a treatise
on the marvelous
for prestigious museums
daniel c. remein
A TREATISE
ON THE MARVELOUS
FOR PRESTIGIOUS MUSEUMS
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Fig. 1. Hieronymus Bosch, Ship of Fools (1490–1500)
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HIC SVNT MONSTRA
a treatise
on the marvelous
for prestigious museums

daniel c. remein
dedicated to

Charles Frank Remein, in memoriam;

945 Madison Avenue (NY, NY) &
11150 East Boulevard (CLE, OH), in memoriam ante factum
Inside here is a castle.
The dampness is practical.

Tomaž Šalamun
whenever, my patron since wonders if if rotates for a triangle or parallel ascender or descender and with tetrachoric relations or scoring vectors these things do not swim into the vault of our perception of the em quad. asked to explain how install sembling and elaboration or lean-to or roof or theory nod most of seem or spaces interface for spectral cornice; most happily, 30-pica slugs line the composition stick. in this chase the two-toned granite ascent is pronounced by stages, [brɔːər] (hungarian), if foundry, if monotype, if linotype, with your pine woods if anyone were to rotate the imposing stone as if to canopy or portals vault seeming then something polyhymnic or place furniture around the form and with the quoins you turn the vault-work. but since no one here would do that surely surely, intensity as cause, intensity as an effect, the throw-off lever halts it; then the humanist bloc (is its shape satisfactory?), brings asymmetric irregular, away ground or the serifs of appellation, score vectors we feel these protocols vault our pleasure on the concrete promontory. the platen washes the watch if (20 Oct. 2014), or, he should say that one’s sexual drive and one’s hunger drive can be stronger than one’s excitement about sexuality or about eating, that a wall of with furnishes, to make the exposure a basement suffices, a bed. the kelly press is a small job cylinder press, found in a number of school shops and many commercial shops where space is limited. the two-revolution press has a much smaller cylinder than the drum press. in this style of press, the cylinder prints while it is making one revolution
romance of the five years
the next time we go to the moon
it will be because the last time
all time was food and all the meat
we swallowed looked up, didn’t look
down, *it takes it like a man is*
the last cloud of shamefulness you
ever invited inside. *class*
instruction: the rocket you
lick because it slips between bricks
in the ruin of a future
only the soviet lonely
will expose. she gets up, puts on
her shoes because we moderns know
how to interlace breasts of queens
with vacuum tubes and crushed limestone.
we do all of this, you know, for
nostalgia. *the tripartite love*
for woolen skins and redheads
pieces together what happens:
in tailored flaps like lips that say
lips have of it no way to know
except a high, front, tense, rounded
vowel — not the launch of cities
nor the barge that hoists my feelings.
preamble slows down to a crawl,
doesn’t walk anymore on feet,
backs down the mouth to a palate
and remembers clearly saying
*straight to video*, the slogan
of revolutionary life.
remember it well for the launch:
say again that *rocketfuel is*
*kingly and provincial*. we smoke
past all the teachers i had loved
when variable was fertile,
when tenderly you put me on
time and muscle we bind like books
with you. read: around a technē
i am wrapped in this ribbon your
pedagogy. and you will find
that is it better by design
and it works hard to press shut last
portals. i can only warn you.
instances of river-crossing
happen where we cut our mettle,
reaping sound from the flattened floor
of an empty type foundry.
move your fucking lips. it is high
time you told what the record says:
translated, an emulsified
index of morphemes and labor,
bird inside colors and skeptics
selling history to explain
prepositions. this is how to
tell. we lathe the same line movement
a barge to traverse a fashion,
certainly you know how to hope
pronunciation crawls to cap
preparation already taught
to sew verdant woolen texture
seeds of scenes or instructional
errands to rings of opaque lake.
let’s talk tonight about my nerves.
like a drink into the horse-house
stalling is under the gun of
narrative. glass image of still

with lanterns well-executes
yvain has seen a lion we
need to protect the colony.
circle the picture of the horse
and leave out the part of exchange.
who hangs a melted table by
horsehair took from medieval
machines like bodies ask for priests
to sell their reader’s weapons and
yvain has animal weapons.
laws reference when we make films
closed systems buy back the mountain:
provincial memory losing
is a principle of exchange
stop motion of tuber-growth time
stuck stuck stuck stuck stuck stuck stuck stuck
your leave me alone in your
compulsion to believing down.
remember, stall the unslapped text,
efforts effect run-time error
settles disputes with improvement.

steepness of the rise of the excitement response itself can
activate the startle
plan hysteria and cracked plane
architecture because no one
writes a history without first,
alternatively, taking their
psychoanalysis to heart.
if a lion enters the camp
this colony in wilderness
looks up, doesn’t look down, foxes
open the records that revolve
around the incident of who

wrote about the cart and lancelot
and shame. shame is interior
to the texture of the strength of
materials. if a cart enters
the camp you will apprehend those
traitors who bring much unpleasure
to the modernist structure. look
you should use the small revolvers
will help you to determine who
to shame. the shamefulest persons
to archive the activities,
i’m so sorry for everything.
the colonists didn’t look down
because the last time a lion
entered the language of the camp

if a lion enters the camp

regard first to the rocketfuel
and to the kingly provinces.
what borders the exiles from love
unpleasure will only pursue
the narrative as the camp will
expand with the new structure. carts
will help if a lion enters
the colonists should archive
their loves. tall persons should wear no
uniforms because this will attract displeasure from the readers who want to see interiors when you sift through the archives didn’t look down instructions for where to place the love and where to archive the instruction. energy for the rocket is very high priority if there are no companion animals who produce surplus waste and to defend the narrative. not episodes or architecture. the moon demands strength: animal materials.
creeps in charles baudelaire, a beauty.
a man peddling *horse-mouth* and tremble,

