



Poetics,

Time,

Body

*Disruption

and

Marginally Queer

Solutions



“

gender is one of
those things that is
assumed to be solid,
where in reality it is
both a social construct
and a personal choice

— kari edwards

”

kari edwards on the UB Poetics List 1996–2006

Edited by

Kristen M. Fabians



Poetics, Time, Body Disruption and Marginally Queer Solutions

kari edwards on the UB Poetics List
1996-2006

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154 excerpts · 43 hands · 1996-2006

*“gender is one of those things that is assumed to be solid,
where in reality it is both a social construct and a personal choice”
— kari edwards*

Editor's Introduction

Kristen M. Fabians

This volume is drawn from the archive of the Poetics List of the University at Buffalo, a mailing list that ran from December 1993 to January 2014 and carried something over a hundred and twenty thousand messages. It concerns one poet. kari edwards subscribed in July 2001 and posted five hundred and ninety-nine times before her last message, on 20 November 2006. She died twelve days later, on 2 December, her fifty-second birthday. The list learned of it the following afternoon, and got the cause wrong.

She is regularly described as one of the first generation of trans poets in the United States to have a literary career, and the description needs qualifying. Poems by Americans living across the gender line go back to the first decade of the twentieth century: Jennie June's "Fairie Songs," circulating in duplicated copies and reported sung by soldiers by 1905, and Alan L. Hart's "My Irish Colleen," printed in the *Albany College Student* in March 1909, which is the earliest securely dated poem in an ordinary American periodical by a writer later known to have lived as a man. Publication under a name later associated with a trans life is not the same thing as publication under a publicly trans identity. But the writing is there, and it is early.

What arrives at mid-century is the venue. Virginia Prince printed her poem "Evensong" in the first issue of *Transvestia*, in January 1960 — the earliest verified poem in an American periodical built by and for gender-variant readers. Recordings made that September preserve Red Jordan Arobateau, then twenty-two, reading his own poems and discussing the founding of a magazine to print them; *The Hour Assembles Its Allies* appeared under his own imprint in 1970 and was sold hand to hand. Between 1967 and 1991 a whole vernacular literature ran through organisational newsletters, gathered only much later by Rupert Raj in *Of Souls & Roles, Of Sex & Gender*, printed beside medical news and legal advice and catalogued afterwards as social service rather than as poetry.

What none of that had was the poetry-book field: presses, readings, reviews, prizes, teaching posts, and other poets who would argue with you in public. Trace Peterson's account of the period — "Becoming a Trans Poet: Samuel Ace, Max Wolf Valerio, and kari edwards", in *TSQ: Transgender Studies Quarterly* for

November 2014 — names three writers who entered it: Max Wolf Valerio, whose *Animal Magnetism* appeared in 1983 or 1984, the sources disagree; Samuel Ace, whose *Normal Sex* came out under the name Linda Smukler in 1994; and kari edwards. That is the sense in which she is early. Not the first trans person in the United States to write a poem, which is a claim no archive will support, but one of the first for whom trans poetics became an argument conducted inside contemporary poetry rather than alongside it. What distinguishes her within that cohort is that she declined the trade the period kept offering: the identity-centred poetries wanted the experience and were suspicious of the difficulty, the language-centred poetries wanted the difficulty and were suspicious of the experience, and she did both and would not discuss the terms.

The reason the earlier record is thin bears on what this volume is. Early work of this kind went into medical, legal and activist collections rather than literary ones; it took formats libraries do not shelve; it appeared under earlier names; and the histories that were written counted presses, prizes and journals. A mailing list is vulnerable to every one of these conditions except the last. This one survived because a university kept it, and what it kept is a poet's working life at the daily scale, while she was making it.

That daily scale is what no bibliography can hold. The poems arrive here the day they were written. So do the reading notices, the calls for submissions, the requests for a place to stay, the petitions, the wire reports of murders, and the arguments. She was the most prolific poster on the list in 2003, and one of very few members who used it for all of these things at once, without apology and without separating them.

