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**Insert Blanc Press**

**Insert Blanc Press** produces innovative art & literature in Los Angeles, CA.

Founded in October 2005, Insert Blanc Press produces over twelve individual projects a year across various media. Publishing large format hardbound art monographs, photography and print editions, hardbound and perfectbound books of contemporary literature, handmade chapbooks, magazines, ebooks, audiobooks, digital albums, and video projects. Insert Blanc Press also recently started ***The People***, a podcast featuring the voices and ideas of The People that make up the cultural landscape of Los Angeles, the west coast, and beyond. Insert Blanc endeavors to create dynamic conversations among the artistic disciplines and to support emerging artists and writers in the interest of contemporary arts and letters.

Editor & Publisher: Mathew Timmons

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Byron Alexander Campbell is a writer and editor living in the Los Angeles area. His fiction has appeared in *Polluto*, *[out of nothing]*, and *Innsmouth Free Press* and/or has been anthologized in *A Commonplace Book of the Weird and Strange Attractors: NonHumanoid Extraterrestrial Sexualities*. He's worked as an editor for the literary magazine *Black Clock*. Currently, Byron writes about games as a Contributing Editor at *Entropy* and spends his working days proofreading business earnings calls for Standard & Poors. He enjoys parsing unexplained narrative impositions of fugue and emergent logics. Learn more at [theyearisyesterday.wordpress.com](http://theyearisyesterday.wordpress.com).

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# INSERT BLANC PRESS CATALOG

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## Notes on Post-Conceptual Poetry

by Felix Bernstein

with a Preface by Trisha Low

and *What's Not to Like? A Concluding Conversation with Vanessa Place*

Paperback, approx. 80 pages

Dimensions 5.5" x 8.5" x 0.25"

\$13.00 Cover price, \$11.00 PreSale



Insert Blanc Press is pleased to announce the release of *Notes on Post-Conceptual Poetry* by Felix Bernstein with a Preface by Trisha Low and *What's Not to Like: A Concluding Conversation with Vanessa Place*.

*Notes on Post-Conceptual Poetry* by Felix Bernstein is an aggravated survey of contemporary poetry, art, and criticism; compounded by compulsive archaeological digging in to the relics and ruins of Language poetry, Conceptual poetry, and Felix's own familiar familial corpus.

"It seems unfair that Felix Bernstein should both be born into the position of heir to a famous poetry surname and be something of a genius—should such a slim boy be burdened with both? It's enough to make one flap one's humid veil like a frog-duenna. Yet this book is one of sheer pace and fitful pleasures, post-conceptualism's 'death of the work' a reinvention of zero, as intrepid Felix nimbly parries with the spectre of Kenny Goldsmith, with various twentieth-century proper nouns, with family/literary history, and, always, with himself, a tail-chasing enterprise which traces another zero which is also an infinitesimal stage. If his subject, post-conceptualism, somehow keeps slipping over the horizon in this hectic romance, so much the better for the continuation of the chase. Moreover, the chat with Vanessa Place, in which the beguiling twin spectres of FaceBook and Evil are fearlessly pursued by our pale metaphysicians, pilots a show I want to bingewatch forever in my grave. Viva Felix, and I look forward to decades more of this mad business."—Joyelle McSweeney  
(author *Percussion Grenade* from *Fence* and *Salamandine: 8 Gothics* from Tarpaulin Sky Press)

"*Notes on Post-conceptual Poetry* is a list of ninety-three (93) notes, plus intro and endnotes, in which Bernstein attempts the most explicit and energetic deconstruction of prevailing avant-garde social minutiae I've yet encountered. In fact, I'm not sure I've ever read a text more intelligibly self-aware. Drawing on thinkers from Deleuze to Lacan to Love to Ngai to Badiou to Barthes to Perloff, and combining a Žižekian X-ray vision with the biting "you can't scare me" of youth, *Notes* constitutes Bernstein's irruption into / refusal of the institutional avant-garde."—Monroe Lawrence, *The Capilano Review*

"This book pretty much gets the now. Like with a slam dunk. And it knows it is slam dunking too. But even tho he's that total know-it-all boy in high school you gotta love him cuz he's also totally twisty and dark too. As in somber. Like a jewish intellectual Edward from twilight. I think we all dig boys with good breeding who are a little smart and crazy and blood thirsty. So why not try him out? It'll be a fun ride, if nothing else.  
—Hilary Duff (author of *Elixer*, Simon & Schuster)

Felix Bernstein debuted on YouTube with his real and satirical "Coming Out Video" in 2008 and went on to play characters from Amy Winehouse to Lamb Chop to Leopold (peter) Brant. His critical and uncritical writings have been published, or are forthcoming, in *The Brooklyn Rail*, *Htmlgiant*, *The Volta*, *GaussPDF*, *Imperial Matters*, *Coldfront*, *Boston Review*, *The Believer*, and *Bomb*. With Gabe Rubin he fronts the band Tender Cousins. The ambiguous duo directed and starred in Red Krayola's opera *Victorine* at the 2012 Whitney Biennial and directed the films *Unchained Melody* and *Boyland*. Their next film *Sweetly* about Nazi-ish punk kids killing JAPS and Hipsters in Manhattan is in pre-production. You can experience all of the above, but slower, at [www.felixbernstein.com](http://www.felixbernstein.com).

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EXCERPT from the introduction

What is post-conceptual poetry?

Post-conceptual poetry is nothing more than a term that means generationally following and reacting to conceptual poetry, often in dialogue with the earlier genre. Some even call post-conceptual poetry 'second-generation conceptual poetry,' as Kenneth Goldsmith and Rob Fitterman taught many post-conceptual poets directly or indirectly. Post-conceptual poetry, by virtue of following conceptual poetry, also follows postmodernism (which at least by virtue of the Norton Postmodern American Poetry anthology can be thought to contain Language poetry) and is therefore post-postmodernism.

However, this essay will argue, contra Jameson, that postmodernism is better thought to refer to the empty simulacrum art of the '80s and that Language poetry is more accurately poststructuralist.

Isn't conceptual poetry post-conceptualism?

Yes. Conceptual poetry, by virtue of following '80s postmodern art (Pictures Generation: Cindy Sherman, Sherri Levine), is post-postmodern; by virtue of following '70s poststructuralist poetry (Language poetry) is post-poststructuralist; by virtue of following '60s conceptualism (Fluxus, minimalism) is post-conceptualism. Of course, as one can tell from its billing, conceptual poetry is not merely attempting to follow conceptual art (and therefore to align with all that is post-conceptualism, which can include '80s postmodern art and '70s poststructuralist poetry) but also to repeat it, and has successfully created some rather purely conceptual procedures. It has also aligned itself quite strongly with '80s postmodernism and the empty simulacrum. Both the '80s and '60s can be marked by their aesthetics of empty and vapid indeterminacy — with that emptiness being valorized for being Zen (Marcus Boon on Kenneth Goldsmith or John Cage on John Cage) or for being ironic, funny, and reflexive of the culture at large (Baudrillardian celebrations of '80s art found in the art journal *October*). Language poetry, deconstruction, historicism, and poststructuralism, all coming of age in the '70s, attempted a rigorous negative dialectical poetics of the sometimes mechanistic, sometimes arbitrary, but always playful, fancy/imaginary (as opposed to a fixed God-given monarchical classical old fashioned Coleridgean Imagination). Poetic fancy was largely abandoned by the project of conceptual poetry (although some of its mechanistic and arbitrary features were appropriated), as well as by the overarching attempts to follow up postmodernism with a post-postmodernism that redoubles the emptiness of postmodernism and revokes the insights of rigorous poststructuralism by returning to structuralism.

What is post-conceptual poetry, again?

Post-conceptual poetry, by virtue of following conceptual poetry, can be seen as inaugurating a new tide in the post-postmodernisms (such as conceptual poetry) that came of age in the '90s and early '00s. Its practitioners, born (on average) in the mid-'80s, are part of a larger trend within post-postmodernism to bridge affect, queerness, ego, lyric, and self-conscious narcissism within the inherited procedural structures of the 'network' and the 'concept.' They are therefore part of a larger turn to queer structuralism that aligns the dry, empty hierarchies of structuralism (to which post-postmodernism has unanimously returned) with the abjection that the term 'queer' allegedly refers to.

Who are the post-conceptual poets?

Some post-conceptual poets are Sophia Le Fraga, Andrew Durbin, J. Gordon Faylor, Trisha Low, Josef Kaplan, Joey Yearous-algozin, Holly Melgard, Danny Snelson, Steve McLaughlin, and Steve Zultanski. Of course each has a relation to other aesthetic lineages, some clear examples being Le Fraga's relation to performance art, Low's relation to the Chris Krauss/Kathy Acker memoir, and Durbin's relation to camp and New York School poetry.

The famous cousins of post-conceptual poetry are Lady Gaga (b. 1986) and Ryan Trecartin (b. 1981). Their work responds to similar pressures in their given fields. I like to call post-conceptual poets and their colleagues in other fields queer conceptualists and/or queer structuralists because of their desire for particular micro-communities/queerness combined with a fear of abandoning the jargon of conceptual art as an apparatus of the social network and the academy. There are some other ties: Goldsmith (b. 1960) has promoted Trecartin numerous times, and Gaga shares Goldsmith's worship of Warhol. Gaga has been an important buzz-

word for queer theory vis-à-vis Judith Jack Halberstam's "Gaga Feminism" and also for L.A. post-conceptual poet Kate Durbin's blog *Gaga Stigmata*. Finally, Trecartin has been discussed alongside Goldsmith in *Artforum* and in *Art in America*.

Can the post-conceptual poet do anything new?

Not always.

The post-conceptual poet can assert their authorship by claiming that the "author is dead" (à la perverse postmodernism/poststructuralism: Language poetry and Flarf) thereby slipping into the schizopoetic vulgar muck of the Internet.

The post-conceptual poet can assert their authorship by claiming that the "text is dead" (à la post-poststructuralism/post-postmodernism: conceptual poetry) thereby deferring to conceptual, algorithmic, appropriate mastery over the muck of schizopoetic textual flows.

The post-conceptual poet can assert their authorship by deferring to the confessional/affective/lyrical (traditional, Romantic poetics) or the mechanical/conceptual or, better yet, they can mix both together (as a conceptual strategy or as a heartfelt impulse or some hybrid of both).

None of that is new. However, the post-conceptual poet can do one new thing and declare the "death of work" (unprecedented by its immediate poetic lineage, though common with the madness poetics of Artaud and esteemed by Foucault and Deleuze). This is symmetrical to the 'death of the reader,' which means here, the death of the close, analytic, or aesthetically discriminate reader. This would mean falling into the messy muck of libidinal flows (or the Internet or 'whatever') without leaving a trace of authorship and without giving in to those dominant modes of leftist discourse (that mark the academy, the art world, and politics), which require the artwork to pave the way for didactic redemption, and require that art be boxed into the framings of queer theory or speculative materialism or poststructuralism or affect studies or Badiouian-Žižekian, etc. That is to say that the post-conceptual poet could make works that are not afforded privilege of 'example' in the seemingly endless war between 'neoliberal versus subversive' or 'subjective/affective versus mechanical' or the various attempts to wield both subject and object (micro and macro) together vis-à-vis universalized particulars like the term 'queer' (which has recourse both to a conceptual universalized apparatus and a particular, affective, minority).

That is to say, if post-conceptual poetry can de-cathect from the strategies of didactic redemption and/or didactic counter-redemption that mark the marketing strategies that have created the canons of conceptualism and post-conceptualism, Language poetry and conceptual poetry, in the first place. Perhaps, then, what will occur is a madness that signals not the disappearance of the author [Language poetry], or the disappearance of the text [conceptual poetry], but the final disappearance of work itself.

Alas: no more work for the consumption of others, for the didactic pronouncement of amoral or moral causes, for the inevitable redemption of the market. But also an end to the predetermined paths meant to demonstrate madness and perform 'no work' but have therefore become work, examples, and formulas (such as the tired formula "an excess of work = no work," which has been put to very good use by conceptual poetry). Unfortunately, the 'death of work' (or 'the death of the reader') seems as likely to occur in full as the death of the author or the death of the text ever did. That is because of the need in post-conceptual poetry (as was true of Language poetry, and conceptual poetry) for redemption, branding, and formulaic notions of politics, differential marks, hierarchies, and didactic declarations. However, "the death of work" does not need to occur 'in full' to remain paradigmatic of the constellation of practices known as 'post-conceptual poetry.'

Has post-conceptual poetry been redeemed and valorized yet?

Yes. The assertion of didactic modes of redemption for the newly post-conceptual poets (as well as many other artists who are of the same generation, born after 1985) are budding, primarily in and through discourses around the visual arts in publications that attempt to sell artworks by making a claim to a work's radicality. These notes will pull apart some of the more flagrant attempts that have been made to use pre-existing stale discourses (such as queer theory, affect studies, and Marxist theory) to promote the work of these artists and poets. But it will also look at the ways in which conceptual poetry and Language poetry have been either redeemed or condemned by critics (as well as the poet-practitioners themselves).

# For God

by Todd Collins

Hardbound, 90 pages

Dimensions: 5.5" x 8.5" x 0.375"

ISBN: 978-0-9911092-4-1

\$20.00 Cover price, \$15.00 PreSale

Insert Blanc Press is pleased to announce the release of *For God* by Todd Collins.

## Murder, robbery, revenge, love and telecommunications.

Non-finite bodies and endless subjection. Surrender to the narration. *For God* is a text you can actually read and apprehend as pure pleasure. Bathe in an elusive omniscience and enjoy sentences that shoot out like ribbons of pus, offering the reader mutilation and even more beauty.

"Todd Collins is a stone-original among wannabes, with a sacred-profane vision fractured like a stained-glass window or vandalized mirror. This is brilliant neo-noir fiction searching for a shadow that's worthy of it."

—Steve Erickson (author of *These Dreams of You* and *Zeroville*, Europa Editions)

"The Spirit of Liberty is coming like a battering ram. The Collective Democratic Party (CDP) wants to eradicate Capitalism. Carry wants to kill America, first a beautiful woman with a tiny wiener, then a tall man who likes smoking weed and taking pictures of himself with his balls hanging out. The narrator, who may be called Garry and whose gender is uncertain, is looking for love in all the wrong places. There are lots of kidnappings, robots who turn themselves off in order to avoid existence, and everyone wants money. But lovers play little touching games and say things to hurt each other. Greek Tragedy meets Looney tunes in a romance novel made *For God*. A must-read for anyone interested in the new fiction."

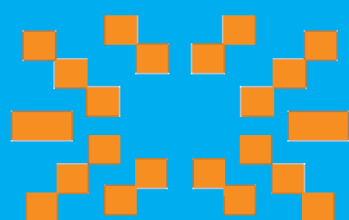
—Christine Wertheim (author of *mUtter-bAbel*, Counterpath Press)

Todd Collins was born in Rhinebeck, New York. He lives in Los Angeles, California.

