

Anna E. Sedas

*The Lots of the Military Town-
ships are numbered generally
from left to right in numerical
order, by which those numbers
that are not put down may ea-
sily be found.*

14

i.

Cole Phelps has traded in his penthouse and moved
to the country—

 this bank of the river is an artificial one.
Reeds and the river are on one side, and a water marsh
 on the other,
 in that part which bounded his lands.

No scene can be imagined
less enticing to a lover of the picturesque

 than this. The shore is deformed
with mud, and incumbered
 with a forest of reeds. The fields, in most seasons,
 are mire; but when they afford a firm
footing, the ditches by which they are bounded
 by which are bounded
and intersected
 are mantled with stagnating green

and emit the most noxious exhalations.

Health is no less a stranger to those seats than pleasure.

Spring and autumn are sure to be accompanied with agues
and bilious remittents. Cole Phelps, Accounts,



ii.

makes his seat in the temple of ball lightning.
Heath, stir up mere flesh and sizzle. Naked,
blistered, and emulsified unto aether. Propitious
was the spirit that imparted these tidings. For a five-percent
partnership, combing his hair back with his hand, glad
man!, good looking glass of skimmed milk,
writhing out upon the rafters on his belly
casting several marvelous voices into the bower.
Who can be there and in one hand at once.
Divided and present in extension.
Up for a promotion—and by god, why *not*
up for a promotion!



iii.

- the place of a body is the surface of the body or bodies immediately surrounding and in contact with the located body
- a physical body is in place commensurably inasmuch as the individual portions of its exterior surfaces answer singly to the corresponding portions of the immediately envioning surfaces of the body or bodies that constitute its place
- a being is definitively in place when it is entire in every portion of the space it occupies. This is the mode of location proper to unembodied spirits and to the human soul in the organism whereof it is the 'substantial form', i.e., the actuating and vitalizing principle. A spirit cannot, of course, be *in loco* circumscriptively since, having no integrant parts, it cannot be in extensional contact with the surrounding dimensions. It may be said, therefore, to locate itself by its spiritual activity and rather to occupy than to be occupied by place, and consequently to be virtually rather than formally *in loco*. Such a mode of location cannot be natural to a physical body. Whether it can be so absolutely, supernaturally, miraculously, by an interference on the part of omnipotence will be considered below.
- a mixed mode of location would be that of a being which is circumscriptively in one place and definitively elsewhere



iv.

He himself was awake, in consequence of some slight
Indispositon, and was, according to his custom,
musing on some favorite topic. Coward, stand aside and see
me do it. I will draw a trigger in this business.



v.

What security had he, that in this degenerate into a tyrant and volup Padua is lost.' Having been broug asked by Ezzelino how he expecte *proximus sed longo intervallo*- b The tyrant of tyrants is that uns follows us into closet, and girls often labor to acquire acco some future husband, and when th some brutal, depraved tyrant the di of the world. At first a libertine, always a tyrant, he died, chil his wife, and hated by the people. W called, by some of his *compatrio* 'liar,' a 'tyrant,' a 'knave,' a 'dru' 'equality' preached to them has b employer, held us as a merciless possessor of plunder, were to dis their possessions with their less f said not a word; but feeling all abo discovered the hole, which cunn let me alone till next day dinne man's malicious intent, but getting wonted custom, receiving into my mouth myself with the success of my own shut, the furious tyrant taking up *t* hands brung it down again with all violence of which blow, imagin head, I lay sprawling without forehead, nose and mouth gu full of 'broken teeth and broken

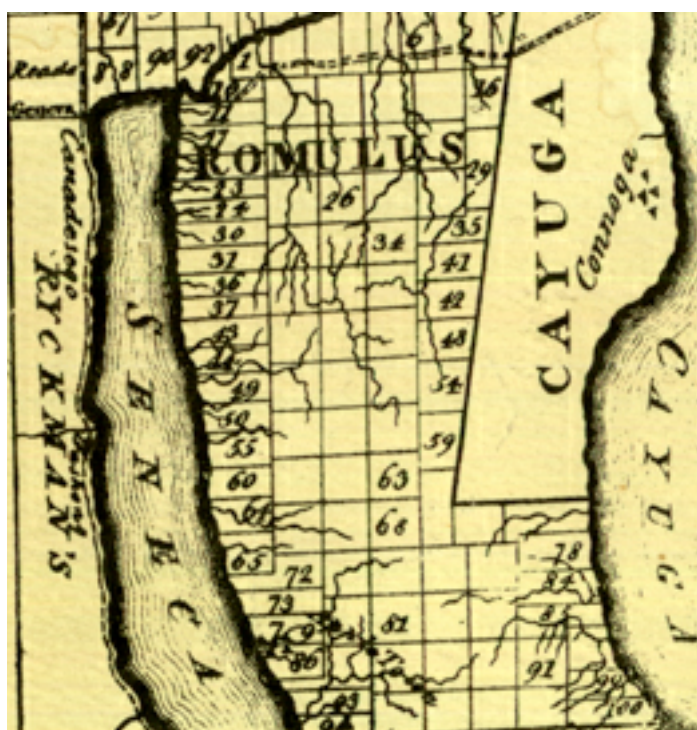


vi.

