

11-2012

A Brief Compilation of Documents 722.23.6790021 AG – 700.24.6790021 AG

Rachel Zavec

Follow this and additional works at: https://repository.lsu.edu/honors_etd



Part of the [English Language and Literature Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Zavec, Rachel, "A Brief Compilation of Documents 722.23.6790021 AG – 700.24.6790021 AG" (2012).
Honors Theses. 1615.

https://repository.lsu.edu/honors_etd/1615

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by the Ogden Honors College at LSU Scholarly Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Honors Theses by an authorized administrator of LSU Scholarly Repository. For more information, please contact ir@lsu.edu.

A Brief Compilation of Documents
722.23.6790021 AG – 700.24.6790021 AG

by

Rachel Zavecz

Undergraduate honors thesis under the direction of

Dr. Lara Glenum

Department of English

Submitted to the LSU Honors College in partial fulfillment of
the Upper Division Honors Program.

November, 2012

Louisiana State University
& Agricultural and Mechanical College
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Introduction.

A BRIEF COMPILATION OF DOCUMENTS CREATED AND
TRANSCRIBED WITH SOME PERSONAL NOTATIONS FROM The
Question(able)/(ing) Historian
722.23.6790021 AG - 700.24.6790021 AG

TIMEFRAME: APPROACHING CYCLE REBOOT BETWEEN MACHINE
#23 AND MACHINE #24

excerpt #3

a dark fusion of
kitten

eyes
and chicken.wire
rubs dry

scrapes
along the corneas
of a physician's
tender

this is when he knew

the result is every tiny golden eye pierced through
by a slender silver pushpin -

The City

The tourguide with his rhinestone-plated megaphone
relates each glorious death,
a schematic timeline with fully appropriate
pauses and romantic gestures

his prelude relates as follows:

HERE LIE ONE MILLION BODIES
OF OUR MOST ILLUSTRIOUS CITY

HERE IS WHERE YOU'LL GO
WHEN YOU ARE READY FOR DISPLAY

YOU WILL BE INJECTED
WITH NO LESS THAN FIFTY-SEVEN
SCIENTIFIC COMPOUNDS – MOSTLY METALLIC –
WITH A CRYSTALLINE SYRINGE
OF UNPARALLELED DESIGN

YOU WILL NOT DECAY

YOU WILL LIVE FOREVER

YOU WILL BE ENLIGHTENED

YOU WILL GLISTEN MOST ATTRACTIVELY

CHILDREN LIKE YOURSELVES
WILL COME TO QUIETLY ADMIRE
THE MODERN-PANELED VIEWING SCREENS
AND THE SUBTLE ARRANGEMENT
OF YOUR MANY TINY ANKLES

he says
to the educated children
pressing faces to the glass
of one million clear-shot coffins
arranged neatly in rows of
sheening crystal wire

A WORTHY AFTER-LIFE
TO NEVER CRAWL FROM SHRIVELED SKELETONS
AND DIE – A MONSTROUS INDIGNITY

BEST AVOIDED (TO BE SURE)

he is very funny here –
he winks one pearly-lidded eye
as the children laugh
and run bronze fingers
across so many
glorious deaths

Glamazon meets the automaton

he asks her to become his most devout apostle
she is somewhat ecstatic
she must draw up blueprints for
a new exoskeletal frame

today the painted lady

a softset color palate
orange-skinned and black-veined
she is glowing softly phantom
chrysanthemums already crowning
the sunset coils of her silky hair

AN EXPOSITION OF INDULGENCE
IN COMPUTER CONSTRUCTS –
YOU ENVISIONED IT,
NOW IT'S YOURS!

BUILD-A-BODY: Create the perfect face through
incommunicable technologic processes! Crawl into the
perfect exoskeleton TODAY!

TODAY!

TODAY!

TODAY!

CENTIPEDE: This caters to my every whim!
SILVER: A man of progress!

The Doctor's Thesis

he says "you will be transformed! you will become the new and improved messiah!
with 30,000 ziggawatts of power threaded through my megamachine you will
become the superior god!"

