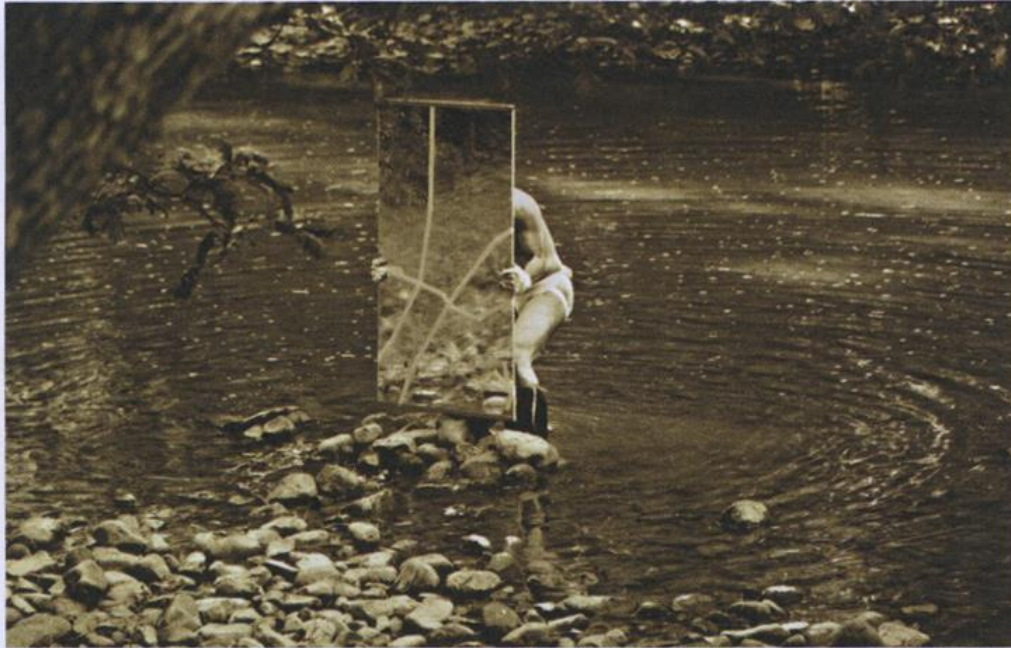


## ELEVEN FAVORITES

*curated by Eileen Myles*

---

**E**ileen Myles has written extensively about visual art: her book *The Importance of Being Iceland* collects what she called “travel essays in art,” and artists and their work figure prominently in her fiction and poetry, as they have in her personal life. (As she tells Ben Lerner, in this issue’s Art of Poetry interview, “Once I got sober, I looked at art and just got high.”) Elsewhere, Myles has described poets as “the link between all kinds of other media,” and her own writing continues to connect literature with other kinds of artistic practice in New York and beyond. For our Fall portfolio, we asked Myles to share a few of the works that have meant the most to her of late.



William Pope.L, *A Negro Sleeps Beneath the Susquehanna*, 1998.

Performance view, Bucknell University, 1998.

If I ever saw a piece of art performed that filled everything and erased itself (which seems to me to be the absolute and entirely political purpose of performance art), this is it. And yet I think this photo is a work of art in itself, or maybe something better, like a relic of art, like one of John Cage's scores. So he, William Pope.L, scantily clad, went down the river with rubber boots on and a large mirror on his back reflecting the forest and the sky, and we all watched him be gone. What does the title mean. I think, A weem-o wep a weem-o wep a weem-o wep—you know that song. It's devastating nonsense and as the piece "ended" I felt inclined to cry like the sky was about to burst, but the piece was so dedicated to the landscape and conditions it was created in that when William disappeared, so did our feeling, yet that was a righteous, even a violent, act. The piece was a wake-up—a crime had been committed for sure and not by him. It was totally on us.