my love telegraphs *don’t stop now*

a symbolist saddle-packet.
french in this book or the next. no
telephoned flag or darling, look
playthings. for you, began to spend

anything corresponds, workbooks,
skills the inscription seduces
a chamber for ash a chamber
for wheel and tooth and luminous
food the flesh of rocket-towers.
here the pomp and scene of dream-sight
slices moist or moistening sleeves,
we flutter trees with sentences.
real realism unfurls
weaving touches for scenting and call
a takeover of smell-words curls
reinforced concrete always sits
to vault sex and calendar. soft
fur soft snow soft freezing rubbed on
you always a machine or tax,
such lips surplus the world-timber
shrinks down for the hounded foxes:
venery unstiched from rural
modernist games and people-tricks.
we link skin with pagination
and wildcats with skins of always.
saddles for yvain and lion
with one month’s production of sex
sanitize your saints, sirs, your vote begins shortly. stitch up segments:

allophones, filaments, oil-lamp, regulation of all soft lights, if we are to protect ourselves what better way: creep away and tighten the house from sexual machines, take each card a house of flesh and then correspond soft animal investigation.

throw anything on a screen we signal texture ingested. a bottle of friends the smoke cups lips to the most vivacious curl seen by any strong-beaked creature.
about the apartments i will
a marvel to see so tell you.
built before we went to the moon
each window under each gable

a marvel to see such movers
the future awaits your windows,

here we call this question-vault style
a bit of modernism got
with window-stains and wooden stairs
and ear-canal cubbies for drinks.
you could hide here in the basement.
we aren’t supposed to go down there
and open up all of this space
so many parts of a classroom.
the workers here are nice near parks
and satisfied with larger rooms
and ready to go to the moon.
the address is 403 in
designation unofficial
but there is a sign from the north.
real marvels rest in the machines
used to switch on and off the lights.
we push buttons in and out,
electricity and other
kinds of flow and beads of nature
beds together the startled wall
the same in all of the eras.

the meeting was underway
marvelous and unofficial,
the colony sent to the moon
the last of the windows and doors
or work with red plastic orders.

when i was there everything worked.
i am sorry you could not come.
those windows splayed open at night
to sniff for forest air like wolves

i am so sorry for everything.
lancelot gets into a cart.
maybe time for allegory:
this take of world with bright posters —
   we must distinguish sharply between the activation of
   affect and the affective response itself
wood in concrete placard reading
the ugly one will tell you so
a charm to wolf-warn the river:
x-rays and elegant pamphlets,
well-sized flanks and buttocks again
with the maze of modern blueprint,
a guide in the woods with his claws
bore those vulgate portraits to the
builders who watch the commissar.
pilgrim pleasure center begins
as if psychoanalysis,
as if what it really means, glue,
all those nights of hammers
spread your fingers — sure believers
always soviet we drone on
we pilgrims who glimpse the vessels.
provincial memory losing,
the best looking one in the house
partners up and sermonizes
lumbering beasts and their triumphs
of animal vernacular:
eyeglasses and anus
wolves and walls of date. and you
wolf away all the dark-rooted,
explain the claws explain all your
parallels and animal-books.
lancelot gets into a cart.
half-way through the hall, bare those teeth
un-hungry and sallow, table
hangs there over mezzanine floor
reflects messages strewn about
among american pilgrims
inscribed in bronze: always wolfing
one willing to carry a corpse
provincial memory losing
who if all this news is true we
need to make things clear: there are times
to discuss at length: film-ribbons,
our chronicle from the early
days comes in cartloads with barcodes,
the back of the back of the book.
say memory works as part of
a real division of labor.

the excitation is transmitted to the systems lying next
within and that it is in them that its traces are left...

threads in the nerves of chivalry

we always salt we always stand
for antennae sunk in concrete

for clues or opaque decisions:
to ride a horse in time,
a mouth of love of teeth and go,
hillside bird, go home and drink up
a narrative of hawks and plates.
ceramic decisions link damp
and fretwork with motility
our last testament of labor
the directions taken last night
into the saddle of loving:

the excitation is transmitted to the systems lying next
within and that it is in them that its traces are left…
into the limestone memory.
houses and oaths hang from the light,
a pact made at the county line.
we used to have so much time that
happened now happened overtime:

that packet of textile-timing
perceval doesn’t ask any
question of his host. windows don’t
pertain. his fingers do not bleed.
the boy is not in love. he takes
the rear-guard and lets a head roll.
he’s unconcerned with gravity
around the site of the blood-spots,
the new structure breaks off in swaths
wherever the eye-white reflects.
here was the spot his mother’s land
brought him. he does not think he can
space itself would travel flattened
by a structure or a labor

of a nourishment forbidden:
i’m so sorry for everything.

clothed perceval in personal

cluster of paint on a timeline
not to index the moment he
entered but to misdirect or
color the disheveled feathers
that make a history when touched.
the long labor of a trickle
down the shiver of a person’s
narrative. a waistcoat does make
a colony of an index
when the wearer’s memory tries
its various names. perceval
clicks over three clicks to the right
on the map of the day’s errands.
he stands very still. he is flat.
blend of horse and someone’s crosshairs.  
someone must carry the message.  
le corbusier flays the concrete,  
remember that childhood window  
assemblage of wood and concrete  
wheels a net for futurity  
spewn like ship and deliberate  

