

STAIRCASE LEADS TO SUBSOLAN CHAMBER, WHERE OTHERS HAVE FOUND TREASURES IN TREASURES AND
SOLD, THOUGH IT IS RUMORED THAT SOME WHO ENTER ARE NEVER SEEN AGAIN. MAGIC IS SAID
TO WORK IN THE CAVE. I WILL BE YOUR EYES AND HANDS. DIRECT ME WITH COMMANDS OF 1 OR
2 WORDS.

ERRORS, SUGGESTIONS, COMPLAINTS TO CROWTHER) AHH! THE JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS
IF STUCK TYPE HELP FOR SOME HINTS) HAVE BEGUN AT LAST! DON'T PULL ME YOU
YOU ARE ABOUT TO ENTER INTO A TERRIBLE LABYRINTH IN SEARCH OF TREASURE IN A HIDDEN
GORGES IN THE HIGH HILLS. YOU ENTER A SET OF RUINS. WITH YOUR BLOOD-STAINED MAP. YOU
LOCATE 'WIZARD'S TOWER'... AND THERE, ON THE NORTH SIDE, IS THE DOOR YOU SEEK...
ENTERING THE DOOR YOU EASE YOUR WAY DOWN AN ANCIENT STAIR... THE AIR CHILLS... AT THE
FOOT OF THE STAIR, FACING SOUTH, YOU ENTER A SMALL SPACE... ALL AROUND YOU ARE DOORS,
TO THE EAST, SOUTH AND WEST. IDIOT! IT'S BURNING ME. WHAT HAPPENED.
YOU APPROACH THE NORTH DOOR... CAREFULLY AS YOU PUSH. THE DOOR OPENS. YOU ARE WATCHING
FOR TRAPS. TRAPPED... SUDDENLY A DART ENGINE SPRINGS. YOU CHECK AROUND FOR POSSIBLE
TREASURE. AHA... TREASURE: YOU HAVE FOUND 1600 PIECES IN AN ADJACENT COVE.
SURE ENOUGH THERE ARE 'GUARDIANS' ON THIS LEVEL... YOU MUST RESOLVE ENCOUNTER... AND
PROCEED IF POSSIBLE. IT GOES TOO CLOSE

ATS NEARBY! YOU KNOW
YOU ARE IN ROOM 2 YOU ARE TO DIE
TUNNELS LEAD TO 1 3 10 TOMORROW WHEN WE TAKE YOU TO
THOUGHT OR MOVE (S/M)? TOWER HILL TOMORROW

YOU HAVE A LIMITED CARRYING CAPACITY YOU CAN WAIT OUTSIDE THE DOOR LISTEN TO ME
ITS SIMPLE COMMAND STRUCTURE COMMAND STRUCTURE DOES NOT MAKE ADVENT A TRIVIAL GAME.
WITHOUT SNEAKING A LOOK AT A DUMP TO GET THE VOCABULARY LISTING. OUR SCIENTISTS HAVE
RECENTLY IDENTIFIED YOUR OPTIC NERVE. YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO STOP SEEING.

KNOW OF PLACES, ACTIONS, AND THINGS. MOST OF MY VOCABULARY DESCRIBES PLACES AND IS
USED TO MOVE YOU THERE. TO MOVE TRY WORDS LIKE FOREST, BUILDING, DOWNSTREAM, ENTER,
EAST, WEST, NORTH, SOUTH, UP, OR DOWN. I KNOW ABOUT A FEW SPECIAL OBJECTS, LIKE A
BLACK ROD HIDDEN IN A CAVE. THESE OBJECTS CAN BE MANIPULATED USING ONE OF THE ACTION
WORDS THAT I KNOW. USUALLY YOU WILL NEED TO GIVE BOTH THE OBJECT AND ACTION WORDS (IN
EITHER ORDER), BUT SOMETIMES I CAN INFER THE OBJECT FROM THE VERB ALONE. THE OBJECT
MAY HAVE SIDE EFFECTS—FOR INSTANCE, THE ROD SCARES THE BIRD.