This edition prints the exchanges wherever there were exchanges. Where she was answered, the answers are here, in order and at length, including the ones that answered her badly. That is the condition Brian Kim Stefans set for the volume and it is the right one: she was in a room, and what the room said back is half the record.

Five movements, chronological. The first opens five years before she arrives, with the list arguing in February 1996 and again in October 1998 about whether English can be made to hold a person it has no pronoun for — an argument conducted, so far as the archive shows, entirely by people who are not trans, and never resolved. Then her arrival in the autumn of 2001, and the first full year of poems. The second movement is 2003, when she posted two hundred and seventy-six times, mostly poems, dropped into the list's traffic between

announcements. It ends on 20 November with the Transgender Day of Remembrance, when she posted the list of the reported dead, 1970 to 2003, to a poetry mailing list: four thousand three hundred and fifty-three words of names, cities, dates and methods. One person answered.

The third movement is a fortnight. On 17 November 2003 she asked the room, in fifteen words, whether there was a problem with using the word *hermaphrodite* in a poem. Kevin Killian supplied the occasion within hours — a jacket blurb by Kasey Mohammad on a new book from Pavement Saw, comparing it to *Naked Lunch* as it might have turned out if written by Robert Browning having a sex-change operation — and for two weeks the list argued, across four subject lines and more than thirty posts, about figure, appropriation, self-naming, surrealism, myth, and who is entitled to take offence on whose behalf. It is the largest discussion of trans poetics anywhere in the archive, and it is the only place in these editions where the person under discussion is in the room and answering. Two days in she wrote that she would not attend the reading and would tell the series why, which is how the argument acquired a cost. It returned once more, in January 2004, when Kirby Olson posted a poem about a hermaphrodite and the list fell to scanning its last line.

The fourth movement is the falling off: two hundred and seventy-six posts in 2003, a hundred and twenty-seven in 2004, fourteen in 2005 — a change of address, an appeal for someone to take her cats, and then India, where she wrote *Bharat jiva*, published three years after her death. She returns in February 2006 and books a tour. Her last post is a book announcement, sent on the Transgender Day of Remembrance, twelve days before she died. The fifth movement is three days in December 2006 and what followed: the announcement, the shock, the corrections, and her publisher deciding within twenty-four hours to give her last book away as a file because there was no longer any reason not to.

A word about the parts of this that are not writing. Roughly a fifth of what she sent to the list was forwarded matter — wire copy about killings, petitions, action alerts, notices of other people's readings. It is not hers, and most editions would drop it. I have kept a representative sample, cut short, because leaving it out would produce a poet who spent five years writing poems in a room where nothing was happening. What she actually did was put the dead and the poems into the same channel, addressed to the same people, and let them arrive in the same inbox.

Two rules, as in the other volumes in this series. Positions I find unattractive are printed in their strongest available form; and where she was charged with something, her answer is printed in the same movement as the charge. There are places in Movement III where the strongest available form is not very strong, and I have printed it anyway.

One warning about the text. Her prose is punctuated with dots — two, three, five of them — and her spelling is fast and unrepaired. None of it is corrected here, and none of the dots are editorial. Where I have cut inside a passage the cut is marked with a bracketed ellipsis in colour, and it looks nothing like her dots. Her poems are set as verse, with her line breaks; everything else is set as prose, as it arrived. A handful of characters that the archive itself lost in re-encoding have been restored as apostrophes where the context leaves no doubt. Words relayed from elsewhere are set as block quotation. Editorial matter inserted into a passage is set in colour and in brackets, and is never anybody's writing but mine. Web addresses stand as they were sent, dead as most of them now are, because they are part of what a message of this period looked like; they are underlined and live, and where one was too long to sit in the measure the display is shortened although the link is whole. Telephone numbers, fax numbers and e-mail addresses are blacked out. Where a contributor has since changed her name she is named here as she names herself, and where a post addresses her by the earlier name the present one is supplied in brackets.

