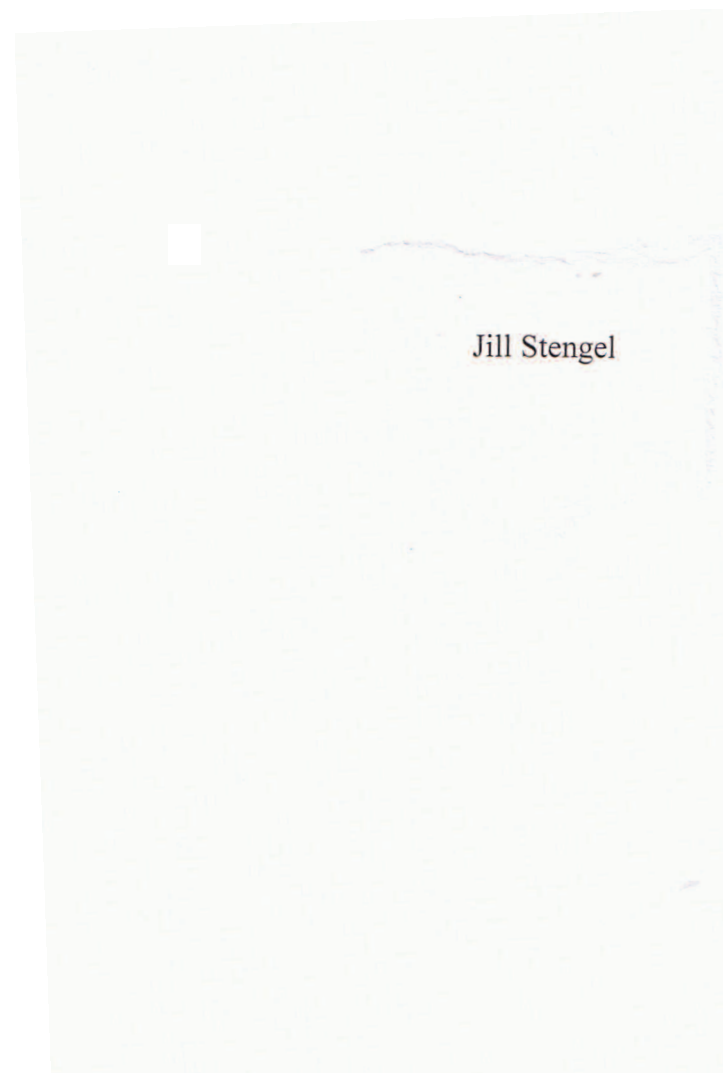


only this



only this



Produced for the fourth *Dusie* Kollektiv project online at [www.dusie.org](http://www.dusie.org)  
and in a print edition of 137 copies

only this

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a+bend press left-overs pile

Special thanks to my children for their patience and flexibility; to Elizabeth Hilliard for helping me to outsmart the computer; to William Shakespeare for inspiration, however non-linear; and to Susana Gardner, for her innovative Kollektivty and *Dusie*. Further thanks to Dana Teen Lomax and Poppy Peach Nichols for on-the-fly assistance. And, to Hoa Nguyen and Laynie Browne, thank you for being brilliant and shining, lighting the way.

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Process notes:

The theme for this fourth *Dusie* Kollektiv publication was recycling, as interpreted by the makers.

After thinking of various ways I could interpret recycling, various materials I could use to keep within my (loose) constraints, I remembered a long-set-aside project. The recycling component? Recycled words. Language re-used.

The project was originally envisioned so long ago that I will say Once Upon A Time, I had reformatted and then torn into strips the sonnets of Shakespeare, waiting to turn them into a collage project. Many years, moves, children, and other dear and not-so-dear distractions later, I was left with an oversized manila envelope full of strips of paper, forgotten and forsaken, located exactly somewhere.

I thought it was on the far left corner of my desk.

When this *Dusie* project came along, and I remembered my strips of Shakespeare, I gathered glue, sheets of paper, my far-left-corner envelope, and my journal, put them into a bag, and went out of the house to get some work done.

When I arrived at my destination, I found, instead of Shakespeare, that the envelope was full of my own words, my own writing, from many years ago. I had torn this work into strips, after the Shakespearean sonnets, imagining that after I completed that project, I would use these words, works, for a similar project.

Surprise!

And a new challenge. My work time, being severely limited, was going to be spent on making this project, whether I had the “right” materials or not.

So I got to work.

The end, and the beginning.

I wanted the poems to be collages, and I planned to then transcribe them. After some time of tearing up words, lines, fragments, and beginning to glue, I realized that I wanted this project to be not just a polished product with typeset words, but a more visual project, as I was so enjoying the sculptural sense of the work, the layering and layering, the textural element of ragged edges and varying heights.

I did not want to lose the visual evidence of the hand-created aspect of this work, the visual representation of its tactility; also the sense/non-sense of the pieces would be difficult to capture with transcription. I decided that I would scan them, to retain as much of their visual integrity as possible.

The rules of the work continued to evolve as I created. Initially, I thought I would be extensively building each poem, each collage, as the first was so intricate and multi-layered. But I discovered that some strips were complete enough where only a little bit needed changing; and, in the case of one poem, nothing at all was altered except for a section torn from the top or bottom.

For a time, I had a working rule that each collage would pull from one or the other of the two type styles, that I would not blend these. The last poem shows that I eventually abandoned this notion.

I also had a rule that I would form each collage on top of a main starting-section, a unifying field of sorts. The last poem, while disparate words, was actually glued onto a section of plain white paper that was taken off of one of the other collages; so, in essence, this last poem is built upon, collaged, like the others, from one primary piece. But, because it is a blank background, the interpretation becomes open to questioning: is it built, like the others, upon a unifying field; or is it, instead, several discrete elements gathered together and put into a contrived unification? What is a unifying field, what is unification of disparate parts, and what is contrivance? How does chance factor into this, what is its role in creation?

As with these questions, and with sense-fragments, linearity/narrativity or lack thereof, word meanings, parts of speech (is that meant as a noun? a verb? what?), and in so many other ways, I like to leave a certain amount of interpretation to the reader. My work becomes more yours that way. It is an interaction, an intersection, where we meet.

#### About the author:

Poet and publisher Jill Stengel is a native Californian who grew up in Los Angeles, expanded her horizons in San Francisco, and is now raising the next generation in Davis, CA. Her a+bend press has produced more than 40 chapbooks and a handful of issues of the journal *mem*. Jill's own writing can be found online and in print. This is her fourth *Dusie* Kollektiv project.

\* a dusi/e-chap  
[www.dusie.org](http://www.dusie.org)



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