

P. 1.



A

will to  
remember.

P2

*Like the subtle  
caresses of moist in  
the stillness of light.  
It quiets the ever  
presence of a dark.*

The black.

*And the night is full of  
sound, and the light it  
bleeds to melt.*

ette

P. 3

What happens when  
the *forgotten* is all  
we come to know.

*When forgetfulness  
becomes all we've known .*

*And all we depend on  
to be .*

*No, bag of  
magik will  
reverse the  
curse of the  
forgotten.*

*No,*  
bags of magik wont ,  
reverse this curse.

*and so they sit in the window ,  
and linger*

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~~P. 116~~

and *haunt*.

*sitting in the seal,  
sitting on the sill,  
and yet and still they wait,  
on sill and weight.*

*Let them not sit-weight in vein,  
Give them reason to*

forego  
instead of leaving this

behind  
Instead of leaving  
this

behind.

**they** *are waiting*  
**they** *are lingering.*  
*they linger in weight.*  
*wait-waiting they wait*

pop this out  
to give outline  
who is waiting & how  
then it relates to past  
"leaving."

*No, bag of magick will  
reverse the curse of  
ignorance.*

**They simply must be remembered. They must  
be recalled.**

5  
8

Narrator



Every empty house needs a haunt.  
And this home was no different.  
Eighty years back, by hand it was  
built solid and sturdy, situated on a  
hill looking out in the fields of once  
upon a time when,

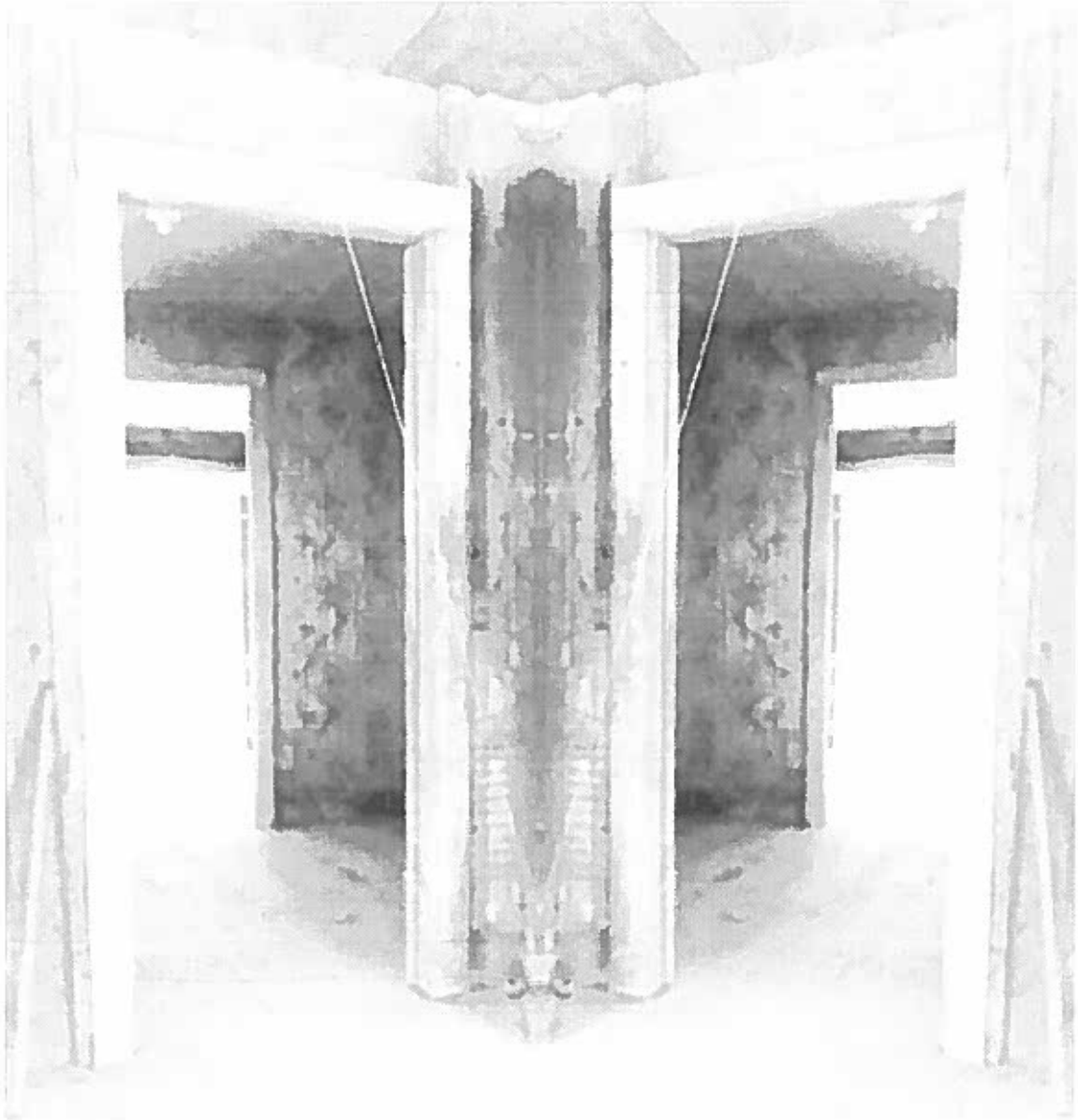
homes dwelled and people dwelled  
and children laughed and elders  
prayed, when hands picked and  
plucked from the vines of earth blood  
and the dew was enough to drink.  
There were wells once around the  
home, wells for wishing, wells for  
drinking, others merely for the  
holding of ancient waters running  
deep.

