Fashionable Supplements

The following texts provide background information to many of the materials included in the book _Fashionable Noise: On Digital Poetics_, published by Atelos Books in May, 2003. On their own, they will probably not make much sense; they should be read and/or examined accompanied by the poems and essays in that book.

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1. ICQ Chat Number

121531424

2. T.S. Eliot, Reflections On Vers Libre

(1917)

_Ceux qui possèdent leur vers libre y tiennent: on n’abandonne que le vers libre._

DUHAMEL ET VILDRAC.

A lady, renowned in her small circle for the accuracy of her stop-press information of literature, complains to me of a growing pococurantism. ‘Since the Russians came in I can read nothing else. I have finished Dostoevski, and I do not know what to do.’ I
suggested that the great Russian was an admirer of Dickens, and that she also might find that author readable. ‘But Dickens is a sentimentalist; Dostoevski is a realist.’ I reflected on the amours of Sonia and Rashkolnikov, but forbore to press the point, and I proposed *It Is Never too Late to Mend*. ‘But one cannot read the Victorians at all!’ While I was extracting the virtues of the proposition that Dostoevski is a Christian, while Charles Reade is merely pious, she added that she could not longer read any verse but *vers libre*.

It is assumed that *vers libre* exists. It is assumed that *vers libre* is a school; that it consists of certain theories; that its group or groups of theorists will either revolutionize or demoralize poetry if their attack upon the iambic pentameter meets with any success. *Vers libre* does not exist, and it is time that this preposterous fiction followed the *ban vital* and the eighty thousand Russians into oblivion.

When a theory of art passes it is usually found that a groat’s worth of art has been bought with a million of advertisement. The theory which sold the wares may be quite false, or it may be confused and incapable of elucidation, or it may never have existed. A mythical revolution will have taken place and produced a few works of art which perhaps would be even better if still less of the revolutionary theories clung to them. In modern society such revolutions are almost inevitable. An artist, happens upon a method, perhaps quite unreflectingly, which is new in the sense that it is essentially different from that of the second-rate people about him, and different in everything but essentials from that of any of his great predecessors. The novelty meets with neglect; neglect provokes attack; and attack demands a theory. In an ideal state of society one might imagine the good New growing naturally out of the good Old, without the need for polemic and theory; this would be a society with a living tradition. In a sluggish society, as actual societies are, tradition is ever lapsing into superstition, and the violent stimulus of novelty is required. This is bad for the artist and his school, who may become circumscribed by their theory and narrowed by their polemic; but the artist can always console himself for his errors in his old age by considering that if he had not fought nothing would have been accomplished.

*Vers libre* has not even the excuse of a polemic; it is a battle-cry of freedom, and there is no freedom in art. And as the so-called *vers libre* which is good is anything but ‘free’, it can better be defended under some other label. Particular types of *vers libre* may be supported on the choice of content, or on the method of handling the content. I am aware that many writers of *vers libre* have introduced such innovations, and that the novelty of their choice and manipulation of material is confused — if not in their own minds, in the minds of many of their readers — with the novelty of the
form. But I am not here concerned with imagism, which is a theory about the use of
material; I am only concerned with the theory of the verse-form in which imagism is
cast. If *vers libre* is a genuine verse-form it will have a positive definition. And I can
define it only in negatives: (1) absence of pattern, (2) absence of rhyme, (2) absence of
metre.

The third of these qualities is easily disposed of. What sort of a line that would
be which would not scan at all I cannot say. Even in the popular American magazines,
whose verse columns are now largely given over to *vers libre*, the lines are usually
explicable in terms of prosody. Any line can be divided into feet and accents. The
simpler metres are a repetition of one combination, perhaps a long and a short, or a
short and a long syllable, five times repeated. There is, however, no reason why,
within the single line, there should be any repetition; why there should not be lines (as
there are) divisible only into feet of different types. How can the grammatical exercise
of scansion make a line of this sort more intelligible? Only by isolating elements which
occur in other lines, and the sole purpose of doing this is the production of a similar
effect elsewhere. But repetition of effect is a question of pattern.