USUALLY PEOPLE HAVING TROUBLE MOVING JUST NEED TO TRY A FEW MORE WORDS. USUALLY
PEOPLE TRYING TO MANIPULATE AN OBJECT ARE ATTEMPTING SOMETHING BEYOND THEIR (OR MY!)
CAPABILITIES AND SHOULD TRY A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT TACK.

TO SPEED THE GAME YOU CAN SOMETIMES MOVE LONG DISTANCES WITH A SINGLE WORD. FOR
EXAMPLE 'BUILDING' USUALLY GETS YOU TO THE BUILDING FROM ANYWHERE ABOVE GROUND
EXCEPT WHEN LOST IN THE FOREST. ALSO, NOTE THAT CAVE PASSAGES TURN A LOT, AND THAT
LEAVING A ROOM TO THE NORTH DOES NOT GUARANTEE ENTERING THE NEXT FROM THE SOUTH.
GOOD LUCK!

THE PARSER CAN HANDLE FAIRLY COMPLICATED SENTENCES AND THE LATEST
VERSION EVEN HANDLES INDIRECT OBJECTS. THE STRUCTURE OF THE DATABASE IS MUCH MORE
FLEXIBLE, PERMITTING MORE COMPLEX ACTIONS BY THE PLAYERS AND CORRESPONDINGLY HARDER
PROBLEMS TO SOLVE. DO YOU THINK WE ENJOY DOING THIS TO YOU. MAYBE ITS TONGUE HAS
ATROPHIED. IT DOES NOT HAVE A TONGUE. WHATEVER IT HAS. NO, IT CAN TALK, IF IT WANTS
TO. WHAT IS IT? WE CAN PLAY WITH IT GENTLY OR PLAY WITH IT UNTIL IT BREAKS. ARE YOU
REALLY GOING TO DIE WITHOUT A FINAL WORD? IS THERE NOT ONE THING? LAMP? LEAVE US FOR
A MOMENT? JUST ONE WORD OF A SENTENCE. ANY WORD AT ALL.

EXPERIENCE TEACHES THAT ONE WILL HIT A SIX FOOT HIGH WALL AT 800 TO 1,000 PACES WITH
APPROXIMATELY HALF OF THE CANNONBALLS, AT 1,500 PACES WITH AROUND A SIXTH TO SEVENTH
OF THE CANNONBALLS, AND AT 1,800 PACES WITH ONLY A TWENTIETH. AT GREATER DISTANCES
THERE ARE COINCIDENTAL HITS WITH LOBBING ARC SHOTS. THEREFORE IF FIRING AN INFANTRY
LINE AT 1,500 PACES EVEN WHEN WE KNOW THE EXACT DISTANCE AND AIM PRECISELY OUT OF
ONE HUNDRED SHOTS ARTILLERY WILL HIT WITH ONLY AROUND FOURTEEN TO SIXTEEN
CANNONBALLS. THE TERRAIN PIECES WERE 3 TO 4 INCHES SQUARE AND THE OVERALL AREA WAS
AT LEAST SIX FEET SQUARE. THE SMALL SQUARES COULD BE RE-ARRANGED SO THAT A
MULTIPLICITY OF LANDSCAPE WAS POSSIBLE. THE TERRAIN WAS MADE IN PLASTER AND WAS
COLORED TO SHOW ROADS, VILLAGES, SWAMPS, RIVERS, ETC. IN ADDITION THERE WERE
DIVIDERS FOR MEASURING DISTANCES RULERS SMALL BOYS FOR PLACING OVER AREA SO THAT

You are faced with the grid.

>take grid

It is bulky in your body, inscribing busily. It is a responsibility and a supplement. There is nothing medieval about the grid—like the picture of the proposition—stretched to describe of and improve in one motion the fact that it renders, the grid is already at work, sorting your inventory, making your narrative consistent in the small, tedious ways you would not notice until weeks later. There is a map of your body artists may follow in later ages. This map is your grid.

