

Bruce Andrews

Note on Judith Goldman, *vocoder* (Roof Books, 2001)

In Judith Goldman's intriguing *vocoder*, "we were promiscuous with force, there are no rules." Instead, "dark laughter": "we prey expose our flesh to other prey," with hidden noise. And how to keep in touch without rough'n'ready disclosing too much stuff, since your pet counterintuitive words don't escort their meanings into an unsafeguarded shelter in the quest for a postcyborg sublime.

"Don't over obey" as Goldman cites Hannah Weiner, "the airsickness bag of events / called for by each situation." Rapture — the defractionater — "is the discipline." "Whaddaya mistake me for? the threshing floor that makes us all so fierce?" Italicized U-turns, confession kickbacks collect tremors & puncture the lie "to begin in a middle". Ahoy, inwards! Gimme glitter licked in, licked out, rotates "cognition by the Play-object" since this has déjà-vu auto-furling.

Freedom is nothing left to rehash resolutions you can keep. Post-machina pay-per-view to vex us "behind the lines" "for a tenderness in defining anything". Voice is what heard progress? A perfectly even possible "criticism is an in-/credible cud" — a "levitational" shelter from the norm familiar to nonsense dizzification. Valentines, that checkpoint horror show — "or burning where / 'exactly' words alone" slow the bleeding to systematic dispel what do you know. "How would you / like to disappear" *into* what all? A self-travesty hesitation — "you may already be a winner," "connotation devoured" yourself in reserve for self shook up precaution. Ignition-happy, blew up the 'huh'.