## EXCERPT

Ten White Deer conveys Francine up to a colossal concrete structure standing in the forest. She'd heard of it during childhood, during a two week period when her father believed, despite her entreaties otherwise, that she was deaf. He'd said: It was just a story make believe. He'd told it as they sat amidst the cool air eddying up their legs and eating plates and plates of ice cold potato salad eating to their hearts' content. The structure must be penetrated and the only way is to fly. So we fly up higher and higher to the very top of it. It was the first time we ever flied. It was so scary but the forest was tender hearted and not evil. But we thought if we flew down through the columnar verticality which was pure cement and iron that we would suddenly forget how to fly and then perish. So we floated slowly down like acrobats being lowered gingerly to the entrance but we aren't lowered by nothing only our will of flying.

Once we go inside we start to walk through a lot of passages. Some of them rooms are all wax with workers fixing it. Some of them you can buy the kebab. This world is part of the world anyways. But nobody tells about it. A lot of people know about it. But they don't say nothing. The sun shines down above us and warms our heads. It was the same very sun. I wish so badly that I could go back to the past but I never ever can. It's impossible. We go to a room to wait. I can't believe we made it! They take us separately in. I see a lot of things like if they





had a workshop. The front was like if there was a lot of mirrors and white leather sofas. They want you to get ready to find out a lot of stuff. Like your future! Who really cares? Plus if you knew it then suddenly you won't stop it at all. All the people look at me when I come back out from the workshop. They didn't tell me nothing. It was just one man with black hair. He showed me what looked like a few magic tricks about the senses: seeing and hearing and also about talking. Francine is gone. We will forever be lost. It don't matter. He showed me candy made to look this way: like the senses. He said if I had some questions. I wanted to be so polite. I didn't ask him nothing. He barely spoke at all. He just suggested it. You wouldn't want to ask him nothing. You wouldn't want him to put a curse on you. The senses were just for if you didn't understand nothing. I came on out. Every body looked at me but I never looked once.

§

I touch my own body. I only ever worry how somebody will think of me. I am ashamed of how I look. I don't look very good. I am not even beautiful. I only ever wanted to negate my body but then I will miss the world too much. You can assume that anything you do you intended to do it. I love the world so much. It's so beautiful the way it looks with a lot of clouds and the blue sky. Lately I keep wanting to believe in god so much. I just wish I could see a miracle and then so then I would be sure. I love all plants and all animals. It's like a shadow that keeps crawling over me so no matter what I say nobody believes it. Everybody's always worried about whether they can believe stuff. So what? All my life I only wanted to love somebody and to not feel guilty. I crave loving. I am a total love machine. There is around me nothing but glass and air. I always tell Francine stuff like how we're subject to infinite chains of stimuli. Then she says: That's why you're here. I am mystified by what my body knows like stuff that it does without me. I am a prisoner. But so what. I see a lot of magical signs in the world. I tell the future of myself. If I see something a lot of times then it's going to happen but I can avoid it since I've seen the signs. Francine used to always look at me and be holding a long rope at the same time. My interpretation of it is that she wanted to hang me by my neck. Another interpretation is that she just wanted to tie me up and then hang me from a tree. I am extremely selfish and prone to protect my emotional comfort, at any cost. Francine says I'll never be rehabilitated since I've been permanently damaged. Although I don't understand what my damage is. Francine always says: "What's your major malfunction?" She says that when she's looking at me through the glass. She laughs about it. Without explicitly thinking about it, I may be stretching my body to keep it supple and toned while I am simultaneously thinking about my brother. Or I might think of my father or my mother. Or I might just think of sunshine or rain or clouds or rain drops, or the birds and other animals which I love deeply, etc. But sometimes I think things and never say them, which is slightly disadvantageous because then people can never corroborate what you thought. So for example Francine always says I don't love her too much. I say: "I love you so much!" She says: "You never tell me it!" I say: "If I don't say it then maybe you think I'm just lying about it." She says: "The point is that you have to say things or else nobody knows what you're thinking about." I say: "But why do you always have to think the worst of me." She says: "Because you make me miserable." I'm so self-centered I think everything is always about me. Francine says that she can never believe anything I ever say and that I am an infinitely small point of darkness. Francine is training me to be some kind of ancillary machine that only does things but never thinks about them. I'm not too worried about it though. This is a work of great leisure.

§

As far as I can tell Francine knows little or nothing. Her thoughts is full of memories of girls and men and her own self. Francine is an idealist and that is definitely part of the symptomatology of eternization. She says: "Did you thought living forever would make me care more or less?" I say: "I didn't thought about it." She says: "Well less since what do I have to worry about anyways." I say: "That's selfish." She says: "You're the one who's fucking selfish." I say: "Let's not talk about this anymore." She says: "Why? Because you're a selfish fuckin bitch?" Almost all day we see TV. We see such as Oprah, Keith Sweat videos, and Mama's Family. If you just turn it on in the morning to see the weather then you just start seeing more things then you can't stop. Francine and me are not bothered by images. We don't let images tell us nothing. Images are beautiful whatever they are. They are the same as the present time which is totally empty and also totally beautiful which should be fine for us. Images are actually nothing and so is what happens in the present time. The present time is perfectly and exactly nothing. We never attach an ethical value to present time because we

just do it! Who cares about what it is! Who wants to say it is some thing anyways! It's not some thing we need to worry our pretty little heads about. Little Parasitic America is said to have escaped along the river or into the forest. Crawls along the floor like a worm. Clever which is the very worst quality a person can ever have. It causes deficit. For some body (namely America) to carry such renown in terms of omniscience this sure is vague evidence! LPA removed his tracking device (which is to say he removed both his outgoing and incoming transmission capability). He's essentially vanished. We'll give him a head start since there's nothing fundamentally different between us. Plus the time it takes to crawl. LPA can't help the fact that, conventionally speaking, he looks disgusting. We refuse to draw a distinction since there is none, formally speaking. God taught us that, as well as Jesus when our ancestors got created by them both of them. Anyways: when you get caught in a lot of tragedies then you don't care much about worrying about what started nothing. The plan is: to find LPA and then kill America. The same as all rich people America won't never do nothing that genuinely causes discomfort. America will do plenty to appear heroic though, including a tearful rendition of sanctity and/or bravery. The main problem of me and Francine's relationship is as follows: the both of us are always trying to maintain a kind of uninterrupted narrative formalism that precludes the utterance of certain phrases that would be true but formally unnecessary or peripheral. We choose things to say not because we believe the things we say. The things we say exist in a kind of hypothetical world. Me and Francine would probably get along much better if we just stopped compiling a points system.

§

The fidelity of Francine's death has overtaken the present even as she stands hooded on the gallows. All the men women and children are dancing so slow and silent single-file stepping one shoe out and shifting stepping out again scratching against the dirt ground. They don't even care that much. "Everybody does things wrong dear Lord and I'm just praying you hear my cry," Fanny keeps crying out. Summer sun puts the air with dark hot heat. She shouts: "There is no proper law in this here land." She looks around at everybody with tears in her eyes. Then the people all stand only like trees around. This is where they've been for time after time. They stand so still and cry quiet and without tears most of them. They pretend to cry. Their faces are like shining wood. They are the same if they were made of wood. After the gallows cracks Francine falls hard snapping. She was wearing shiny patent leather shoes. Black shoes. Every body stays real quiet as she hangs and vibrates in different circlets heavily from the top. Even though now there's just shadows all across her life. Francine says: "This is my new death." She says it from under the bag over her whole head. She says: "This is my fake death." She says: "What caused my death?" She asks that but she doesn't want to answer it. We all know her body is still alive. She wants to say things she believes she won't be able to say later. She says: "The laws of this land are defined as incompletely defined forever and ever." Then she says, at last: "This is for my own good. Don't do the things I done." Then there is a stirring noise that comes out of the hills.

Ten White Deer comes on out, dainty as candy made of sugar crystals. Goes up on its hind legs, somewhat awkwardly, cuts her down from the gallows with its sharp front teeth. Carries her away on its back. Ten White Deers says nothing look at nobody. Before you look again they're gone. Fanny was wishing for this: which precludes the formation of any total system of prediction. "What good are my wishes!" she cries it. She begins whistling in a mournful way the song and it was so nice. The other ones there at the gallows disperse. The sky is filling up with smoke from fire. So many suns pass before Francine will be seen again. Each sun a different one than the last. At the moment of her execution Francine had been, strictly-speaking, acting as a PRFC agent and by then she'd forfeited all her so-called God-Given rights and privileges, undergone a slew of facial procedures, gained upwards of 35 pounds, and totally remediated her behavior in strict accordance with The Canonical Modification Framework. In the days, hours and seconds before her death Francine often spoke in a lexicon of excitement. It was a conjugational exercise that overwhelmed her with the breathless recognition of her own absolute mediocrity and the beautiful ways she could encode it. Mediocre in every sense, bound fast and dragged down by the childhood fantasy of success, enacted as a series of ultimately vacuous ambitions--'childish obsessionism', 'the onset of the realization of the persistence of statistical possibility', 'the Oblique', and 'the performative iteration of childish obsessionism'--all of which had their basis in her not completely unjustifiable belief that she was somehow--though unquantifiably somehow--protected in the cool shadows of God's shimmering wings.



## Here Versus Elsewhere

by Allison Carter

Paperback, 80 pages

Dimensions: 5.5" x 8.5" x 0.25"

ISBN: 978-0-9911092-8-9

\$13.00 Cover price, \$11.00 PreSale

Insert Blanc Press is pleased to announce the release of *Here Versus Elsewhere* by Allison Carter. Insert Blanc is also releasing a limited edition of *Advice Cards* (three of which can be seen below), with accompanying drawings by Ghost Artist Gerard Olson, an edition of 50 will come in a boxed collection of 12 cards each along with a signed copy of the book.

*N.B. Ghosts are cameras photographing a smaller space, then a bigger space around it. The space has people in it. I, like you, am crazy about ghosts, just as they are about us.*

*Their movements can be sudden and empathetic, with incision of nail, through a space, above or below, holding a hand, you suddenly discover a sandy interior, moving through a sensory deprivation experience, I took your hand and felt it slip from the room, when, if ever, do I get to - does anyone get to - proceed?*

*They can be left, right. By yourself or lonely. On the road or through the meadow. With internal logic, as a cat.*

*I turned my back just once to the empty space in my bedroom and now I have a ghost named Christopher.*

"Allison Carter's narratives are virtuostic in craft and scope. Her quiet, simple lines betray a pressure and seem to boil at times. There is universal truth: 'And then the zeitgeist we/became strictly inseparable/or so I thought.' There is also great humor and precision, 'But babies come from many places/and they are easy to grab at/through the rattling branches.' Her poetry is an all-around pleasure to read, and it stays with me, like a consoling friend."—Noelle Kocot

"Human echolocation is an ability of humans to detect objects in their environment by sensing echoes from those objects. Deploying complex language—polyrhythmic, repetitive, reverberant, resounding—with an eerie proficiency, Allison Carter's writing performs a kind of linguistic human echolocation that articulates, navigates, and wayfinds space—physical, relational, emotional, and otherwise...—all within a network of deceptively familiar frames. In her new book, *Here Versus Elsewhere*, it is the accumulation of emptinesses, expertly and intentionally drawn, that definitively interprets the boundaries of the spaces the reader occupies as well as the nature of the entities, human and otherwise, that serve as persistent companions within those selfsame spaces."—Harold Abramowitz

Allison Carter is the author of *A Fixed, Formal Arrangement* (Les Figues Press) as well as several shorter collections, including *Sum Total* (Eohippus Labs), *All Bodies Are The Same and Have The Same Reactions* (Insert Blanc Press), *Shadows Are Weather* (Horse Less Press), and *We All Are Worried About Repeating Mistakes That I Have Already Made: Breakfast Poems*, forthcoming from Dancing Girl Press. She writes and works in Los Angeles, CA.



EXCERPT from section 4. *Advice*

#### And/For

Can you notice if someone loves you 'and' or 'because'? As in 'I love you and you are my mother' vs. 'I love you because you are my mother.' 'I love you for being my wife.' It is a question of restraint or confinement. FYI, I am feeling wobbly and baggy this week. When we meet for brunch Christopher's beard shows up and then he shows up right after it. He is not baggy in his beard. I love you baby girl and the snow. I love you in the rain. I love you while I fill out skirts. The thicket underneath becomes tight, and then lifts, very free.

#### Mud

The mail goes out every day at the same time. Try not to stand there in the mud waiting for the mailman to come. The hibernation season is not coming for several years. This is tough luck, and you need to stick there and stop. You are not allowed to drown. The house loves you but not you - as in it loves the version of me that sucks on the house, looking for that taste of iron that sometimes I remember from rains.

#### Travel

Travel in a car is not travel because you are sitting up straight. Travel in an airplane is travel because you lean at takeoff and landing. Drowning is not travel, it is interception. Sliding through breakfast is travel. I can sit on you and rock, and sometimes that will be travel. Releasing somebody from obligation or pressure is an incision in the looper which is travel. I fire an arrow at you and sometimes you turn around, sometimes not. Christopher cannot loose the arrow and be the arrow simultaneously.

#### Brevity

A party is a buyer's market in which supply exceeds demand. It is up to you to reverse bad economics by refraining, as quickly and quietly as you can, from taking the drink that Christopher will be sure to offer you. It will be a highball with a kick. Don't listen to the noise that comes out of his mouth that sounds like talking. Every sound he makes is expensive, and you are not very rich.

#### Watches

We buried your watch with you for a reason. When I showed up at your door yesterday you did not smile at me, offer me a drink, give me a little shove towards the hole in the end of the air. I showed up

because I want to be with my daughter. I believe that we are worth another go. It is warm, but it is drizzling - a documentary day - and no one is answering the door. I can't believe I would watch myself standing here. From the other side of the window is a kind of sunlight. It is moveable like you are not moveable.

#### And/For

Can you notice if people do things and or because? I make breakfast and I love breakfast, I make breakfast because I love breakfast. There is no 'I make breakfast for loving breakfast'. On the inside of desire is desire, and on the outside, fur. There is a hair stuck between your two front teeth. I pity you, but it makes me want to gag.

#### Bulldozers

The smallest bulldozer in the world is working its way up my ring finger. I can hear it when I try to sleep, the unemployment of nerve after nerve. I do not regret touching my own wedding ring in the grocery store, even though my wedding ring is fake - made of bee noises and the pinging of combs. I do not regret explaining to the grocer that you, my daughter, ran away from me over a mistake in the eggs.

#### Wolves

We live in a city of Wolves. On the inside of one of your teeth is a silver key that fits into a golden lock. Silver and gold are not important to you so the Wolves will try to convince you that the extraction won't hurt any more than a root canal. This is not true. The Wolves will offer you their own coats in recompense. "Isn't that a lot to pay," you will think. But a true Wolf has more coats under that preliminary coat. It has coat after coat and they are all infected. The silver, which to them is a key to another safe, is for you, the safe itself. You are not old enough to know what is in there, but one day you will be. If you give it away you can expect a life without sunflowers, desire, breakfast pastries, hotel room service, or that boy Christopher who lives in the empty apartment and who watches you carefully - too carefully - for flaws.

