I have a superball that glows Gatsby green, and when I hold it to the light against my telephoto eye, I can see beyond. The future approaches with more immediacy if I am in a meditative posture that enables the gradual absorption of astral pulsations through the ventral surfaces and of Earth's loamy cycles through the dorsal pores. A medium-priced recliner will work, provided its fabric is loosely woven. Dead skin (leather) or vinyl interrupt transvision.

The visual image of Analecta as a time-capsule served as the vehicle for a recent reception event. Picture the author supine and wrapped cocoon-like in layered covers of this issue. Since such an event is essentially a non-linguistic phenomenon, I have to translate what then happened into a linear and rhetorical structure. Consider, for example, this question: What will be the state of the art in Analecta's issue for the year 2000—a mere 13 years down the timeless trail in search of the plumed word and the electric canvas?

As best I can tell, students at this university—which by the turn of the century will be renamed Indiana University—Northern Valley (IUNV)—will still write poems and sculpt figures as enactments of fears and wishes. I received several dim, dusky images of personal sufferings, but the shapes that loomed and gleamed brightly were historic and, in some cases, pop-cultural entities.

On one page of the magazine there was a painting of an immense, glaring simian in a sequined cape, facing the reader squarely in the ritualized staring stance of his species. The IUNV student had titled her work “Lotto, the Demon Chance,” with the parenthetical legend, “Do you want to be god or do you want to worship god?”

Elsewhere in the issue, a short story still showed the influence of fin de siecle apocalyptic vision, too obviously derivative of the old series of road warrior films. Nevertheless, the writer showed that he was in touch with his Michiana roots. The protagonistic tribe was protecting an ethanol still and storage tank, the fumes of which had triggered genetic mutations of the skin of the Horrific tribe which lived downwind of the enclave (sometimes waggishly referred to by the residents as “The Peoples of French Toast”). The ethanol still fueled a dwindling fleet of restored Studebakers, which, while it was slower than the fleet of Japanese minicars driven by the French Toast marauders, was more durable, due to its tank-like steel outer shell. In the otherwise infant wonderment of the first year of the new century, this piece seemed quaintly 20th Century with its worn preoccupation with the collapse of civilization.

A more hopeful sign was tucked in a sleeve inside the back cover. There a floppy disk called “Mirror Poem” invited the reader to boot up and join with the program's author in an interactive imagistic poem. Although the visuals were predictably video-game gothic in their tone, the poem-quest required the reader to interpret each line of the poem before receiving the next line. “Next lines” varied according to the reader’s interpretation, permitting the reader to share in the composition. The concept, no doubt, reflects the growing respectability during the 1990s of the Hallmark critical approach to poetry reading. My interactive poem bore an embarrassingly close resemblance to Orrick John's 1920s line, “Now I know that I have eaten humble pie/in the New England of your sexuality."

My vision began to fade during an essay-review of Kubrick's 2001 that lauded the re-issuing of the film in an up tempo version that deleted the pictorial segments of that long classic film and upgraded the AI of HAL the computer. At the climax of what had become a short subject of about 10 minutes playing time, HAL becomes the central character in the final scene reborn beyond infinity as an abacus.

—Tom Vander Ven