former Lehman president Joe Gregory with his second wife, Niki, in 2005. Gregory's first wife, Teresa, who filed for divorce in 1999, is said to have not "fit in" with the Lehman crowd.⁵
- 1. The Banking Crisis (Main Title) Listen
2. Times Square Listen
3. Phone Calls Listen
4. Give Me the Papers Listen
5. TARP Fails Listen
6. Take the Vote Listen
7. Geithner Running Listen
8. Double Cross Phone Call Listen
9. Insomnia Listen

- 10. French Minister Listen
- 11. Capital Injections Listen
- 12. We Don't Want to Import Your Cancer Listen
- 13. The Great Depression Listen
- 14. I Have a Company to Save Listen
- 15. They're Not On Top of It Listen
- 16. CEO Arrival Listen
- 17. You Need to Sleep Listen
- 18. Beijing Listen
- 19. Paulson Them Listen⁶

- What If Lehman Brothers Had Been Lehman Sisters?
<http://bit.ly/bYs1Pw>⁷
- The substance, yellowcake, is a solid form of mined uranium which is yet to be enriched.⁸

¹ "Case Information," Lehman Brothers Holdings Inc. (Chapter 11), Epiq Bankruptcy Solutions, LLC <<http://chap11.epiqsystems.com/LBH/project/Default.aspx>>

² Ward, Vicky. "Lehman's Desperate Housewives" *Vanity Fair* Apr 2010: 2. Print.

³ Fishman, Steve. "Burning Down His House" *New York Magazine* 30 Nov 2008: 5. Print.

⁴ Valukas, Anton R. *In re LEHMAN BROTHERS HOLDINGS INC., et al., Debtors: Report Of Anton R. Valukas, Examiner*. 10 Mar 2010: 2.III.D.i : 391. Electronic Document.

⁵ Baxter, Rebecca Wild. "Lehman Wives: A Family Album," *VanityFair.com* 1 Mar 2010: Slide 7. <<http://www.vanityfair.com/business/features/2010/04/lehman-wives-slideshow-201004#slide=7>>

⁶ Zarvos, Marcelo. *Too Big to Fail* 12 Jul 2011 <<http://www.amazon.com/Too-Big-Fail-Marcelo-Zarvos/dp/B0052EV88W>> Motion Picture Soundtrack.

⁷ Kanter, Rosabeth Moss. *Twitter.com* 12 Nov 11. <<http://twitter.com/#!/RosabethKanter/status/3194971301609472>>

⁸ Clark, Andrew. "Lehman Brothers sitting on a stockpile of uranium 'yellowcake'" *Guardian.co.uk*, 15 Apr 2009: 12.56 EDT <<http://www.guardian.co.uk/business/2009/apr/15/lehmanbrothers-nuclear-weapons>>

Elegy in Cyrillic

days are a Hummel horse collection
 i carry them instead of a tune
 i pack them slow i stave
 off sex i eat
 preserves in the highrise
 above the highrise sign
 there is a balcony—i taught it
 nonchalance
 & brass

i taught it alphabets & it pronounced
 i lorded over the gin

 i lomographized us—that was
 me: deciduous readymade in exile—denizen
 of Ukrainian portraiture: red red
 fox gilt trinket beast dot
 matrix missile card-
 board-carrying friend of mine, you are
 but hardly, Little Khrushchev...

 when i listen though, i picture
 hundreds

& then the herd
 unsticking

Kaddish

x// xx// xx //
 x// x / xx/
 xx/ xx/
 x//x x//x
 x// x/ / xx/
 x/// xx/ x/. xx/ /x.
 x/ / / x//
 xx/ xx/ x//
 x// xx// xx// xx// xx//
 xx// xx// xx//
 / xx/ / x.

x// x / /xx x/xx
 /xxx x/xxx
 xxx/ xx/. xx/ /x.

x/ // // / x//
 x// x// xx / xx/. xx/ /x.

x/ x/ xx/
 / xx/ /x
 x// xx / xx/. xx/ /x.

Steven Zultanski

Lives

from *Agony*

I live here.

They know it. Yawn.

Yawn.

I yawn in their faces nearly continuously.

Given that the average person breathes, on average, 16 times a minute, and that the average tidal volume, that is, the air displaced between inspiration and expiration, is 30.513 cubic inches, we can assume that when I breathe normally, that is, when I am not yawning in anyone's face continuously, which is nearly never, I move 703,109.52 cubic inches of air a day.

Not to mention in a year.

Now. Considering that the average person who happens to be male, such as myself, for now, yawns ten times a day, and that each yawn forces 280.709 cubic inches of air out of the lungs following maximal inspiration, on average, we can assume that, when I'm breathing normally, which is nearly never, I yawn in ten faces a day, or in one face ten times a day, and thus I force 2,807.09 cubic inches of air into their mouth or mouths, over the course of it.

Whether I yawn in ten faces one time or in one face ten times depends on the relationship of their faces to myself.

