



RE-ENTER THE GALT (SERIES XIX)
ONE: "ENTER THE GALT, EYE THE GALT,"
TIME IT DOES NOT GIVE TIME NOT THAT
OF THE REEFER DOES NOT BEAR IT THAT
FOR ME AND UNTIMELY, THE ASSASSINATION

I DRAW MYSELF TO MYSELF BY
EXHALING MY LIMITS OUTWARD



SITTING IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
GETTING TURNED ON BY
LOU'S ARCHIVE

WE SPIT THE BOMBGRANATE OF
THE BINARY OPEN AND FIND NOTHING
BUT LITTLE BINARYES INSIDE

THERE'S NO OTHER GHOST I'D RATHER GET CRUISED BY

Louis Graydon Sullivan was a gay transsexual activist,
born June 1951, died a dense thirty nine years later, who
inserted his body into the discourse so we would be okay.

Choreographer Sean Dorsey's modern dance piece titled *Lou* begins,

"I don't know Lou Sullivan. Or, I mean I never met Lou Sullivan. Lou Sullivan was a five-foot-six transsexual gay man in life. Now, in his death he stands a whopping eight foot four. Or rather 8.4 cubic feet of all his diaries and paper on a shelf now that he left behind and donated to history."

Lou turned his body into a better body and then he turned his body into paper and put it in a place we can go to during open hours to be with. In order to do this, he used the very apparatuses of state and culture that attempted to deny him (us): clinics, psychologists, and public record.

Lou anticipated us. He anticipated me. Waiting in the public library for the archivist to bring up his papers, I feel the touch of a hand on my shoulder.

Lou Sullivan is the kindest ghost I've ever met.

FEBRUARY 7

~~Handwritten scribbles~~

FEBRUARY 8

OUR FATHER OF OPEN GATES



Lou revealed the ways in which the language for the body is a condition of the body's becoming. He pressed his body into the language until it gave way. The dominant discourse failed us and continues to fail us, and Lou knew it. And so he instigated a new discourse, between us and him. Intimate, and public- like fucking in a movie theater, or crying in a library.

Traces left all over in this way.

In my mind my hand slips unobtrusively,
~~My fingers~~ ^{searching every inch}
of your slender body
Finding warm ~~moist~~ ^{moist} places
~~and~~ ~~examining~~
and examining them thoroughly

No longer can I stare glassy-eyed at the television
You have shown me what you have been doing
The sheer panties filled with your penis,
your testicles barely covered by the little
piece of fabric

~~Your thighs~~
The down on your thighs catches the glowing light
I fear you will see me seeing you

The blankets have been roughly tossed aside
I grasp the neck of your white
sleeveless T-shirt and tear it
~~pulling~~ down your chest
exposing your ^{pink} nipples
I roughly take one in my mouth
and try to devour it

~~as you struggle~~
from the brutal onslaught

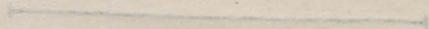
I feel funny calling Lou a ghost because it makes him seem sad, and I don't know that he was or that I want him to be. Jose Muñoz uses the word "ghost" to "decipher the networks of commonality and the structures of feeling that link queers across different identity markers [...] as well as bodies separated along generational lines" (47). Between my body and Lou's body: the gradiating backdrop of AIDS, all the trans activism that has ever happened on the internet, the informed consent model, deaths and deaths and surgeries, and the ever shape-shifting discourse, writhing all over and between us all.

ATTEMPT AT COMPRESSING TIME
DIFFERENT TIME SCALES
GEOLOGICAL TIME
HUMAN TIME
TIME MEASURED WITH THE
INACCURATE RULER OF SIMULATION

(NUMBER 1)

THERE'S NO OTHER GHOST I'D
RATHER GET CRUISED BY

THE SURPASSING OF A BINARY
BETWEEN IDEALITY AND ACTUALITY
(NUMBER 2)

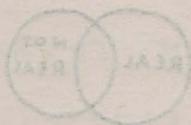


A TIMELINE

A TIMELINE

WHAT IS THE REAL ESSENCE OF THIS SITUATION—WAS A MAN
 ATTEMPTING TO APPEAR AS A WOMAN OR A WOMAN AS A MAN? WHERE
 DO THEY BEGIN TO BE REAL WHERE DO THEY BEGIN TO BE REAL
 WITH SOME KIND OF DEFINITION? (SULLIVAN 10)

IF MY OWN HEART WAS FAILING ME, TO WHAT DEGREE WOULD IT
 'MIND' BY OWN DREAM? WAS IT EVEN AN ORGAN? (MANTLEY 12)



WHERE IS THE
 SPECIFIC LOCATED?



ZACH OZMA

WHERE CAN
 A LINE BE DRAWN?