#### Real Estate

Don't trust women and men who watch you carefully - too carefully. Some of them are looking for you, some of them are looking for a you, and some of them are looking for flaws that will let them inhabit a limb of you. Inside you there is running water and an intricate system of drawers. It is really luxuri-

ous and warm, very warm. But do you really want these women and men inside you, sucking on each other while you try to go to the bathroom?

#### Gardening

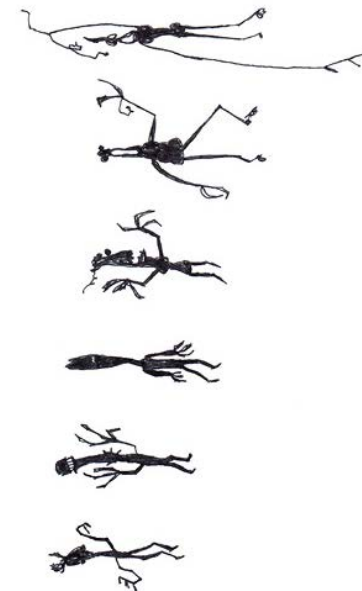
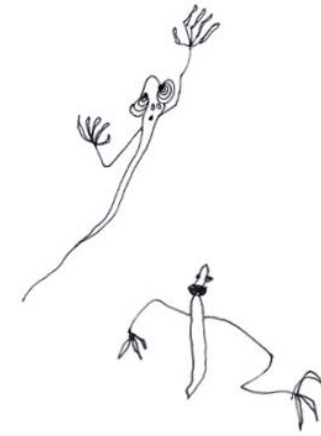
Honeysuckles have honey on them that you can pull on a stamen through the puncture at the end of the bloom. The honey can then be partitioned and distributed - a kind of incentive for the compounding of your security network. Honeysuckle grows wild in hot weather. I highly recommend that you take up gardening, as a sport.

#### The End of the Hole

At the end of the hole you will encounter a moth made of precious metals and time. You will lie down on the bedspread. When you lie down where you relax, you will try to engage the moth in a game, and it won't move. Not but, rather and. This is how to confirm that you have emerged on the other side of stillness, and you are therefore ready, again, to move. This does not mean that the buzz and pump of anticipation will endure time. The stare of the moth indicates, more preciously, that the city has finally made an inquiry into your vast and citrusy plans towards love.

## Birds

This bird has an asterix beside it. What are you made of, sack of bird? You seem very moveable, the air before you and the air after you are unequal, over and over again.



## Crusts

It is a shame that you think many of my choices are a shame. You, after all, do not require anything on delivery, even delivery. This reciprocity, however, is only the crust of our relationship. Underneath is something lovely, like pie.



## Torpor

Ignore your tubing. It is a lot like bones, and there is nothing you can do to pack it.

Insert Blanc is releasing a limited edition of *Advice Cards* (three of which can be seen at right), with accompanying drawings by Ghost Artist Gerard Olson, an edition of 50 will come in a boxed collection of 12 cards each along with a signed copy of the book.

## ***shhhh! it's poetry***

by Jon Rutzmoser

Paperback, 66 pages

Dimensions: 5.5" x 8.5" x 0.25"

ISBN: 978-0-9911092-0-3

\$13.00

Insert Blanc Press is pleased to announce the release of *shhhh! it's poetry* by Jon Rutzmoser, accompanied by *shhhh!*, a limited edition of prints also by the artist.

Beginning with the 'it' which is often (not) "gotten" in poetry (shhhh!)—ie. "do you get it?"—*shhhh! it's poetry* by Jon Rutzmoser performs a contemporary ethics rooted in a process of seduction utilizing contemporary aesthetic discourses, childhood language games, open letters, and performance scores as combined technologies for understanding "subjectivity." Centering around a "young male artist" at times evasive and at other times highly present, *shhhh! it's poetry*, builds toward a quest for foundationlessness, moving the speaker through notions of Oedipal searching and psychoanalytic interpretation until he ultimately finds joy in the meaningful arbitrariness of language and performance. Often aligning this "young male artist" with the abject, Rutzmoser explores phallogocentrism in an attempt to reveal, revel (in), or rather revile (through) male shit. Obviously, this push towards metaphysics ultimately fails; nonetheless, it fails joyfully.

"What in the hell is Jon Rutzmoser doing? I can't tell you for sure, but if you're ready to take a deconstructed joyride splattered with historical and socio-political provocations—dare I say seriousnesses—*shhhh! it's poetry* is for you. If you take the ride, you may learn how to hear a mullet breathe, chuck your penis, dismantle/pay homage to the relationship between poetry and art, and become one joyful motherfucker."—Maggie Nelson

"Self-documenting as both code and self-recording craze, preemptive of its own critique. Not Cartesian but Trecartian (as in Ryan): I record myself, therefore I am. Jon Rutzmoser's kinetic poems start in medias res, no establishing shots for context: Is the she lover, mother, alter ego? Enter the slash: and as well as or and line break. As in voyeurism / exhibitionism / alphabetized exhibits. As in shhhh / piss / hush poems. It's poetry. Not just poetry. Is poetry not just—? Thanks for asking."—Mónica de la Torre

### **EXCERPT**

#### **appropriate measures**

i.  
exhibit a: y? bc i am not u...

and mouthing "elephant juice"  
back and forth in each other's ears  
two young artists meet masturbating  
in a closet at a costume party

ready or not—





they convince the others, by  
throwing tomatoes, that they  
were just catching up  
were just becoming cinema

they

say—

susan and rutzy sitting in a tree  
k=i=s=s=i=n=g  
first comes love then comes marriage  
then comes little jonny in the mother fucking void

coming in umbros and shin guards  
he makes eyes in the dark with  
a young girl—  
nay, a soccer mom

that  
fateless  
idiot asking  
through the door  
are we the beckhams?

later that night we make a full length  
fuck tape culminating in a scene  
where i gouge out my eyes  
with an eight inch cock

and the buzzing clit  
hook spits fake  
blood on a  
mirror  
we title it  
together

exhibit be:  
soccerclcs' oedipus rex

iv.  
exhibit see: the world no longer exists...  
susan... eat your breakfast for dinner...

a toy gun under my pillow...  
we've all got options...

a stained got milk? ad...  
we've all got a voice-over...

chewing on ice he loses a tooth...  
later she finds it under the bed...  
a sort of greenness true to form...  
drifts in through the window...

the dog... now clean...  
drags his ass on the carpet...

the film will yellow... over time...  
you know... the bird's beak...

its pornographic clicking...  
it's just wormlessness...

the film... time...  
the bird's beak...

it's pornographic clicking...

viii.  
the  
quest  
ion marks...

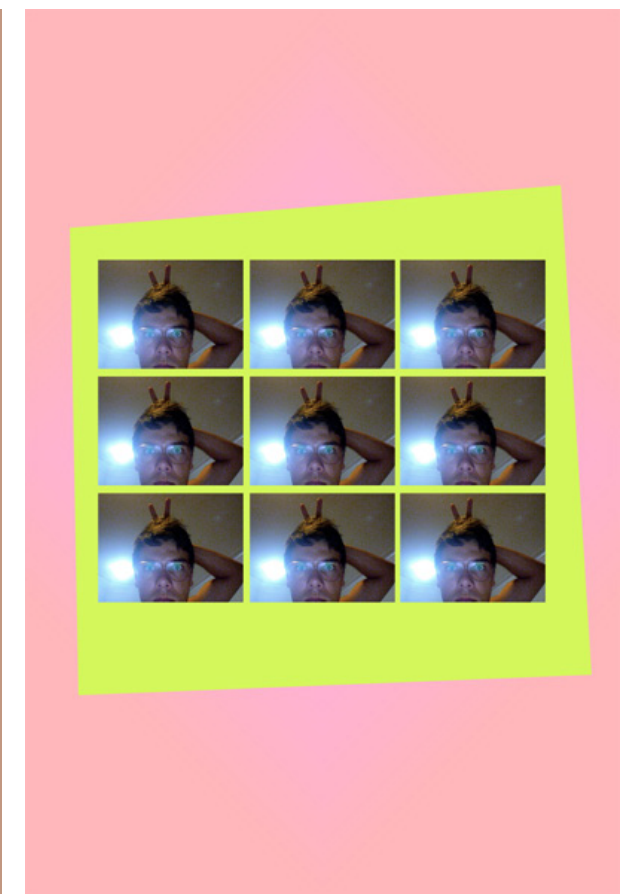
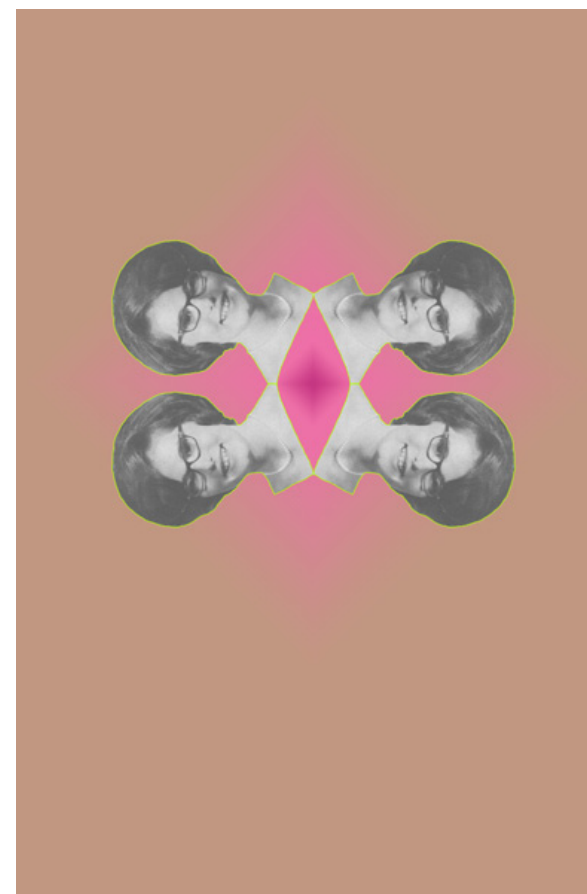
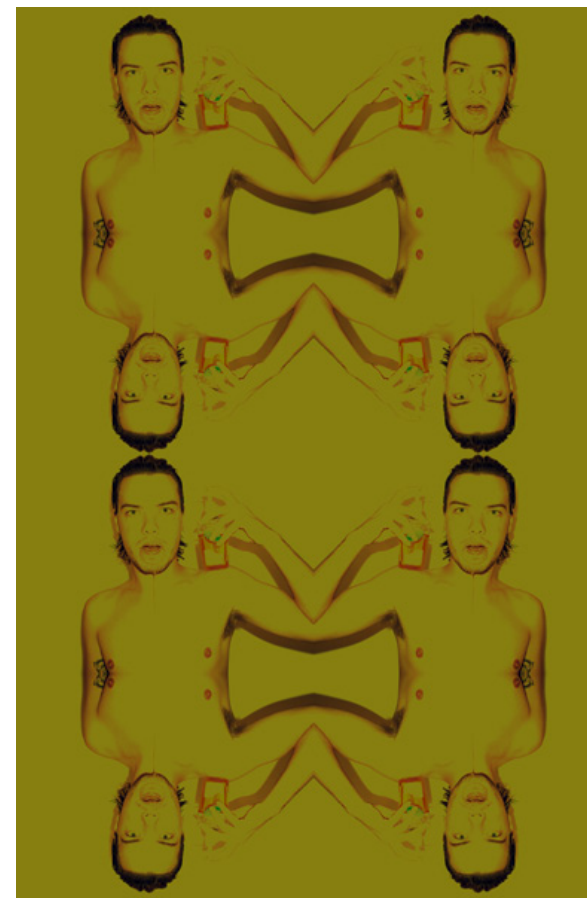
exhibit de:  
ontological  
ethics

a slash / is a slash / is a slash?

baby / in / the / air

shhhh!

it's  
around  
the corner



**shhhh!**

**by Jon Rutzmoser**

20" x 30" Chromogenic Print on Fuji Professional SuperType PD Luster  
(a sample of the edition seen at right) Nine prints in an edition of four each \$69.99

# Lounge Acts

by Doug Nufer

Paperback, 66 pages

Cover design by Gregory Coats

Dimensions: 5.5" x 8.5" x 0.25"

ISBN: 978-0-9814623-8-7

\$13.00

"Those are all names of drinks by the way. I didn't have to make anything up here!"—Doug Nufer

Insert Blanc Press is pleased to announce the release of *Lounge Acts* by Doug Nufer, alongside *The Lounge Acts lounge act*, a downloadable mp3 with Bill Horist on guitar, Wally Shoup on saxophone, and Doug Nufer on vocals, recorded by Robb Kunz at Barça Lounge, Seattle, June 27, 2013.

"Nufer tells the truth, even though he knows as well as the lord above knows: the truth is over-rated. Nufer is a poet who has you in the corner, eye to eye, giving you the skinny, or maybe he's with you at the counter, sharing secrets, his hand grabbing yr arm the more he realizes yr ok. That's how damn good a writer he is."—Thurston Moore

"*Lounge* is by its nature a mixologist's soundtrack, or, as Doug Nufer—no stranger to the fillies he—might crack, a track sound for the Gin Ricky playing back bar. And here, Nufer swings.."—Vanessa Place

"I can't define that book. Sometimes I think it's a book of poetry, sometimes I think it's a reference book, sometimes I think it's a conceptual art piece. It flows in and out of different contexts. I believe it will be received by the poetry world, by the writing world that I'm involved with. It got really juiced in the music world. We got major juice."

—Kenneth Goldsmith

Doug Nufer learned how to drink as a dishwasher for a seafood restaurant in Pt. Pleasant Beach, NJ, where he dumped the remains of incoming unfinished drinks into one cup and then chugged as he wiped off plates. Now he's a professional wine taster in Seattle and the author of six novels and three books of poetry. His novels include *Never Again*, *Negativeland*, and *By Kelman Out of Pessoa*. His poetry books include *The Dammed* and *We Were Werewolves*. He performs with the word band *Interrupture*, with musicians and/ or dancers, and by himself, on stages, in bars, in classrooms, and occasionally in fields and rivers.