Now, they are all all dry. All dried,  
untouched by the hands of life, lived  
over in time. They dry.  
Every empty house needs its haunt  
and this home was no different. And  
so she, Bertha Lee, sent a story to her  
nephew in the whisper of a dream,  
petitioning him to return there. Here,  
where she lay, and sit in unrest, in  
hopes that things be restored once  
again.

Perhaps get this  
story & petition down. Unpack  
this  
More  
of Bertha Lee

The floor is set, with  
ashes, sprinkled about.  
Creating a midst on the  
floor. The outline of  
the house is drawn in  
its shadow.  
Stools are placed.  
Readers sat.

2.6



*When things fall apart.*  
As heard from dead Bert's haunt.

*you to this*

*4.17  
p. 7*

They say there is a lot you can tell 'bout a person, simply by looking at they house, the windows and its draping, the yard and the arrangement, vegetables or flowers, all reflects the heart and mind of the person or the people, that dwell therein. I'm embarrassed to admit that this house, The one standing here as such and so, is mine. Although it don't even look like it belong to me no mo', or anybody for that matter! The doors off the hinges. Yard barren and unkempt. The weeds and thorns and snakes in grass. *Embarrassing!* There was a time when, if you had told me that I'd let my house go like this, I'd a said you was a fool and turned your ear.

There was nothing more in life that I wanted, than having a place of my own. To be and roam in my thoughts, and gestures and moods with no apologies because it was my place and I did what I damn well pleased. This house was my vanity, was all I really needed in life to feel grounded, placed, comforted in knowing that I had the deed, the lock and the key in my possession. As I child I'd flip through pages of the family Atlas and wonder on journey's and revelations in the distant far off places. And that got me to wonder on what the world looked like. But I come to know now, that in life, this life what matter most to me is my world, and my presence in it.

*So.*

I wanted a house and I petitioned to my father that he make it. And he did. Built it up, from the scratch of the earth, one plank at a time, hand-nail - hammer - saw, three months it took for him to finish and when it was, I couldn't wait to drape the windows in lace and dress the floors in hand sewn rugs, and tack on the walls dyed papers for coloring my world. Maroon and sea blue, light green and Vanilla. Curio cabinets tucked in corners held the fetishes of my desires, trinkets and gadgets, from just 'bout every place in time.

The mail box out front was once fiery red and spelled my name out  
**B-E-R-T-H-A. L-E-E** Bertha Lee. But now it's black-brown like coffee and can barely hold on to the ground.