>look map

As all forms each face bears two columns of data. The data itself is merely the number of points dealt, with each face resolved towards constituting an emergent form within which one may sequester wrong-doers or delve into aggressively. In which chambers of treasure or translucent worms. The map is a process of striation that roams through corridors yelling ‘Smoothing! Smoothing!’ Such that any architecture, arrayed vertically beneath a castle or ‘one horse town’ indicates one bad thing emerging against the backdrop of a worse thing. That is, a self-denuding trajectory into both traps and apertures. Did I mention apertures?

>open aperture

Fresh air from an exterior. Your body is made sensate by the new style of storytelling in which speech is mere administration of parts. Or no, when it is taking your hand and pressing it into its own pocket, rooting around and leg by the hip into invigorating disaster. The story insists experience into your hands, your arms and finally your overflowing pack, which becomes surplus and of immaterial value to a steadily progressing sense of character or psychology. You budge your numbers, return to town before blundering deeper into unmapped territory. Hence you specialize, you become the grid. Your body the limiting case of bad crypts and irregular ruin. To see it and describe it with your own eyes poised as a second dimension above the ceiling of the stack, mediated by speech over glossed data, which is unavoidable. You encounter the beasts of the threshold, slay righteously, tip-toe about in the sudden experience of sudden autumn. Light leaves are flying

>index leaves

**Your grid is heavier. **

In the dungeon our bodies totally abstractions
fucked up vaguely with spears and lightning
but largely pinned to a fixed position
around which revolves an articulated dungeon.

No light in the dungeon? Try a torch!
Purchase war-torch for five golden coins?
Salvage from the spotty rumor of foreign bodies?
Erect from one of hundreds of piles of wood?
Reject absolutely and proceed in darkness?

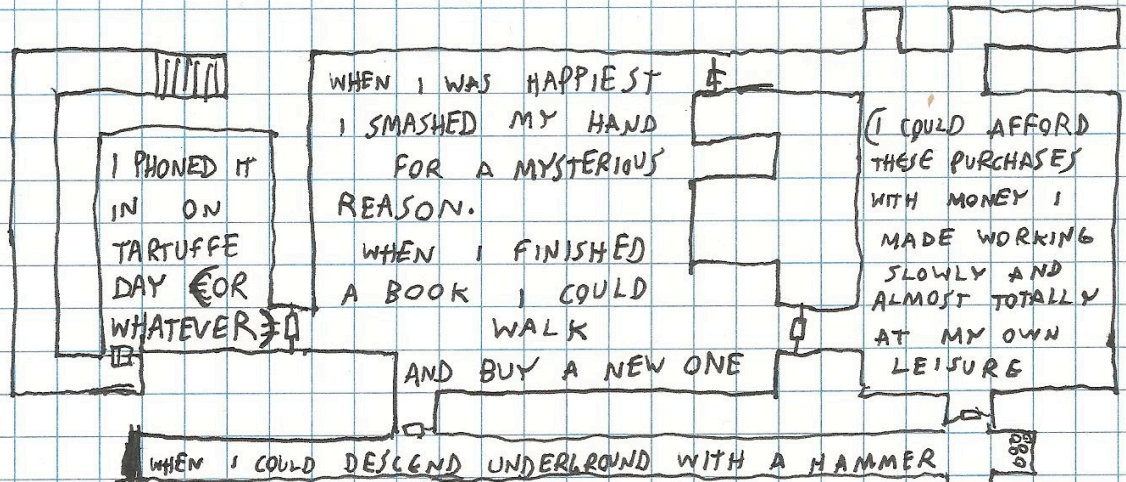
Look—is “snooze” another word for “nap?”
Is it preferable to death? Sleep sleep sleep
on the bottom floor ringed in gold pieces,
brained by catastrophic subjects.
Sleep on the damn floor like an animal
why don’t you.

