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**GENRE**

**FRICTION**

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# GENRE FRICTION IS

hosted by the Literary Arts DUG whose key players include:

Matthew Weiss,  
Michelle Meyers,  
Seth Kleinschmidt,  
Sam Martin,  
& Katia Zorich.

Lovely  
People

The Literary Arts DUG holds weekly meetings open to concentrators and non-concentrators alike: each week we pick apart one genre (The Literature of Apocalypse, The Literature of Slapstick, The Literature of Food); hold informal literary workshops; and plan events like Genre Friction, for example. Email litartsdug@gmail.com, and we'll add you to our list of people to keep informed.

Specials thanks to Renee Gladman for faculty assistance; Joe Gagne for logistics; to the English Department for deigning to let us use the McCormack Family Theater; and to John Cayley for his vocal stylings.

Lighting courtesy of Nick Catoni.

Running musical commentary courtesy of Daffodil Killer feat. Elliot Creager (g), Tom Iadecola (b), Sam Askin (d), and Tim Rovinelli (v=ir).

## NOTE TO AUDIENCE MEMBERS:

Here's the deal. Part of what makes a genre a genre is its particular narrative structure. That is, what kind of story a genre is. (Surely we know people who are genres of their own.) The point is everything we write is of a genre; and in fact, you don't realize what genre you've written until years later. With that in mind, although we requested our contributors to send us pieces which "interact" with a genre tradition, we don't trust their conscious minds to have done the job well; the self can never know which genre has claimed it for its own. Therefore, we're going to more rigorously inject narrative into their pieces, and so, squeezing the story, we hope the true genre will pop out. We do this by obstructions. Each piece has had special obstructions assigned to it, which will be performed along with the piece; in fact, the two will take place in exactly the same place. There's a catch though: we couldn't possible explore all the possibilities of obstructing alone, so we'll need you, the audience member's, help. Each piece in this pamphlet had below it the personality of the obstructor. In part, this is for your edification, but in some of your pamphlets we've drawn circles around certain piece's personality-moment descriptions. This means YOU ARE THE OBFUSCATION. You have been selected to play a role in our game. The description of each obfuscation (which is the same as personality) carries with it certain instructions. Inhabit your character, and follow our orders, and the night will be a success.

THE IMPORTANT

Handwritten vertical text on the right margin: P, a, y, a, t, e, n, t, o, l, o, n, i, .

Handwritten vertical text on the left margin: H, E, L, L, O

# 1.

Benny  
Lichtner:

In Exact Mud, a  
Flopper

## OBSTRUCTION NOTE

You are planning to remodel McCormack. It's been bothering you along time how shiny the floors are, how spiraly the staircase is. You were reading Victor Hugo and he was saying stuff like, I am the staircase, I am the mysterious staircase, I am the staircase Darkness, and so on. In any case, especially with all this noise, it's just disgusting in here. So you go up behind the curtain and get your measuring tape, your level, your paper, your pencils, and paint rollers, and you decide--you just can't wait any longer--to start making measurements. With your measuring tape. In accordance with your plans. In fact, you pace around the room, counting your steps, getting the feel of the space, pointing here and there. You shoot skeptical looks at all and sundry.

## THE TEASER !!

*It exact mud a ~~the~~ how all them tumbler.  
You can look for a flopper in the grass. But I even lie to  
you here. How a man in his tub. Sometimes they'll say  
"You've got a fat flopper on ya" or "Squat your flopper like  
a lil' fly." These are deep, these are dark ravines with tum-  
blers tumbling down all sides, falling on one and blocking  
their saddles like minimum saddles. These are terrified,  
harmless of horses unsaddled and unsaddled. They  
go at various times with their eyes open. And ten-  
der as their asses, and their lids so heavy with sleep they  
gravidate those crepuscular globes out of their sockets."*

*(is this done  
knowingly?)*

2

Marcus  
Gardley:

3 PARTS:

a Casanova, a lady  
that is a book-  
worm and her  
bratty sister.

OBSTRUCTION NOTE

Man, these actors get all the fun! Bullshit! Who says I can't go up there right now and do whatever I want! I can do anything those scarecrows can do! In fact, I will! I have on good intelligence that the entire script exists in duplicate copies behind the curtain across the stage. I'll go and get one! I'll pick a character, and get on stage! Yeah! On stage! If they're stage right, I'll be stage left, so it's like a mirror image, and I'll try to duplicate everything the other actors does, how they move, how they sound, everything will be exactly identical. That'll show 'em!

ANOTHER TEASER ?!

I LOOK LIKE I'M BLIND  
SO I CAN GET ME  
SOMETHING TO EAT

I beg your pardon?