*Reading a letter from the  
mail box. (It reads of  
love.) wrote here?*

*Moon and sun  
Both sun and moon.  
But only beast and  
creatures live alone.  
Will you be my wife?*

There were many and plenty of suitors who wanted my desire, I was eldest heiress to the Givens family freedom colony in Texas. Being Southern and Colored and woman in the 1920's left very par standards in the imaginations of what a woman could do. Sure enough there was marriage to a breadwinner to keep the belly fed, but as a daughter of the earth, my mamma taught me real young how to bake my own bread and father taught me much

8  
P

→

about hunting and they both agreed that I should not be a maid or a wife in hopes fo' some pseudo liberation. My mind was too fixed on its own thing to go tending to others nonsense , so I went off to Mary Allen College and studied to the tune of the hickory stick and took to the teaching down at the school house and when my days were done and when the day was through I 'd come back to my home. My home was a sacred place, my sanctuary away from the world.

y. 2

There was the one suitor to whom I allowed the pleasure of my homes company, came through looking for some sort of clue on who I was, what I liked, and his curiosity landed him in front of my bell collection, had over fifty chimes from over sixteen places from all over the world. Silver ones and gold ones, glass ones and brass ones, some made of pure crystal and some made of pure bone. He had the audacity to tell me that I was a hoarder, hoarding onto junk.

nice

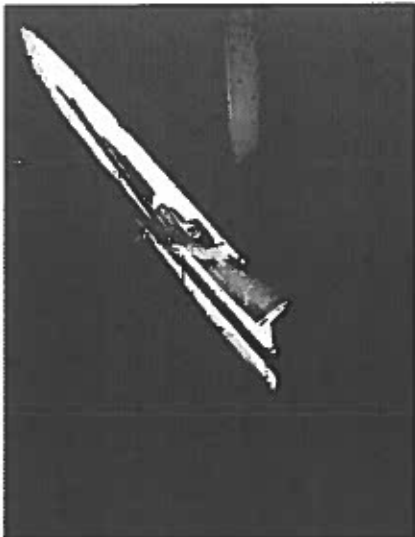
I retorted that my passion was preserving tradition not junk. My mamma started me in collecting when I was a youngin', first born and alone for nearly eight years of my life, I was needing something to keep me company and sound always seemed to manage. Birds chirping, wagons passing , anything that admitted to being moved by life's vibrations, I absorbed. Well, there was a elder woman who came by the Big house, one Sunday in need of money and she had these bells tied to the handle of her bag and offered them up as a something for barter instead of begging. Momma hesitated, but I knew that I wanted the bells ,needed them to make sounds when I wanted to hear. So, ,I took money from my savings jar and bought them bells without question. kept them in a small wooden box and that started me collecting other things that drew to my curiosity. The box grew too small and so I got a trunk and when the trunk was bursting at its seams I took up a whole closet. And eventually that too grew small, and I knew then that I needed my own place. My own space to safe keep that which brought me comfort. This suitor was unmoved by my passion and curiosity for the material world, so I showed him to the door and never seen't him since.

you  
are  
developing  
this  
character  
deeply  
here



*This is how you  
make bread  
without a Rooster ?*

- *7 copper penny pieces.*
- *15 minutes or so of free time*
- *715 walking steps.*
- *& a trip to the corner grocer.*
- *Pay the bill, say your courtesies  
and enjoy your loaf in peace!*



*This is how you*  
 \keep unwanted <sup>opportunities</sup>  
 visitors away and <sup>a</sup> moment  
 invite wanted <sup>here?</sup>  
 things to stay. <sup>This</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>very</sup>  
needs a who

*who is speaking -*

RED BRICK DUST, also <sup>develop</sup>  
 known as BRICK DUST, RED <sup>material</sup>  
 DUST, RED POWDER or <sup>toward this</sup>  
 REDDENING, derives from <sup>+ develop</sup>  
 the ancient use of red ochre <sup>an unwanted</sup>  
 clay for sacred purposes. <sup>visitors!</sup>

**Protection Scrub for Home or Business:** On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, get up before dawn without speaking to anyone and wash your doorstep with your own Urine in a bucket of rain water. When it dries, sprinkle red brick dust across the doorstep.

