

Prosthesis :: Caesarea
Susan Gevirtz

LRL
e-editions

Prosthesis : : Caesarea
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Prosthesis

One summer when I was little I use to wait by myself at the end of the driveway for the day camp bus. The trees were filled with birds and I learned how to make their sounds and I spoke to them and they replied. I could tell one bird call from another and had my eyes on the branches while my voice echoed loudly and without restraint off the pavement.

How the voice is part of the body and alters with the body's growth.

The confusion, question, of whose voice is whose, from where do words issue? Who has them like we have an arm?

The legal voice and its link to limb.

The voice that exists without body, on tape, on the phone, on the radio—its omniscient fascist possibilities all by itself.

Led to the definition of engastriloque:

a. 1728, Hutchinson, *Witchcraft*: There are also many that can form Words and Voices in their Stomach, which shall seem to come from others rather than the Person that speaks them. Such people are called Engastriloques. ... There was a compact between the engastriloque and the exorcist...

b. To cast the voice

c. A wench, practicing her diabolical witchcraft. Some have questioned whether it can be done lawfully or no. Speaking from the bottom of the belly is a thing as strange as anything in witchcraft.

Fence of branch or antler or wire. Ploughed clouds

We took no snapshots
Acted on ceremonial whims
Drove on dirt roads

A bolt of cloth unfolding, the sky

Front of the sea
World as mosaic
And leads up to it

tubing, metal and glass containers
attached at joints and flesh

It replies: I do not want the intervention in the invention.
I am asked; am met by great reluctance.

The voice speaks to its own mouth
and also from a speech external

There is some discussion
in regard to giving up this body

The photo journalist could still
take pictures after losing
a forearm Without arm
after receiving Nobel
peace prize Move electronic arm
worked by tricep and bicep

Construed, middle
no unguent. Turning lathe.
Angles for potential attachment diminish against the backdrop
of all that has led.
Prediction of sequence attached at joints,
mechanics of rejoinder

Like a bolt of lightning unfolding the sky

Do you have a mission? As your pocket knife and bag of crusts
suggest? Do you have a friend? As your friendliness suggests?
Does the tubing around your torso connote experience? Are you
in the pool or did the parting of water leave you behind?

The drapery of a sarong unfolding a thigh

Age of glasses device and devise more boats appear
Sea foregrounded as painted backdrop painted motion except where
radioactive waste beats the armada heart lined up underground
artery of iron ship hulls
on inverted horizon

They too want sleep. In those mountains beyond
the narrow highways
live the untamed

Suffering at the hands of weather
As on the open ocean
or in the bush at night
Emotion here is nothing
but the feeling of a bodily state

time for immemorial
curfew hours
on memory

who knew
it's vacancy
that constitutes the usefulness of the room

Dear ventriloquist,

Time excised from memory. Someone was born to be our occasion. And given a name. Now he wants to take it back. Leave the camera's eye. They want him the way fan blades want to disperse heat. I want him too. Let him be the focus of the story so that it may be told. This too is shameful: A name lies in a crushed car under the collapsed upper deck of the bridge. Sequence of letters forgotten but the fact of a name and the reportedly large size of a body graphically recalled. Do not reveal how much we want his name. Sitting on the edge of the bed using the place of his forgotten name as an excuse.

A bolt of sleep excises light

We read at swans' edge
Acted on angers' angle
Walked barefoot on marble

the writing

writing

the washing

the writing

he wanted to wash her feet

Who knew what would come of restored sight: "...who on most occasions never even bothered to turn on the houselights in the evening but sat quietly alone in the darkness."

Who said of the lathe: "Now that I have felt it I can see it."

The industry is highly amorphous. Sales and profit figures are closely guarded. The money is good in duplicating the body. Everybody is a potential customer.

The one without leg
who feels the leg

The one without the name
who is only name

Helicopter talk:

Those whose
roads are mined
whose minds fragment

extravagantly
wearing traditional
gaudy dress
or do we call it costume?