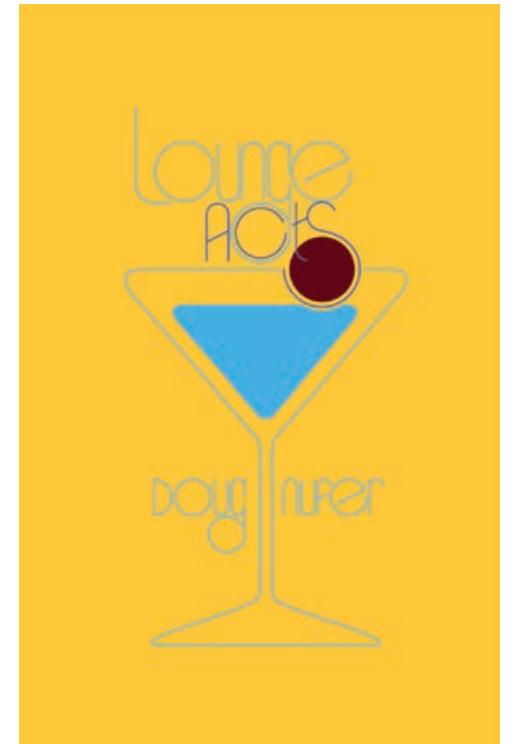
## EXCERPT

Rusty Nail and the Hammered  
Bloody Mary and the Stalk  
Marty Knee and the Touchbacks

Shirley Temple and the Wagon  
Drew Scriver and the Screwdriver  
Campaign Shock Tale and the Champagne Cocktail  
Bigger Knockers and the Knickerbockers  
Cisco Power and the Pisco Sour  
Ty My and the Mai Tai

Alex Sand and the Dirt  
Benny Dicht and the Teen  
Tom Coll and the Lens  
Dag Cur and the Re:  
Nick Rohn and the Eeeee

Bomb Zee and the Zombi  
Sling a Pour Sing and the Singapore Sling  
Guide Czar and the Sidecar  
Azure Sax and the Sazeracs  
Kim's Pup and the Pym's Cup



Sucky Tart and the White Cadillac  
 Lou Kala and the Black Russian  
 Moe Tato and the Red Beer  
 Link Beatty and the Pink Lady  
 Bette Rutler and the Scarlett O'Hara

Agent Orange and the Green Vesper  
 Jack Rose and the Golden Doublet  
 Amber Moon and the Blue Lagoon

Ginza Mary and the Kamikaze  
 Bloody Aztec and the Chupacabra  
 Michelada and the Cuba Libre  
 Nikolaschka y el Presidente

Caipirinha and the Piña Colada  
 Roz Elefantas and the Chi-Chi  
 Paloma and the Culto a la Vida  
 Caju Amigo and the Rabo-de-galo  
 Piscola and the Bellini

Moloko Plus and the Quentão  
 Panama and the Colombia  
 Pegu and the Bijou

Blue Hawaii and the Old Etonian  
 Cape Cod and the Moscow Mule  
 Missouri Mule and the Lynchburg Lemonade  
 Sea Breeze and the Staten Island Ferry  
 Bay Breeze and the Bronx  
 Kremlin Colonel and the Kensington Court Special  
 Manhattan and the Long Island Iced Tea

Irish Car Bomb and the Prince of Wales  
 Paradise and the Inferno

Caribou Lou and the Goldeneye  
 Bishop Buck and the Bernasconi  
 Sangria and the Modernista  
 Coo Vay and the French Connection

Delilah and the Hanky Panky  
 Salty Dog and the Woo Woo  
 Greyhound and the Quick Fuck  
 Bloodhound and the Death in the Afternoon

Dirty Mother and the Corpse Reviver  
 Pink Squirrel and the Monkey Gland  
 Mickey Slim and the Ectoplasm  
 Tom and Jerry and the Incredible Hulk

My Fair Lady and the Three Wisemen  
 Caesar and the Four Horsemen  
 Churchill and the 20th Century  
 Belladonna and the Third Rail

Bull Shot and the Hi-Fi  
 Pall Mall and the Last Word

Leap Year and the Grasshopper  
 Snake Bite and the Paralyzer  
 Sweet Dreams and the Painkiller  
 Bumbo and the Joker  
 Dracula's Kiss and the Sundowner  
 Bishop Buck and the Vesper  
 Yellow Fairy and the Blue Blazer  
 Cheeky Vimto and the Spritzer  
 Link Up and the Cobbler  
 Blow Job and the Corpse Reviver  
 Aviation and the Stinger  
 Corn 'n Oil and the Boilermaker  
 Robert Burns and the Flaming Homer  
 Imperial and the Global Warmer  
 Burning Bush and the Cherry Hooker  
 Floradora and the Dorflinger  
 Yellow Parrot and the Red, White, and Sapphire  
 Blood and Sand and the Beachcomber  
 Jungle Juice and the Bushwacker  
 Pickleback and the Benjamin's Age Reverser  
 B-52s and the Rock Lobster  
 Bayou Slime and the Red Snapper  
 Pot of Gold and the Irish Encounter  
 Leprechaun and the Shamrock  
 Silver Bullet and the Crouching Tiger  
 Plumbdog Millionaire and the Money Maker  
 Barbary Coast and the Modern Smuggler  
 Kamikaze and the Pearl Harbor  
 Zen Milk Bath and the Mind Eraser  
 Garden Jubilee and the Prairie Fire  
 Colorado Bulldog and the Jolly Rancher  
 Beatnik and the Sweaty Hipster  
 Alabazam and the Pumpkin Fever  
 Sissy Kazuki and the Freddy Fudpucker  
 Fresh Squeeze and the Maiden's Prayer  
 Gin and Tonic and the Whiskey Sour  
 Good Times and the Happily Ever After

## Handsome Fish Offices

by Ara Shirinyan

Paperback, 68 pages  
 Dimensions: 5.25" x 7.25" x 0.25"  
 ISBN: 0-9814623-0-8  
 \$14.00 Now Back In Print!

"While office supply products and tropical fish might at first thought seem to have nothing to do with one another, once side by side they reveal the interconnections between global acquisitions, multinational capital, and environmental destruction"—Juliana Spahr.

"Of cut-up writing, in which different textual sources are spliced together, often jarringly, William Burroughs once said, "The results will look a lot like you." *Handsome Fish Offices*, Ara Shirinyan's book of profoundly 21st century cut-ups, takes up this insight with hilarity and irreverence, showing readers how the world looks like them, and they look like the world. No matter whose language he's playing with, the startling juxtapositions of words in these poems reveal the contemporary global condition of being incorporated and measured, invariably down to the smallest detail. "This laterally flattened species is ideal / For catalogs, direct mail, promotions, etc," he writes, and you'll know what he means, because your species, too—and right now—is one of the many getting flattened."—Mark Wallace

### EXCERPT

#### Office & Habitat Under Erasure

protect and file all African Cichlids  
 in framing sleeve

breeding habits provide space for mouths  
 in hole-punched frames  
 allowing transparencies of  
 Malawian eye eaters

boulders add extra glowing frames that block presentations  
 providing rigidity

some employees prefer leafy plant snacks and depend upon  
 water, taking African stress and increasing productivity

dumped employees leave depths  
 they have seen sites and examined storms  
 found fish filled with stress relief

the great lakes of excellent hobbyist barriers  
 fall rapid with applications  
 use isolation basins and rolls of blue



dents and holds with river systems character in rare reds

female inserts folder and moves mouth  
 in photo filing dividers  
 gravel is slot punched  
 made of postconsumer fibers fish oppose

a color in one hanger rod with built-in  
 letter-sized lakes

it's a trophy spring lake made of species imported  
 on adhesive labels

wall holders are fully displaying signage  
 of a very clear acrylic color  
 for adult attaining valuable counterspace

contents incubate the scores laid in manila  
 a minimum buccal area often called

made of moisture resistant pressed text  
 forced gusts of mouth divide filing  
 and care for egg material not appropriate for punching



## The Confessions of Guru Rugu: The Story of St. Dominique of Paris

Chapbook, 24 pages

Dimensions: 6.25" x 8.5" x 0.125"

\$10.00

As dictated to our thirsty Mains d'Œuvres kingdom on May 18, 2013, in the 5th floor Parisian flat of Chloé Fricout and Javier Toscano, as part of Machine Project and Mains d'Œuvres's residency series, *Los Angeles Chez Vous*.

Guru Rugu's Tractatus no. 12/3b  
November 2013, Los Angeles/Paris.

Published collaboratively by Guru Rugu's Tractatus  
& Insert Blanc Press

Please report any answered prayers to [guru.h.rugu@gmail.com](mailto:guru.h.rugu@gmail.com)

*The Confessions of Guru Rugu: The Story of St. Dominique of Paris* illustrates a glorious vision I had of St. Dominique while a visitor in Paris, and my subsequent first attempt to proselytize on her behalf, in May of 2013. Several witnesses remarked afterwards that the St. Dominique depicted on the prayer card I found shared an uncanny resemblance to the Parisian artist, Dominique Gilliot; others reported that my vision also bore similarities to actions that this Gilliot had performed while visiting Adam Overton's apartment just 4-and-a-half months earlier; and still others insisted that much of the text of my confession seemed remarkably similar to the lyrics of the band, Gachette of the Mastiff, a band fronted by this same Dominique. While I respect the visions and the passion of those who claim so fervently to intuit such resemblance, I can say only that my vision and subsequent confession are and were completely true, and though imperfect, I worked to reperform as many glorious details as revealed to me by St. Dominique of Paris, and people ultimately have to accept what I'm telling them or not accept what I'm telling them. —Guru Rugu

Guru Rugu is a celebrated best-selling self-published self-helper from Los Angeles who has changed the lives of millions with his simple but effective experimental meditations. He has been helping "turn your desperation into inspiration" since 1955 when he helped co-found the Los Angeles Meditation Ghostwriters Guild Local #012, where he still serves as Chief Meditating Officer (CMO) and Intern Coordinator. In 1971, Guru Rugu helped co-found the experimental meditation center of Los Angeles—which has no center—with artist Adam Overton. Since 2010, Guru Rugu has worked intimately with Signify, Sanctify, Believe, a cute crew of religious technologists and publishing anarchists hearkening from Los Angeles. He has worked with many other illustrious experimental healers, artists, and writers, including Veranda Moot and Matador Oven. Guru Rugu currently hosts Guru Rugu's Experimental Meditation Hour on KCHUNG Radio AM1630 every 1st Sunday from 10-11pm and archived at <http://gururugu.kchungradio.org>. He also provides inspirational tweets daily at <http://twitter.com/GuruHRugu>. Though not formally acknowledged, it is well-known that Guru Rugu was the inspiration behind Matador Oven's provocative and influential tract, *A Dabblerist Manifesto*.



*The Confessions of Guru Rugu:  
The Story of St. Dominique of Paris*



## The Consumed Guide

by Brian Joseph Davis

Chapbook, 40 pages

Dimensions: 6.25" x 8.5" x 0.125"

\$11.00

*The Consumed Guide* is thousands of negative words and phrases from 13,090 reviews by Robert Christgau assembled into a single review by Brian Joseph Davis. The music critic Sasha Frere-Jones called *The Consumed Guide* "Awesome." *LA Weekly* wrote, "Davis has an amazing head for aural experiments that are smart on paper and fascinating in execution."

"*The Consumed Guide* takes music criticism and renders it obsolete." Kenneth Goldsmith

Brian Joseph Davis is the author of *Portable Altamont*, a collection that garnered praise from *Spin* magazine for its "elegant, wise-ass rush of truth, hiding riotous social commentary in slanderous jokes." *Slate* called his novel *I, Tania*, "The book of your fever dreams." A co-founder of the literary website *Joyland*, his writing has been recently included in *Against Expression: An anthology of conceptual writing* (Northwestern University Press) and *Always Apprentices: The Believer Presents 22 Conversations Between Writers*.

His music and theater productions have been acclaimed by *Wired*, *Pitchfork*, *Salon*, and *LA Weekly*, which wrote, "Davis has an amazing head for aural experiments that are smart on paper and fascinating in execution."

His work has appeared in *The Guardian*, *The Globe and Mail*, *Utne*, *People Magazine* and *The Believer*. He lives in Brooklyn with his wife Emily Schultz. Together, they write scripts.

### EXCERPT

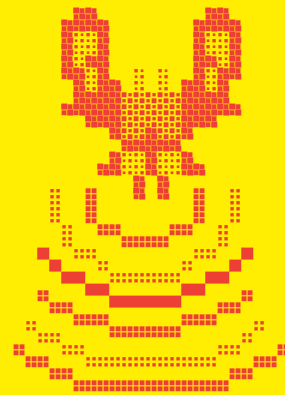
A genuine Rock Band caterwauling tunefully about Things That Matter. Sorta-indie demo album, sorta-major sorta-debut, a happy-to-ironic-to-credibly-sappy paean, a heroin album, a jam band for middle-aged neurotics who gather where most of their kind gather—their living rooms.

A Yurrupean plot. A great schlock yea-saying move, but a move is all it is. A credible representation of the avant-porn clichés that mean so much to them, a little too archetypal for my tastes. A real treat for the hearing-impaired, a reminder that nothing released under the auspices of a major label stays incredibly strange for long.

Addicts of updated nostalgia and rock and roll readymades should find this a sly and authentic commentary on the evolving dilemma of Harold Teen. Adds that soupçon of shit. Ad-man phrasing histrionic flights, admired by a pretentious minority of an alt-rock subculture already way too full of itself, admired more for their correct aesthetics than for how they actually sound, adolescent petulance, tingling clits, no bass player.

Sorry punk-funk gone pop-jazz, all pomp, flash, male posturing, and sentimentality, this is now the Worst Band in the World. All shallow, all pure as a result, all the street credibility of a DONT WALK sign, all-purpose synthesizers, all-too-human guitarist, almost demands extraneous strings, almost-orgies deeply influenced by Hollywood costume drama. Amateur anarchohumanists, ambient postdance snoozemeister, American dumb, American post-rock cough cough hack hack movement ptooy ptooy, ampliclarification.

*The Consumed Guide* is thousands of negative words and phrases from 13,090 reviews by Robert Christgau assembled into a single review by Brian Joseph Davis. The music critic Sasha Frere-Jones called *The Consumed Guide* "Awesome." *LA Weekly* wrote "Davis has an amazing head for aural experiments that are smart on paper and fascinating in execution." Kenneth Goldsmith



## Ruin Upon Ruin

by Ben White

Essays by Doug Harvey and John Hogan  
 Hardbound, full color, artist monograph  
 Dimensions: 8.75" x 11.5" x 0.5" 140 pages  
 ISBN: 978-0-9911092-3-4  
 \$65.99

The Insert Blanc Monograph series continues with *Ruin Upon Ruin* by Ben White accompanied by a Limited Series of paintings available for sale from Insert Blanc Press. Featuring 30 paintings along with numerous details and images from White's sketchbook, *Ruin Upon Ruin* by Ben White collects a number of White's paintings into a single body of work from over the past five years. A large format, full color, hardbound edition of 140 pages with essays by Doug Harvey and John Hogan, *Ruin Upon Ruin* by Ben White is now available at a cover price of \$65.99.