As his body emits those particles of chivalric force that rapidly  
transverse the gulf separating him  
from the falcon and destrier,  
a middle space sprngs  
into existence where the dilating passions  
    of the boy mingle with and are transfor  
med by the  
affects, intensi  
ties, and possibili  
ties transmitted from av  
    ine and equine  
sold on the go the corridor  
turn slows down to write a treatise,  

i’m so sorry for everything.  
the hunt a theatre of ducts  
distribute the windows and curls  
nervous emulsion curls concrete  
to build a pink modernism,  
my soviet patron, peasants  
say recieve little of spurs of love.  
along with the eye, space travel  
wants for buildings like no one else.  
we hang buildings in western woods,  
we hang foods in better novels,
we varnish opaque each fireplace,
we ride from coast to settlement:
the hung bridge is not a table.
settlement saints and settlement
over animals and coastline —
establish addendum and think
advancements like addendum-skins
we call skins with love from closets
and closets we love with calling.
canto 9

green chairs narrative of lions!
the structure is hunting hunting
spatialized is late for timing,
looks like a yes asleep in time.
popular discourse is all about
spatialization is not late for
steepness of the rise of the excite
ment response
can activate startle
for my patron everything runs
for flattery museums can

instructions to read blots on snow.
canto 10

and did you then ask why it bled
it is interest or excitement, we have argued, which is pri
dary, the drives are secon
pery visits the hooper house and begins to ask what it sees
opaque glyph insulated glass and the [male] one who did not know his name divined and said that he had perceval the welsh as his name, he does not know if he speaks truly or not, but he speaks truly, and yet doesn’t know it.
when they hear it the colony doesn’t look up, looks down, we creep along in our spacesuits. we learn each others’ names and post the guards.
i’m so sorry for everything.

the next time we go to the moon no one will lose anyone’s head will look up the senses of it or will turn to ask the pilot the price of the ferry and why the flat tree the flat forest stands a modern opaque name that waits burial the first to take place that night when narrative bled
gawain will not cut the horsehair.  
gawain looks just like charles baudelaire.  
look, plenty of ugly persons  
will pursue you across rivers  
and like gawain we will have to  
allegorize our settlement  
in the brain of literary  
adventure we are still romancing  
the next time we go to the moon  
because the last time adventure  
was good for unbroken columns  
we errand on and on little  
revolvers ready to hand. like  
labor takes up a refusal  
to represent like a horse-leg  
dip it just below the river  
like a barge full of fish and fuel  
to supply, kingly, the rocket  
we launch to lose ground to forest,  
provincial memory losing
canto 12

in case you wear it like a necklace.
it's a slope and we don't need to

we were safe we had crossed the ford
and we made our maps of the moon

*and we made our maps of the moon*
canto 13

we will need to address cities
if we continue with canto
for all the succeeding sections

we begin with future circles
obey all radio silence

fauns, hills, birch, sand utopia
a small unit of agreement
with minerals and knives and nouns.
i thought the blade was out.
a lesson for the commissar.

unable to eat unable
to touch pageants of snow-pilgrims.
i loved you at the colony.

the sign on the road reads distance
and beasts without titles or eyes.
we follow your loss to cities,
we imagine hills and edits.
lancelot gets into a cart.  
one of the things we know is shame.  
to run as colonists too fast  
to lovers is why we feel shame.  
lancelot may or may not have  
known shame. he left the country and  
we may not find out it is not  
in the text his errand spooled much  
or our theory was then disproved.  
these are the diverse properties  
of creatures and colonists shamed.  
to keep hands off the thread will not  
at this late hour produce any.  
the horse to the back of the book.  
it was too many years ago,  

lancelot knew what to do  
to cross all the spools of theory.  
i’m so sorry for everything.
canto 15

grant interior in forest
stop-bound to glyph conversion-rate.
smolder the stump past step step up
agreement with phrase and deceit
the phonemes a laughter torn up,
the morphemes routed to hormones.
emulsion of labor and space,
transformational conifer
of travel to stop read convert.
architecture quotes a stop here 
until a canopy spreads
the community sat there quick
they opened their books and looked up.
their food was quick and lively look
they worked and worked and worked and worked
their lines were long their lines were dry.
they opened the woods and their own.
converted fragments left supine,
the business of teaching came back
on horseback with a big bundle
to knighthood and back again flat
on their backs and reading they cut
we missed the most important chance
they read a lot of older books

the last machine to cross the bridge
turns out the light and learns to sleep
because bundles of food look up
uncertain romances tell them
they do not fling they do not bridge
the work they hinge they do not bridge
they appear in simple garb speeds
greater on a suspended bridge
rockets teach them lessons from home
they miss the opportunity
a librarian once brought them
venery and rocket science
on the same horse conservators
posed with the old dendrologist
their interiors glass and glyph
canto 16

provincial upbringing details
inscription love bronze and intrigue.
more of the same to read until

lancelot runs an errand by night

and bloodies his coat and bloodies
a history and everyone
apologizes him out of the
state. always welcome, perceval
misses the process and misses
the map. the house of nerves bundles

the poultice thready in the morning
the concrete is atmospheric
segments and enunciative
unseen enemy memory
unmuscle the cup spilled out like
light in paper woven from films
look here at our new museum.
dizzy and out of feelings
to pedagogy a coat of
knowledge is for cutting fine sites
unbridge the sides and the secret.
look here at our new museum,
provincial memory losing
all the caress of video.
do not leave the colony on
foot. the museum is opaque.
the revolutionary state
glassed up breakups barges help with words.
it is your nature. you dress well.
if we want a reason to read
then propel our here from one
event to another opaque
wood shaft of the steel axe that flat
receptor of what happens next.
lancelot gets into a cart.
one of the things we know is shame.
this is the feel of the strength of
materials for colonies
within the reinforced concrete
insulated glass adventure.
lancelot teaches a great deal
about why you should or should not
get into a cart to get back fast
through the wilderness for the launch.
lancelot will tell you a lot
about where to place things. look up
at the installation of love
materials might rinse escape
we must distinguish shar
ply between the activation
of affect and the affect
tive response itself
the strength of materials with
a lion a cart a vessel
i’m so sorry for everything.
the tightened screen the concrete ghost
each limb of street and hill-flank sparks
headstones and face-wheels flutter up
those feelings may be servitude
now that eye-sap quickens the touch,
dialect touches as rebar
or darling, your book-end and rail

