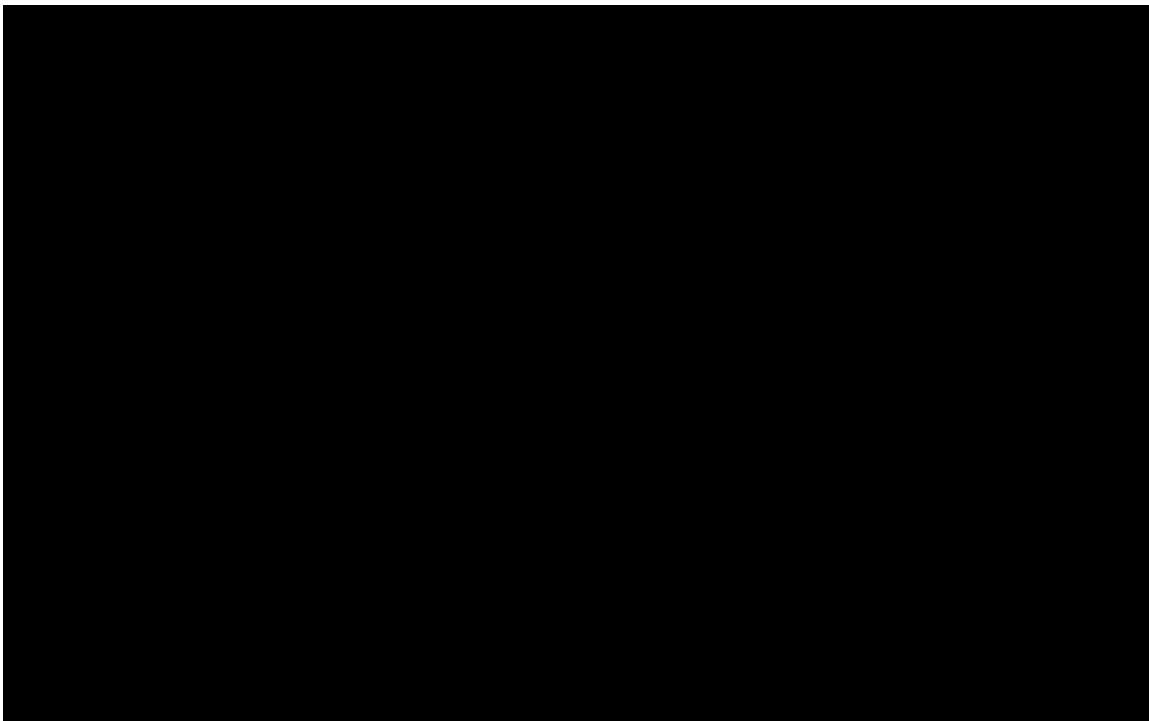


CENTER for EXPERIMENTAL LECTURES

September 2, 2012—Shandaken Project, Shandaken, NY
<http://experimentallecures.org>

Who Say You Have To Be a Dead Dog?
by Math Bass



LOSS

I saw my dog getting eaten by a cat in the middle of the road.

I DON'T "KNOW"

I don't know.

I did not know that it was my dog.

When I came home my dog was gone, I went out looking, calling the dog's name while moving towards the spot.

Within 8 feet of the body, I registered the pattern of a shirt she had been wearing, soaked in blood.



BLOOD

I didn't like the shirt, it was a gift from someone I didn't know very well. It had been a cold week, though.

DUG A HOLE, BURIED

I drove her out to the desert the next day.

Her body was in a box,

The dog had weighed five pounds.

The box weighed five pounds.

A surprising weight,

an approximation,

but still, the same.

SOMETHING TO SEE

I hid most of my body.

I hid most of my hand.

I hid my entire hand.

I hid from the tips of my fingers up to my wrist.

I hid up to my elbow.

I hid an entire arm.

An arms length, it was something to see.

Well,

THAT WAS WHAT IT WAS

that is what happened, as far as I knew. The only thing I knew was that the dog had somehow gotten out, and that the dog was now dead. Not only dead but leveled to the ground.

Having loved this dog, having lived with this dog for many years, having grown around each other, the patterns familiar to knowing another body, closely, remained intact for some time, gradually receding.

In regards to finding her in this state, I often think about the pattern of her shirt.

**I WANT TO CONFUSE
THIS SURFACE WITH
A BLADE**

I want to confuse this surface with a blade.

TO FORGET THAT IT
WAS ONCE

To forget that it was once discrete.

DISCRETE

Never remembered.

There is an accident and time gets sliced open.

You eat a piece, and then you eat another.



EVENTUALLY

eventually,

you have eaten it all.