If I am alone I yawn in my own face, which is also theirs, in the sense that they see it.

If I am in love I yawn in my lovers' own face, that is, theirs or the one closest to them that is mine.

Since we've been in love two or three times, it's hard to say whose mouth is whose.

So I won't exactly say.

Given that I've been in love three times, say, and that, on average, my being in love has lasted a year, we can assume that I've spent three years yawning in their faces, knowing they know that I live here, at least for those moments immediately following maximal inspiration.

So they've only known that I live here for three hours and 2.5 minutes, if we assume that each yawn lasts merely a moment, and that a mere moment is measured in seconds, one.

Two.

Just enough time for me to force 1,536,881.775 cubic inches of air into their faces.

Just enough time, three hours and 2.5 minutes, to live a little, to see a little something come of breathing, finally, which at first seems to yield no return but the repetitive consolation of mechanical certainty, tidal and all-together inhuman, like a birth rate.

I was born in the morning.

And my first cry of many must have, because it usually does, forced 8.604 cubic inches of air into my mother's doctor's face, which said face I am not counting as one of theirs, but only as one of mine, since it was not the face of a lover, but of an impersonal representative of a hospital, which for all I know might as well have been an empty part of a sterile white wall, or a compact image of the hospital itself.

That is, I guess so.

So then they, the lovers I've loved who are not hospitals, force at least the normal tidal volume of air into my mouth every morning of my life, sometimes.

Now then.

It's that time of day.

That is, then.

When they, the average sums of all known lovers, come in to my year, a mere moment, to count again their fingers for you, and count again your toes for them.

No means no

Noli me tangere
Noli me tangere
Noli me tangere
Noli me tangere
Noli me tangere
Noli me tangere
Noli me tangere
Noli me tangere
Noli me tangere
Noli me tangere
Noli me tangere
Noli me tangere
Noli me tangere
Noli me tangere
No me tangere
No me
no

Tiepolo as Punchinello

my handsome dark
disciples sprawl
against another naked
boy who plays a statue
in Fellini's Satyricon
porn they sprawl
on a pile of trophies war
porn I spell
it out and show I am the demon
I accuse with my nose
I push the drape aside one manly
disciple's knee
as I erase it
my urn-mouth breathes his armpit

when you drop
a sword on a wing'd
helmet right it comes to life
a blade-nosed monster you have seen
the posters of Bosch

and on that nose my owl lights
and on the urn a horse's mouth
and on the tomb Bucephalus
accuses me how
do I know he was real I answer

I draw women and steal men for love of Alexander
behind him the usual witch tree leans a would-be
cloth of honor drops
nine or ten
desultory threads of moss all scratchy
lines the beard of Alexander

Monica McClure

MENDACITY

Lizzy Taylor driven exquisite by love
you're a liar.

You're a heaving
swan breast whose eyes spit.

Women let's drink scotch until our eyelids fall off
or our lashes scrape the ground like willows in July.

Women we're a low race,

Mendacious.

Even the word is a trap called a *dace*.

Made of crimson trip wire.

A silk circus tent
that falls on your face

perfumed, all sugar
all *shuss*.

Men what fools what fools and yet I want some.

Women let's call early evenings
a day shush.

The shush comes to snuff the sobriety.

It comes like a man named Cliquot.

Mendacious.

Sounds like negligee.

Meaning why trust me I don't.

And men and women let's be to each other
as strange and as dark as seaweed.

We were on the couch, Overhearing

on the Simple Pleasures Network.
The scene took place in a party store.
"What kind of handcuffs, Valentines
or regular?" "Of course
I know everybody's wrong sometimes,"
the clerk flirted, "I'm just not
one of those people." The show
over-bubbling with blunders.
I silently wondered
no one eavesdropped on us.
And silently you cringed each time
the girl unfurled her laugh like a wing.
I have been privately rewinding the files
from my camera pen, body mic,
lapel cam, purse cam, eyelash.
My pet hummingbird drone, Everywhere Eyes,
my Sleep With One Eye-Opener—
I lose what I was looking for.
It takes me all night.

BOOTH

There was a commotion
somewhere in my jeans
I was a teenager again
getting off on your enthusiasm

You rolled on top of me - a big sex plank
and my genitals stirred in my underwear
like a dog turning toward a noise
WE ARE SO NOT DEAD I said
and you liked that

After sex I walked around with a top
and no bottom
which disturbed you
Like I was an ad for genitals
a dancing cigarette

My apartment is all glass and leather
like the phone booths of my childhood
I loved the dark seat
and tucking one leg under
I was so young
raising the big black shoe
to my mouth