Were not these the two great sources of depravity?
What security had he,
that in this change of place and condition,
he should not degenerate into a tyrant and voluptuary?
Cole Phelps lives to be our protector and our friend,
not a tyrant and our foe. and incumbered with
a forest of reeds. Nothing was wanted but
his presence in that country, and a legal
application to establish this claim.

mimic exactly the voice of a
nother and to modify the sou
nd so that it shall appear to c
ome from what quarter, and b
e uttered at what distance

I please.



change of place and condition, he should not
 tuary? ‘What news?’ said the tyrant, ‘Bad!
 ht into the presence of the tyrant, he was
 d to be treated. He may have been s
 ut he was none the less a churl and a tyrant.
 een and blameless one, the public—it
 hurts the sincerity of our prayers. Fanciful
 mpishments is so great that they rush out
 than an enthusiast, at last a bigot, and
 dless of all legitimate issue, forsaken by
 e have heard Frederick William IV,
ts of the class alluded to in the text, a
 nkard’ and we know not what all. The
 een that of property, in which the
 tyrant, and the rich man as the
 gorge their ill-gotten gains, and share
 ortunate fellow-mortals. To that he
 ut the pot, he at last unluckily
 ingly dissembling itself at the time, he
 r, not dreaming, God knows, of the old
 in between his legs, according to my
 the distilling drew, and pleasing
 ingenuity, my eyes upward, but half
he hard but sweet pot with both his
 his force upon my face; by the
 ing the house had fallen upon my
 any sentiment or judgement, my
 shing out with blood, and the latter
 pieces of the can.’ Desperate games
 of hazard.



viii.

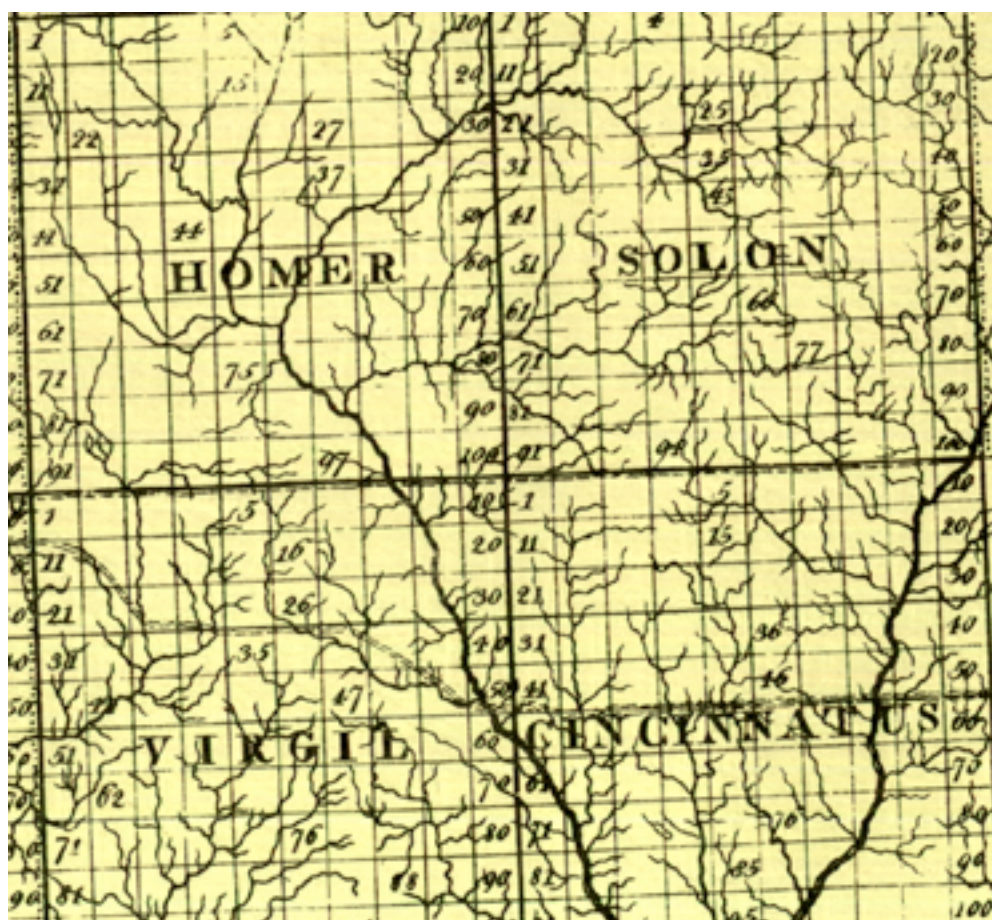
Cole Phelps remains austere in the face of wives
cutting short his love affair with City.