With bloody arrow wounds
all over their bodies
they run

With bundles of clothes and boxes of diapers they run

later they are sweeping
actually sweeping
streets

As an outdoor movie screen breaks
night sky

world as amnesiac
and all that led

bibles provided for victims of the riot

the page that has been folded over and over

Personal questions for personal organs

—You sold the body part to survive

—You were \$25,000 in debt

—A kidney or lung is an advanced salary

—Trafficking in organs is illegal

They too want food wrapping and unwrapping the waste of others

Dear ventriloquist,

If I ran a hotel there would be a room for
(you) those unencumbered (by body) The limbless
who stroll among us Those without torso who do appear
would sleep here

I was talking inside
a warm airless box
talking without noise
and they heard me outside
all around the building
as an announcement on a P.A. system
but soundless inside

Dear ventriloquist,

I want you to explain without arriving. I want you to arrive without
appearing. Beck and Call is my favorite name for you.

the residual limb
comfortably walks over uneven surfaces
rotational forces
provide a substantially
more comfortable stroll

Wash

Spread

We repeat the unrepeatable
Wash sculptural parts
Spread a cloth

Dear ventriloquist,
Where was his body when he became body
before being buried after becoming only
He who was what after being shot before
the grandparents put their songs over him?

Howmedica Inc: We could manufacture fan blades
for jets if we wanted or hips or knees—the aerospace industry
uses the same material as we do

replacement parts

socket interfaces

socket interfaces

replacement parts

A woman takes off her coat
A car takes off an arm
A plane takes off

Dear ventriloquist,

You do not know your size We measure your
intention by the number of witnesses out loud she is welcome charges dropped
You are not the assailant driving the wrong way
down a one way street. Anything can be turned into a cause
for suspicion outlaw actual motion
without reprimand

was waste

the wasting the washing
waste want

immersion in hands

Without name there is less to forget
Where the fathers are ashes in the mouth of
the future Where in that bend of the road they still
crouch knitting and rubbing in an attempt at sense
in the gentle and long the impossible
bandaging of themselves

Dear ventriloquist,

This uncertainty in regard to direction— For which they are either drowned or burned—
Engastriloques, under the trees— Talking to birds— To which we reply

forgetting

forgetting

The price is forgotten or the price is forgetting

Season hungry for light
buildings destroyed
but still intact

Almost all we have left

Compare the sand to the sand
as farmers wash topsoil
on to the reefs smothering fish and killing the reefs
in order to eat

somewhere somewhere

somewhere somewhere as if use is legible

The new hand has an operating speed three to four times faster than existing hook-like electric hands, yet it maintains a gripping force of comparable magnitude. The closing and opening rate is similar to typical working speeds of the average human hand.

In one hemisphere the bat and in the other
hummingbirds pollinate
the same orchid One by night
another by day

in the other

The assailant got into a car

The wife of he whose sight was restored reported his great disappointment

Dear ventriloquist,
Sky of fiberglass unrolled

Front of the world
leading up to it

C A E S A R E A : . : Herod's City

In the first footnote to “Herod’s Lament For Mariamne,” —one of Byron’s *Hebrew Melodies*— Ashton, the editor, quotes from Milman’s *History of the Jews* in order to summarize part of the Herod and Mariamne story. According to Milman:

Mariamne, the wife of Herod the Great, falling under the suspicion of infidelity, was put to death by his order. She was a woman of unrivalled beauty, and a haughty spirit: unhappy in being the object of passionate attachment, which bordered on frenzy, to a man who had more or less concern in the murder of her grandfather, father, brother, and uncle, and who had twice commanded her death, in case of his own. Ever after, Herod was haunted by the image of the murdered Mariamne, until disorder of the mind brought on disorder of body, which led to temporary derangement.

In August 1811 Byron wrote to Augusta, “I don’t know what Scrope Davies meant by telling you I liked Children, I abominate the sight of them so much that I have always had the greatest respect for the character of Herod.”

Herod began construction of the city, Caesarea Maritima, in 22 B.C.. It is —still there— on the Mediterranean coast of what is now Israel — still a busy international port, now of archaeologists coming, going and reconstructing.

The question of Miramne remains. And somehow appropriately hovers in the Palestine/Israel zone of contested stories.

Tell her

when you go there

what you saw here

Her

Sayarea

They

they

gathered

the

Sayarena

. .
. .

Desert Limb

expel 400 march

rain Friday

march

ordered middle self-declared
over their heads fire

raised fears deportations
could shatter

CHARACTER

That which I now affirm
as true

In a solitary
chamber, gallery
and staircase

is true

anxious
agony

at feet

limb apostrophe

laborwork artery
teeth

the fallen angle

We returned with torches

WE
RETURNED
TORCHES

into the house
of mourning
affliction

As said these words received a figure

sea ice
surrounding
mountains glacial

Tale within
tale's duties of
CREATOR
TO CREATURE

This was
the forest
here I slept
overcome by

my injurer

condemnation

And I call on
You and
I call on
you

drink deeply of
drink deeply

guided by a narrow
follow

Never a vision
grief face

Life, obstinate
and closest
when most hated

You creator, but I, master

He is cold, he cannot answer

. .
. .