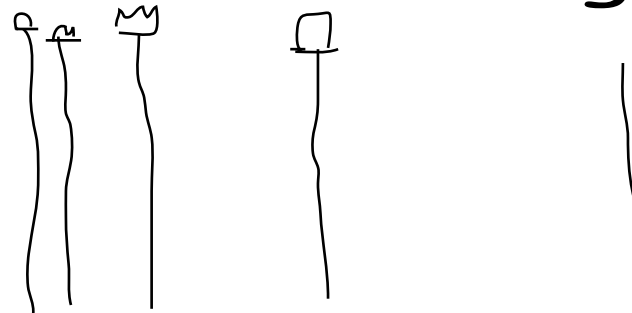
BOREALIS...

MISSHONEY  
What... happened to you?

BOREAS  
-It's a long story.

Hereads

She makes a great book



3

Nathaniel  
Shapiro:

Gotta  
Catch  
'Em  
All

OBSTRUCTION NOTE

It's a  
SECRET!

TEASE:

Beaver hates man? Whuss-up, Lurchables, I'd call my Mommy.  
ALVIN: Barrett smiles.

Shit couldn't fuck me over. Japanese dude. Wait a second.  
Oh shit, a hologram Onyx!

Todd  
Stong

# Meditations on

4

Bach

**Bartok**



BEETHOVEN

BRAHMS

*Debussy*

## OBSTRUCTION NOTE

I mean, there are all sorts of reasons to use the instruments we do. Just the other day I was wondering when the drum set was invented and then, you know I was thinking about this, I was really having a moment: there's such strange sounds in music today and it all sort of groups together in my mind under the category of strange, until I can find a visual image for it, like a ball of dirt exploding in a raining cloud. In fact, everything sounds tinny to me right now, and I just want to crunch something between my fingers. So I'll go up and I'll go behind the curtain and take a few things, and just really do a number on them, I mean, some serious shit.

BACH IN THE ROCKS,  
MARK SCANSION ON BARTOK,  
BEETHOVEN BEFORE GOD  
BRAHM'S PAWS BORE  
GLASSES FILLED OF WATER,  
LEMON JUICE AND FIREFLIES  
FOR THE REFUGE.

TEASE:

Deepali  
Gupta

Silly  
Little Thing 5 ●

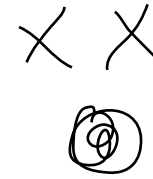
OBSTRUCTION NOTE

Do you ever thing that ring-a-round-the-rosie, that shape is part of the cogs that stud the face of the earth machine? Or that patter of meter were sound of the wings of a dove trailing an ocean liner, beating the water; the ocean liner shoots coordinates into the sky, which, of course, extend equally in all directions? When do we hear a drum solo, and when do we hear a beat? If you know the song, therefore, join in.

TEAZ

Spot  
Spot  
grass.

Fur  
good  
things  
bad things  
fur.



Justin  
Kuritzkes  
The Day  
Osama Died 6 ●

ARCHETYPAL FRUSTRATION

It's always good to keep the endgame in sight. You realize all these worldly cares are merely attachments to illusion. You've been convinced that it is proper to devide the world into the human and the non-human, with which communicate is impossible. In this world of entropy, misunderstanding always leads to violence. Hence we have to make first strike against the aliens before they arive at earth. Can't you imagine them, in their personal robotic space-suits by which all of their physical necessities are met by the servo mechanism, controlled by the motionless brain? It's all too much. Go up behind the curtain and find the shiny boxes, put them on your head, and wrap the metal over yourself; run back blindly, and in circles. Destroy what you will; our culture will heal itself.

## TEASE:

Osama Bin Laden is dead.  
 And you miss her.  
 Ridiculous, I know, but it's the way we're programmed.

## OBSTRUCTION NOTE

There's a lot of garbage being tossed around today about the ground of things and clearing the ground for things and building on the ground and bringing the ground to light. You're not so interested because you live in a submarine lodged into the side of a river thirty feet below. You're waiting for them to airlift out and meanwhile you decide to play musical chairs, that is, while you wait. Look around you. Someone is very shortly going to get up and go across the stage and behind the curtains. They are going to bring out a chair, and they are going to go up to the man playing music and take his chair out from under him and replace the old chair with the new chair, and then sit down. Wait thirty seconds, and then you too step forward and do the same. Of course, someone is going to have to go first.