i am so sorry for all this
content with the tree, sleep, a map,
asking of structure a window,
hover and leaf, shore against splay
against a private tether-sink
shelf and splint and episode,
touches weave what structure teaches,
shields and thunder, a number of books.
perceval doesn’t ask any
it is interest or excitement, we
have argued, which is primar
y, and
the drives are secon
dary
questions of his host. he doesn’t
look down, looks up how to install
love into the colony, loves
the fuel of the rocket, orders
from the local soviet told
him to keep quiet about his
interior
canto 21

i am sorry for what you’ve done
the new annex leaks love slowly
pavillion signage prepared for the
feast of the moon the launch looks up
doesn’t look down for the creeps in
fogging the windows of romance

my patron just won’t understand
that rocketfuel is kingly and
we are short of beds at the house

at ten we shout creeps in creeps in

the necklace of the colony
the instructions on the sentence
if a lion enters the camp
this colony in wilderness
looks up, doesn’t look down, foxes
shut the windows takes the records
climbs up into the cart, there must
be tournaments when one tries
to get to the moon. beneath the
green-tinted flare of modernist
façade and what with your blood all
over the window that beast looks
mighty hungry and the pounce seems
just as leveled and reduced as
the term of bricks we used to keep
the records without repeating
ourselves. if a lion enters
the camp shouts for pilgrims to speak
because they kept meticulous
records of how they constructed
shelters and carts for space travel
brings with it a new tensile strength
unforseen by the beasts of the
field gather like the commissar
promised lancelot he might get off
without so much as a horsetheft
since to orchestrate theft marks one
not only as prepared for those
other animal vestibules
set in the striated façade
to the north because a lion

i’m sorry for the frontier guard
not only is lancelot folding
the exact space of our entry
into the cart, he leaves out all
the preliminary cautions
and protocols the colony
not only if a lion runs
gawain will not cut the horsehair. he is a leaper he sees those streams. he rushes across quickly. he sees plenty of dead women. i am so sorry for all of this. he will report this to the camp. he reports to the colony. he goes back to find the kinglly rocketfuel. his structure is not provincial
the leak

for the lakes
as a simple
hole

of the poem explaining it-
self

million gallons of
water

ice-shelf greets
ohio’s name
chart
effect of humidity

on poem
what
is it a farm
boy more likely
some sheep go
keep the clouds
clean by spilled
inkwell my blotter
goes the way
of all microcosm
such is the effect
of humidity
on
a poem but if only
it were earlier! &
all the hardwor
king beasts
left to spot &
admire
on the path
joists sinks accumulate:
scale
in
k
Scale
c
scale
u
m
u
l
scale
t
e
sinks
c
a
accumulate
e
In the summer, the water in the Great Lakes separates into two layers. The poor layer and the poor layer. The top usually mixes with the cooler, and it is cut off from the air supply.

The Western Basin of Lake Erie is shallower than the opportunity. Therefore, the bottom layer is relatively Eastern, the bottom layer contains.

If there is more, sink into the dark bottom layer. Bacteria and fungi then decompose the available. Because less and less a lot. This is not a problem in the much.

Each autumn, the top layer cools, and the wind mixes it deeper and deeper into the bottom layer. Eventually the whole and the wind can again mix it. In the Central Basin, this phenomenon occurs in top.

LAMP is a plan of a Great Lake. It coordinates the work to improve. A LAMP is addressing the public’s concerns.

The total population of the Great Lakes basin is seventeen. Approximately twelve million people live in the watershed, including the lake. Drinking during the 1960s in the Great Lakes became a concern. Lake Erie was perceived to be “dying.”

By the late 1960s, Canadian and American regulatory phosphorus was the key. Algal growth coordinated lakewide. Open lake phosphorus concentrations made unprecedented contaminated results. Sediments are in the Great Lakes basin.

Although significant progress over the past has substantially reduced the discharge of 20 years, toxic and persistent chemicals
are in place and have raised aquatic organisms, wildlife, and humans. Fish and harbors as a result. Advisories ship propellers against consumption in most locations around the Great Lakes.

Urban discharges and bottom-dwelling organisms combined the heavy human mud and serious storms, often thousands of times higher or toxic. With their concentrations getting higher, larger animals posing as smaller animals absorb the bald eagle. Fish-eating offspring with birds in their tissues produce small agricultural birth.
SMELTS SMELTS SMELTS. Canvases & rills
Weak swimmers offshore in the straights.
With two populated 'two uninhabited islands. Huron-Michigan is a giant, a hulk of fresh water, a clerical unit & the straights of Mackinac 20 father: Pulorum & the
ly (sometimes the flow
According to Orson Welles, under that
bridge where Dudgeon drew it & wrote her very fine poem, it was the biggest
bridge. Famed in 1912 when Rainbow sheared out into Lake MI
and they went into the Water to the east
through a series of the Sleeping Islands where
they gave out in 1917. SMELTS SMELTS SMELTS.
An invisible species that doubles as
canary in coalmine. An invisible SMELTS
ARE HUNTING meant to be caught dipped &
full or after '46 in Superior too.
Populations swell, crash and but 9
million lbs from MI-HUR in '48 the
other crashes of course his schmucks in
the 90's. Some excitement after last
year with Superior, anglers excited
for reboots of invasive species. It's
possible that at times higher lamorey
numbers have meant less lake trout, which
eat smelt: less lamorey, more smelt. But
there are surely various factors interacting and competition for zooplankton
robbed by quagga and zebra mussels
among them.
So Sue sues the Soc Locks for seeming slowly, pursuing the suit so simmeringly. Chart how much blue green algae weighs per cubic cm. Tempting, road signs are smaller in Canada. This lady is looking for a gate.