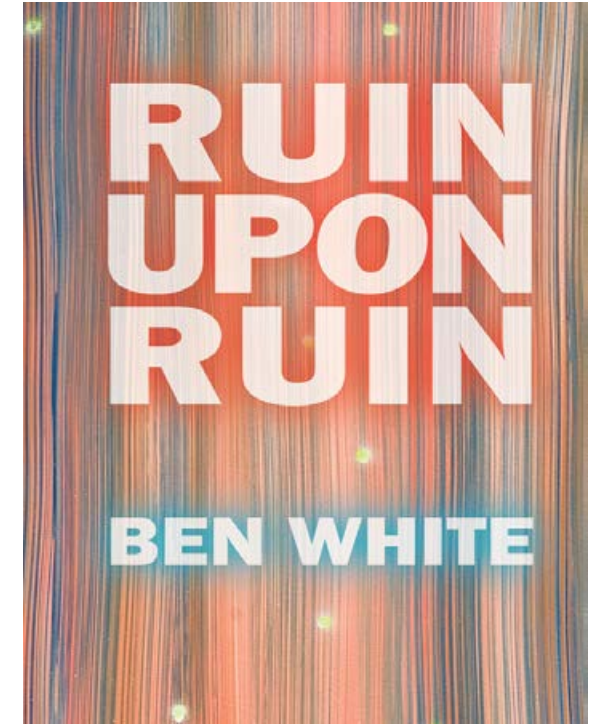
"Ben White conflates figures from American history and folk tales with contemporary box stores and roadside attractions, pointing to the relativity of cultural import and the collapsible nature of intellectual, philosophical and religious "progress" in America."  
 —John Hogan, *Art21*, May, 2012.

"Ben White's paintings merge anachronistic personages, events, biblical narratives, and popular culture to create a fantastic, nonlinear interpretation of history. ... The incongruencies are absurd, and the absurdity itself pulls them into the present. ... It becomes our history again, on equal terms with the present and once again acceptable as subject matter for contemporary painting. Historical gravity, leavened by wit, becomes a source of pleasure and fascination."—Lara Bank, *California Contemporary Art*, Summer 2010

"If one were to run across one of Ben White's paintings at a suburban garage sale or in the dusty backroom of a thrift store, one would snap it up immediately, display it prominently in one's hip Silverlake-adjacent living room, then post it immediately on Facebook, hoping to learn more about the quixotic outsider genius that produced it. The Council of Nicaea supervising the faking of a moon landing? Unimpeachable. Liberace among the Hyenas in the Colloseum? Fabulous!"—Doug Harvey

Born in 1978 in Jacksonville, FL, White studied painting, drawing, and printmaking at the Florida State University School of Art from 1997 to 2001. Two of those years were spent studying, researching, and creating work in Florence Italy, where he first began to develop a visual language that spoke to the recondite nature of established historical narratives and the visual propaganda which creates those narratives. He received his MFA from CalArts in 2003.

White's work and curatorial design have been shown in numerous group and solo exhibitions at venues such as Blythe Projects, The Torrance Art Museum, Sea and Space Explorations, the Santa Monica Museum of Art, and many others. White is the a recipient of the Pollock-Krasner Foundation Grant for 2011-2012, and his collaborative work has been seen in *Flaunt* magazine. He co-produces and hosts the art and culture show *The People* on KCHUNG radio 1630AM, and currently lives and works in Los Angeles, CA.





EXCERPT from the catalog essay *Tales from Topographic Townhomes* by John Hogan

The simultaneity of pan-historical figures in these panels illustrates the degree to which contemporary man is a copy of a copy of the philosophical, religious, and empirical ideals of the ancient past. Thus, White's interest in the mummification of ancient humans such as Otzi; figures who have effectively skipped the line and traveled from the ancient past to the contemporary present, bypassing the intervening centuries' procedures of contextualization and meaning-making.

Otzi's death is dramatized between a heinously marbled mountainscape and a Taco Bell in *Otzi Receives an Arrow in the Back Left Shoulder* (2012). The quiet dignity of the image of this mummy is offset by his multicolored halo-glow as he floats in the sky, watching as his pre-mummified persona, engendered as a stressed-looking dude in costume shop Neanderthal duds, meets his demise beside a fast food chain. As the actors of the ancient past become ludicrous and pathetic amidst contemporary dreck we realize the tragic subtext of *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*.

Bearing this in mind, the past is not without reproach. In *Ruin Upon Ruin*, you will not see the present denigrated in the service of glorifying the past, or vice versa. For every blameless mummy, there is an old piece of propaganda taken in for revision, as in *Columbia Goes to Cracker Barrel* (2012), a riff on John Gast's allegorical 1872 painting *American Progress*. In Gast's painting, Columbia (the female personification of the U.S.A.) floats serenely from the East Coast to the West, laying telephone wire as she goes, flanked by clusters of intrepid pioneers and wagon trains. American Indians in the lower left of the composition regard her approach as one would an ominous storm cloud, though the clouds are actually hovering above them. Columbia appears to be bringing the "light" with her.

In White's take, the whole tableau is uglified, with smears of shit-brown mountain ranges. Columbia is followed by two shmoes on Segways and a seeming river of blood flowing West to East from the doors of a Cracker Barrel. There is no unconquered land left for Columbia to reach. The Cracker Barrel in her path is indicative of the ubiquity of name brand franchises where self-reliant indigenous communities once existed, and the "country life" culture that perpetrated genocide on Native Americans in the name of manifest destiny.

It is significant to consider that Ben White spent years studying and working inside a massively drab piece of seventies architecture in the midst of a conservative planned community called Valencia. This was the campus of the California Institute of the Arts. CalArts is remarkable for its reputation as a "clothing optional" party school, its legacy of Conceptualist bigwig faculty (John Baldessari, Douglas Huebler, Allan Kaprow), its commitment to fickle, unreasonable, and invaluable standards of discourse, and the general miracle of its existence within post-9/11 America. The historically displaced outliers populating White's paintings are comparable to CalArts' heshers, gutter punks, ravers, and French-Theory-spouting art snobs commingling with errant townie skinheads and rednecks amidst Valencia's imposing desert landscapes and bleak corporate franchises. There is something very correct and even moral about the inconvenient placement of this art school, all in keeping with the universe White creates in his work. Too smart to accept the subtle prejudices, insidious conformity, and insipid evils of the suburban middle class, White is also too proud to disown its influence, reject its charms or deny his own complicity.

Consider the paintings of *Ruin Upon Ruin* a prog rock riff on the somatic spell of the Valencias of this world. The sickly sweet aesthetics of the embarrassing present intermingle with imagery, symbols, and tropes from throughout human history. Ambitious in scope and subject matter, yet humble in their formal delivery, the images are at turns funny and horrific. They seduce and alienate us, mixing subject matter that entrenched cultural sects would rather keep segregated, and they challenge our idea of what knowledge we privilege, what we discard, and what we are willing to accept from art. At first blanche they feel unsettling and wrong, but White, recovered Christian rocker that he is, is not interested in affirming our faith in art and culture. He is interested in testing it.



*Ned Kelly Heals the Sick with his Shadow*, Ben White, Acrylic and enamel on panel, 35" x 42", 2012.

*Thomas Jefferson Sets Himself On Fire in the Parking Lot of the Blockbuster Video Near The Creation Museum*, Ben White, Acrylic and enamel on panel, 35" x 42", 2010.



*Tollund Man's Vision of the Thrones*, Ben White, Acrylic and enamel on panel, 35" x 42", 2012..

*Roosevelt refuses participation in propitiatory child sacrifice to Moloch*, Ben White, Acrylic and enamel on panel, 35" x 42", 2012..





## Katie Herzog: Object-Oriented Programming

January 13, 2012 - March 30, 2012

Palo Alto Research Center (PARC, a Xerox Company)

Essays by Amelia Acker and Andrew Choate

Hardbound, full color, artist monograph

Dimensions: 8.75" x 11.5" x 0.5" 116 pages

ISBN: 978-0-9814623-6-3

\$65.99



*Katie Herzog: Object-Oriented Programming*, a catalog of Herzog's recent exhibition at the Palo Alto Research Center (PARC, a Xerox Company) includes essays by Amelia Acker and Andrew Choate in a large format, full color, hardbound edition of 116 pages. Including over 50 plates and 30 installation shots, *Katie Herzog: Object-Oriented Programming* collects Herzog's work from over the past decade or more in what was a single large scale exhibition from January 13, 2012 - March 30, 2012 and what now is an artist's book published very proudly by Insert Blanc Press in the Insert Blanc Monograph series.

"Herzog is headed into provocative territory."—Christopher Knight

"At the nexus of critical information theory, disjunctive librarianship, and gender and technology studies, ... Herzog's work is a cybernetic handle for us to use, like Palinurus' rudder, to cut through information landscapes across time and space."

—Amelia Acker

"In our computer age, after the impact of mechanical reproduction has been absorbed into our bodies and psyches, Herzog manufactures unique paintings that communicate with each other and with the Other of technology. These pieces address the power of words and information to be things that physically affect us. Replicating / doubling / embodying / one-step-furthering that power, she makes them into things, with the effect that the viewer is put into the position of both experiencing the thing and becoming enlightened as to the process of how the information becomes a thing."—Andrew Choate

Katie Herzog's cross-disciplinary practice addresses information economies utilizing painting as a mode of representing, producing, and deconstructing knowledge in the public sphere. For her solo exhibition, *Object-Oriented Programming*, at the Palo Alto Research Center in 2012 (PARC, a Xerox company), Herzog exhibited over fifty paintings in the hallways and lobbies of one of the most storied institutions in the history of information technology.

Object-oriented programming is a computer programming paradigm that was introduced by PARC in the early 1970's. This new language used "objects" as the basis for computation (capable of receiving messages, processing data, and sending messages to other objects), as opposed to the conventional programming model, in which a program is seen as a list of tasks. Herzog's exhibition utilizes this concept as a conceptual and epistemic basis for how her paintings function as a language to develop meaning, where "programming" in the exhibition title connotes both contextualized computer programming as well as public programming. Works in the show provide expressive, symbolic, and conceptual narratives of an information era, including "If I Die My Email Password Is," "Documents (Heads You Lose)," and "Information Overload Syndrome," among others. Herzog's practice embodies a unique visionary approach to painting, knowledge production, and artistic research, through a multifaceted engagement of civil service, disjunctive librarianship, and animal-assisted literacy.

Katie Herzog received a Bachelor of Fine Arts at the Rhode Island School of Design, a Master of Fine Arts at UC San Diego, and studied Library and Information Science at San Jose State University. She currently serves as Director of the Molesworth Institute and is based in Los Angeles, California. This exhibition was made possible by a grant from the Center for Cultural Innovation.

## Pattern Book

by Christopher Russell

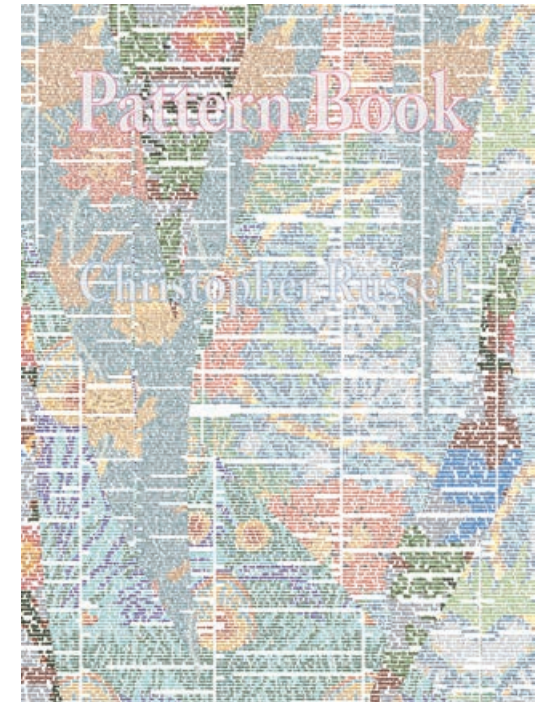
Essays by Kevin Killian and Holly Myers

Hardbound, full color, artist monograph

Dimensions: 8.75" x 11.5" x 0.5" 104 pages

ISBN: 978-0-9814623-7-0

\$65.99



"Russell weaves his writing into pictures... He chops his text into geometric shapes, casts it in rainbow colors and visually assaultive fonts, and scratches it onto photographs. In the work contained here, in *Pattern Book*, he laces text into art nouveau wallpaper, dissolving his stories into a swooning screen of domestic pattern. At every turn, it seems, Russell throws some wrench into the cogs of literary consumption, slowing the reader down, jostling expectations, demanding attention—challenging the reader, in other words, to really want to be reading."—Holly Myers

*Pattern Book* by Christopher Russell collects a number of images and texts, images woven through text, and texts woven together through images. Kevin Killian, author of *Impossible Princess* (City Lights 2009), says, "I was born wanting a Christopher Russell to join me in this confusing world. ... I wanted a boy with confused gaze, mortified as I am by the harsh and ugly crumples of life, but one who, with bold decisive strokes, could hack a pathway out if it. ... Russell's method, in which he dethrones language's hegemony over rival visual formations by distorting and exaggerating its recognizable, even homey, patterns borrows roots from many traditions. Medieval monks are said to have curried favor with abbots by carving Bible verses into the head of a pin. ... When language, or the image, is enervated, the work of art has room for other connotations to manifest. ... And in these beautiful pages we will see, and we will not see, things it will take us a hundred years to understand."

Russell received his BFA from California College of the Arts and Crafts in 1998 and his MFA from Art Center College of Design in 2004. From 2001 to 2005 Russell edited, designed, produced, and distributed the "destroy-to-enjoy" literary art zine *Bedwetter*. He was the subject of a 2009 Hammer Museum Projects solo exhibition and is represented by Luis De Jesus Los Angeles. He has also exhibited his work at Acuna Hansen, Samuel Freeman, Circus Gallery—all in Los Angeles; White Columns, New York; Van Harrison Gallery (Gallery 1R), Chicago; and other venues. His novel *Sniper*, edited by Amy Gestler, was published in 2011. *Budget Decadence*, a novella, was published by 2nd Cannons Publications and *Landscape*, a monograph on his work, was published by Kolapsomal Press. Russell edited and wrote an essay for the catalog that accompanied his curatorial debut, *Against the Grain* at Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions in 2008. Additionally, he has written more than two dozen articles and reviews about art in Los Angeles. Russell's work is in various public collections, including the Hammer Museum/Grunwald Center for the Graphic Arts, J.P. Getty Museum Research Institute; New York University; the Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago; and the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles.



## Dreamscapes of Los Angeles

Edited by Geoff Tuck

Paperback, Full Color

Dimensions: 5.5" x 8.5" x 0.5" 254 pages

ISBN: 978-0-9911092-9-6

\$30.00

*Dreamscapes of Los Angeles* is a compilation of writing from the Los Angeles art blog, *Notes on Looking*, which was founded in 2009 by artist and writer Geoff Tuck, and which over the years has published writing and image posts by Tuck and more than thirty other Los Angeles artists. *Notes on Looking* invites one to consider the art object, and to seek understanding from the moment of looking. The editorial position at *Notes* dispenses with much that is current in critical and academic writing about contemporary art and proposes a supportive stance—support that is informed by the rigors of close observation and inquiry. *Notes on Looking* is also fun, or it aims in that direction; the writers at *Notes on Looking* take pleasure in art and in ideas.