He will warp good-night around
architecture's knees. Brace against a projection
before increasing conviction of mortal sin, recalled
from his mountain path by the voice of no or
sudden chime, string music fading out
when the vista is surveyed through smooth instruments.

Cole Phelps moves through a series of rooms
dominated by old-growth forest.

Famous plants named after famous gory murders.

Vice versa.



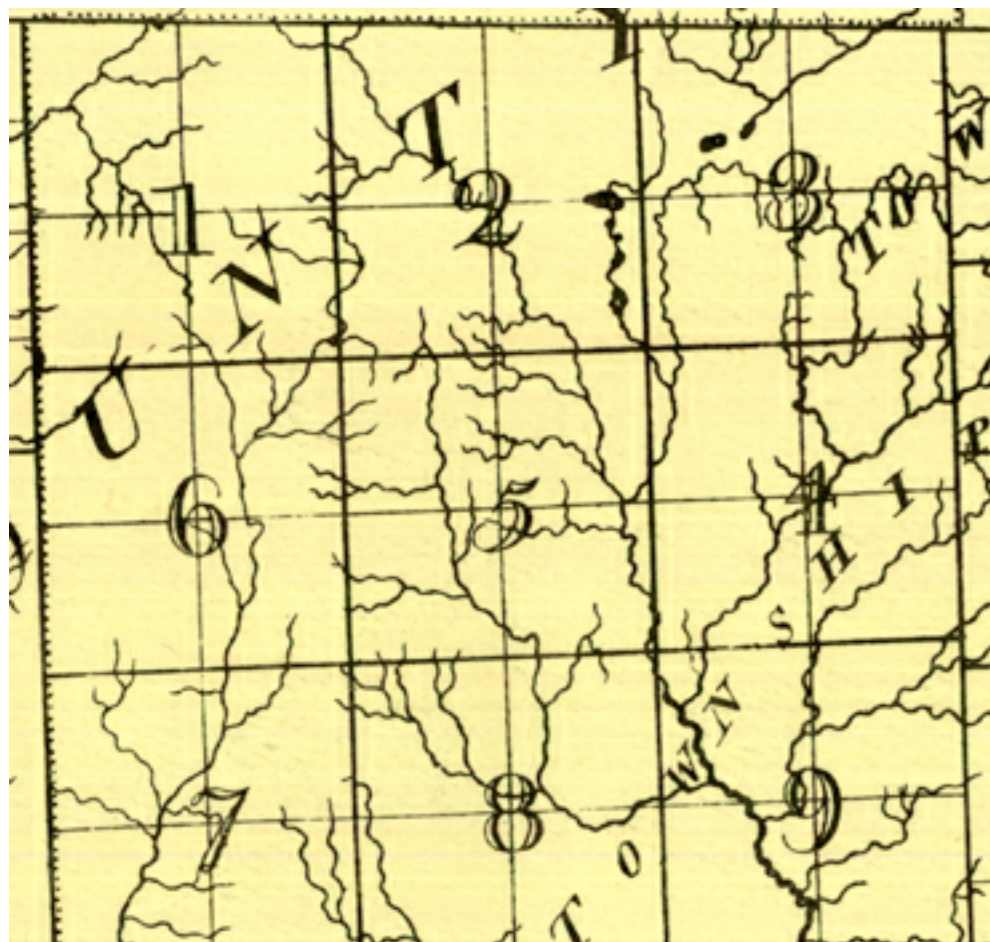
ix.

‘Man,’ said Cole Phelps, in a voice totally unlike that which he had used to me,

‘what art thou? The charge has been made. Answer it. The visage—the **voice**— at the

bottom of these stairs—at the hour of eleven—To whom did they belong?

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x.

Cole Phelps, flamen, what ideal human
split between bog and musky transfer station,
what telephone fixed to a pole
in the lengthy angle of shelved trains
investing bodies shaken loose from
voice, jewelry, shoes, with
solemn uniformity?

Cole Phelps, who dragged back
to slap around a small room,
batter with an ashtray,
shove over running around
and around a network of coal-fires
lit under shipping crates?
Is Cargo City a sign I see almost
every day? Does he throw a voice
from one coast to another,
saw a cable through on another bridge,
be a robot or a ghost on a bench
reading through your mail?
If Cole Phelps had framed juster notions?
If ordinary equanimity or foresight?
The double-tongued would have been
baffled? Or repelled?

The new forensic science
projected in matching houses?
The presence of a god
in a closet in a dream of a distant
property with distant signs?

City man matched line by line
by voices advising prudence?
Country man overwhelmed by water,
forest of reeds lit by vice, arson, sound?



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