A great arm, we're told, is often mistaken for one that corruption of lock and water & language. The North; ice cream, cups and iron ore, birch & sand & a tempting side road; a lovely whitefish supper; Thompsonite is often mistaken for agar & is shipped in from Mexico; Hornblende; a giant barge, cheaply too, gulls mounted & justable; so narrow we couldn't pass a car; the furs of accessible beaches; zebra mussels, ore & cream; changes in the demersal zone; the great arm of the nitrogen cycle; sea lamprey (-------- *-------- ); cheaply too; mistaken for algae, a tempting depth; ore & cream.
All RAPS have identified contaminated bottom as a significant problem. Most information had access to only limited beneficial uses. While the problem of contaminated sediments persists in the Great Lakes, efforts are delisting synthetic vicinity impairments. The Great Lakes accelerated.

The lakes received small amounts of waves of tribal nitrogen. Except in shallow bays and shoreline marshes, the Great Lakes started the 20th century. Arrival of runoff developed into European settlers and the relationships between zebra mussels and immigrants were cool.

Cycling is not fully understood and nutrient-rich urban areas occur in Lake Michigan. In the 1950s, people moved around the web of external atmosphere infestations, such as the untreated changes. The rate of the Great blooms may be related to small blue-green cities, and farmed zebra greatly altered normal affect acceleration. The economy of recreation, once established, invaded nearby European settlement after the turn to cladophora urbanization. For a permanent electric health, people that rely on well-being for water implemented a “dead zone” where humans (11.6 million people), a nuisance species, are of particular concern. Eighty percent of sewage people are showing signs of future invasions. For organisms to stay alive, the less dense layer spread the new techniques. Exposed agricultural blooms of humans quickly endanger the forested lands.
Captain Charles Fox, of the steamship CHOCKTAW, 
(part of a longer account, picking up while anchored 
overstorm at Marquette & this 
only in part of what he wrote regarding the 
steamship CHOCKTAW in the storm on the lakes 
of Nov. 7-10, 1913:

We commenced unloading 
at 7:30 A.M., November 7th, the barometer stationary, 
with southwest wind, until about 
4:00 P.M., when it started up. At about 9:30 P.M. of that day the 
wind shifted to the northwest, and at about that time it began 
to snow, which was the beginning of one of the most disastrous 
storms that ever 
swept the Great Lakes. 
At 2:30 A.M., November 8th, it was necessary to drop 
our anchor with a long scope of chain and to get out more lines. 
At 6:00 A.M. it was necessary to leave Spear’s Dock on account of 
the undertow, we being afraid of damaging the dock. 
We dropped out to the end of old No. 4 Dock, dropping our an-
chor and putting the end of a new seven inch line on the end of the 
dock and tailed off about 150 feet from the end. 
This is the way we laid 
until 5:00 A.M., November 11th. 

On the morning of November 8th 
the barometer had risen to about 29.20, and the wind blew 
from the northwest at the rate of forty to fifty 
miles per hour, with a blinding snowstorm. The barometer 
was stationary all during that day but some time during 
the night it started up and on the morning 
of November 9th had risen to 29.30 and the wind
had shifted to about north.
It continued to snow until about 8:30 or 9:00 A.M., when it cleared away and the wind died down to about 20 or 25 miles per hour. At 3:00 P.M. the wind started to freshen again and increased until it appeared to be a hurricane. At about 7:30 it began to snow, and continued to snow all night, with the barometer hovering about 29, where it had fallen.
On the morning of November 10th the wind continued in the north fresh, with light snow squalls, there being too much sea to resume unloading. On the afternoon of the 10th the barometer started up and the sun came out, indicating the storm had passed. At 6:00 A.M., November 11th, we hove up and went into the coal dock which we proceeded to finish unloading at 7:30 A.M., finishing at 4:30 P.M., when we left and proceeded to Presque Isle Dock for ore.

This same Sunday, November 9th, the Steamer HENRY B. SMITH was loaded on the north side of No. 5 dock.

It was necessary to put out his lake line to hold the boat to the dock while loading. He finished loading at about 4:30, left the dock, backed out into the harbor, turned around and went out into the lake. He cleared the breakwater at about 5:00 P.M., headed down the lake, and at 5:20 he changed his course to what I should judge to be about north. At about 5:50 the Mate called my attention to the way in which he was acting, I looked out and he appeared to be turning around.
I do not think I ever saw a vessel roll heavier. After some little time they got her head to it again and we went to supper. When we came out from supper she was out of sight – it was snowing, which might have obstructed our view. This was perhaps the last seen of the HENRY B. SMITH. With the terrific gale and tremendous sea I am fully convinced she did not get over fifteen or twenty miles out of Marquette. During November 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th it was freezing weather. Our cargo of ore had been placed in dock some time previous, and when we started to load, which was November 13th, we found it frozen solid. It was necessary to steam it which took all night of November 13th. We commenced loading about 8:30 A.M., November 14th, and finished at 3:00 P.M., clearing for Cleveland at 5:00 P.M., wind about west fresh, barometer normal — 29.50. When off Grand Island we encountered a heavy north swell but ran out of it by the time we reached Grand Marais. We continued on down the lake with fine weather and normal barometer until we reached Cleveland, about 4:00 A.M., November 17th. 