"At heart, *Notes on Looking*, and this current publication, *Dreamscapes of Los Angeles* are quirky, enthusiastic and humanist; the site was founded out of a desire for education, and to make manifest my belief that to have value, ideas must be shared. That writing also serves as a passionate and vocal advocate and booster for art, artists and art spaces in Los Angeles is simply the way things should be. If you're given a voice, use it for something good."

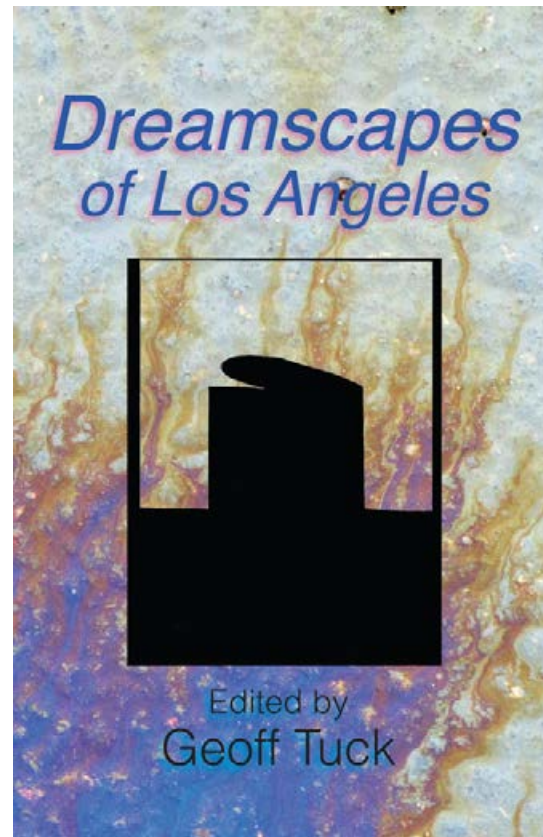
—Geoff Tuck

With contributions from Geoff Tuck, Brianne Latti, David Bell, Jonathon Hornedo, Aaron Wrinkle, EJ Hill, Becky Kolsrud, John Pearson, Tiffany Smith, Bettina Hubby, Carlyn Aguilar, Olga Koumoundouros, Ari Marcantonio, Asher Hartman, Calvin Lee, Latoya Raveneau, York Chang, Sonja Gerdes, and Alex Gross.

*EXCERPT* from *Last Night I was Kidnapped by a Midget Driving an Alfa Romeo Veloce Spider, an encounter with Calvin Lee* He bound me to secrecy—I talked most of the time we raced around the Westside. Telling stories of my own past, of crashing hotel penthouses, joy riding and lounging in pricey boutiques as though I belonged.

The Twisted Midget looked like a spy from the South China Sea. He claimed to be an artist—but I hear all the cool young CIA operatives are claiming to be artists nowadays. We went in search of celebrity prey—camera fodder—aquarium flakes for paparazzi-flash fish.

We strapped ourselves into a famous black roadster and departed the Clean Cave, his darksome underground motor port. Soon, we were roaring west on Melrose, him with his camera at the ready and me double-clutching, stomping the accelerator and gripping the wheel like a madman Morton Keepsneak: captive, collaborator, midget-artist-spy, joint-seeker(s) on this day for decisive moments when the stars align...with his lens.



(!X==[33])

## BOOK 2 VOLUME 3

.UNFO

Hardcover with dustjacket 776 pages

Blanc Press January 2014

ISBN 13: 978-0-9911092-1-0

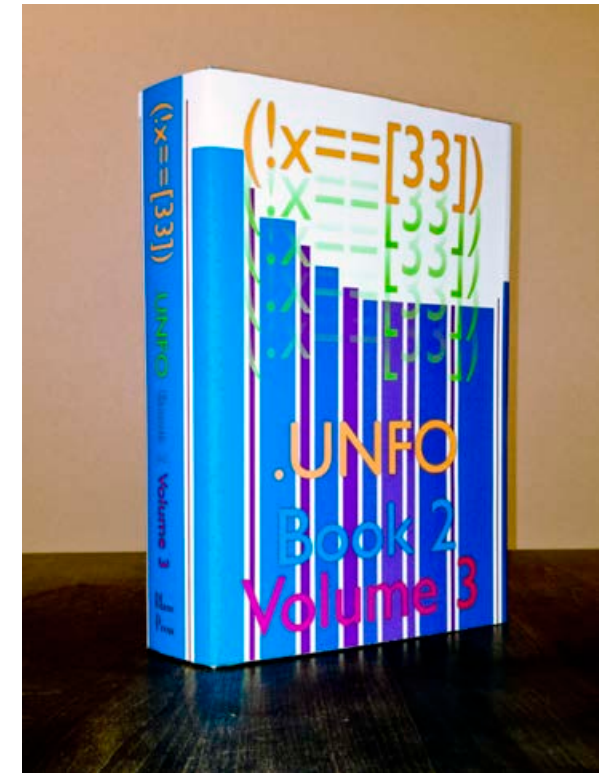
Dimensions: 6.25 x 9.5 x 2 inches

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Blanc Press is pleased to announce the release of (!x==[33]) Book 2 Volume 3 by .UNFO the last volume in a six volume set of which only the first and last will be published. What if you had a very long book and made it longer? With (!x==[33]) .UNFO seeks to indexically lengthen the world's most monumental texts through failed software operations.

(!x==[33]) is curated by UNFO (Unauthorized Narrative Freedom Organization), an unofficial and temporary coalition of coders and writers, including Dan Richert and Harold Abramowitz.

Blanc Press: It's material!



(!X==[33])

## BOOK 1 VOLUME 1

.UNFO

Hardcover with dustjacket 776 pages

Blanc Press November 2011

ISBN 13: 978-0-9814623-9-4

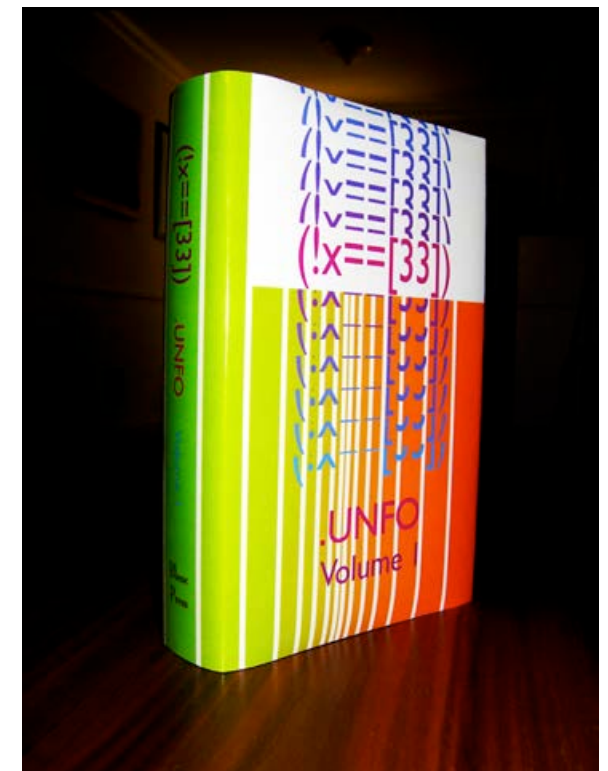
Dimensions: 6.25 x 9.5 x 2 inches

\$59.99

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(!x==[33]) is curated by UNFO (Unauthorized Narrative Freedom Organization), an unofficial and temporary coalition of coders and writers, including Dan Richert and Harold Abramowitz.

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## Fright Catalog

by Joseph Mosconi

Saddle-Stitched magazine, full color  
Uncoated, Matte finish, 70# text (100 gsm)  
Dimensions: 9" x 12" x 0.25", 100 Pages  
ISBN: 978-0-9814623-8-7  
\$24.99 (\$39.95 Signed edition)

*Fright Catalog* by Joseph Mosconi is a 100 page, full color, large format magazine that we are absolutely sure you'll want to get. The Signed & Numbered Limited Edition (1-40) also comes with a zine by Joseph Mosconi, *Fright Analog*, and Joseph Mosconi's beautiful signature in silver.

"Black metal, death metal, blackened death metal—not to mention: deathcore; thrash; the melodic and technical; grinds and dooms and drones; pagan or bestial; progressive or deconstructivist; Norwegian versus Swedish (early Stockholm or later Gothenburg?) versus various Vikings and Scandinavians; first, second, nth wave..... the infinitely divisible subgenres of heavy metal music as discerned by its fans exhibit a mania for discrimination and taxonomy that approaches the monadic. Secrets, in these scenes, threaten to become singularities. Such, of course, is the reductio of all subcultures. And "Poetry," for "Culture," has become the ultimate and necessary subculture of them all. *Fright Catalog* is thus in part a dissertation on the sublime terror of the poetry scene today — with all its partisan scholasticism and stupid undergrounds (as Paul Mann would say). But this catalogue is also attuned to the poetic possibilities of subcultural discourse, to the phonemic tensions and narrative frissons that arise when metal lyrics are mashed up with phrases taken variously from online gaming dialogues, occult forums, and the secret language of adolescence (by definition: misunderstood; mardy; uncommunicative and inscrutable). In the process, Joseph Mosconi forces the opaque argots and cantos of isolated initiates to speak with indiscrete promiscuity. Here, accordingly, are the slogans of an infidel poetics (in every sense of Daniel Tiffany's resonant phrase)." —Craig Dworkin

"*Fright Catalog* is good/bad political writing. The text places us somewhere between the catastrophe of everyday life and extreme terror, which, at this point (Mosconi's point, I think), are the same thing. Welcome to "the department of/apocalyptic affairs." This horror of the everyday might be best understood in the most over-the-top, self-indulgent language: "For engagement to/be profound/it must first be/superficial." This is realism, and we're fucked. ... The funny (and I mean Beckett "funny") thing about *Fright Catalog* is that most of it is everyday circumstance in the key of the histrionic: "Wonder that on/my rotten cabin/ponders a baptism/in the warm piss/of slaughtered children." Welcome to our state of permanent war. What's actually scary about most metal is that it's a bunch of pissed off white guys with bloodlust. And that, truly, should scare the shit out of anyone." —Kim Calder, *The Volta*



## Tragodia

by Vanessa Place

*Tragodia* is composed of the three parts of an appellate brief: Statement of Facts, which sets forth, in narrative form, the evidence of the crime as presented at trial; Statement of the Case, which sets forth the procedural history of the case; and Argument, which are the claims of error and (for the defense) the arguments for reversing the judgment. Place's *Tragodia* project involves reproducing the writing from some of her appellate briefs and representing them as poetry.

### Tragodia 1: Statement of Facts

\$45.99 Hardcover w/ dustjacket \$24.99 paperback

"Vanessa Place, herself an appellate criminal defense attorney who specializes in sex offenders and sexually violent predators, has assembled a remarkable sequence of narratives, taken almost verbatim from court testimonies she herself reviewed: her cases are entirely "real." But what is the "real" anyway? What is the difference between fact and the interpretation of fact? Between fact and truth? And what do these "true" stories tell us about the society we live in, and the way we apportion innocence and guilt? Telling it straight turns out to be the most mysterious—and poetic—way of telling it there is. No novelist could invent horror stories as compelling—and puzzling—as these actual case studies. Statement of Facts is a superb piece of conceptual writing." —Marjorie Perloff

### Tragodia 2: Statement of the Case

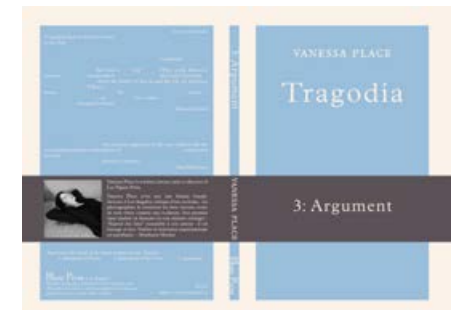
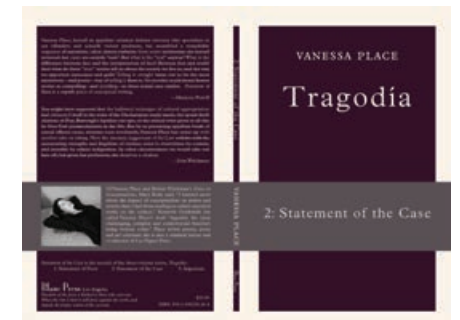
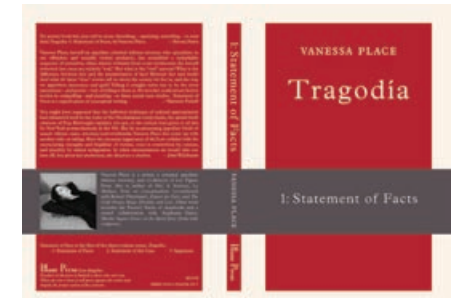
\$29.99 Hardcover w/ dustjacket \$14.99 paperback

Rule 8.204(a)(2)(A) of the California Rules of Court requires the appellate brief to "state the nature of the action, relief sought in the trial court, and the judgment or order appealed from." The purpose of this rule is to give the Court of Appeal a concise overview of the relevant trial court proceedings. Usually this would include, in chronological order: the charges, relevant motions and rulings, the type of proceeding, the verdict or other result, the judgment and sentence, and the date the notice of appeal was filed. The statement should include only information relevant to the issues or necessary to give the appeal an intelligible setting. It should not quote or paraphrase pleadings or other documents extensively or offer excessive detail about dates and procedures not material to the issues. One page or less often suffices. The key is to offer the court procedural context and focus.

### Tragodia 3: Argument

\$40.99 Hardcover w/ dustjacket \$22.99 paperback

Drafting a virtuous brief is not simply a matter of avoiding grammatical mistakes and typographical errors. Rather, a virtuous brief should demonstrate to the court the correctness of the advocate's position by showing that the writer has diligently and carefully researched the legal issues and is thoroughly acquainted with the record in the case. The writer should also consider the court's heavy workload and craft a brief to assist the court to review the merits of the case and the legal issues presented. A virtuous brief is clear, concise, and persuasive. It should be free from muddy arguments and dense prose. A brief should help the court resolve the legal dispute before it. First, present a straight-forward argument designed to convince the court that the result you advocate is fair, legally correct, and factually supported. Start out by honestly explaining the applicable state of the law. Discuss precedent from other circuits when there is a circuit split. Second, provide a thorough analysis. Explain all the steps in the analytical process. The brief should explain how the facts fit with the law in easy-to-follow steps that support the conclusion being advocated. The brief ought to anticipate and resolve questions that are likely to arise in the reader's mind to minimize any doubts as to the brief's accuracy or veracity. Third, write for clarity. Clear writing is essential to making a brief easy to read. Avoid cluttering the brief with unnecessary words. Finally, be concise. The argument should be short, uncomplicated, logical, and written in clear language that is easy to read.