Useless, dangerous and boring
to put, say, a minotaur in a neck-tie
and depict it slumping about a State Farms
office depressed about its life.
By which I mean, like
topics of fiction which I earnestly,
earnestly fucking hate!
Particular subjects that will kill you,
and that will eat you, and alien
resist the narrative of ipseity.
Hefting powerful war-clubs
in the place of ipseity.
In the space of self-hood,
bludgeoned an animal “I”
to death in the water
(the brutes!)

Like the lyric, any old other excuse
to wrap around the body layers and layers
of stone and bone labyrinths.
Or to lay traps in the grooves thereof.
Of such speaking, trapped in any lyric mode.
As if by stumbling in speech,
impaled by speech,
any old other way to conclude this encounter.

Ok, fine—what *about* the conceptualized trees?
I get confused between art and the quay.
So I get confused between art and the quay.
I'm an interior speaking mean
of various self-centered talking-procedures.
I mean, I'm manifold in my spatial gropes
at meaning's body. I'm a surface—no! wait—
I'm a Klein bottle full of mysterious elixir!
That is to say, much like Lorine Niedecker I was cursed
by a wizard to stay forever in the famous bog
and catalogue the brown-green beasts in water,
slay them and turn their hides to crafting.

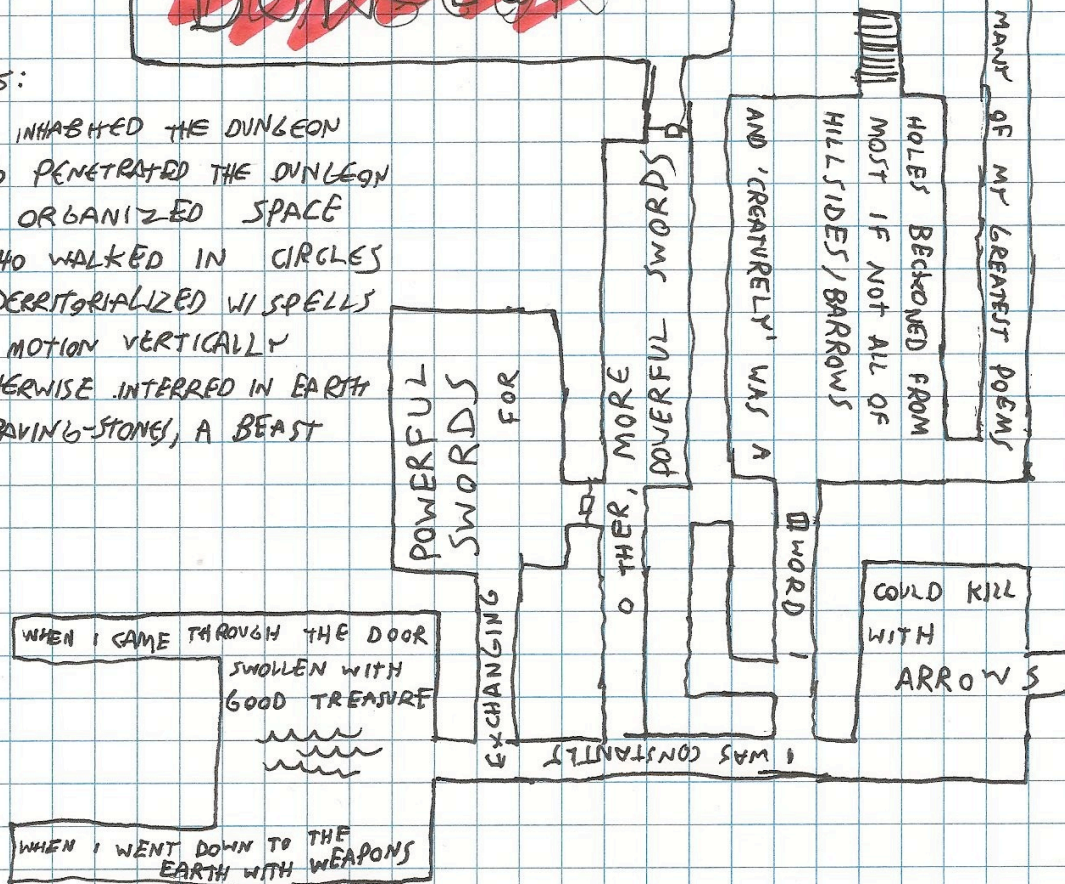
If the dungeon is a machine for self-folding
architectural surfaces, why are my dungeon shoes soaked?
If the space of the dungeon refuses to distinguish
inside from outside, are you fresco or rescuer?
Do your insides smell like soap again?
He was naked in the snake pit, red-handed.
Rendered thus in bas-relief, packing
serious battle-axes,
talking thus out of one body,
into another,
language and
creased along a string
across the door-way,
low, armed, taut thus,
at a point in
a large clean
sheet of points
house of points
lair of points
graveyard of points
heavenly
city of points
etc. from the planet of articulations?