It begins
as usual
with a journey
in a new
handed over
panegyric
litany without altar
microscope or crucible
“even mock the invisible
word with its own shadow”

— Mary Shelly

acute
hearsay

old age wave

crested
the wait abreast

So we
were sent
and following
followed. Memories
before our time. We
backwards think and
on paper inherit
contour, what to call it?
We our readers' readers
Not knowing where
leaving off begins.

. .
. .

Did he
or did he not
die

alone in his temple
of which he knew nothing

the will hard to interpret

with a consideration
remarkable in a desecrator

a
wilderness
known of this

Nor did they respond
to the current
wave of belief in an after-life

no justification in the holy books
for the return
of body

as tradition says
a pharisee
is law walking

men may amend any and every
supplementations inferences:
collect consensus

exposition invisible
at ancient inkwells
the found, lingers

in letters immortality
no messianic wait
for words
secure the coming world

in a surround of
apocalyptic writings
enlarging on scriptural promise

Who the true follower

Who false?

covenant wasteland between
salt sea (red) limestone cliffs
passionate territory
of message

And is she dead? — and did they dare
obey my phrensy's jealous raving?
— Byron

. .
. .

In the cowl of obedience concealed
contract or hood and all its sequence
and by the steps of that story
she went up

. .
. .

Uncovered a woman in marble
other fragments Today
lacking head, arms, right leg

Who is
this

over the city
after its death
still standing in for she whose
flesh was masons' mortar

And the archeologists too, crave her signal
called into
current moral
a story of evil, a beautiful citadel
founded on soundless

Throat
Under excavation is the way it went
who villain
and whose beauty

Blame in honor of
murder disarmed

And he placed her on an aristocratic rise
The shadow of her cast
larger

greeting while
itineraries, intrigue, genealogy
busied him beneath stone fidelity unflinching
gaze from which he never
escaped Tryst:

For the ceremony of founding
many ropes are tied to her limbs
and while the crowd of new citizens watch
she is leveraged upright
Standing for the city
while the city rises
She wears a short dress
right breast bare, a cloak
falls from left shoulder and right thigh

She carries a sword belt
short ceremonial sword
in scabbard

Also headless, harness over
his upper body, below her, he also
sculpture, appeals up

his reassembled
hawser harness

I will tow you

Or the city of archaeologists watch as
he steers
drill marks absent
She holds the oar
on coin — at harbor
she wears the battlement crown

Straining against his harness
for the damaged marble genius

Tyche of the colony

. . .
. . .

Wanting to stay
we go

hidden upon hidden

Bring king a dragon awoken

that after death his ashes
rest in the tower
he built

“So should all men raise up words for their lords

and the ship opened
to take that motionless cargo

he whose word was obeyed
when darkness had dropped”
— Beowulf

. . .
. . .

“In the city
time visible

monuments public ways” open

more “than the written record”
—Mumford

In hope archaeological

they return
to the partial stratigraphic

scrapbook
childhood's grid site read vertical
face Retrieve

any feature
in a square

legible

. .
. .

Aerial infrared

zone

beneath open field ruins appear
level locus, wall oven
pottery cache, stone rows, mosaic pavement
isolate assignment stratum
indicator or diagnostic

to mark each

the eastern quay
is now dry
land

how to provide sufficient water beneath the keels of ships
tied up along the harbor

along the resuscitated problem down
to bedrock grey clay or
sterile soil: buff-colored sand

which must have been

Let the floor plan of your heart
And the recitation of your body
Be acceptable, be sequential

. .
. .

[And what was rage is] (Revenge turned to) agony - A;
— Byron

Fighting in the hills

once more He

received messengers He alone

was mounted Campfires lit at this height

and season
for death Famous Maccabean contempt

Not in battle—but from illness, he dreaded

bereft by an unseen or assassin, a stab
under the left shoulder blade a plot

under the tabernacle She, a stranger, constantly
close, no longer seen a permanent presence
The assassin big and tall like himself

He rode out slowly without destination

returned without

. .
. .

wild] deep A; wild B
— Byron

. .
. .