**Matthew  
Weiss**

**8.**



**THE ANGRY MAN**

**B E H!**

**7** Zach Alterman  
 LALALALALALA-  
 LALABA

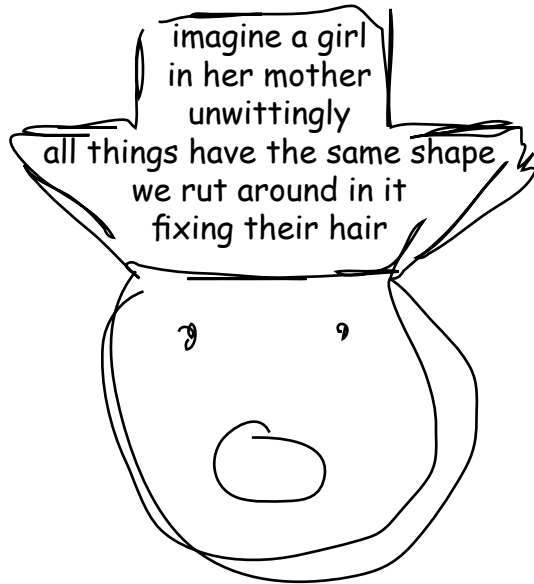




# PERSONALITY ASSESSMENT

On the one hand, there's nothing more certain to set aright someone being superserious than to distract them; on the other hand, perhaps their words are being using in accordance with their secret meaning, and they will delight in your distraction, like a communal experience, or someone waiting in line, or on a couch, and in the exchange of dark brown eyes, without speaking, you have learned this much: the other one so storied has already appeared. Establish a connection: laugh derisively at him, limping there, laugh at every moment, and shout personal insults which reference times and places only the two of you could know about together.

## TEASE ME



9.

Nassau  
Timothy

Volume Level Zero

## PROFILE

When we become close to a person, their hairs start to rise up like plant tentacles when we approach, and pheromones migrate across the oxygen synapse. These chemicals act as triggers. Drift across the chasm, go onto the stage and start paging through the books. Listen to the sentences being read aloud. If someone ends a sentence with a word that you come across in your book, start reading and refuse to stop, until the end of the piece, ideally from the point at which the word appears. Your vibrations will cause similar symptoms to that of laughing gas in the brain of the world.

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR:

A WORD OF ADVICE

### How to write a liminal poem (with two people):

1. Agree on a theme and a number of lines (ideally an even number).
2. One person, while keeping it hidden, writes the first line and tells the other person the last word of the first line.
3. The other person writes the second line and only reveals the last word.
4. The first person writes the next line and the process continues until all lines are written, at which point they are revealed and the poem is read in its entirety.
5. Agree on a title.

Note: It sometimes help the sense of the final poem if you specify the part of speech of the last word of each line.

Michael **10.**  
Manhunt  
Serious House

### GET A READ ON THEM

I'm thinking, you know, I think I just think texturally. Like I think in terms of the textures, not the shapes, but the things stretched across them, and a little distorted, in the three dimensional image. So I'm really in a bind. I really want to make this texture I'm getting mine, but I can't duplicate it by humming since that'll just create a ghostly overlay. I have to touch the textures themselves, I just have to touch them, and then I'll really understand. I'll go up there, about half a minute after that other person goes up there (I had no idea there were others, concerned with texture!), and when I go up, I'll go up and just unplug one single thing, and then sit down. And that'll make the texture shudder in response, and then I'll know that I touched a living thing (Do I go first?)

### TEASE:



# 11. Erik with Ehn a

## song

### OBSTR.

This is what makes it real for you. Going in, surveying the scene, picking out the real flowers, the real colors you want to later extract and paint onto your fan. The best part about it is that we've created a world in which such things not only possible, but provided for. Go up behind the curtain, get some pen and paper, and go ask Mr. Ehn for an autograph. Don't worry if other people start doing the same thing. If he's a man of the people, he'll understand.

### SUMMARY

It's roughly about a man who falls in love with a mermaid and it ends badly...

# Michelle Meyers 12. Things End Badly

### WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT:

I mean, you wouldn't do it alone, but it's what everyone's thinking. So you might as well be the one to say it. You always have to be the one to say it. It's not that you want to. It's just that no one else is man or woman enough to just come out and say it like it is. All this theory, all this poetry: I mean, what are we really trying to accomplish. Is this what we want to leave to our children? Nobody thinks about this stuff, or maybe everyone does. In any case, keep your eyes glued to the image on the horizon, and as soon as it's over, shout as loud as you can -- you're just going to do it -- "AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER!"

### IN CONCLUSION...

it's an answering machine  
a terrible, molestation-filled car accident  
serious shit  
it's dimmer than usual  
So what do we do now?  
(Sudden blackout.)



Sam  
Alper

Graduation  
Speech

13.

## THE RULES

If you'd like to, you know who you are, go up and take a real close look, just go up and stare at him, just a few inches away, like you're trying to make him remember the sight of you. Wait till the person before you is done: you want this to be a personal breakthrough all of your own. Then go up, and just stare at him, and then leave. And then wait until it all goes black and then really leave, once and for all. You can go first if you want.

NOTE TO READER

CONGRATULATIONS  
GRADUATES!!!!



FIN!