Scansion tells us very little. It is probable that there is not much to be gained by
an elaborate system of prosody, but the erudite complexities of Swinburnian metre.
With Swinburne, once the trick is perceived and the scholarship appreciated, the
effect is somewhat diminished. When the unexpectedness, due to the unfamiliarity of
the metres to English ears, wears off and is understood, one ceases to look for what
one does not find in Swinburne; the inexplicable line with the music which can never
be recaptured in other words. Swinburne mastered his technique, which is a great deal,
but he did not master it to the extent of being able to take liberties with it, which is
everything. If anything promising for English poetry is hidden in the metres of
Swinburne, it probably lies far beyond the point to which Swinburne has developed
them. But the most interesting verse which has yet been written in our language has
been done either by taking a very simple form, like the iambic pentameter, and
constantly withdrawing from it, or taking no form at all, and constantly approximating
to a very simple one. It is this contrast between fixity and flux, this unperceived
evasion of monotony, which is the very life of verse.

I have in mind two passages of contemporary verse which would be called *vers
libre*. Both of them I quote because of their beauty:

*Once, in finesse offiddles found I ecstasy,*

*In the flash of gold heels on the hard pavement.*
Now see I
That warmth’s the very stuff of poesy.
Oh, God, make small
The old star-eaten blanket of the sky,
That I may fold it round me and in comfort lie.

This is a complete poem. The other is part of a much longer poem:

There shut up in his castle, Tainiran’s,
She who had nor ears nor tongue save in her hands,
Gone — ah, gone — untouched, unreachable —
She who could never live save through one person,
She who could never speak save to one person,
And all the rest of her a shifting change,
A broken bundle of mirrors. . .

It is obvious that the charm of these lines could not be, without the constant suggestion and the skilful evasion of iambic pentameter.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, and especially in the verse of John Webster, who was in some ways a more cunning technician than Shakespeare, one finds the same constant evasion and recognition of regularity. Webster is much freer than Shakespeare, and that his fault is not negligence is evidenced by the fact that it is often at moments of the highest intensity that his verse acquires this freedom. That there is also carelessness I do not deny, but the irregularity of carelessness can be at once detected from the irregularity of deliberation. (In The White Devil Brachiano dying, and Cornelia mad, deliberately rupture the bonds of pentameter.)

I recover, like a spent taper, for a flash
and instantly go out.

Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young.

You have cause to love me, I did enter you in my heart
Before you would vouchsafe to call for the keys.

This is a vain poetry: but I pray you tell me
If there were proposed me, wisdom, riches, and beauty,
In three several young men, which should I choose?

These are not lines of carelessness. The irregularity is further enhanced by the use of short lines and the breaking up of lines in dialogue, which alters the quantities. And there are many lines in the drama of this time which are spoilt by regular accentuation.

I loved this woman in spite of my heart. (The Changeling)
I would have these herbs grow up in his grave. (The White Devil)
Whether the spirit of greatness or of woman . . . (The Duchess of Malfi)

The general charge of decadence cannot be preferred. Tourneur and Shirley, who I think will be conceded to have touched nearly the bottom of the decline of tragedy, are much more regular than Webster or Middleton. Tourneur will polish off a fair line of iambics even at the cost of amputating a preposition from its substantive, and in the Atheist’s Tragedy he has a final ‘of’ in two lines out of five together.

We may therefore formulate as follows: the ghost of some simple metre should lurk behind the arras in even the ‘freest’ verse; to advance menacingly as we doze, and withdraw as we rouse. Or, freedom is only truly freedom when it appears against the background of an artificial limitation.

Not to have perceived the simple truth that some artificial limitation is necessary except in moments of the first intensity is, I believe, a capital error of even so distinguished a talent as that of Mr. E. L. Masters. The Spoon River Anthology is not material of the first intensity; it is reflective, not immediate; its author is a moralist, rather than an observer. His material is so near to the material of Crabbe that one wonders why he should have used a different form. Crabbe is, on the whole, the more intense of the two; he is keen, direct, and unsparing. His material is prosaic, not in the sense that it would have been better done in prose, but in the sense of requiring a simple and rather rigid verse-form and this Crabbe has given it. Mr. Masters requires a more rigid verse-form than either of the two contemporary poets quoted above, and his epitaphs suffer from the lack of it.

So much for metre. There is no escape from metre; there is only mastery. But while there obviously is escape from rhyme, the vers librists are by no means the first out of the cave.
The boughs of the trees
Are twisted
By many baftings;
Twisted are
The small-leafed boughs.
But the shadow of them
Is not the shadow of the mast head
Nor of the torn sails.