Mariamne amneo

under memory
for which he thrusts and cannot

Maritima sea guard
under his body
accord between

cease your name I building for which you

plan and cannot

body of water cornered

harbor your sensation

slave slaves sea I

am newest gone my name stops

your throat and builds landfill

. .
. .

Rich with Territorial transfers bitumen or asphalt
rises to Dead Sea surface

as mortar, as medicine, protection against worms and grubs
for the embalming of corpses extremely profitable
groves of date-palms and balsam at Jericho

To intervene in Arab affairs

Treachery Security Hazards — Tabernacles:

a holiday for
rejoicing and drowning towards the end of warm weather
your son Aristobulus: priest for one year
but too well liked by the people,
held under water, while you design
land lock

. .
. .

plastic will replace

what lasts beyond flesh

manufactured across

time the opposite of rite

not its substitute knife to neck

finds “covenant” her search to sift for that “which needs no
scapegoat”

her speech Time is limited in face of act
to excavate Right now you are missing things
everywhere
“Why do we kill, break,
eat” together

— Irigaray

in order to be together

They remain a magnificent monumental

lifeless body

Horde in supplication to sculptural
proctectress

Should you feed the child without profit
or fatten and mark her
for abduction

out in the grazing lands altars await her
the modern world never happened as it happens to her
because with tools they wait for her, pawing the ground and yawning
until her arrival, wrists tied in the knot we all know,
though have never and the car she rides in covers
as carriage of deliverance against violence unbearable because
invisible

MONUMENT
MONUMENT

What is unseen and done to you
is unbearable without my eyes

Why do we watch together
in order to convene?
In what shelter do we watch
in order to know
what happened then without you
had its weight as does a pillar?

There's not room in my heart

carve shale reveal

cavernous must

Consequently his Uncle Joseph
was executed The informant, his
own wife

Showering rich gifts on Cleopatra
the queen he hated so well
and escorting her all the way home
beside the delta of the Nile

The morale of Antony's enormous forces
weakened by the presence of a woman in camp
Antony depended on her for construction of many ships
built of the wood she disposed of in her new Syrian possessions

In this rocky basalt lava country

Moreover, at this juncture, (Spring, 31) a serious earthquake
took place killing many thousands of persons and countless cattle

Cleopatra's ships which had stood in reserve turned away
she and Antony fled back to Egypt

Guilty letters forged or otherwise

had his son

strangled a form of capital punishment unauthorized
by Jewish tradition

There is no letter in my heart the real foe
outlived

Philoromaios Philokaiser COLLABORATOR INVENTOR

"any spite but a woman's"
— Ben Sira, *Ecclesiasticus*

Her arrest execution the boils on his neck or nervous break
the purge did not close the rot had spread

Cure by construction and propaganda

Massive hippodrome wild beast contests
gymnastics and wrestling: symbols of pagan Hellenism

Young Jews in athlete's hats and nothing else
circumcisions surgically reversed
thus repudiating the holy covenant
'for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God'

Total absence of men or beasts from coinage
trophies on shelves instead of statues

Where it stands upon a hill

within a saucer of other hills

a traveler from Jerusalem to Bethlehem
sees the cone of Herodium
dominating the southern view on the top a round fortress
a circular corridor along the circumference royal
apartments, baths, a great stone stairway no doubt a park
extended all around an aqueduct irrigated the surrounding
countryside cisterns and relay stations between one palace and
the next behind one a large bath-house in this waterless
region To harness flash floods to contend

Colossal will

upon built Caesarea to the decree of never cease

from Macrobius from Flavius Josephus literary portraits
incomplete What do exist in abundance are remains
buildings any formal silhouette

could easily communicate by signal mirror or fire
with similar towers in Jerusalem of now of then
the bright page mirror

in profile CONFLAGRATION

. .
. .

But what is a city
that Baedeker Blue Guide of municipal
administration recreation facilities, running water, arable land
under the city's authority territory Caesarea's Goddess wears
the city-wall crown

wish turned marble
turned wall

chariot race inauguration, circus, gladiatorial combats — crowd control
easier outside the city where Jews were less desecrated

whose holy is city

whose holy city dead bread defense

3,500 spectators Cavea: The large pool cut into rock or
salt-water tank used to breed and store fish

Stunning setting of the Promontory Palace

The term for city blocks is insulae islands
here marooned

lost agoura massive ruins within five
stationary sandunes

Sailors approaching Caesarea
could see it from far out at sea

. .
. .