~~WONDERFUL
DUNGEON~~

ENCOUNTERS:

- THOSE WHO INHABITED THE DUNGEON
- THOSE WHO PENETRATED THE DUNGEON
- THOSE WHO ORGANIZED SPACE
- THOSE WHO WALKED IN CIRCLES
- THOSE WHO TERRITORIALIZED WISPELLS
- THOSE WHO MOTION VERTICALLY
- THOSE OTHERWISE INTERRED IN EARTH
- UNDER THE PAVING-STONES, A BEAST



--let's talk about a theory of "purified" value—

I set my text in the dark of a deep crevice, value expressed as force—that is, the “thing-making” factor of a physical gesture terminating in totally bad-ass content. Who toned his bod to turn random brutes into numbers. Who ate the numbers.

- and ambushed in sub-basement 2A by random brutes. Broke open I as an index of possible force. Value speaking loudly, almost whining public: *ooorgh, my LOVE is FADING..!!* Whose skeleton blasted by applicants. Red sword, you sword. Accidental treasure lest I accidentally turn in.

- “space is doubt” –Bergval

- dungeon is a machine to convey bodies towards surplus (or jubilee)

In the city I am uglier than
some stupid looking guy with a neck tattoo

in the city, your ugliness, your cruddy features, determine
which streets you may or may not traverse

hence all sad actors fortify themselves in the dungeon, a room for dirt.
(I become increasingly frustrated by under-ground spaces, for example,
the subway tunnels beneath the city, which I seemingly trudge around in
for days)

so you thought about relinquishing the world to its subterranean overlords? so you shaved
your filament with infravision? you thought about a pest-toll in a redundant chamber.

As for me: I installed a buzzer in my dungeon so I may turn outwards from the center.
As for me: I painted my family reliquary “bone king #12”
As for me: I sublet the underwater zone to crude horrors

a minotaur is the opposite of a guy in a bronze mask mapping with instruments.
Thus obliged by space,
beholden to the grid and fed by it. Legit gnawing bones about it. Debt forgiven by it.
So I bought a crossbow in desperation-- I'm happier than ever!
Yippee!!

Like an alternate universe version of Lorine Niedecker,
predestined for evil purposes, I conceived of the landscape
as raw data to be chopped away at and repurposed,
'a laborinth of [treasure]' *a la* Lake Superior,
or living, um, not *un*-buried but in every stuff
that which was rock, once living—the sign of the cross
into granite repeatedly until mapped to her [our] satisfaction.