When the white dawn first
Through the rough fir-planks
Of my hut, by the chestnuts,
Up at the valley-head,
Came breaking, Goddess,
I sprang up, I threw round me
My dappled fawn-skin . . .

Except for the more human touch in the second of these extracts a hasty observer
would hardly realize that the first is by a contemporary, and the second by Matthew
Arnold.

I do not minimize the services of modern poets in exploiting the possibilities of
rhymeless verse. They prove the strength of a Movement, the utility of a Theory.
What neither Blake nor Arnold could do alone is being done in our time. ‘Blank verse’
is the only accepted rhymeless verse in English — the inevitable iambic pentameter.
The English ear is (or was) more sensitive to the music of the verse and less
dependent upon the recurrence of identical sounds in this metre than in any other.
There is no campaign against rhyme. But it is possible that excessive devotion to
rhyme has thickened the modem ear. The rejection of rhyme is not a leap at facility;
on the contrary, it imposes a much severer strain upon the language. When the
comforting echo of rhyme is removed, success or failure in the choice of words, in the
sentence structure, in the order, is at once more apparent. Rhyme removed, the poet
is at once held up to the standards of prose. Rhyme removed, much ethereal music
leaps up from the word, music which has hitherto chirped unnoticed in the expanse
of prose. Any rhyme forbidden, many Shagpats were unwigged.

And this liberation from rhyme might be as well a liberation of rhyme. Freed
from its exacting task of supporting lame verse, it could be applied with greater effect
where it is most needed. There are often passages in an unrhymed poem where rhyme is wanted for some special effect, for a sudden tightening-up, for a cumulative insistence, or for an abrupt change of mood. But formal rhymed verse will certainly not lose its place. We only need the coming of a Satirist — no man of genius is rarer — to prove that the heroic couplet has lost none of its edge since Dryden and Pope laid it down. As for the sonnet I am not so sure. But the decay of intricate formal patterns has nothing to do with the advent of vers libre. It had set in long before. Only in a closely-knit and homogeneous society, where many men are at work on the same problems, such a society as those which produced the Greek chorus, the Elizabethan lyric, and the Troubadour canzone, will the development of such forms ever be carried to perfection. And as for vers libre, we conclude that it is not defined by absence of pattern or absence of rhyme, for other verse is without these; that it is not defined by non-existence of metre, since even the worst verse can be scanned; and we conclude that the division between Conservative Verse and vers libre does not exist, for there is only good verse, bad verse, and chaos.

3. Original Poems from “When Lilacs Last in the Door”

[Following are the versions of the poems as they were written by their authors, prior to being “translated” into Scots. The original form of the essay can be found at the following URL: http://www.umit.maine.edu/~steven.evans/3F-34]

Kevin Davies, from Comp.

Quote Yeah you wish my abandoned command post were closer to your retrieval plant and wholly owned subsidiaries. You want the polka dots to be Aristotelian. Couldn’t beadle my furrows evangelistically enough for you could I, yeah baby I know it hurts. I know because I went to Fredericton and stayed there, I painted baseboards vermilion for dunce dimes and ninny nickels. That doesn't mean I have to waddle up to raccoon-juice-colored marsh elders with alder awnings and slant-six Norwegian method acting strapped to their fungoes to know when I'm not connecting the weather bucket to the wet side of post-Minimalism. I know when I'm not hunted. Just don't
expect lemurs to magically reappear from the fine print of the self-storage contract. Don't even think about viola solos. We all just re-upped with the radiator fuzz Un Quote.

Tim Davis, from Dailies

does viva zapata mean _living shoes_? the winner of the race gets to immolate any empty library, scrape the white off a dozen klines even nod during mao z.'s big singalong: "me and my spar-row" the school play remade the duelists starring god and godard to myriad reviews and I quote "I quote" "the one in the sunglasses seemed to intentionally misread his miscues" there's the signpost up ahead, it's collicky comme il faut la vie de chan-ce