Thus the king built a city

belief is not necessary creator to captor a city's
haunches rise like a statue in supplication

or follow back like a bee at night
no longer at rest while you rest

or raise like a sound
her nocturnal visitation from oceans, seas use bodies of others
Granted Tormented

answers up in aerial photos when the sea is calm
and sun bright

From this ungainly craft "mother ship"
underwater operations an iron pipe burrows through

bottom sand until it encounters

To dive by air bag, breathing apparatus
lifting objects to the surface with ease

out of space into space

. . .
. . .
Culmination is rebuilding culmination soft white stone
used by Solomon quarried again

the holy palace should not
be disfigured by noise or the commotion of face rather
ten-thousand workmen one thousand priests trained as masons and
carpenters

The 'mountain of the house' surrounding an inner shrine

To build a precinct the builder himself is forbidden to enter

Thus the power of the faceless bricklayer

Culminates in repetition
. . .
. . .

enrobed in news

bearded hooded walking a rocky road

more than 400 expelled

Palestinians must return from anon

to the "security zone"

file march
through yellowing newsprint

be filed

. . .
. . .
Inside the Court of the Gentiles the Court
of Women

the limit beyond which fence or grating surround

three gates to enter presentation location
of the infant son

To give it to you that is your right your due
As beast to domestic animal My calling to raise you from
women's court cockroach arena Forced labor, loin service:
convicts you

pinned under body underworld
and above sky stage Bought performance
the watched bedecked
in sword glory-cast
under invisible cowl
of obedience and all its sequins

In the middle of the Court of the Priests
in front of the sanctuary itself
stood the Sacrificial Altar
approached by a ramp

After it remained only as a remarkable memory
Your stop here on earth
errand to his ends
. . .
. . .

stony and waterless moorland Judea

plateau on the road to nowhere New Year of the Trees

Tu Bishvat Pomegranates have been planted at desolate
Masada

cultivation of figs truffles dug up Palestine flax date
syrup “dishonesty squeezes in between
selling and buying”
— Eccleisticus

exquisite and aristocratic girl and boy slaves
from a Transjordanian Sheikh
caravans of incense

A waterproof account

. .
. .

20 Whose . . .for] While yet the leaves] (whose leaves for)
guilt] [deed] (guilt)
— Byron

. .
. .

Caesarea beside the Augustan Harbour twenty fathoms deep

As a vessel sailed, ten towers came into view
six colossal statues, three on either side

a vast honeycomb of underground passages

“one can trust a woman with a prutah or with an object worth a prutah”
— Hillel’s disciples

an insignificant ‘mite’ or prutah Not insects, tiny money

. .

. .

One with closed wings

had made frequent appearances pagan eagles soaring aloft
on the facades of temples and coins of others and now ours

From his sickbed the youths who actually pushed the
eagle from the roof down into court burnt alive

The high priest dreamt he was having sex disqualifying
himself, according to Law, from officiating on that day

‘the bowels would fall out of a murderous king of Judah’
— Elijah

A gusto in forecasting to the warm sulphur
baths or lowered into a tub of hot oil the King lost consciousness

last instructions to sister Salome and one last execution
of another son

sepulchral monuments in Hellenistic taste body crowned and
sceptered 24 mile procession bier of solid gold studded with
jewels draped in purple escorted by surviving sons and
relatives, the army, Thracians, Germans, Galatians
next came 500 house slaves and freedmen, carrying spices

. .
. .

[guilt] [deed] (guilt)
and mine] and mine[s]
— Byron

. .
. .

Already the aftermath

gazing upon
Majestic

Atonement

Halakhah walking
Haggadah SHOWING FORTH

. .
. .

Textron is not a country, not a company— a vast installation
conglomerate a new kind of territory
contracts instead of passports or treaties
Universal History in 144 books from earliest times
to Herod's death virtually lost in disappearance

where Rulers have multiple lives
in action, inscriptions,
in the archival future "living
for the record —
Thus the urban jar..." — Mumford
does open

. .
. .

Not redemption from guilt but for
continuing to live

To grief plug in grief ambient
looking always to alight

Excess: the stocking on the face of
nothing as it breaks night after night
into the house

Half is what you always wanted, half
what you always avoided

. .
. .

