



THE MAN WHO WAS SILENT

BY JAMES EARL RAY

WITH AN AFTERWORD BY THE AUTHOR

INTRODUCTION BY JOHN H. HENNINGSEN

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ЖЕНІҢ  
СОЛЛА  
ЖОРКЕР:  
І АМ Д  
ДЕГҮҢҮ  
ДАИ  
МАБЕРС

*Shin: No wait, Pblangina, not you. I need you, where're you going? I love you.*

*Pblangina: [laughing] To the dark side. I party alone.*

— Ryan Trecartin, *A Family Finds Entertainment*

Cecilia's here, smart person among smart people.

She's a pulsing brain.

Smart people just want to talk about how smart Cecilia is.  
I'm doing it right now.

I was invited to Richard Tuttle's house,

and I thought I'd go there and see a piece of paper on the floor,  
and they'd be like, "Don't touch that,  
that's called *The Volition of Myth*."

I'm Lost in the Jungle of My Soul.

Now My Band Will Fuck You.

Meaning contains a glancing similarity  
to what is happening to me.

I love my liberal friends. I am a liberal.

The Marlboro Man in his prime  
given free cigarettes, so why not smoke them?

Just keep making your clown music for retards.  
Your hard-earned success flowers only jealousy.

Today, I implicated three friends in reveries  
of fanciful rage. You're the friend that gets me  
seventy-five percent.

We got addicted to snorting 9/11 dust  
and listened to the feel good hits of Generation X.

The races are really getting together in this PowerPoint presentation.

I'm so lonely I could die.

A hot body and a face that looks like intestines.

Feel it in the thickness! Give me full umlaut.

Their response was unanimous:

Frábær mynd!

Glæsileg mynd, mjög falleg!

*you appear as the ache in my body*

Retell it funny. Then remember it as funny,

*violet red, violet wet*

*a sharp release, and daylights are forever*

*granulated, a shade of sun for every day.*

*Each one is music, entered and forgotten*

and the person you were is a joke to you.

At karaoke, I ruined “Don’t Stop Believing” for everyone.

Someone is having a lot of trouble  
in the bathroom—gasps and groans

and whoever in there is morphing Thriller-style.

Another inelegant night last night. Nice and stoned  
back at the lab with Dr. Rob.

His mix tapes suck.

Putting together at random would have more effect.

Mixing tapes at random,  
then chunks of songs at random.

I release them under the name Girl Talk.

Looking at my face without mirrors  
just blew my mind.

Some serious dudes place amps  
in semi-circle manner of Stonehenge.

The amps are the band. The dudes are the roadies.

Noise through another all  
layered and decayed.

We tried to achieve hypnosis  
and one of us levitated.

If you're doing it with that girl right now  
then this message means jackshit, but probably  
you're not—probably she's like "where's the beer?"  
and you're like "I don't got any,"

but we've got the beer right here.

# IN PRAISE OF ANGST

People are bored and look at their holes.  
My eyes watch anything. Anything is endless.

Tell everyone your business. Be comforted by examples of great and  
doomed men.  
That's where emotions come from.

ALL THE BANDS ARE ABOUT HOW NEUROTIC WE ARE.

AND NOT HAVING FUN.

WHICH IS WHAT THE EIGHTIES WERE ABOUT.

Without more than ever. We didn't like it.

We like  
it didn't sound too good to us,

we wanted it so bad.

In the falafel place with Tamaki to meet  
all her immature friends stacked in  
the NYU dorm.

Tamaki introduces me as her brother and then grabs my junk.

I have no idea what these kids are talking about.  
Lacan and baby food.

Girls that could fit in the crook of my arm. They take me  
to their dorm, and I buy them two backpacks of beer,

and the boys and me play Wisest Wizard.

You drink a can of Natty Ice  
then tape each one you finish to the bottom of the last.

I got to Level Seven with the one called Jonathan.  
We face off with Boss Jameson,  
and I show him who the wizard is.

I'm the Jesus of making out with girls drunk.

Networking is the gift that giveth back;  
Dr. Rob was there and obliterated.

I want forty minutes of hot shimmering.  
Walls are humming like electric.

This is the last time I will carry around this knife  
because when am I really going to use it?

Behold their pro-choice purple day music:

Artist Gregory S\_\_\_\_\_. He seems like a nice guy.  
Don't really know him that well. He is a crazy dude  
who wakes up in the ocean and talks like this.

I want to make love to your praise for me.

Yet oh yet the stars that shine around the earth.

# INDIE MESSAGE BOARD

My hero PwnX remarks on disappointment:

[PwnX\_15]: i heard he got the syphildick.

Should I summon

my energy long enough to imitate him,  
it should be fine.