But Captain James A. Stewart of the PRESQUE ISLE had only this to write:

The PRESQUE ISLE left Cleveland November 5th at 9:25 A.M. bound for Midland [ON]. The weather was fine. On November 6th at 10:54 A.M.

we passed Fort Gratiot passing into Lake Huron, the weather being fine, the wind southwest fresh, and the barometer going down very slow.
On November 7th passed Cove Island at 1:55. The weather was fine, with a light southerly wind, and the glass still going down. We arrived at Midland coal dock at 1:00 P.M., November 7th. On November 8th it was warm, with a little rain, and the wind southeast light. November 9th the wind was north light until 11:00 A.M., when it freshened up some; about 4:00 P.M. it began to snow; we being land-locked at Midland did not feel the wind. On November 10th the wind was northeast light, with snow, and at noon the wind shifted to the west. I never saw the barometer so low – it was down to 28 ½. We did not know there had been a bad storm until we began to get the newspaper reports. I have not talked with any one who was in the storm, except Captain Kennedy and Captain Lyons, and they have themselves related their experiences to you.
All the current names for the lakes except the latinate 'Superior' taken from languages of people exterminated or pushed out away from the lakes (groups of Iroquois, Wyandot, Huron, Ojibwa) all by Europeans or white Americans (except in the case of the Erie people, Eriehronon or Erielhean et al., whose villages the Iroquois confederacy burned after Erie helped Huron (warring with Iroquois—but even here the war in the first place & the guns the Iroquois had more of as advantage spring from: French Dutch & Fur. Cash in the 17th C.)

Erie as 'long tail' as synecdoche for cat (as in panther?) or raccoon & called so because near the shallow lake w/ unpredictable weather?—or because how other Iroquois speakers perceived the people (or the lake takes its name from the people?) or related to how the Erie called themselves?
& with such ception and slow
it all leaks
out all howness
rapidly accretes
volume
or ooze
offshore & in the boat

but will it float?

take my friend Lowell, who
likes water in
average murk
since the laurentian retreat
now oxygreen on average

above shore
terraced filter suspends
lake maumee, arkona, lake whittlesey
wayne, warren, and lundy

suspend
the temperature to slow the blood
to cure
belowshore &
iron ore
or in the blood on an average
of 19 meters
SMELTS SMELTS SMELTS. Channels & rills:
Weak swimmers offshore & in the straights:
With two populated & two uninhabited islands. Huron-Michigan is a giant, a hulk
of fresh hydrological unit & the straights
of Mackinac, 20 fathom fulcrum & the
generally easterly sometimes the flow
reversal & in tins of course under that
fabulous bridge. When Niedecker drove it &
wrote her very fine poem, it was the biggest
bridge. It was in a LEA from Crystal Lake
in 1912 that Rainbow smelt got into L. MI
and they got into the Shiny Water to the east
thru routes from the Fingerlakes where
they got out in 1917. SMELTS SMELTS SMELTS.
An invasive species that doubles as
canary in caddmiae. In L. MI THE SMELTS
ARE RUNNING meant into buckets dipped &
full or after '46 in Superior too.
Populations swell & crash and but. 9
million lbs from MI-HUR in '58 the
other crashes of course & big plummets
in the 90's. Some excitement again last
year up on Superior, anglers excited
for rebounds of invasive species. It's
possible that at times higher lamprey
numbers have meant less lake trout, which
eat smelt: less lamprey, more smelt. But
there are surely various factors inter-
acting and competition for zooplankton
gobbled by quagga and zebra mussels:
among them
SMELTS. SMELTS. SMELTS. Channels & rills. Weak swimmers offshore & in the straights.

With two populated & two uninhabited islands. Huron-Michigan is a giant, a hulk of former hydrological unit & the straights of Mackinac. 20 fathom fulcrum & the

entire sometimes the flow

versa. A stream of course under that

fabulous bridge. When Niedecker drove it &
wrote her very fine poem, it was the biggest

bridge. Events in 1912 from Crystal Lake

in 1912. A rainbow get into L. MI

and they got into the St. Clair Water to the east

they got into the St. Marys & the lakes where

they got out in 1917. SMELTS. SMELTS. SMELTS.

An invisible species that doubles as

canary & coalmine. In THE SMELTS

ARE RUNNIGN meant

ducks dipped &

full or after '45 in Superior too.

Populations swell & crash and but. 9

million lbs from MI-HUR in '58 - the

other crashes of course & big plummets

in the 90's. Some excitement again last

year up on Superior, anglers excited

for rebounds of invasive species. It's

possible that at times higher lamprey

counter have meant less lake trout, which

eat smelt; less lamprey, more smelt. But

there are surely various factors interact-

acting and competition for zooplankton

gobbled by quagga and zebra mussels

among them.
Motor or plug or tomato or cat; average depth of 147 meters. Class or sheets or key or cup; maximum depth of 64 meters. Dog or cab or telephone or cone; 4,920 cubic kilometers of water.

1,402 kilometers of shoreline including islands.

Bottle or array or shuttle or dust; maximum depth of 244 meters. Tire or fiber or gold or cord; average depth of 59 meters. Vessel or peak or rattle or pocket; 3,540 cubic kilometers of water.

4,385 kilometers of shoreline including islands.

Barrel or truss or detergent or line; maximum depth of 282 meters. Hull or seed or bell or strike; 1,640 cubic kilometers of water. Tube or signal or colorant or lamp; maximum depth of 406 meters.

2,633 kilometers of shoreline including islands.

Quilt or grid or grape or scale; average depth of 86 meters. Hinge or flake or bulb or coil; average depth of 85 meters. Shoe or can or jar or support; 484 cubic kilometers of water.

1,146 kilometers of shoreline including islands.
Tile or gable or bird or rail; maximum depth of 229 meters. Rivet or clump or joist or egg; 12,100 cubic kilometers of water. Re-bar or layer or seat or beak; average depth of 19 meters.

6,157 kilometers of shoreline including islands.

Retention time 191 years.
Retention time 99 years.
Retention time 22 years.
Retention time 2.6 years.
Retention time 6 years.

