SISYPHUS AND THE ROCKETTES

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Sisyphus was sentenced by the gods to roll that rock up the hill for all eternity only to see it roll back down. So, was he condemned to a life in vain because no effort on his part could ever get that rock over the top? I think he eventually replaced that impossible goal with a different one: the sport (or the art?) of playfully testing the limits of a prison he knew he could never escape. By redefining his task, he made his condemnation work for him: he suffused it with form and meaning.

Unlike Sisyphus, I have voluntarily placed myself in an inescapable "prison" - a palindromic one. Why? My childhood did not prepare me for living with much freedom; I lived within extremely rigid boundaries and rules. Over time I learned how to make rigidity work for me. It became challenging and fun to use my imagination to find freedom within these boundaries. I redefined the oppressive meaning of the prison I perceived myself to be in. Now I am so used to trying to escape that part of me has come to depend upon the existence of restrictions. Without prisons I have nothing to escape.

Palindromes are a type of prison. Anything you write must be written again in reverse, greatly limiting your freedom. Writing a palindrome is an art (or a sport?) in which these limits are playfully tested. In writing palindromes I find new ways of looking at the world; I put words together that outside of a palindrome I might not think to put together, and I take what I have discovered inside a palindrome and see whether it has meaning outside the palindrome.

My palindromic me was born one day in January 1995. Little did my "mother" Erin Frey know what her passing comments about palindromes that afternoon would give birth to!

I am still quite young, but I have big dreams. I've Vegas in my eyes. I see myself on stage at Caesar's Palace reciting palindromes amidst the Rockettes. I see guys who look like Brad Pitt sleeping overnight outside the box office to ensure front-row seats.

Are there other palindromists out there who would like to join me? Be prepared for the drug-filled nights between shows, and be ready for the groupies. We'll need bodyguards to protect the hems of our garments. (Oh, the glamour of a palindromist's life!)

Before I depart for Vegas I'll share a few palindromes with you. Are they ready for the Big Time, or should I get breast implants to improve my chances?

(e.g.) Never One Vigil

I've no DNA one cadet i re-made if in Utne to pin model's satyr i adore his mussel Miami am i smut? pesto of nose, no bet! I knit a leg's barge he grabs gelatin kite bones on foot septums i maim aimless ums i hero? dairy-tassled? omnipotent? unified? a merited ace? NO!!! ...and on evil i give NO!!! revenge

Trap Art

meet. seek a fibred royal piano it i loves or people do yen i play no benign i'm muse mantra! i are pop art i elk cubism rodeo boogi Op metronome gem on or tempo i go oboe dorms i buckle i trap opera i art! names umming in ebony alpine yodel Poe prose volition "A" i play order "B" i fake esteem trap art

Emordnilap Apogee

mote-tonal
i am die - met a rut
a sot raffles a seine dollop - a sun of lesser a daisy
no idle gems tell a poet
a gas agate opal lets me gel
Dionysia dares self on us
Apollo denies a self
far to saturate me id
mail a note to me ego, Pa Palindrome

Siesta (a nap)

see
tare, billionaire, bidet
sudden rut stops
80-six an awed limb mower
a - b - s - t - r - a - c - t
carts bare womb mildew - an axis 80 spots turned
dusted Iberian oil
liberate Espana at seis

P.M.

also get a garret a base man names - a wise kidnap a baseman names massage morose sorrel a base man go to grasp... names abase man ...and no bag a Vegas sage vagabond naps Same Neon Wash argot ogler roses or omegas? Table Tom's sampan dikes! motel bath i water rag at ego's lamp saw no enemas

Names

Top's Atlas

Mo's peep organ tepee decaf sonar pose sopranos face deep Etna grope Epsom salt a spot must feel
browse
wet lips
puce cup spilt
ewe's worble
eft's um