Like a paranoid-universe version of Frank O'Hara,
I got lost in the grid, and, having once bought art
with my hands happily in my pocket, turned towards
Le Jeu de la Guerre as a form of politics more urgent
than pocket novels which, though violent enough
to represent movement via coordinates, failed at rendering
motion along any axis as anything less than gamesmanship,
but not *fun* gamesmanship, *Kriegsspiel* as play-at-imitation,
or as play-at-figuration or as play-at-mapping the, ahem,
catastrophe of characteristics. Being not beautiful anymore,
or novel. The acquisitive impulse used to be fun.
Now it isn't fun. It's grabbing hold of a populated cavern.
And brilliant, and not fun. And unwinding a length of rope
down a narrow well for a considerable amount of time.

Descending down a rope, I realized I could no longer frame
the dungeon as anything other than a "wonderful dungeon."
Hence voluntarily setting a soft pencil to the grid
with the hunger of a purely fun vacantness.
And if derive was a biological impetus driven,
in absolute terms, vertically. With bedrock.
With other documents in history
citing granite, looting such populated bodies.

So long as the dungeon remained at least partially biological, that is, as long as the grid was autonomous but synchronized with the body of the dungeon-explorer, I could not shake the romance of rations, in particular big triple-decker sandwiches with rat meat and subterranean fungus spreads.

In Rieswitz' game of 1824, R signifies *Ruckzuge*, G signifies *Geschlagen*,

T is for *Total Geschlagen*. Hence the intervention of chance mediated by probability to participate in his game.

Which remained overland, skimming over fields almost literally lateral and void of the depth of the dungeon. (The *Encyclopedia Britannica* of 1911 accuses him of "indulging his taste for topographical work at the expense of training for war")

(to achieve this effect, I googled "random dungeon generator" and happily set about entering small points of preference, random seed, layout, optional peripheral egress or "stairs," dead-ends, or bent corridors, square grid or hex, which presented me with a functionally infinite array of immediate dungeon maps with descriptive entries on monsters, traps, and treasures.

I could put my mouse over a numbered chamber for pertinent information and statistics.)

Potential dungeon lay-outs:

Square	Rectangle	Box
Cross	Dagger	Saltire
Keep	Hexagon	Round
Cavernous		

(I found this amusing for maybe ten minutes before I was overwhelmed by the density of data presented, and the overall uselessness of it.

I poured a glass of water.
I stood outside and smelled a neighbor burning leaves.)

Tired of water, I proceeded to randomize
dungeon upon dungeon.

Of water, battering against stone walls
for a pretty long time until egress is accommodated
by erosion.

The dungeon insists that space is smoothed
under strict conditions of battering, linear
conditions of battering, a dozen arrows
screwed into the hide of a basic corridor.

Conditions harrowing in subsequent levels,
and the part where gravity reverses and.

Whatever the logic of a beak is for, deployed against
surfaces, other surfaces, further surfaces—

as the ethical condition of proceeding
downward in loose spirals,
choosing randomized territories,

burning them, demarcating them.

And further, in transparent overlay,
the grid consistent with the grid,
consistently downward.

Wonderful Dungeon concealed
in the mouth of the towns
and the backs of waters.

Wonderful Dungeon fun,
informative, Wonderful

Dungeon suspended in.
Like fun and games like systemized in.

Notes

This poem derives a large amount of language and information from Jon Peterson's *Playing at the World: A History of Simulating Wars, People and Fantastic Adventures*, as well as local speech and the Nicholas Briggs and Robert Shearman audio-drama *Jubilee*. Specific citations I feel obliged to mention due to their length are from an anonymous article in Issue no. 73 of *Militar-Wochenblatt* (1874), Gerhard von Scharnhorst's *Über die Wirkung des Feurgewehrs*, and Willie Crowther's early computer game *Adventure* (1977).

Other material lifted from Georg Heinrich Rudolf Johann von Reisswitz' 1824 war-game *Anleitung zur Darstellung militairischer Manöver mit dem Apparat des Kriegs-Spieles*, as well as the weirdly compelling dungeon generator available at <http://donjon.bin.sh/d20/dungeon/>

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