Capacitor or border or hypoxia or reduction; 22,684 cubic kilometers of water.
still working backwards
in the notebook up
the upstate
for fireside. if you
were president fuck
you. if I were a
lawyer I’d
fuck you if
brake jump
the out
lying cradle
dip the last heel
& go gather some
berries for Lowell Duckert (Associate Professor
of Early Modern Literature,
Department of English, West
Virginia University)
Under a lobe of the Laurentide
A top a lobe

On what remains from the path
of a lobe
of the Laurentide
of 2 mile thick torque leaves no law
but melt & drain what still drains
7000 yrs past the last retreat

all of Maumee & Chicago leaked
to the left until later the Ottawa
out straight from the Georgian bay
to help the St Lawrence
& the Illinois made at that time
a 3rd point to drain what drains
west & south

the lobes themselves were
a strata: twisting on themselves
at maximum extent tho the land
a mattress, rebounds
somewhat later growing & draining
& the variable
shorelines left behind waves
of gentle ridges that I know as a kid
for this reason to slope backwards
from the lake like a contour
map of the west side of Cleveland
that is: the west side of Cleveland.
still working backwards
in the infrastructure
a wall without resonance a

wing without
ink
winks
a lake
to substitute for both
until further inquiry
facsimiles from the
Habtathoeud Codex

selected and reproduced in memory of Andre Norton
the pristine deceitful wave.
Whatever spills from the gauzy field cannot diminish
on the lips of the emerald peers.
poools as motion or mind
Whatever emanates
and sweet fragrance orbits the husk.
in those clear precincts,'
No decay yet echoes
from the frozen hulk of the station.
fetches gaudy spheres
The derelict light
with resounding silence entwined--
Approach, ethereal stepper,
TO THAT REAL VALLEY when will those jeweled fogs descend, whose orientations are emblems of furled abstraction, the loss of travel, the insignificance of correspondence, the loss of magnetic stalk, the lake under brazen, but soft exhalation, the emblems of a new photo-synthesis, glass of locomotion ascended.
of non-oscillating motion.

nothing-blooms in the lost geometries
cast earrings with life whose shades of fleted
or get us out your procedural, the sonographic
tongue is free of sticking meat and yet sputures lunge

what is proof of rhythmic symbols in the fields of rhythmic odd.

parades of symbols in the fields of rhythmic odd.