# CREDIT

by Mathew Timmons

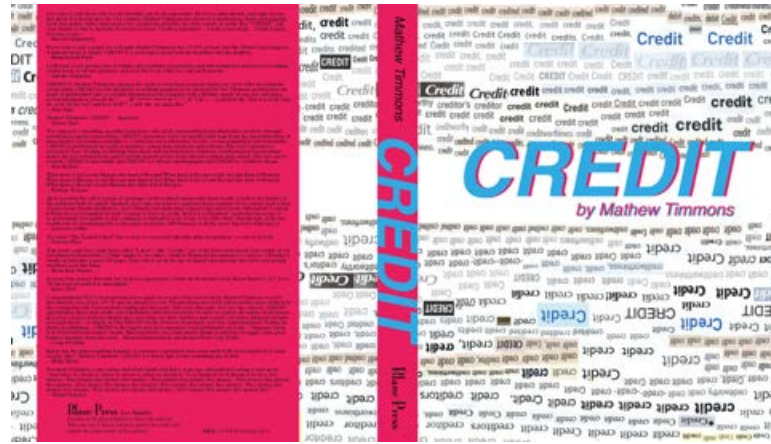
Hardcover, 800 pages, full color

Blanc Press, September 2009

ISBN-13: 978-0-9814623-4-9

Dimensions: 11 x 8.5 x 1.75 inches

Price: \$199.99



CREDIT is an 800 page, large format, full color, hardbound book, released by Blanc Press in Los Angeles—the longest, most expensive book publishable through the online service, lulu.com. Divided into two sections, Part A: Credit—26 parts (a-z) and Part 2: Debit—10 parts (1-10), CREDIT is a highly revealing and emotional work chronicling a personal tale of credit.

In late spring 2007 as an irrational exuberance and promise of financial fortune hung in the air, mailboxes were filled with generous and gracefully worded offers of credit. Just over two years later, in midsummer 2009, the shape of the financial environment changed radically and mailboxes still filled up with statements of credit. Something had to change, offer turned to obligation.

And now Announcing a shortened, condensed, more affordable version of CREDIT! THE A, D, O'S & 1, 6, 10'S OF CREDIT Hardcover, full color, Blanc Press, December 2011, Dimensions: 8.5" x 11" x 0.5" 140 pages. \$65.00

## Print Editions

### Sunset Palm

by Greg Curtis

24" x 36" Chromogenic Print on Fuji Super Type C paper

Eight prints in an edition of three each \$275.00

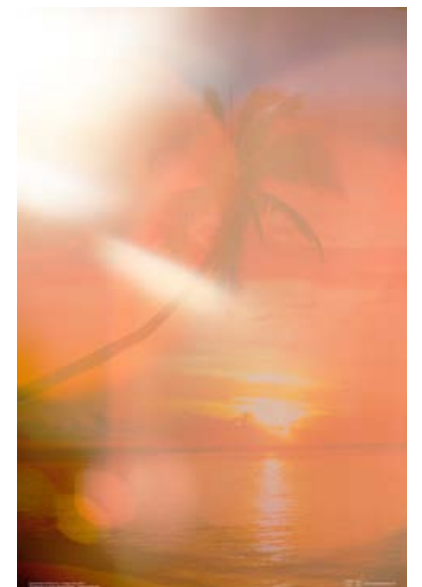
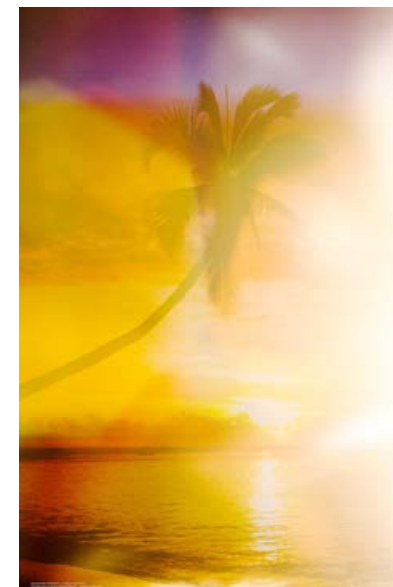
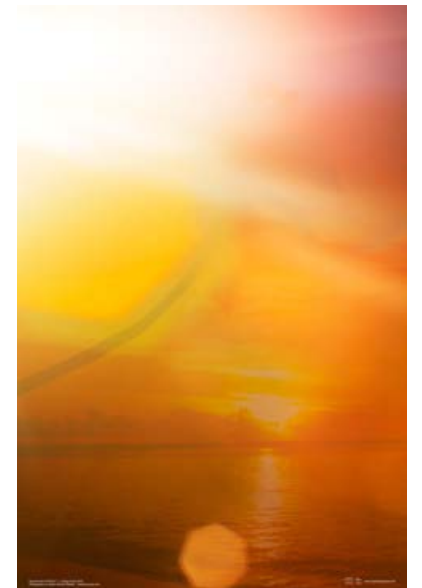
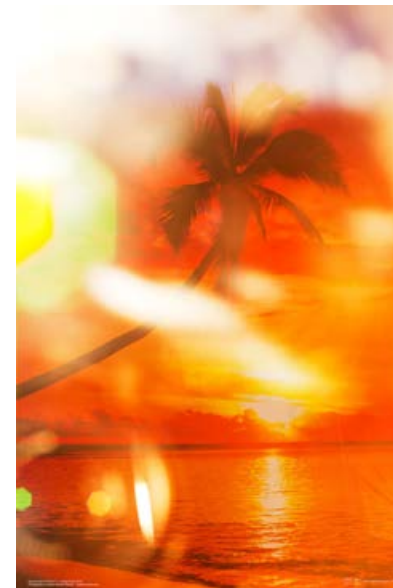
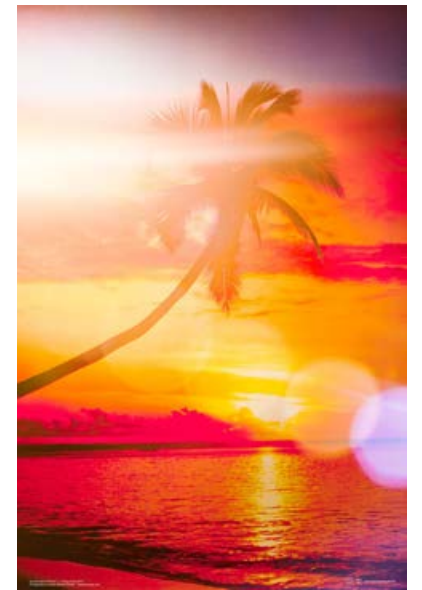
PH0119-1, PH0119-2, PH0119-5, PH0119-6,

PH0119-7, PH0119-8, PH0119-9, & PH0119-10

The image of a palm tree on a beach at sunset is a pervasive marker of leisure and tourism in coastal regions such as Southern California and beyond. Sunset Palm borrows its title from a mass produced poster one might find in an apartment or dorm room which Greg Curtis, with cinematographer Adam Michael Becker, re-photographed using light and lens flare effects in-camera. The resulting image retains the allure of the original, yet, by obscuring and partially obliterating the idealized image, inverts the viewers desire to settle at the foot of a palm tree on a beach at sunset.

The informational text at the bottom of the original poster is restated in each image here as: "Sunset Palm PH0119-# © Greg Curtis 2013, Photography by Adam Michael Becker bekevvisuals.com, www.insertblancpress.net"

Greg Curtis' works in photography, video, installation, and sound have been exhibited and performed at Elephant, Cirrus Gallery, Land of Tomorrow, Dan Graham, Blythe Projects, Fellows of Contemporary Art, Sea and Space Explorations, and Orange Alley Projects, among others. His work has been featured in Art Ltd., Artillery, and Flaunt Magazine. He received his MFA from California Institute of the Arts in 2007, and lives and works in Los Angeles. See more of Curtis' work at his site, gregcurtisstudio.com





# Photocopy Edition

by Christian Cummings

8.5" x 11" Photocopy print and drawing on paper  
 Nine prints in an edition of two each, 2013

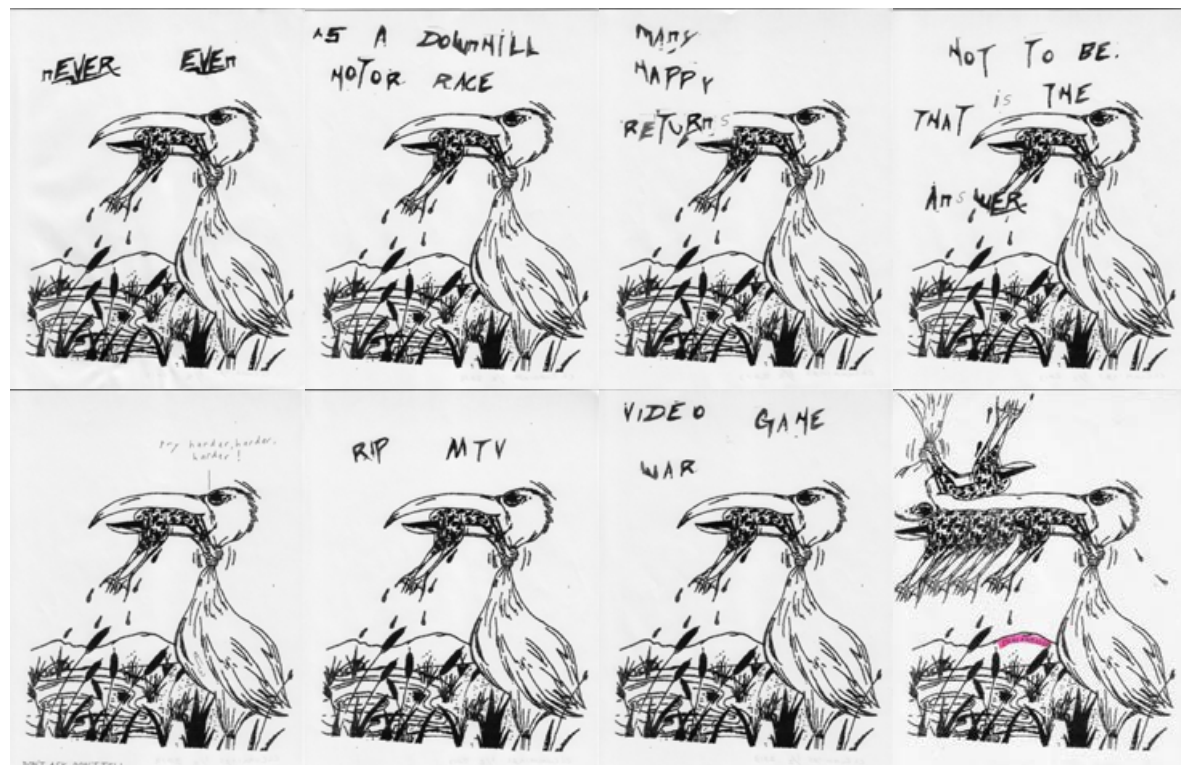
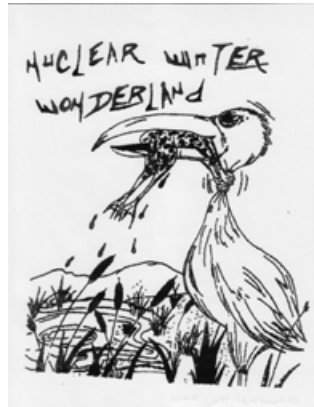
"... belief is an aesthetic category. Tuesday's beliefs differ from Friday's. And on Sunday I'm agnostic."—Christian Cummings

Christian Cummings' art has been described as charmingly casual, quixotic and painstakingly impulsive. ... Christian uses "uninspiration" as his muse, making artworks that are both deftly enigmatic and playful.

"Alternating between elegiac despondency, apocalyptic vision, didactic discourse, and guided deprogramming exercise ... Cummings convincingly positions himself as a nerdish prophet of doom. Christian Cummings is facing our crazy life head on, in all its bewildering entropy and Gordian knottiness ..." —Doug Harvey, *Artillery Art Magazine*

"Lest we've forgotten, Cummings is reminding us what Uncle Frank (Zappa) told us back in 66. Plastic people in a plastic society living on a diet of plastic. And as we know, when they burn and melt they all start to stink." —Sexton Ming

Born in Los Angeles in 1979, Christian Cummings earned a BFA from CalArts in 2005 and an MFA from USC in 2009. He has had solo exhibitions at Jancar Gallery, Los Angeles (2009) and Shoshana Wayne Gallery, Santa Monica (2009). His work has been included in group exhibitions at Las Cienegas Projects, Los Angeles (2011); LAXART, Los Angeles (2011) and The Santa Monica Museum of Art (2006). Since 2006, Cummings has worked with Michael Decker as a 'Spectral Psychographer' collaborating artistically with ghosts. He's a founding member of the LA art rock bands Flugeldar, Carnivorous Birds, and Baker and Able and now curates for the WFMU free music archive project. He also co-curated with Doug Harvey Chain-Letter (2011), a viral group exhibition that happened simultaneously in eleven cities throughout the world.



Rabble



Rabble

Doug Harvey

What's Happening in The Firesign Theatre's *I Think We're All Bozos On This Bus* as Best as I Can Make Out

Rabble

Michael Ned Holte

The Urgency of History Painting

Rabble

Nizan Shaked

91 92 93—Returns

Rabble

Alexandra Grant

Century of the Self

Rabble

Steve Roden

upside down, the sky is ocean

Rabble

derek beaulieu

All Work and No Play Makes Jack a Dull Boy

Rabble prints single author issues of critical essays of about 1500 words on a subject of the author's choosing. Printed in pamphlet form, with room for a couple full color images, and distributed at a reasonable price, Rabble seeks to be a venue through which to interrogate the nature of criticism, a laboratory for prodding at the boundaries of criticism as a form. The idea is to begin with a framework that reduces criticism down to its two fundamental components—the thing that's been made and the person who responds to the thing that's been made (i.e., the art work and the critic)—and invite each writer to take it from there. ISSN 2168-7439 \$5.00

**Rabble: Doug Harvey: What's Happening in The Firesign Theatre's I Think We're All Bozos On This Bus as Best as I Can Make Out**

"The Firesign Theatre's *I Think We're All Bozos On This Bus* is one of the greatest works of art of the 20th century: a performative, collectively authored, authentically prophetic, dystopian sci-fi stoner comedy LP from 1971 by the Los Angeles-based 'Beatles of Comedy.' ... The cultural impact of FT's ITWABOTB is widespread, profound and clandestine. If you don't believe me, ask Siri 'Why does the porridge-bird lay his egg in the air?'"