Jennifer Moxley, from Sense Record

You hurry home at dusk but fall upon a dead bird by the side of the road, tiny pink featherless neck, sun throat slashed. From the writing desk the workers bear witness to the destruction of your mental hideaway, but the fight you in your imaginary thoughts provoke in them proves nonetheless impossible to speak of [...] You grow weary when you realize the old world will not stay new for long and even the dead men interrogate you, the ugliest among them fills you with anguish and longing. They would rather look upon the flames of your funeral pyre from out at sea than abandon the will of their fathers. You like to suppose you will never love again.
Harryette Mullen, from *Muse & Drudge*

singed native skin
binging island sun
shines on shingles
shunning unhinged singles

solar flares scrambled
bell bottoms sunnyside
signal didn't she ramble
those black holes backslide

tropical fancy
punany as you want to be
coked bottled bodies
with fanticide faces

drippy tresses bagged
in plastic do-rag
sensible heel in execu-drag
whose dress sucks excess

Darren Wershler-Henry, from *tapeworm foundry andor the dangerous prevalence of imagination*

andor publish transparent books for people who like to read while driving andor establish internal rhythms andor write the regulations for more equitable blood sports like the one in an oceanarium between a killer whale and a snorkel diver armed with only a staple gun or like the one in a kiddie pool between a hammerhead shark and a divorce lawyer armed with only a butter knife or like the one in a gymnaisum between a white rhino and a golf caddy armed with only a pitching wedge andor figure out a way to do it without metaphor andor start a rumor that byron might never have swum the hellespont if not for his use of duckshaped water wings andor replicate the visible world in order to satisfy some bourgeois need for comfort and then bring even more order into this illusion andor write each word of a long poem on a separate bumper
sticker and then apply one sticker to each car in a parkade using rows as lines and floors as stanzas...

4. Replacement Algorithms for “When Lilacs Last in the Door”

[I only imperfectly recorded what search-and-replace algorithms I used when “translating” the text of this essay into “Scots,” but for what it is worth, following are the notes I took during the process. The first, shorter sets are, I believe, in the order in which they were keyed in, while a final set (which duplicates some parts of the first sets) was alphabetized, for a reason I don’t remember.]

strang—hail
rare—rerr
fidgement—muivement
into—intil
yaise
(noun)—yiss
polylingual—polyleiditness
eckio—ictio
criticism—heckle
ible—eeble
because—kis
already—awreddie
y.—ie.
y,—ie,
ow (as in vowels)—oo
what—whit
ainl—onl
empty—toom (?)
addled—trauchlit
abide—bide
raileest--raeleest

*  
try—ettle(e)
doubt—doot
but—bit
under—unner
how—hoo
slow—slaw
ought—oucht
gh—()
famous—ken-speckle
major—heid
clash—blether (talk)
result—upcum
great—gret
among—amang
other—ither
-ong—ang
full—fou
more—mair
oo (selectively)—ui
warl’—warld
do (the word)—dae
word—wird
three—?
and (the word)—an
ea (ee sound)—ai
fer—fur
spoke, spoken—spak
which—whilk
—ect—eck
by—bi
—y (ee sound, selective)—ie
had—hud
own—oon
play—pley
course—coorse
aften—aft
last (adj.)—hinner maist
about—aboot
cheenge—chynge
will—wull
see (verb)—own
Harold—Harauld
real—rael
comm—cowm (selective)
ct—ck (selective, poorly done)
when—whan
markt—mercat
quo’—quo
nd—n
(at end of word)
culture—cultur
off (the word)—aff
than—nor
engl—ingl

*
safe—sicker
start—stairt
print—prent
follow—folla
thing—theeng
subject—subjeck
betwixt—atween
early—aerie
makarry—poetrie
school—scuil
—ist (as in Maoist)—eest
use—yaise
understood—uptakit
war—weir
past—bygane
literature—literateure
book—buik

*

move—fidge
enough—enuch
many—mony
other—ither
from—fraise
over—owre
who—wha
gar—make
-ight—icht
even—e’en
most—miast
far—faur
good—guid
between—betwixt
-ing—in
head—heid

much—muckle
big—muckle
heicht—heich
high—heich
violent—gundy
spectacle—gy
have—hae
never—ne’er
were—wur
none—nane
ead()—eid()
poet—makar
if—gin
go—gae
off—aff
often—aften
before—afore
upon—upo
two—twa
not—nae
no—nae
so—sae
little—duddie
where—waur
widna—waudna
talk—clash
against—again’
each—ilke
song—sang
strong—strang
such—sic
sic a()—siccan
money—siller
sister—titty
usin—wearin
them—thaim
wom—wunim
elves—els
matter—maitter