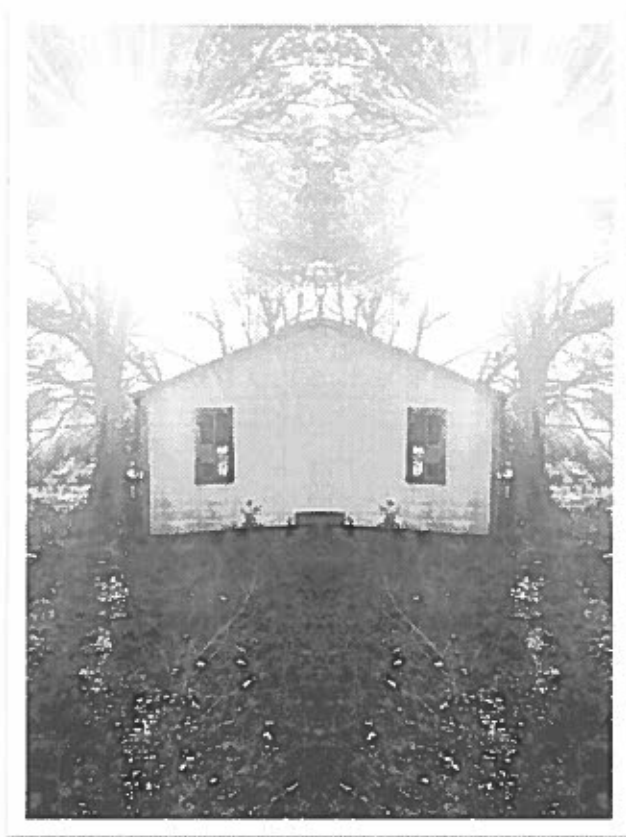
To make the wash stronger, write the Name of the Captain of Police on paper, burn the Name-Paper to ashes, and add the ashes to your scrub water.

**Business Money Scrub:** Mix Red Dust, Cinnamon powder, and Brown Sugar into water and scrub the doorstep inward for quick, continuous cash flow.

*alludes to larger moment to be named*

*have some history rare oppression here*

*ok-but?*



~~P. 11~~  
P. 11

*And outside the window of the room  
where my bells were kept, was a  
garden, There were seven rows of  
red earthen'd clay that fertilized the  
vegetables growing in the garden. A  
fertilizer that smelled of horse ass ,  
yellow grass and perfume. Perfume  
from a bottle. A crystal  
artesian amethyst bottle With  
nothing left inside but remnants from  
the past . What used to lay inside it  
before the bottle became empty.  
Florida water, and if you've never  
been to Florida it smells of island  
cotton, fresh honey from the comb.  
And diamond crusted pearl  
powder in a garden of  
fresh lavender.*

*evocative*

~~MM~~  
p. 12

## *Back, once in my garden*

*Broccoli Cabbage patch  
Collards Mustards Kale  
Garlic Lima beans  
Okra dandelions nd' corn.*

*This is how you turn a garden*

*1*

*Spread 3 to 6 inches of compost, leaf mold or  
composted horse- cow- dog manure over the  
desired garden area.*

*2*

*Dig into the soil the depth of a babies arm or the  
length of a silver spoon. Lift, sift and tease the  
earth in place, arranging such so that the newly  
added nutrient matter settles to the bottom of the  
soil plot and old earthened soil rises to the top.*

*This is where you get the term for turning.*

*3*

*Smash or cut up large chunks of soil, which is  
now on top, using a spade butter knife or spatula*

*4*

*Repeat these actions until the entire garden is  
turned. Then, make another pass around the  
garden, digging and flipping the soil. After the  
second pass, the garden is thoroughly turned.*

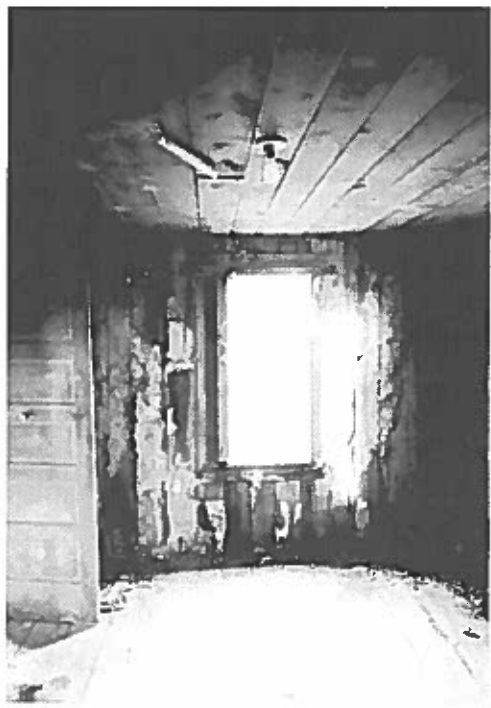
*5*

*Smooth out the irregularities of the freshly turned  
soil with the back of a rake or a hoe, once  
complete and ground is leveled the garden is now  
ready for new plantings.*