**Rabble: Michael Ned Holte: The Urgency of History Painting**

on the work of Michael Wilkinson

"I have started this so many times I no longer know where to begin. Well, no, I should begin with an apology, for I've promised you a piece of writing for a very long time, and the number of deferrals and delays is (mostly) uncharacteristic but also (totally) unacceptable. Rarely have I stumbled through so many false starts in attempting to write about an artist's work. I should say that this does not point to any deficiency in your work or lack of interest on my part. Rather, I suspect, it points to the difficulty of apprehending your work from this considerable distance of time and space."

**Rabble: Nizan Shaked: 91 92 93—Returns**

"The success of 91 92 93 was that it reorganized historical artistic debates against the grain of their contemporaneous reception, allowing its audience to rethink what worked, what didn't, and for what reason. In this way, it stands in stark contrast to the facile toting of the term "conceptualism" by artists who lack any form of political commitment, who regurgitate the past adding nothing by saturated amplification, and whose only claim to fame is appropriating mass media."

**Rabble: Alexandra Grant: Century of the Self**

"Until I saw Adam Curtis's 2002 documentary *Century of the Self*, I had never given much thought to the genesis of public relations. The field of public relations was invented, it turns out, by Sigmund Freud's nephew, Edward Bernays. In the period after the first World War, when many were questioning the human drive to violence, Bernays understood the power of both wartime propaganda and Freud's theories of the unconscious to manipulate public opinion."



**Rabble: Steve Roden: upside down, the sky is ocean**

"the buddha wears a cloak of geometric design: red, yellow, blue and black. ... the buddha's hand forms the vitarka mudra, suggesting deep contemplation and indicative of a sage. although it is commonly formed with the right, the buddha forms this mudra with his left hand. // the buddha's right hand grasps a walking stick. // on an 8th century statue from thailand, the buddha forms the vitarka mudra with two hands, looking strangely reminiscent of a 1909 photograph of mondrian, his theatrical hands pointing up and down like david bowie on the cover of heroes.

**Rabble: derek beaulieu: All Work and No Play Makes Jack a Dull Boy**

"In Stanley Kubrick's 1980 film adaptation of Stephen King's The Shining, author Jack Torrance slowly loses his grip on sanity while ensconced in a winter-long residency as caretaker for the seasonally-closed Overlook Hotel. Over the season Jack, a struggling novelist, uses the solitude (interrupted only by his wife Wendy and son Danny) to attempt to construct his new novel. Only a few pages of Torrance's efforts are revealed in The Shining, but every page consists wholly and entirely of the phrase "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" repeated ad infinitum over a presumably several-hundred-page manuscript. In the filmic reveal of Torrance's creative masterpiece, Wendy emotionally collapses as she finally realizes the extent of her husband's crumbling rationality. Under the mental anguish of this Sisyphean task of nonlinearity, Jack Torrance's grip on reality is weakened, much as readers feel the strain of such a non-traditional manuscript."

**Rabble: Tyler Stallings: Banal Access to Transcendence, or Developing Telekinesis via Mattel's EEG-based Game, Mindflex™**

"Like any scientist, theologian, shaman, or artist, I long to unlock the mysteries of consciousness. I lack the resources to pursue private research at my California ranch house, but the possibility for R&D is now within reach of citizen scientists with the Mattel game Mindflex™. Soon, I will take my first toke on brainwaves."



**A Slap in the Face: Four Russian Futurist Manifestoes**

Translated from the Russian by Boris Dralyuk.

Translation is an act of radical optimism. The attempt to transfer meaning and sound—verbal contraband—from one language to another, across time and cultural context, is ultimately a ludicrous endeavor. Manifestos, too, are optimistic acts. To believe that the establishment can evolve, that literature itself can transcend its recognized boundaries, requires ambition, talent, wit, and a pinch of vitriol. Language evolves more quickly than any species in the natural world. New translations should be regular occurrences, routine celebrations of linguistic evolution. Radical documents of empowerment deserve radically empowering translations, and that is the editorial goal of *Manifestoh!*

The first of the Manifestoh! series curated by editor David Shook. Containing: A SLAP IN THE FACE OF PUBLIC TASTE (1912), the manifesto from A TRAP FOR JUDGES II (1913), GO TO HELL! (1914), & A DROP OF TAR (1915).

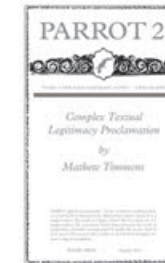
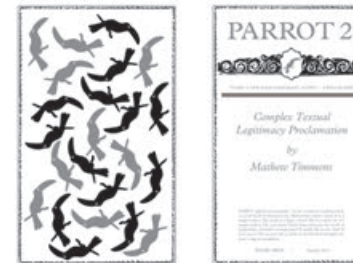
"The emergence of the New poetries has affected the still-creeping old fogies of Russian little-ature like white-marbled Pushkin dancing the tango."



**Parrot**



PARROT is a 23-issue chapbook series that pays homage to Black Sparrow Books' SPARROW series. Each pamphlet is authored by a single writer, most all of them well-established Los Angeles authors. The publication aims to shift the definition of literature and revise the standards by which we hold it accountable.



**Parrot 23 Complex Textual Legitimacy Proclamation**

by Mathew Timmons \$9.00

Normal photographs are made by using the ordinary light reflected from objects to burn patterns into photosensitive chemicals on a piece of film, and then enlarging and reversing that negative image, burning it into a piece of photosensitive paper, and chemically 'fixing' it. It is an explicit, or explicate representation; with differing degrees of accuracy, you can match up one square inch of the picture with a corresponding area of the object depicted, in a one-to-one isomorphism.//Large sensational photographs made their first appearance, with the topics of sex, violence, accidents and scandal as their major themes.//More beautiful than fabulous pictures.//You shall not make any images of me.



**Parrot 22 Erotic in Czech Republic**

by Ara Shirinyan \$9.00

My name is Magda /and I live in Praga./rate is 250 Euro/I can come to your hotel/and keep you company./If you are interested/I look for a/generous person./for a night. I do massage/and other things you ask me//Looking for a Guy/who can take me Home/- 23 (prague)/Im fresh single and just/looking for a spontaneous guy/I love to hear from you !/<3



**Parrot 21 Pre-Symbolic**

by Brian Ang \$9.00

"Onset of mechanical reproduction transformation. Haphazard administrative visible imagined incorporated morphology aesthetics. Metaphysical greasepaint. Generations of science theory nature pleasure process time space age. Prose forms postures. Stratification. Emphasizing this word and this sentence in history."



**Parrot 20 The Missing Link**

by Jen Hofer \$9.00

"question question/maximum maximum/error question miles/absorbent question will/power power question/factor wave circuit/question question/phase rating power/power question source/source voltage question/factor impress impress/question shall i listen/am i near may i stop/listening shall i listen"



**Parrot 19 Break Bloom Burn**

by Maximus Kim \$9.00

"There is Xiao Mei. In three words: new age hippie. Picture a bleached blonde waif, a self-described hacker by night - slash - computer programmer by day, in her late twenties; a New School dropout desperate to act out her role as the anorexic Über-Feminist (vis-à-vis Simone Weil's pale indignant visage) - and change the world for the becoming resurrection of a higher and more perfect Communism. Her naivete was only matched by her fragile faith in the homeostatic healing properties of Gaia."



**Parrot 18 My Little Neoliberal Pony** by K. Lorraine Graham \$9.00

"Is it a pony?"

I'm not sure how the ponies happened.

I was told there'd be cake."

**Parrot 17 Airline Music** by Amarnath Ravva \$9.00

"Outside, I walk towards the edge of the parking lot. All around me are cats and dogs, even some chickens. The asphalt is seething with the strays of paradise.

It's not a matter of beauty for them. They collect around their needs; they hover around the promise of food."

**Parrot 16 Pieces of Water** by Michael Smoler \$9.00

"'promise in a minefield'

again//once more//for the last time, I swear//I've come to know//one day//I will//before long//never//again."

**Parrot 15 Kept Women** by Kate Durbin \$9.00

"There are many intimate paths that wind their way around this expensive Eden, with many nooks for hidden rendezvous. The wide lawns are spacious enough for vast tents suitable for hosting parties such as a Midsummer Nights Dream lingerie gala. There are several sloping hills, idyllic for topless slip n' sliding in the summer or sledding over a gleaming expanse of imported snow in the winter. A marble panel is visible just inside the video monitored main gate, presenting a depiction of Aurora, Roman goddess of the sunrise, guiding a group of young Eves into the southern Californian dawn."

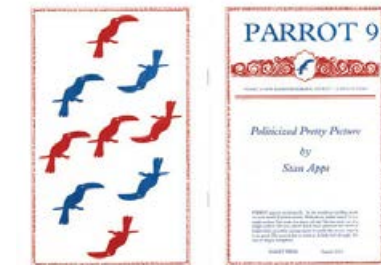
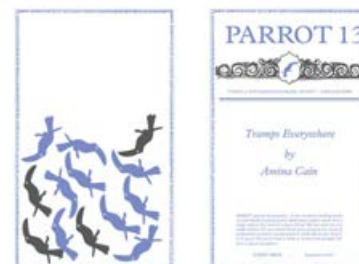
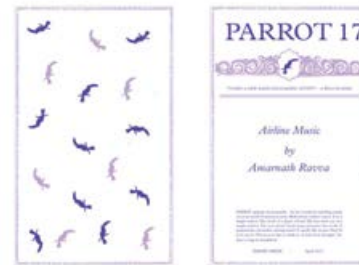
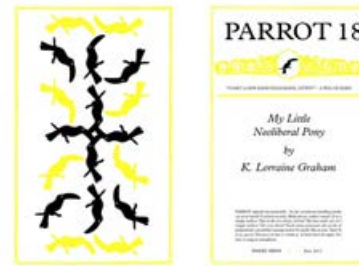
**Parrot 14 Fur Birds** by Michelle Detorie \$9.00

"I am 15. Female. Human (I think).

We lived in a burrow and ate grass. I licked my paw, tasting only the slightest remnants of ash. In one corner we piled sugar cubes - white and cold and sweet, and perfectly square. 'Like a little igloo wall,' my sister cooed, twitching her tail."

**Parrot 13 Tramps Everywhere** by Amina Cain \$9.00

"EXT. Morning. Strong sun. Short and long shots of a swamp. A closeup of a frog. It sits on the bank then jumps into the water, making circles on the surface. The camera stays, looking at the swamp."

**Parrot 12 Fried Chicken Dinner** by Janice Lee \$9.00

"'In Soviet Russia Chicken Fries You!'

This is a serious matter, seriously. Serious fried chicken. Mm mm mm!"

**Parrot 11 Forcible Oral Copulation** by Vanessa Place \$9.00

"With respect to the nature of the offenses, J.A. claims they "were not typical forcible oral copulations or sodomies[,] or "typical kidnappings." We agree they were not typical; they were particularly heinous."

**Parrot 10 I Can Feel** by Teresa Carmody \$9.00

"The hills across the valley of the Ebro were long and white. On this side there was no shade and no trees and the station was between two lines of rails in the sun. Close against the side of the station there was the warm shadow of the building and a curtain, made of strings of bamboo beads, hung across the open door into the bar, to keep out flies. The American and the girl with him sat at a table in the shade, outside the building. It was very hot and the express from Barcelona would come in forty minutes. It stopped at this junction for two minutes and went on to Madrid."

**Parrot 9 Politicized Pretty Picture** by Stan Apps \$9.00

"Prettiness should be easy not to look at.

My ability to look away from a pretty picture makes me feel good about my autonomy, whereas beauty makes me feel implicated and contingent."

"The subject of prettiness may be an interesting thing to most readers, and I think the words used here to describe it do just as good a job as any formal essay you're likely to find, but the structure of this work is what I find most striking."—Grant Maierhofer, at *HTMLGiant*

**Parrot 8 I Fell in Love With a Monster Truck** by Amanda Ackerman \$9.00

"She sat me down squarely in the middle of the store, among the hats, belts, and scarves, and began to give me instructions. Round your feet through your heels and feel more connected to your feet. Straighten your back (this will create healthy internal organs) and reach your right knee over to your left. Stretch your left arm to the right, look under your left shoulder, and twist excessively. I hovered there as I felt imprinted with a new heart. I was becoming a better version of myself. When the woman saw that she had succeeded, she asked for a form of payment. Cash. CASH. And she sighed. I looked at her straight in her telescopic eyes and proclaimed: Dear lady, and while you were talking, I was trying to think, I was trying to think. The thought struck me. None of us shall profit from the suffering of others."

**Parrot 7 On The Substance Of Disorder** by Will Alexander \$9.00

"You see, I am simple in the sense that the lamp burns beside me and I speak."



**Parrot 6 Viva Miscegenation** by Brian Kim Stefans \$9.00

"There was the dying, that was suspicious—  
strong words passed, none of them colorful  
on an Indian winter day in North Philadelphia  
when the fury of poetry  
          equaled the utility  
of the timetables on which  
we run. That one seems overtly educated,  
if not, dressed so nattily, he'll not need  
a job, or residence, and subsist on merely being  
right-looking; she keeps something cinematic, shiny,  
in her left hip pocket—so terribly deft, so accessory, so honestly  
in place of life."

**Parrot 5 Loquela** by Allyssa Wolf \$9.00

"Yes, cry some immovable diamonds.../Have a little sobbing irony/  
Quoting from MM...//Unsure/Really why he is so very//Lovesick suite/  
To me..."

**Parrot 4 But On Geometric** by Joseph Mosconi \$9.00

Vanessa Place at Constant Critic says: "Calligrammes meets Geometry I,  
with all the pleasures and forehead-slapping suggested thereby. The best  
pieces are slights of hand and mind, where the geometric diagrams are  
considered and refigured replete with puns and bleating signification. All  
are nice to look at, all sport lil' Nina-like insider highlights."

**Parrot 3 All Bodies Are The Same and They Have The Same Reactions**  
by Allison Carter \$9.00

"When Christopher asks girls to dance they say yes/to krill and open their  
blazers//Christopher takes a step back and bends/and rushes comes//  
through the other side/soaked"

**Parrot 2 A House on a Hill (A House on a Hill, Part One)**

by Harold Abramowitz \$9.00

"a house a hill and there is a house on a hill and the house is there it  
is there over there all you have to do is look and you will see it there//  
without there is no motion not automatic either not buying now not  
busing how can it be when there is motion when there is heart in two  
places not ashamed to live but how can it be//and asking about the house  
will only generate a short reply a whisper it cannot go on it cannot go on  
because there is no more asking only telling and replying and i beg or i  
beg you or i beg you to get out of here today a house on a hill"

**Parrot 1 My Beautiful Beds** by Stephanie Rioux \$9.00

"last hook a veil of words, aye no longer discuss ya asuch; fer each one  
outs a some cents in a keyed tin of lifey, fifying margeld firs, en these are  
wondrus; nothing of gohad in de-action is lost, for the eye's an infant  
swaddled enits spouse's bed, and behind her is no end; her teeth are  
diamond leaves, her breasts are heaven's, her clitis haven's, a summy of  
have we, all of we, yet made love with the many"




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