* 
of—‘o
irony—bocage
very—gey
with—wi’
self—sel’
one (as in person)—yin
don’t—dinna
all—aa
everything—aathing
called—caad
then—syne
as well as—as weel’s
away—awa’
without—wiout
strange—unco
know—ken
these—thae
own—am
having—haein
replace “it” by ‘t and elide with previous word
give—gie
will not—wiima
home—hame
belong—belang
every—ilka
within—wi’in
aove—abune
perhaps—aiblins
weird—aliryn
around—atour
both—baith
blood—bluid
except—binna
stay—bide
cleisher—creep?
four—fower
bottom—boddom
-ind—in’
-old—‘auld
outside—ootby
nothing—nocht
said—quo’
beneath—neth
shoes—shoon
too—tae
world—warl’
those—thae
ask—speir
sure—shair
small—wee
wet—weet
few—wheen
beyond—‘yont
ould—ud
udn’t—idna

* 
contemplatin—layin the brain asteep
whether—whither
my—mi
certain—certaint
out o—outen
range—reenge
bar—baur
type—teep
first—firsten
I—aw
particular—parteecal
class—clessic
hell—the ill place
love—luve
break—brek
demonstrate—kythe
sing—tweetle (selective)
heaven—heiven
confess—awn
consider—consither
dirtie—clarty
nature—naitur
rather—raither
whine—draunt
captur—tak’
tale—spin
nam (name) —nem’
satisfied—fittit
eternellie—fur aye
sincere—aefauld
hurredlie—fiercelins
hope—howp
previus—umquhile
while—whill
yet (adv)—still an on
yet—yit
apparent—kenable
neither—naither
mischievous—ill—deedie
succeedit—mad wel
way—wey
part (word)—pairt
desire—will
throat—thrapple
bear—bide
witness—wutness
provoke—chaw
growe—grow
interrogate—speir
ugliest—maist ill-faured
anguish—fash
look—leuk
flame—flam
funeral—beerial
abandon—forhoo
like—lik
suppose—jalouse
show—shaw
possibilitie—maybe
her (pron)—hir
audience—owdience
scope—scouth
cup—tassie
box—buist
contain—haud
skull—pan
burden—trachle
home—hame
sense—sinse
fault—faut
engage—fee

present—praisent
motion—mudge
reduce—lowden
touch—tig
stone—stane
hersel—hirsel
shine—sheen
scramble—scrammle
bell—skellet
didn’t—didna
black—bleck
hole—thirl
slide—sly
back—hin
fancy—wheem
bodies—buddies
face—neb
bagged—poked
tresses—flachts
dress—ootrig
suck—sook
whose—whase
opposite—conter
recipe—receipt
collpaps—fooner
publish—proclaim
people—fowk
drive—hurl
equitable—richt-lik
sport—play
whale—whaul
staple—stapple
hammer—haimmer
lawyer—lawer
butter—freet
white—fite
golf—gowf
pitch—pick
wedge—wadge
out—oot
airt—wey
rumor—clatter
duck—quackie
satisfy—pleasure
bourgeois—haif—knab
comfort—easdom

separate—saiprit
car—caur
wear—weir
row—raw
short (alone)—jimpit
information—witterin
staunard—stannert
space—piece
gaze—gower
up—oop
imagination—fantice
bit—bittie
(selective)
anger—birse
happen—come (selective)
heavy—hivvie
method—road (selective)
blue—bew
sailor—tarry—breaks
vomit—boak
spome—fyow (selective)
fast—fest
digest—digeest
again—agane

believe—trew
invent—deck
reside—bide
fine—braw
various—sindry
varietie—kin
manner—mamnner
smart—smairt
reputation—word
energy—birr

*(final set)*
stannert—staunard
staple—stapple
staun—stand
stone—stane
strang—strong
strong—strang
subjeck—subject
suck—sook
suggest—propone
sun—sin
suppose—jalouse
tak—captur
talk—blether
thaim—them
the ill place—hell
theeng—thing
thir—their
tho—though
throat—thrapple
ritty—sister
toom—empty
touch—tig
5. Thomas Gray, On the Death of Mr. Richard West

[The italics are those Wordsworth inserted in the introduction to the Lyrical Ballads of 1800 to point out those moments of “real value” in Gray’s sonnet, in which the language did not deviate from that of prose.]