*Can the segue  
into something larger?  
I know you are  
conjecturing a life here  
but we need to see it in  
a person, in the house*

Be  
p. 13

*This is how you scrub your hands after handling the shit of a horse, chicken or a cow.*



Gather :  
Fistful of semi coarse Reddin'n Red brick dust , haf  
o cup of olive oil, one pinch of sage oil, pink sea salt,  
white linen kerchief, a warm water basin nd' Rolled  
lemon and lime.  
First:  
Massage your hands in heavy breathing, to bring  
moisture to your palms. Squeeze on the juices of the  
lemon and lime and add a dash of salt, rub  
Then:  
lather hands in oil sprinkle sage and redden'n dust !  
Then:  
Mix components together on hand and wrist , until  
satisfaction . The hand scrubbing should be thorough,  
taking consideration of the tendons and tissue and  
fibers. Release any tension in the tissue. =

LOVE  
this!

metaphor  
as these terms in  
life ?  
I can see here the "release" in house =  
to release in skin/hand =  
to a psychological/spiritual  
release - of person ? ← this  
perhaps - needs to be on the page

I had no birth children but each room in my house was like a daughter to me. My living parlor, her name was lily Lillith and her only chore was to keep my lady things in place, the porcelain and wooden statues of postured women from whom I drew my strength. Shrine figures of the Ashante and Kongo people, busts of Athena, the Head of Nefertiti, t'was a homage to the greatness from which I was spawned, the line of strength that all too often got neglected in the telling of human herstory. My home was a shrine a tabernacle of self reflection, a museum of time and space important to no one but me.



earth takes care of earth w/ home remedies

This is how you polish wood dusted

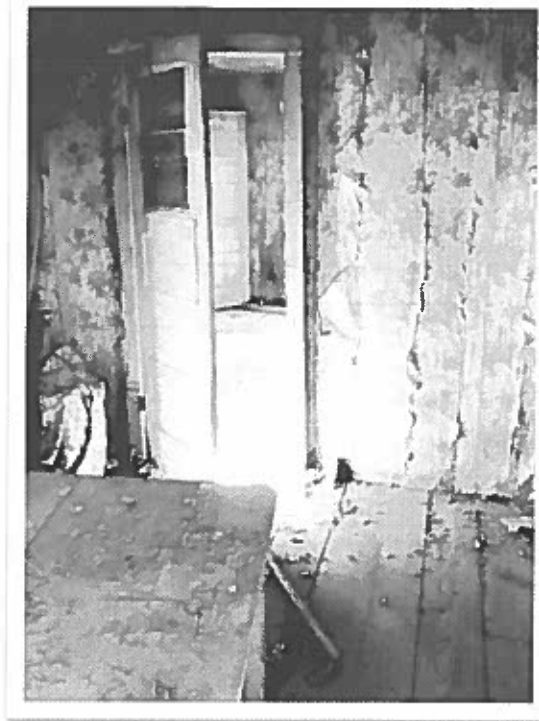
over from ancient time

- 1 cup of olive oil
- 1 cup of lemon juice
- mix together in a bowl and let sit.
- Take a soft fiber white cloth and dip its tip in the mixture and rub on wooden surface til the patina of the grain is revealed.

15  
P

**Sheba.** was the garden room and she had the most access to the sun and my aloe and cactus and dandelions were kept there. Tolerant plants. that could stand a drought and winter, they reminded me of how and who I needed to be. And there were the mirrors. Lots of mirrors that dressed Sheba's walls. Rounds ones and squares, octagonal and even triangular reflections. She was my space for vanity, my place for nudity when I wanted to see my simplicity, the simple-ness of my form and figure in my breast and thighs, nape of neck and back. Peering back onto myself in love.