"there are proteins" says the scientist with golden scissor-fingers, "there is science
which suggests that manipulating these proteins will affect you on the extrasensory
level!"

he is breathing hard, his glands are salivating, the many golden eyes on his
feathered wings are blinking discordantly which he ignores
he is fervid

The Doctor's Childhood

Heavy dark smell like a velvet curtain
hangs between each downy molten feather
black strings of dewy chain.

link.

form.

blood.pearls dripping softly into

one.

zillion pale.lashed cat.eyes

[illegible childhood memories]

excerpt from his Teacher's lesson plan

the Teacher asks,

TEACHER: what is the number of our current god-machine?

the educated children answer,

CHILDREN: #23 – a most illustrious number

she responds,

TEACHER: a most *inviolable* number

How does one create a “doctor” (i.e. indoctrinate, “to doctor”)?

excerpt #2

There is a sign -

IT IS THE WILL OF THE GOD-MACHINE THAT ALL SPECTATORS
REMAIN EQUIDISTANT FROM THE DOME ON ALL SIDES BY SEVERAL
SEGMENTS OF STANDARD MEASUREMENT

such comforting authority to the hundred thousand people
spectating people
pressing white fingers to their pale-lashed faces people
with wide camera lens.eyes trembling saying,
“oh,
how sad the will
the god-machine must fall
so hard
upon these
tender.izing peoples”

THE MENAGERIE

a ticket stub

Constellation Leo will approach and bow
his toothy star.

flare tread galactic

shall he do a dance for you

demean

his natural inclination for you(r)

pleasure -

of course(!)

automaton

he is dark,
black-sheathed and translucent silver-boned,
red-maned,
primarily metallic

Centipede (after)

She walks on a red carpet of
Centipede
always underfoot his
spine and carapace crunching
underneath her silvery pin-laced
boots
guts swelling meatily out in
hungry tiny leg-
spindles

he collects her fallen petals in
a tiny pouch which slings across
each
lengthy torso

Centipede (before)

The lattice.work. of his veins
at.
the
jointed
click
of his hund.red hands
(500 fingers!)
is.
a
mult.iplic.ation of num.bers.
too
comp.lex
to
cal.cu.late

he is.

in(to)/with
pix.els
and mega.byte.s
and
the rational-random
generat.ion
of the compute(r)/
mach.in.e
is. hands.
and
cyber.net.ic
tongue(ing)

Glamazon

She is the spider today, darkly golden carapace, jointed forelimbs, no chrysalistic
drapery or transscaled membrane-wings
there is only the sucking stomach soft
and seeping under the glittering exoskeletal frame
of her outer shell

he says, "you are a mega-machine you are a goddess" and she is satisfied for no one
challenges her righteousness
she has built the perfect body,
a frame of unparalleled refinement –
a compound eye
of such facet and refraction that as she crawls inside of it
her face flickers molten into a thousand needles of synthetic loveliness

he slides his fingers between the plates of her diamond-cut carapace
skin against the cool plateglass and
the coldness of the outer shell

“it is the movement of two interlocked machines” says Silver, “he
must operate carefully –
there are scriptures to be followed”

and the many hands glisten with her varnish
the piercing organs of his mouth are rimmed with sun-capped teeth
incisors magnetized by her gigabytes
an algorithm which has reached ultimate levels of physiologic accuracy
she is his closest match at 99.98787893 percent

“he nearly drove his tooth into her eye” says Gold fluttering nervously
against the mirror-finish of the glass
it is always nervous in these situations
there is a dialogue which follows:

SILVER: stay calm, it is such a modern thing

JEWEL-STUDDER: we are most modern to be sure

SILVER: such an intimate gathering may reveal what lies within the shell

JEWEL-STUDDER: there will be developments

SILVER: reveal! reveal!

GOLD: there is a danger here

A Dialogue of Mirrors

there is now an interlude in which there is substantial admiration from the crowd:

Glamazon's hair, silver-cruled and violent red with
filigree threaded through the entwined strands, the
monstrous shapes which lend themselves to knotting
around his jointed fingers

her brindled spines which must be smoothed from one direction
and their increasing luminous flux a challenge
to the darkening space

her compound eye
her glitter
her refinement

“Oh Glam” says he,
the many hands so many hands all sliding in the most sentimental of ways
so thoughtfully bled of poison for the occasion
he says, “your luminosity will never fade
a seeping through your skeleton which only adds to your bronzed allure”
a hungry sound of scrabbling against the glass and
“we are a match
there are so many consistencies”

and her response EJECT! EJECT! into his mouth
receives response

ERROR! ERROR!
INVALID_FUNCTION

and “It is over now” says Silver
the crowd says “Ahhh” and feels romantic

Love Poem

1000 needles crown
His face
of glassy teeth
magnesium and phosphate
argon, sulfur, more
wending through
His titanic
silver laurels crown of
bristling metal(lic)
pain
there is always
black blood
for the god-machine
bronze-ribbed and blazing
bright eyes
He will let go
of her only
when she crumbles
in-
to dust

GOLD: ...

SILVER: ...

JEWEL-STUDDERED: ...