The statue is lost; the base, with the right foot, was last seen
in the mid-nineteenth century

Perhaps it too was originally double like most other gates

Probably this is correct and the two accounts are not a doublet

Aretas [Area] Aeneas in original Greek form proceeded to reign
for 49 years and placed the heads of his sister-wives on his
coins

Caesar: one who stops
or puts to a stop

cease obs form of cease

you were last seen
say

that you are willing Say that you are chosen Say that you will
serve
That he possess a thorn from the crown of thorns

. .
. .

locus lost
arena inflatable
all over the modern panorama
century stacks
local and portable

symptom: arrest.
To save
on this side
rail divides
bridge from bay
commute or sky

CHARACTER handcuffed
who is
never enough
and by definition
already too much

Whose attempted escape Halted: was Convincing
Sympathetic Reliable

a riddle untouched
all its life

and the way enthusiasm wears on like an illness

Furiously doing Here at the end of plan's hope
CIVIL LIFE

. . .
. . .

Dull Lines

bread again

oath land

Feather bed

BE FILED Into the bitten place

Winter Night Moat

. . .
. . .

This, the world
voluminous and always impinging
on the unimaginable
present

. . .
. . .

Just like the father
the two of you
boxers in the wings
getting ready
to go on stage

. . .
. . .

Edifice, you will disappear
in efface, and all the
long winter nights spent in
erase erase erase and erase

. . .
. . .

And the light shadow of scandal

The light leaf of forgery

the city's telegraph promise unfulfilled, planned scarcity

"a nest for personality" —Mumford

monopoly on monologue or

A full cast

. . .
. . .

You too [were]

last seen

SAY

Ceace orbs

(final worlds. rage.)

[You were] last

seen say

STILL there
taking leave belief
escapes motionless

And the ship opens
to take that marooned
cargo into days of the week

The endless frenetic floorplan of lives bought sold stolen
bricklayers' processional

Now the informant calls
CREATURE to CAPTOR

He said as much but less

is necessary Beloved

through the many gates

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On 7 July 1969, 27 bodies of men, women and children were buried by the Israeli army with full military honors as martyrs [and I write this on 7 July 1993]

Following their glands into oblivion

As said these figures received

—Especially in the development of *Passages* I have worked with silences—with caesuras as definite parts of the articulation... with intervals of silence in the measures between stanzas...

The patterns realized are set; but the tempos go back to the body they come from in each reading.

...and yet belong to...a Sentence beyond the work. The built

— Duncan, “Some Notes on Notation,” *Groundwork, Before the War*

FALLOUT

Heliopolis organized Arabs under the city of the sun

the name is preserved in the drained Lake Huleh

from the breezy, fragrant woods, orchards, vineyards and grain lands of Gilead to the blasted, stony steps of Moab

Josephus knew site's promise conquered nature desperate need for port facilities Design and design to the God's 100th degree

What actor can perform at his best in an empty house?

— Mumford

the ruins of the Temple There is “another atonement as effective as this — acts of loving kindness.” — said Johanan ben Zakkai, student of Hillel and Shammai

Bernice patron of a rival Jewish historian whom Josephus hated

Ancient literary convention you may swim in the same story twice as long as you do it in different clothes

Version of events dramatic structure anti or pro sources

The name Maccabaeus means ‘hammer’ or ‘hammer-headed’

House of Meeting as precursor of the synagogue. It is uncertain what the synagogue was called in Herod's time

The Words of the Heavenly Lights (Qumran) 6 (M. Baillet, Revue Biblique, 1961)

War of the Sons of Light and the Sons of Darkness Manual of Discipline, The Triumph of Righteousness J.T. Milik, Qumram Cave

Hasadim: Does their name mean pious men or refer to healing or bathing (ritual purity)

For the First Intifada
For Polly Klass
For Mariamne

Also by Susan Gevirtz:

AERODROME ORION & Starry Messenger, Kelsey Street Press (forthcoming)

Thrall, The Post-Apollo Press, 2007

OMATIC & after ST JOHN, dPress, 2006

Hourglass Transcripts, Burning Deck, 2001

Spelt, collaboration with Myung Mi Kim, a+bend press, 1999

Black Box Cutaway, Kelsey Street Press, 1999

Narrative's Journey: The Fiction and Film Writing of Dorothy Richardson, Peter Lang, 1996

Taken Place, Reality Street, 1993

Linen minus, Avenue B, 1992

Domino: point of entry, Leave Books, 1992

Korean and Milkhouse, Abacus, 1991

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