

# *Gender City*

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*The Seven Voices* (O Books 1998)

*War Holdings* (Pavement Saw Press 2003)

*Paradise for Everyone* (Shearsman Books 2005)

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*Tomorrowland* (Shearsman Books 2009)

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**LISA SAMUELS**

**Gender City**

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The most pleasing civic object would be erotic hope. What could be more beautiful than to compile it with our minds, converting complicity to synthesis? A synthetics of space improvises unthought shape. Suppose we no longer call it identity. Spatial synthetics cease to enumerate how we have failed. Enough dialectical stuttering. We propose a theoretical device that amplifies the cognition of thresholds. It would add to the body the vertiginously unthinkable. That is, a pavilion.

—Lisa Robertson,  
*Occasional Work and Seven Walks  
from the Office for Soft Architecture*

The front entrance to the pavilion is a welcoming veranda, a lofty canopy supported by a forest of pillars interspersed with shorter pou (pillars), many of them interactive, providing shelter for visitors watching cultural performances and queuing for entry to the interior.

—The New Zealand Pavilion,  
New Zealand at Shanghai World Expo 2010





## I Homosocial fugue

All I have or all I want  
are sight words in this town  
where the gentle modesty of afternoon  
precedes the blanks of morning, when  
our circuitry is prodded with hellos

Those who live here are divest

PRINT MANUFACTURING ROSE

TYPES GENTLY PLACED COLLOQUIAL

on the paper beaches by the binding  
shore, feet hooligans tracing  
a length of separation

I'VE FOLDED THE IMMODESTY TO CLAY FORMS

NEAR MY ELECTRIC BED

wherein the liquid certainty transfixes

MUCH MORE RAPID THAN FORMER

UNCONDITIONALS WERE KNOWN FOR

weeping or gnashing of wires  
of gone items mentioned  
of the strange arithmetic of discomfiture

turning each specific happening into a play  
next door my head, a chorus of low electric birds  
a mile away at the square

Here comes someone who thinks he has a point of view  
you might enjoy, loud and louder, your resupplier  
of the modern. The man grimaces  
with the lips of the newly sane

we turn tail waiting for you, we turn coat  
but the larger project is a breach  
of confidence same same, another  
small chapter in the very large  
book of suicide. Inside or insight  
a t shirt with the realm of defamiliarisation  
to itself. A brute economy forward

you laugh, but if the goal is  
embedded, how will I find you?  
Pin text to all your clothes

THEY UNDERESTIMATE THE STRICT  
REPENTANCE OF THE PAST POINT

waiting, strayed between. He walked as though  
hot coals were tender motive.

Underneath the arch we huddle  
the immediacy of speaking ceasing

quietly the sea rushes the sky  
makes whooshing lightly the body of  
the stranger appeals to us  
it heaves a little and breathes  
underneath its basic quietude

the sea rushes the sky makes little sounds  
under the stranger we look to see  
the vanishing conversation we all heard

MINE EYES WERE YOURS, YOUR HANDS ARE MINE  
WITHIN CUSP AND WITHOUT  
WE SOLACED WITH OUR CURFEW MOUTHS

the heavy coastal friction masked  
against our wired shores

it tries to overtake us and we bank it  
all forthwith

dirigible unflowerings  
connected for our bouts  
the sails are up, the wind is strong  
we blow it with our lungs  
we've turned into the forces  
we were punted  
lexicon

The stranger joins us presently  
at the cellophane placed temperate  
on the panels of our hands

we want the stranger to be us we want  
to be the trim that coastals all the brace  
against the trouble that we're

AMBIENT FIT  
FAIR LIGHT  
WHALE LIT AIR  
RIGHT TO OUR EYE  
WAYS FLICK  
YOUR CAUSAL RET  
NOR REEL IN TRI  
PART VEST WE  
UNCONCEAL WE SWORE  
ING PLUCK  
YOUR HEART STRINGS FELT  
ON SCORE LILT HEARS  
NO BIRD NOR  
SHUCKS YOUR CO

(very much like we can't know  
what bumped against us softly  
in the crowded night of ideas)

you belong to gender I knew that before we arrived and so  
it's no surprise an expedition as not needed to prove  
but our material images are waking early if anything

centre prinking on chairs weighing their personal  
idem, speaking heliotrope Glaswegian tagalong  
speaking in perfume frequently islandic the  
lingua hysterica we've just now heard

(it was early morning before the break of dark  
we rose from our modified bandanas

to put on the bus the modified terrain distress  
of marginal retainers standing in a line about  
the distal reproduction of said cages

and rents excruciating conscious while the bones  
sighed for the annihilation of architecture)  
nothing like that could ever happen here

the least opportune domestics have their taps  
intact heroic things inhabit not-bad franchise  
art nor folded sumptuous, minute from before

a hint of undulant dash on slope, a tribal  
launch on pose still writhes with truck I take  
one with me and another when I go

to get the rocks and nails for my own filmic  
resolution monitors, interregnum smiles  
at the camera given magnitude by

our very own lab neighbors growing  
cowboys, in all events taken  
in melody within and without smiling

(for details see the ghost of the man)  
walking up the street arm in arm with  
the book he always wanted to be

What evening am I in? search for the white  
ladder inside the ground inscribing  
vocative, monument

Why am I listening  
patiently while go his self-made stones  
supple with the opacity of the grave  
that touches heart's own temperature

sweet child of the bays and dollies  
seated on the prime  
solicitude its own dire need for design  
for the torpid old man his whimsy

born into a daunting surety that  
no one reveres habitués, they can always  
find you smiling inapplicable  
to the novice trend of instinct



We've come to like the little brain  
the tapestries all heart  
maybe the queen is on our lap  
and milks about to start  
SELF-CONSCIOUS WITHOUT LOVE EXACTLY  
ludic over basic language states  
the distribution is like the music

WE DECIDED  
TO KNOW OF THE LIFE OF THE TONGUE  
not flicking its  
rights but more of an impulse

ink saliva scattered on the local animals  
whose names we know though tattered  
in ambrosia tats (even with the parapets  
we strive from)

Founder  
with his salt gasps barely functioning  
holding the edge of the furniture in order  
REPUBLICANIZED IN ENORMOUS  
CONSEQUENCE WE'RE HERE FOR  
YOUR PECULIAR SELF-IMAGINARY

to translate the person  
with an enormous barrel of sand, the salt  
crunching down beautifully on his immanence

Bewinged there with her alter  
petticoats she was withering  
jeans, titillating the bloody  
hounds of offering he was roped to

she resembling lollipops of THE NATURAL LAND  
front borders made quite low and aspect shade  
in the center scent we carry  
on to give more fabulous infill  
shape and reason to feel differential  
pardon, some rein

we put the bit in our teeth and chomp hard  
down on wagon wheels, on wheelwrights  
whose enthusiasms carry  
swallowed time