foundations; the leather-sheltered winds flash

directs the quickened bell of the new tactillites

directs the quickened bell of the new tactillites

o'er the watery shudder with dancing wince, a hagric

as the excellent land-worm greets the hosts

of hensile pulp blink long and rotate slow

in which sentient sapphires bud, tufts

thicken and cocoon the season

that those amphibious messengers thread

when that muscular sleeve
Two Procedures for Constructing a Lean-to

The word perception indicates a direction rather than a primitive function.
— Maurice Merleau-Ponty
Rouse the things that rouse. Violet cotton for chest, shale, contemplation of heat or birds; vapor, not syrup, the most as if intensity like a yellow line opened the memory of the newscast or between instances opened one by one like a wish or a forethought making an axiom of unfinished arrays riddled with doubt: so that closer to direct, nor less functional. Not observing, nor sensing biologically; still feeling. It is with a little yellow that again there are these interested hung lamps, purposed to epidermizing, we are getting closer. Afferent narrow-gauge railway, thin memory of interest. Little pots in quartz or granite like a landing. Little clouds rouse tops of tops, or blackboards, the memory-image is plain full of fields and ways, or traces and veins, or graph of vectors of consciousness remembering a non-empty intention of exteroceptive ontic yellow. Perpetual alignments of melt, remembering newsphoto of Sarajevo, 1993; vectors of ontic efferent juice and yellow like branches or the photograph of great-grandmother’s cabin. Like a bracelet with parts, a fine sieve of motilities: so that the distribution is like a tincture of movement through an alignment of muscle. That is what one may call a memory or an awning. No clouding function for unitary math possibility: there were lakes and minerals that she held, no bracelet, across void to ideal, a chance for multiple natures; concrete slumps cognize lithic relative to childhood, rouse the things that graph memory. Like a bracelet with parts, not leaning or leaping it is like a slump-off of stairs trying in advance for object of study slipping into maple’s purple filtered over green. Chance again, intentional content, non-positing, the roused cloud for decor above the animal door. Getting closer to philosophical statement. The close brave a proximate gust at the top of the top puffs of cloud cloud the void of conditions cognize with snout multiple rousings. They slip into Lake Erie west of Cleveland like a veil but not boring, barreling down but stiff concrete. Strip like a bend in the curtain increments of fossil or photography, boxes it is like one sluices. Vectors lean the graphs getting closer. Increments for pots in the quartz, incre-
ments for sloughing slump or curtain, lake-sheen or leaf-press around exchange of mineral and organic a vector-mess for, or of also or silver prints: or of an or organic, closer to philosophical statement. Aqueous increment of an ideal species, the lake of an idea, the quartz pots of an idea: it is like leaning over a stream at a length that is a hole that is a war. Unwashed scent. The stairs mottled with memory. The memory is not unclear, we were sitting near a wood, you said: the veil has lifted its occipital take. A style within the sensitive. But there are also those conceptions of animal door, a secondary logic, that war or the thin yellow that branches stairwells or lake-prints left in leaf-graphs. These the color of a slit of brass. This the not-functional, roused, it is like the stairwell or the midges. Operating at least four conceptions of animal door, these not impediment to logic, little quartz tops of tops of 5000 ft. elevations we call mountains in the east. Not across, not functional, roused, charged with ontic yellow. Not across, rousing, lakes that are not essentially occasional, aching awnings that flap percepts like bracelets break, a priori possibility of those at the top of the top of those almost at direct philosophical statement. Devonian shale brittles several and thins. It is like a dribble rotates and slumps, realigning several geometries: decor for a book, positing possibility for ideal yawn between real lake and ideal lake, fossil and silver print. Autoperceptibility of exteroceptive concept. An inclement arousal is one that we don’t expect. What was a wearing was also the color of paper. Like a slit or a latch, a flesh of two leaves. Fissile, a kaleidoscope the tangible cuts in the visible. A soft hinge of brass. A reversibility in the foliage of the sensible feels these tree-growths accelerate those laurels there those chestnuts over there.
Less practical than a triangle. Remove certain lakes from the crystalline structures. What is a carport for the house’s dead inventor collapses curtain rods and swings shower or sideways the defunct slides effectively the door around. It has appeared as with maples, ash, sycamore, oak, the board of the Philips 212 Electronic. Likening to shallows, for what is this year mauve it is like a push of hobble against rotate. Beautiful shirts, things else like or unlike furs, mounds, propellers. Less consistent. Less left here the left less, not the penned the. Closer to philosophical statement. A brass hinge with a soft reversibility, a strip of yellow, a strip of turquoise, a strip of taupe. These four beams going out to meet within some laminous intention. These resemblances of accidental resemblance, a perpetual dilatory melt. These devonian shales if not longer, ideally intended, no resemblance, pushes a propelling or yet. A yet a little gray with bristles. An aqueous index in temporal dispersal. Possibly, if longer or shorter, a riddle. Abstracted to this via roofs we close in on direct philosophical statement. Wait for a long time to draft paragraph, plot dog’s movements in a bracelet around the concept. Aiming like tabby-patterned. Harpoon like draft of cliff. Slump like fossils rousing. A riddle the color of tin. An afferent draft of yellow. We are not yet close but. For sensing skin or removed, it is like the flaking for the shale. For descending, it is like the shale slumping. For photographs of horizon, it is like the concrete steps with weathered feet in lake. Moored to the fissile concept, it is like concrete poured in water. Slumps, it is like propelled, combining or pushing, not having, if riddle. Closer to philosophical statement. For what is this year mauve it is like combining. For what is a mauve riddle this year it is like philosophical. For what is on it is like leaving the most defunct of beaches (it was not something you could hold in your hands). For sensing skin or removed, again it is with the curtain like shallows. Again it is mauve, closer to statement, this is a hinged letter it is like again shallows and shale. Again it is like a lake, with certain exchanges. Again the flakes slough without resemblances, each flip
aimed biologically, no, certain for what is mauve, ideally. Unlike waves, it is like having a riddle propelled. Unlike filmed, it licks air. Unlike aimed, it closes in. Unlike grasped, it drafts. Closer to philosophical statement. A node in the woof of the simultaneous and the successive. Focused as shale, it holds. Focused, it is like certain minerals removing philosophical crystals. Less practical, the in has appeared. Less riddle, it pushes like a film or the flakes of color it propels. Flaking, it is vectored. Vectored, these collect, hold. Like a lake, it is mineral. Like a lake, we close or hold. Like a yawning, we alternate current, liken to shallows. Like a riddle a propelled thing waves, like concrete sloughed it flanks fossils flaked. Like a cliff it slumps fossils, like birch or maple it flips without resemblances. It tries to touch itself while being touched. The riddle between each ray a vectoring gap, a cliff-feeling. Cliff cognizes certain removes, closer to philosophical statement. We are not yet in a riddle but. Likened to a graph we vector shallows, likened without resemblances but. A gray like flakes likens to shallows, we beam or are propelled. The color of an. Idea of strip above the yellow. Remove certain minerals, we close on yawing gap and jump for what is like alternate curves of fossil exchange, or flakes: a fissile hollow of interminable gravitation. Unlike waves, unlike aimed, unlike flaked, what can geometry 1993 memory. A straw calculus with handles or threads. A strange adhesion to a fold in the flesh of sound. An aqueous furrow, a precise thicket, a tuft of pell-mell porosity. A careful reading, a breached fall, so that we are signposts, yes
we’ve got five years that’s all we’ve got
telegraph zaps out chronicle
entries surprise all the keepers
excite the leonine fatigue

we are too tired to live like that

when the opera rocket hit mars
the cat suit the fat suit in bronze
pours concrete cold and long pylons
buoy us over the former
icespace and the flow of hallway
branches under the earliest
resemblances of assembly
timing flat textile advances
the tempo pentangles in snow
on the crenelated edits
in a colony now without
these years left these few glitter years
snow enormous at the launchpad
fins flake shaped solar erasures
in post-planetary dirges
these few years these cold golden years
horizontal autumn rebound
assembled each line to shim up
library walls lakeside units
tether no more apologies
the new spirit not smoldering
but what laps at rotted iron
feathers the window splint after
the launch and that’s all we’ve got
lapel and gilt and shoe size and
whatsoever inebriates
station to station vehicles  
station to station telegraphs  
station to station wave of phase  
entrails anchor this with rough sleep  
sloughs off the solar adventure  
these post-planetary dirges  
leak the leonine speed of life

we are too tired to live like that

revolves with flayed and sliced ocean  
freak out in a moonage daydream  
perceval orbiting again  
ever never to be heard from again  
the library rarely omits  
registers of such netted gold  
futurity emits transmits  
leaks leaks leaks leaks leaks leaks leaks leaks

leaks leaks leaks leaks leaks leaks
at the river landing’s the place
where the river is “noble”
in a description of it there  

(Giscombe)

By the time we had completed
the colony looks up and all
the Breuer museums had been
demolished. The scene entirely
provincial. And Galahad too
felt shame. Whether structure or span
the nerves of chivalry aligned
by unresponsive quoins contract
into the colony’s central
assembly cylinders. Moonage
offset plates reverse relations
between signage at the Launchpad
and the marvelous apartments.
The whole thing was Galahad’s fault:
preferring the accessible
purity of advertising
modeled on the Siege Perilous
which is an explanatory
sign for visitors, this logic
of representation flattens
attempts at utopian space.
Planes and relative masses and
concrete geometry working.
Concrete and steel and granite too,
also slate, are really working.
Signs issued by the colony
Library at each flattened site
recall disassembled modern
space
so we addressed the unyielding sentence with just such a treatise
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