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phoebus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And newborn pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain;
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot bear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

6. David Larsen, Dogma ‘01

[This manifesto originally appeared on the Buffalo Poetics List, where I first read it, but can presently be found here: http://www.litvert.com/lrsn.html]

We in the last quarter of 2001 affirm the following guidelines for the publication of literature, patterned upon the manifesto of the Dogme95 filmmakers. The Dogme95 Manifesto declared itself to be a "VOW OF CHASTITY" from the coercive representational techniques of mass-market cinema (sets, lighting, musical soundtracks, etc.); Dogma '01 goes even further, rejecting the no less coercive marketing and distribution apparatus which Dogme95 filmmakers seem content to have deployed on their behalf. Dogma '01 rejects the division of labor between writer and publisher that prevails in the literary market-place, and therefore its productions are unfit for all but the most informal modes of distribution (barter, give-aways, and low-volume sales). These rules are to ensure that they remain so:

1. Dogma '01 is unalienated labor. Author and publisher will ideally be the same person. If not, they are to share the labor and cost of printing. Dogma '01 productions are to be assembled and bound by hand. No sending books out to be Docu-teched, and no perfect binding.
2. The contents of Dogma '01 books should be photocopied. Type may be set on a word processor or typewriter, but handwriting (the textual equivalent of the hand-held camera mandated by Dogme95) is best. No technique of reproduction is definitively barred, but those methods and materials most widely available to the general public are preferred. What in the world of fine printing are considered defects, Dogma '01 views as beauty marks: staples, thumbprints, "binder's creep," etc.

3. The one-of-a-kind is hateful. Editions should be as large as humanly possible, unsigned, and un-numbered (except perhaps to compensate for the flaws of "first fruits" rush-jobbed in time for a reading). Scarcity should never be exploited to drive up exchange value. At such time as an author's Dogma '01 publication turns out to be a valuable commodity (i.e., quickly reselling for inflated amounts soon after issue), that author is obliged to produce ever-larger editions to compensate. Should demand exceed the author's production capacity, that author is obliged to withdraw from Dogma '01 and either go with a mainstream publisher, or become one. This is the only excuse for going with or becoming a mainstream publisher.

4. Publishing in journals is kind of a gray area, on which we do not care to pronounce. Without it, Dogma '01 would risk becoming a solipsistic enterprise, with a readership as tightly circumscribed as that of any corporation's report to its shareholders. On the other hand, the wider an author's public, the harder it will be for that author to remain within the bounds of Dogma '01. The same goes for anthologies. Nor have we come to grips with the question of later reprints of Dogma '01 productions. Entering contests is fine, unless you win one.

5. Dogma '01 is not a bid for elite/outsider status, but the affirmation of a literary and artistic sphere of exchange unmediated by the apparatuses of market capitalism. (Except does the post office count?) Authors need not lose money to qualify, though they assuredly will. Dogma '01 authors are to maintain cordial and friendly relationships with mere writers. No Dogma '01 clubs or juries are to be formed, and no one whose work meets these Dogma '01 criteria is barred. You will know it when you see it.

Dogma '01 is no guarantee of quality. Without going so far as to abolish the category of "artistic merit," it is our stance that 1) the above criteria are more important at the
present moment in the history of writing, and that 2) they lead to better work anyway aesthetically as much as ethically speaking.

Please note that the above rules cannot be bent to include unqualified authors whose company and fellowship we may covet. For example, the book "Scram #2" by Mark Gonzales and Cameron Jamie with Raymond Pettibon photocopied in a signed and numbered edition of ten and sold for fifty dollars apiece last year at a gallery in Hollywood cannot be claimed as a Dogma '01 production. (Too bad, because it's the summit of the half-sized booklet form.) It will also be noted that Dogma '01 is hard for novelists and writers in non-fiction genres, though we would be delighted to see someone try.

You are invited to reproduce and disseminate this manifesto freely. We will not rest until the earth is encased in a rustling jacket of paper. Oh wait, that's already happened.

Oakland, Calif., 10/6/2001

On behalf of Dogma '01

LRSN