

# NOT BLESSED

Fiction by Harold Abramowitz  
Back Cover Art by Vincent Dachy  
Introduction by Teresa Carmody  
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“In answer to your question, I will tell you a little story: In the southern part of the country, when the space was open and when there were still people to share things with, I lived in a farmhouse with my grandmother.”

from *Not Blessed*

In **Not Blessed**, a story is told not once, but twenty-eight times in twenty-eight shifting versions. Here, a story acts as a chosen narrative constraint, a constraint which, once chosen, becomes a compulsion within the text, a landing point the narrator *must* reach again and again. **Not Blessed**: a brilliant twist of a tale, where narrative is spun like politics in the nightly news, deployed in a language that delights and distorts as it winds toward the trauma of non-truth and multiple non-originals. **Not Blessed** asks: what is the what that makes who?

**Not Blessed** is published as part of the TrenchArt: Maneuvers Series, with an Introduction by Teresa Carmody and visual art by VD Collective. TrenchArt is an annual series of new literature, selected and edited to create a textual conversation between some of the most dynamic and exciting writing today—and tomorrow.

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## About HAROLD ABRAMOWITZ

**Harold Abramowitz** is a writer and editor from Los Angeles. His books and chapbooks include *Sin is To Celebration* (co-author, House Press, 2009), *Dear Dearly Departed* (Palm Press, 2008), *Sunday, or A Summer's Day* (PS Books, 2008), and *Three Column Table* (Insert Press, 2007). Harold co-edits the short-form literary press eohippus labs ([www.eohippuslabs.com](http://www.eohippuslabs.com)), and co-curates the experimental cabaret event series, Late Night Snack ([www.latenightsnacks.blogspot.com](http://www.latenightsnacks.blogspot.com)).

## Praise for NOT BLESSED

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“Set in a frightening and indeterminate present, this bitter and masterful parable demonstrates the somnambulant power of language. The recurrent memory track studded with Euro pre-modernist signifiers (grandmother – village – boy – policeman – prominent figure – meadow – field) moves incrementally backwards towards no particular end. Channeling the early plays of Peter Handke, Abramowitz draws us into the narrator’s suspect nostalgia: *In the southern part of the country when the space was open, and when there were still people to share things with*” —Chris Kraus

“Runic, rhythmic, algorithmic, *Not Blessed* mesmerizes with a hidden logic. Through a series of finely calibrated repetitions, Abramowitz nimbly looses the old moorings—beginning, middle and end—setting us adrift on the sea of memory. —Janet Sarbanes