*He was wearing a kimono and women kept coming in and banding him things.*

Aren't you at the eager month.

Wearing all the concept outfits.

The transcendent feelings wanted longer  
than your hope, and after hope  
is a barrenness that announces itself, but isn't there.

*Anyone can turn a pphrase. The art  
is here for when you're ready to take the posters down.*

He's not actually a person,  
but a php macro running on some server  
somewhere.

An ideology is not whole unless it abolishes  
its contingency for defeat.

You turn your face in deference and in ritual.  
Beauty Heroine wish fulfillment trained as eager  
pillow men.

I reached out further until I understood  
no words.

Gilded, costumed patrons, drifts of balloons  
and confetti showering down,  
with a guileless wonder blooming  
on their faces, and also there is more.

Dr. Rob asks me to visit his open house  
to pretend I want to sublet his apartment.

One room is a closet where the Dr. sleeps.  
The other room he sublets to rich foreign kids  
enrolled in MBA programs.

*Look at this water pressure! I'll pay anything! I say.*

These are hallways? I'll pay anything!

Tamaki isn't returning my calls right now

I hoard boundless energy into this exact spot.  
I made the mistake of telling Mom about her.

I saved her last voicemail:

*I did some stuff with construction paper,  
talked to my roommate, and ate some bread.*

# NO MAKEUP

A city with the population of Morrissey albums sold.

You lowered yourself to my pleasure.

An album is a heartbeat  
obliterated in repetition.

The stillness shines against dark hair.

The future is so sophisticated  
one wants to Google the features of her face,

and in the future, every woman will find,  
eight years ago, your friends are confused

and going through sexual situations,  
or shitting on a coke mirror at a party.

Your tattoos suck.

Love is a prelude to an afterthought.

Forever is a feeling. A god revealed in revenge.

Hours trail shapes the shapes you love  
veiling it.

Where twinkling is nothing and rolling with  
The Hated Few, Druid, Polar Sun,  
Unicorn Power, and The Tibetan Noise Ensemble.

Red on cotton violence.  
The point is being ready to die a thousand times.

No one likes a little dude girl.

One small step for man. One giant leap for all his friends.

The dance clubs are burning up their young.

I want to think about what you think  
my problems are.

Anal slave love parade  
where nothing is personal.

*Coors Forty,*

*I bought you at seven-nineteen  
and at nine thirty-one you were gone,  
but your ghost lives on inside of me,  
infusing all my actions  
for what you always dreamed for me to accomplish,*

which will be directed by Hong Kong Phenom  
Whak-Sleep Wake.

Crawling over the luminous veil, trying to cry,  
we were almost dead—then we kept dying.

# JUICE CLEANSE

I had an anxiety attack during the three-way.

I see through all appearance and know abundance.

All of this is the weakest shit ever. Fat falls off me  
so fast that everyone looks. What lastly  
were they looking for—

Chaka Khan or Jacques Lacan?

Heidegger or Rah Digga? Remember her?

I attract romance in the most magical and unexpected ways.

I am silly at heart and it shows.

I drink large amounts of thirst-quenching water every day.

My wallet is bulging with money.

I rub elbows with wondrous people.

That there is perfect beauty  
reveals that you can never get it right again.

Here's the book about the metaphysics of breakfast.  
The genealogy of placing stupid pencils on the cigarette box,  
because apparently everyone draws now.

There's a lecture at Japan Society about robots,  
and they're going to have some of the humanoid bots  
THERE!!!

I'm bleeding from the nose. It's not broken.

My face unmoving dreams across my mind.

Tamaki Katori,  
beautiful to the point of cruelty,

maybe you can save my life,  
and we can have cake and babies.

Elliot is stapling away in the cubicle next to mine.  
In lock step does he collate.

Not since I have become an adult  
have I sat next to someone for so many consecutive days.

I think he can hear my thoughts.

In the era of panic attacks, I might have given a fuck.

Dr. Rob takes a pull and tells me that Trans Am is like Gary Numan  
riding a hell beast, and I tell him that in every era  
sex is what is always introduced into popular consciousness last,  
in every decade it is revealed a little further.

$0 + 0 = 20$  tonight.

There are some people who work themselves to death.  
I just want to die last.

I'll smoke your pot, but don't tell me  
pot is better than beer.

Beer is better than you and Tamaki combined.

There are five words here  
stars are streaming out of,

lightly dusted with a New York sensibility  
of 2003, before the beginning of  
the complete regret of memory.

I am a scholar of that feeling.

*This book is dedicated to all of us who believe  
in the wonders of human ingenuity and robot servitude  
for the betterment of human life.*

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“I’m the Jesus of making out with girls drunk.”

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