(the chorus is silent)

machine #24

he is prostrate, gummy limbs wiggling uncontrollably he says, "you will reform the universe into its most sublimate design!"

the shadowy automaton has necrosed, He has become silver-throated
now He is the baleful god-machine riddled with tubules, cuts
a magnificent figure
reams celestial a(top) the darkly shining tower

“Ah!” says Glamazon, “the tower has always called to me!”

excerpt #1

inverted like many meat.slabs
they will entertain their conflict to its solitary
determination
against the gelid walls of transparent glass
another testament to the god-machine's
protecting grace the many
icicle crowns pierce-melting needles
through so much flesh
the aurora borealis of cold melt.
ing thighs pressed up and close(d)
appropriate exposure for
the throaty neck.
plates of wet mantine ladies

Could refer to Internal Genocide 722.23.6790021 AG, or to
Civil Disagreement 712.23.6790021 AG

cycle reboot

He is procedure
He is solution
and He is only slightly weeping
clicks.
 cryst.all.in.e jaws
 and.
 turns

“A most successful experiment!” The Doctor breathes with much less spazzmodic wiggling now he primarily dribbles, “it is the most magnificent scenario!”

he knows he is the eye-encrusted hero for creation of

Prologue

Outside of the Central Office of the Universal Scientific
Anatomical Remodeling and Research Administration (USARRA).

753.23.6790021 AG, universal schism timeframe.

A Monument.

tall cylindrical spires of recycled crystalline chemistry
needle up at the center of the universe
“no we are the universe” they say ruefully contrite, their molecular structure
blushing quartz-like
they are hard-edged dripping vitriol, they are the quintessence of quintessence
they are polite
they are the broken glass eyeteeth which protrude from the skeletal remains of the
once almighty god-machine
the behemoth corpse still rusting silvered blood

“I’ve had a fantastic idea,” the god-machine had said, only moments pre-demise. “I
will slow the expansion of the universe, and bring everything to light”
and the people had erupted into great calamity:

THE PEOPLE: with light?!

THE GOD: with light

THE PEOPLE: but light?!

THE GOD: be still!

THE PEOPLE: we are not made for light

THE GOD: nocturnal sensibilities will fade

THE PEOPLE: see how He intrudes on our sensibilities!

“Incorrigible god – He is contaminated!” they exclaimed, spitting out the silver
blood. “He has gone mad and must be stopped!”

and as the colossal frame of the god-machine reared, dark outer-shell plates
sliding mellifluous past one another
and the burnished amaranthine finish of His carapace
glowed ominously dark,
the people muttered angrily

“we constructed you” they said. “we can topple you and raise another in your place,
a much more malleable god.”

the god-machine spouted static and His insides screeched:

UNHANDLED EXCEPTION HAS OCCURRED IN YOUR APPLICATION. IF YOU CHOOSE CONTINUE, THE APPLICATION WILL IGNORE THIS ERROR AND ATTEMPT TO CONTINUE. IF YOU CHOOSE MURDER, THE APPLICATION WILL CLOSE IMMEDIATELY.

“murder! murder!”

then, “I am dead” the god-machine had stated wearily, “but the expansion of the universe will be slowed before I crystallize”

“not so – for He is dead!” they had cried as the god-machine fell, hard edges shivering

and they had fallen into the crevasse He created as He crashed, dying and shrieking most embarrassingly

the geometric prowess of the spires is not lost on the automaton
gaping lustily
at the hexagonal plaque which relates this historical significance
he is unabashed with static wonder
at the glow of artificial heart-light and tasteful crystal shrubbery
which forms a delicate ring around the needle-teeth

“centrally they exist in twelve dimensions
five of which are crushing blackness
molten star-guts and gaseous vapor” say the pale-faced people
they are enlightened people
they are scientific

“what exists?”

“the spires” they say
and their heads are shaking at the automaton
because they have seen his kind before
he is a half-life, every fraction of his existence halved
then halved
then halved
then halved
and on

how charming he is, they think
he will make an ingenious test subject
for the well-reputed doctor

The Monster Scenario

en.cap.sul.ate.d in
ice
slow-moving heart.
beat.
of stag.nat.ion pieces
there.
is stirring
beneath the sheets
sharp edged and
scientific – aha!
the spiny veneer
of the dappled iron
hide
speaks soft the monster
please(d)! he takes
some guts
prodigious rolls
them around his
tongue so
wet and yum
tells,
the difference between
death
and suspension (city) must.
be.
a fashion
con.scious religion

author's note: (a few thoughts)

I began this project on a bus more than a year ago. Sitting uncomfortably on a plastic bus seat wedged between two strangers, the image of a doctor and his icicle-encrusted megamachine suddenly overtook me. Sensing that this was somehow very important, I pulled out my handy notebook to jot down "the future is icicles." It wasn't until months later that I revisited the idea and while my project began to expand in many more directions than this single image or phrase, I will always remember this moment in which I could sense the creation of a world, a future, an alternate reality, another planet, a reflection. The universe of the collection may be all of these things or none, and that fact is intrinsically important.