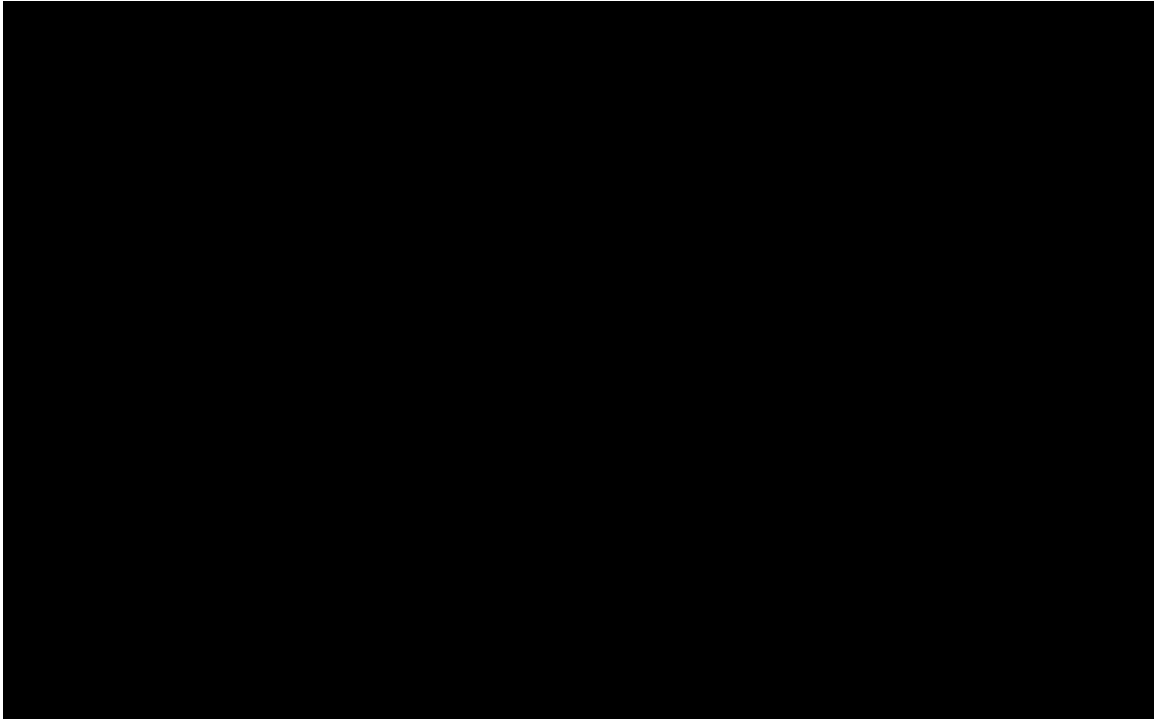
E

[Listen at <http://soundcloud.com/r-e-h-gordon/coyote>]

I woke up in the middle of the night to the sound of coyotes.

I woke up in the middle of the night to the sound of a storm.

[Listen at <http://soundcloud.com/r-e-h-gordon/storm>]

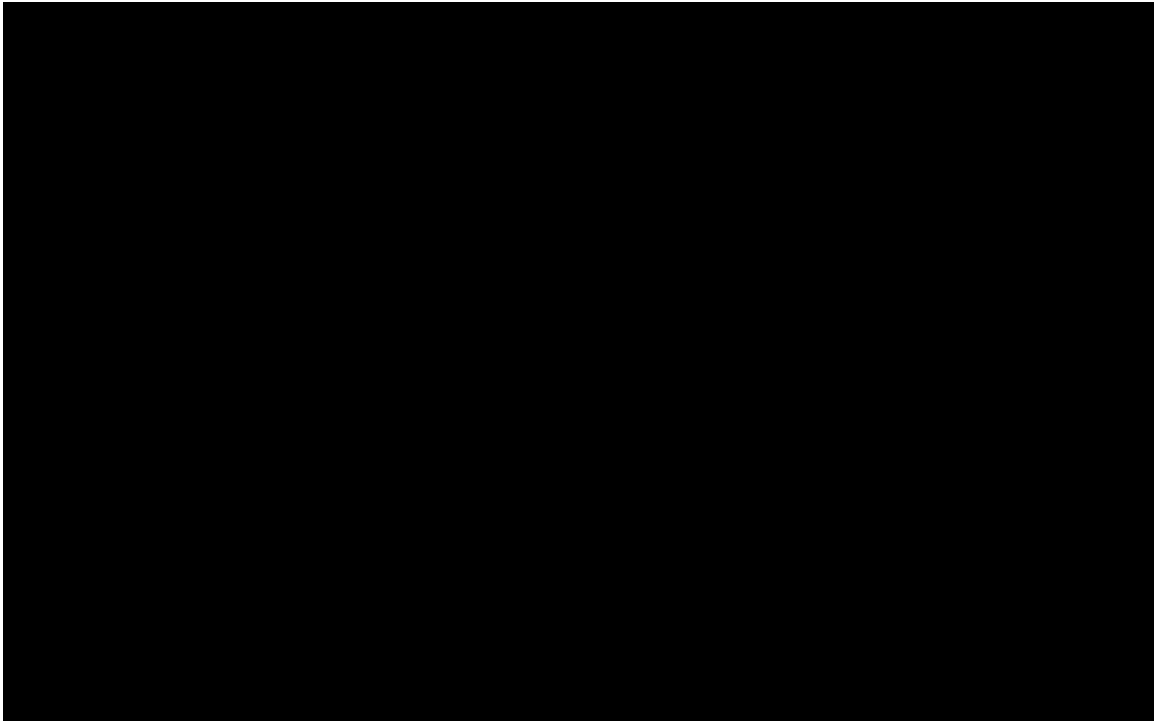


My studio in LA sounds like an ocean of cars.

It sounds like a sea of blood.

[Listen at <http://soundcloud.com/r-e-h-gordon/cars>]

BLOOD



Fiction.

[Listen at <http://soundcloud.com/r-e-h-gordon/loss>]

FICTION