

Reflections and Reactions to Mina Pam Dick's Delinquent

written by Janice Lee | March 26, 2014



Delinquent

by Mina Pam Dick

Futurepoem, 2009

102 pages / [Futurepoem](#) / [Amazon](#)

Ha ha ha ha. Mina Pam Dick's *Delinquent* laughs, calls my adjectives weaklings, and references The Who, amidst Wittgenstein, Kierkegaard, Kant. I underline *my mind makes me up*, because indeed, it is my own mind, my own embedded mind inside a head that creates the world around me, with language, with thoughts, with concepts, with words. *Ach*, what is Mina investigating here? What is *Delinquent*, if not most of all a book, a text, written by an author, but also, a text that acts as an instance (or many instances), a text that, rather than incorporating the multiple subjectivities or heteroglossia of Bakhtin's novels, delves into the plurality of subjectivity and consciousness of "I," the "I" that has written these words and has given thought to them, and the "I" that asserts *the truth is first-personal* (of course indicating a comparison between a third-personal or second-personal truth making/understanding), and the labored interaction a reader makes when in this world; *Ach, who is like God? I am. In six worlds or less* "I" swirl around, move from Point A to Point A as Minna, then Gaspar, then Clara – these multiple words induce multiple Times, multiple selves, spaces, ultimately dream-worlds, but worlds whose context is the text: *Clara had meaning only in the context of a sentence. She was not independent of the world.* Right, right, the text is pushing me towards something, and when I read "I," I am not Minna nor Gaspar nor Clara; I might be Janice, but only for a moment; and then, *I am Ismael.* I live in a world, or many, and *the world is neutral.* Right, though '*The world is neutral*' is not a convincing assertion. Because this world is dependent on a Kierkegaardian God, making us contemporary not only with our own time, but with the time of Christ, contemporary with a myth, with the Word, with these words, or, a world where God(s) lurk(s) behind each and every word on a page, logic and faith having fallen as the poles on a single axis, but, *the world does not know itself.* But it should. This text should be a mirror. Though it is Mina's mirror, and Clara's, and Ismael's mirror, but only when he declares loudly, *I am Ismael*, it is also *my* mirror. I'm convinced God has written this text, not Mina, rather, *I think, God is telling me something... Without me, the world would be dumb and brute.* Without me the world would be many things, still, and if I am God, I don't have to worry about it. *I would like to be Herman now, if you don't mind.* Right, because sometimes it's easier to change names. Anyways, this isn't anything out of the ordinary, we're all like this, slightly schizophrenic, Clara one minute and Herman the next. In fact it's really crazy to go from Clara to Clara to Clara again, I mean, "I" am writing as a way of being. *Perceptions can be shared between individuals who are poems and*

these poems waver, like a parabolic system of subjectivity, running into, against, and parallel the conceptual system of language itself, since, "The limits of my language mean the limits of my world."¹ And if I extend my language, maybe I can extend my world(s). I want to know what love is. *The liar is a sentence that secretly commits suicide.* My sentence committed suicide when it mentioned love. *Nobody is a whole. ie. we are all crippled.* ie. This text is crippled, but with the help of a reader, God might show himself and let us know he's been listening to this all along. ie. language is a myth, a model of reality that extends our reality as far as the limits of language, or our own conceptual systems, allows for. Truth often looks like a sentence (ie. *The truth is subjective, aka first person singular.*), it often looks a certain way, grammatically speaking maybe, but that's probably a lie. *It's not true that life and death aren't sentences.* But sentences do differ from one to another, the difference between one sentence and another being the truth.

* All italicized portions are excerpts from Mina Pam Dick's *Delinquent*.

¹ Reference Ken L. Walker's response to Mina Pam Dick's "First Person of Truth" who quotes Ludwig Wittgenstein's *Tractat Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*: (5.6). <http://futurepoem.wordpress.com/>