Confusion and enlightenment, isolation and the collective, detachment and obsession, all concepts that have the potential to exist at completely opposite ends of the spectrum but at the same time destroy the spectrum and rebuild it as a circle. Each character seems distinct in their identity from one existence to the next, but between these two existences is change, and in this change the individuals become indistinct from one another. What does it mean to be detached or obsessed? When do these existences become simultaneous? When does one become numb to the extreme and the state become static? The not-knowing is important because only through the overlapping of extremes, blurriness and layers of pageantry can one distinguish tiny moments of pain or understanding that burn into the brain and remain lurking whether consciously recognized or not.

These moments exist buried among the interaction and overlap of the four central characters of the project, from the glittering exoskeleton-encased Glamazon

to the static simplicity of the automaton/tragically aware god-machine, darkly obsessed Centipede and jarringly mad Doctor. The relationships between these characters are often complex and sometimes intentionally difficult to differentiate as the action progresses. Glamazon becomes the willing (?) sacrifice; Centipede rises from a world of mechanical terminology to take on the role of the active voyeur; and the Doctor emerges from a painfully structured yet undefined childhood to transform the simplistic automaton into a complex, all-powerful slave. This project exists as a sample of time found within a continuous cycle, and seeks to find meaning in the “humanity” of a world that begs to be run as a machine, with no threat of personal responsibility or thought.

In seeking to create this world and its characters I found myself pulling from many dystopian novels such as 1984, A Clockwork Orange, A Brave New World, Animal Farm, Heart of Darkness, and a few others. The dystopian nature of the world created in my collection is without question, however I think it is important to note that while many dystopian novels end either negatively or with a solid question mark, this is not always what is most important. Though the overbearing cycle may or may not continue at the end of the story, the characters and their stories/interactions are what remain paramount. People are born and then they must die. In the face of this reality, perhaps meaning must be found somewhere in between, in the tiny resonances that sometimes twinge uncomfortably in the overlapping of distinct psyches or in the isolation of the self. In this vein, I also found myself influenced by Shelley’s Frankenstein: the concept of the “monster,” his reflection in his creator, the process of creation and destruction, and the madness

that drives those with the power to do so. All of these elements spoke directly to The Doctor and the automaton/god-machine. Also of note is the irony and tragedy of Shakespeare's works, his utilization of the play format and the function of the chorus. The chorus does not necessarily represent the reader, but rather forces the reader to feel separate from the obvious mentality of the collective and thus seek other, more peculiar or uncomfortable emotions.

Aside from literary influences I found myself drawing deeply on the concept of video games and their varied virtual worlds. These games are about world creation and escapism, yet they somehow manage to simultaneously reflect reality and humanity. It becomes a question of understanding how the virtual world is any less real than the supposed reality of the "real" world. The pageantry and over-exhaustive imagery in the collection must seem at once strange but also hauntingly familiar. In addition to its reflective nature, the pageantry and layers also serve to highlight the influential concept of fashion. Glamazon is draped in beautiful words such as glittering or crystalline, but at the same time she possesses insect parts and brindled spines. Fashion serves as a constructed persona or shell into which each person willingly climbs, and it is not clear what "beautiful" or "grotesque" means outside of a perspective lens. Add on top of all this the study of ancient and classical history, an interest in the rise and fall of mighty civilizations. The collection tries to explore the question: how would people "solve" the problem of inevitable downfall if they had the means to do so? Has the downfall taken place already while everyone continues pretending the civilization remains intact? Or is it simply reaching a point

of destruction over and over again, each time staved off by the construction of another omniscient god-machine to take responsibility for all problem solving?

Lastly, scientific language and process was in itself a great inspiration to me. The beauty of many science-related words is obvious and the sometimes-unknown meaning only adds to an air of alluring mystery. Within a world of structure and mechanized procedure, there is perhaps more meaning to be found than in something much more overtly poetic. And this condition of order and structure fits nicely with the process of this project's development. The manuscript came together almost entirely from pages of continuous notes, ideas separated through the use of bullets. Some poems were taken almost directly from the notes, while other developed from a single jotted word or phrase. The structure of the piece as fragments of a lost history developed from this note-taking approach. The actual text of the poems exists within a structure of possibly imposed titles and sometimes-irreverent footnotes/commentary by someone known only as "the historian". In a way this makes the poems themselves feel more *real*, once again demanding notice of their reality-reflective nature within the constraints of imposed labels and meaning.