You are a voice like those voices
a voice from below
You seem weird to me

Matt Reeck

A Duplicate Copy

Is there an air marshal
aboard every flight aboard
the 9/11 flights I don't
remember living among
so many white people
though I did & didn't mind
until gone elsewhere
Is it possible to replace my
past by thinking about
a future that I wish for &
can clearly imagine It's
a headlong ascent or descent
a leitmotif of passion leading
knowledge Ed said he'd
rather learn new languages
than fundraise for a posh
boarding school Paul said
he doesn't want to lead
an art tour for spoiled
high-schoolers My jaw
hurts I've been clenching
my teeth to create friction
against the plausible daily
roll of living The guy
on our flight to Dallas says
he went to Spiderman
on Broadway cost \$400
for two tickets Jane asks
how he liked it he says it was
good but there was too much
singing I keep Jane's
Styrofoam cup ask the stewardess
for some coffee she wants
to give me a new cup
I say *no this one's mine*
We ate in airports in New York
Dallas Albuquerque
disorientated we keep eating
Flying into Albuquerque
a mountain surrounded

by barbed wire a sad golf
course a watchtower Flying
into Albuquerque I ask Jane
how to spell *podunk*
she shushes me in Korean
I'm not to speak bad of things
or people in public a good
policy she has stories
to prove its worth Inside
a trash can says recycling
the pilot says *adios* to
a Hispanic man in the bathroom
Inside faux homage to Indian past
a statue of a native chasing
an eagle Bunch of soldiers in
desert camos Bunch of teenage
Boy Scouts in fatigues I wonder what
it means a duplicate copy

Matt L. Rohrer

This Peel is Really Hard to Remove

I feel my glands swelling
That means they're working

Switch frontside flip

If it was summer I'd kiss you for hours

BART tracks concrete creeks and endless field

I packed a bag of grapes
I pulled a carp from the canal with my painted hand

94.7 AM is the station for the drive in
For a minute you can listen when you drive by on 80

I know this gas pump well
Every scratch in the glass

I wrote my name on the overpass
So I could remember who I was on my way to work at the
Holiday Inn

Folding napkins for happy people
So exhausting

My love
I have always had eczema on my thighs
And calcium deposits on my balls

Ben Fama

DURBIN

I like what you like

But I don't think you eat

I wonder what it would be like

To be someone else

I want you to be your sister

like I want her to date me

You make me feel very nineties

And helpless to know you

No one under 30 should talk about Proust

Because they do not understand

Certain types of emotions

I read that in a bathroom

Killing time on an bad date

I wanted to text you

I'd rather be making out

With the mysteries of your past

I'll retweet your tweet

Because I can't pull your hair

I want you to mail me lipstick

But only after you've used it

Montana Ray

COXSACKIE

& if it's not trouble breathing
it's coxsackie. Sux
like it sounds & no babysitter
will touch us.
 Except the sister bc she must
 & some bro.
 of a friend she brought over
 to bake apple pie & watch
 me do yoga
 in sugar-torcher short shorts
I've thought, it'll be ok.
 Children are like grass on a hill--
 they hang in there.

On the 1st day of preschool
 he says, "You sleep in a hotel."
 I say, "Women own 1%
of the world's property."
 A nabe. w/ a new name
 for the new nabers, pushing
 out shepherds further & further.
 A photographer who photographs
 a woman eating a box of chicken.
Who gives a fuck
 about how the colors pop. Pink!
 leggings, gas station grey.

 & the police presence!
 Man, can they ruin a sandwich.
I'm not the gov't's top-threat,
 unlikely to cause much unrest
w/ these slender volumes
 nor do I lip off to the cop
 tell him to turn around
as I get my skinny-dipping ass
 out of the apartment complex pool,
 spend the night in jail
 wrapped in toilet paper like my sis
 nor do I cut fences
 & cross onto military bases
 like my other sister.

Here I am on the x-walk
 scattering chicken bones
 or pushing a stroller & a grocery cart
 as ladies in church hats tease me,
 gently. Tied for 18+
to a sociopath. Coxsackie!
 "Daddy's stuck on the train,"
 says the little cupcake
 in the visitation waiting rm.
"Stomachpunch," says B.
 & are there worse things?

Today, Troy Davis' execution,
 the difference between
 paying my sitter promptly
 & paying my gov't to kill
 & scurry about the hill.

Troy Davis, I love u
 like I love teen-girls
 w/ the pathos of James Franco
 & the mind of André Breton.
Teen-girls, I love the language
 u're inventing & I love ur neon.
 One day may u own ur own kitchen
 & say to ur baby,
 "Get out of the oven, Sylvia Plath!"

Trying to be oneself in a social
 context sux like coxsackie.
 "U're a 34 DD, \$300," says the clerk.

Do u wanna know
the rest of my #s?
 The woman shuffling
 down the street, stringy greasy
 hair, cartoon sweatshirt,
 is muttering
 my #s. & that man shockingly
 a person asleep beneath fiberglass
 is dreaming about my #s.
Put that in ur change cup.

I want to wash myself
 in ink, the way the word sounds
 like itself.
 What's the word for me?
 Not myself,
 Montana. Daughter, sister
breeder, up late tonight.

Contributors

Marina Blitshteyn lives in the East Village.

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*Andrew Durbin and Paul Legault wrote DURBIN.

Mr. Bear