Beautiful  
More like this



~~P. 11a~~  
P. 11a

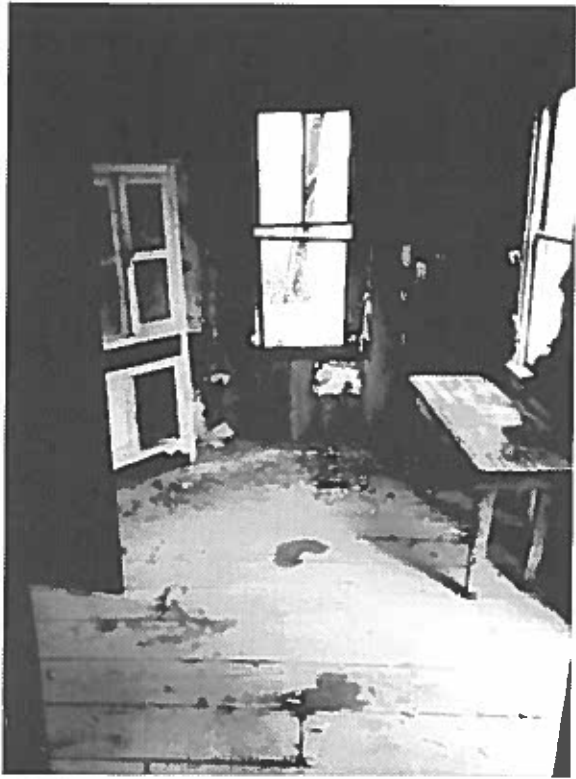
This is how you  
clean a mirror and  
other glass surfaces  
toxic with out using  
store bought toxins.

- *Take sun dried aged news paper and dip its tip in the cider of apple vinegar.*
- *Get your breath warm and heavy and breath onto the mirrors face producing moist beads about the glass.*
- *In swift circular motions you rub and rub and rub and wipe until the streaks and dust and prints from fingers and nudged smudge are no longer seen*  
*If ever you are wanting to set intentions, write onto the mirror face the desire in salt water, allow to dry and crust over,*  
*collect the crystals and sprinkle them*  
*tween your bed sheets.*  
*And believe*

mirrors & recipes  
allude to  
conjuring ...  
alludes to the  
conjuring of spirits  
in this piece  
Allow voice of spirits  
to exist here. Could be  
powerful - more powerful



17



*Mary* Pain, my great grandmother is who inspired the name for the kitchen, it was much of her cooking that passed on to my momma and from momma down to me. A simple space. Never cared for much clutter where I ate.. Pot belly stove near the chimney flute, few racks along the walls, holding jars of the sacred dried accouterments for taste and healing. Paprika. Sage. Thyme. Basil. Black Pepper. Salt. Cumin. Coriander. Allspice. The staples. Wall Chester held the preserves, greens and corn and beans and jams when most fell out of season. And a broom in the corner, I always kept the broom in the corner.

There was a room right off the kitchen that I considered the holding room. I called her, Mabel my fathers youngest sisters name, she was that middle place room where a something may not really have room but manages to fits in some where. It was a space that took on the shape of whatever was needed at the time. Prayer could happen there, sewing there, repaired clocks =, wrote letters, learned dances .Cursed cusses. The husband to whom I took in and married. Had a few of his things in there, when we were in good standing. He slept there. Love made there. We lived in that room. It was a must mist about the still air, although it had two windows, there was a quieted about the air. and so, the things that happened in the room tended to linger. The aroma of the before If we however were in the moments of needed space and silence I slept in the my parlor, the inner most sanctum of my being, where I snored and laughed and cried the purest, in the walls of my roo

speaker

evocative beautiful

wonderful intro here.  
 who is the speaker?  
 what are here beliefs  
 how does she move in  
 this house?

An index on things forgotten.

Termites teasing wood pillars eating  
on the porch  
Mold dancing up the walls  
Birds nests in every room

Bricks eroded in erosion.  
Rusted bolts nd nails.  
Debris clog'd in dah pipes.  
water cease to run.

Shattered shawls of window panes  
Dormant garden overgrown

Shift in earth cracked foundation  
Spiders tucked in corners quiet  
preying distant dangled

Mounds of droppings from unknown  
bowels

Door off the hinges  
Buckling in the frame  
Walls paper worn and wilted

Wires of electricity criss crossing need  
replace

Dryness bout the well.  
Crumbled chimney flute  
Hole in the attic, incubator for  
breeding beasts

Vast vacant wide and open.  
A house neglect needing repair.

Idea of  
generations  
here  
of beast/  
woman/  
man.  
Unpack this

VIKTOR  
APRIL 15  
2016

What happens when the forgotten is  
all we come to know.  
When forgetfulness becomes all we  
have known .  
And all we depend on to be, aware of  
unknowing .  
No bag of magic will ignore

This hint of what is known  
What is forgotten should  
lead you to FORM  
Always circle back to  
the known. Elaborate /state  
what is known. Also give  
breadth to the forgotten. Let  
your audience know both