A hundred and fifty-four excerpts, in forty-three hands, across ten years. Every excerpt is verbatim. Editorial cuts within a passage are marked; a passage trimmed at its head or its foot is not, as is the usual practice, but where the trimming runs to a paragraph or more a note in colour at the foot of the excerpt says what was taken out, and the Sources appendix gives the length of each post as the archive holds it beside the number of its words printed here. Where a large mass of the archive goes unprinted between two excerpts, a note in the margin colour says what is in it; everything those notes summarise is printed in full, and in sequence, in the monthly volumes of this series.

— *Kristen M. Fabians*

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kari edwards, 1954-2006

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I

Arrival

1996-2002

The movement opens five years before its subject does. In February 1996, and again at greater length in October 1998, the list attempted the pronoun question — whether English can be made to carry a person for whom it has no word, and what a writer is supposed to do in the meantime. Neither attempt reached a conclusion, and neither, so far as the archive shows, included anyone who had a stake in the answer. Both are printed here because they establish the state of the room she joined.

kari edwards subscribed in July 2001 and wrote almost nothing for four months. Her first substantial post went out nine days after the attacks of 11 September and concerned the military's treatment of gay and trans service members; her second was a reading notice. Between them they establish the two registers she used for the next five years, and the absence of any wall between them.

From the spring of 2002 she is publishing on the list. She guest-edited an issue of the online magazine *FIR8* in May, and from the late summer onward sent poem after poem — because a mailing list will print a poem on the day it is written and a press will not. The movement closes on 30 December 2002 with the last poem of her first full year.

1. — Emily Lloyd Mon, 5 Feb 1996 08:27: ↑ Index

The earliest discussion in the archive of what would later be called the pronoun question. Lloyd is answering a poster who had raised gender-neutral forms; ze and hir, she reports, were then in use among transgender activists and artists and in the queer press, and the Kate Bornstein novel she describes as forthcoming from High Risk is Nearly Roadkill, written with Caitlin Sullivan. Five and a half years before kari edwards subscribed.

There **is** a movement to foster gender-neutral pronouns, for the reasons you cite as well as others. Transgender activists and artists are using "ze" in place of she, he, or s/he and "hir" instead of his or hers. Forthcoming from High Risk is a novel by lesbian transsexual performance artist Kate Bornstein that makes use of these terms, and they've also appeared in a number of queer zines/newspapers. The new words appeal to me not only in that one might use them when referring to "many people in the third person singular," but when referring to one person whose gender is ambiguous/flexible/intentionally indeterminate/etc. The problem? "Ze" looks weird. On the other hand, so did/does "Ms."

emily

2. — Eliza McGrand Fri, 30 Oct 1998 10:38 ↑ Index

Two and a half years later the question returns, under a subject line that treats it as a joke and at a length that does not. McGrand argues first from the failure of the supposedly universal he, with an example from an MLA session on Chaucer, and then from the history of the phrase white male landowner, which lost its qualifiers one at a time and only under pressure.

the very arguments against gender-equal pronoun use and their vehemence are, for me, disproportionately impassioned and suggest deeper and unacknowledged agendas.

first, the notion of "he" and "man" as universal. it isn't. period. over half of the human race (remember, women, due to greater fetal deformation and miscarriage of males, are born in naturally higher proportions) is not included in that pronoun. EXAMPLE: three professors from wales are at the chaucerian section of MLA conf. two are men, one is a woman sitting at opposite end of room. speaker says "when one of our distinguished colleages from wales researched the inks of the Ellesmere ms., he discovered that..." -- i GUARANTEE

that no one in the room will turn to look at the welsh woman as a possible quote source. so much for "he" as universal.

second, move the context. consider so-called "universal" voting requirement "white male landowner." look what changed in that first -- landowner went. why? -- not everyone owns land. non-landowners wanted representation and had, finally, numbers/influence enough to get it. next, "white." again, world (in which "white" is, statistically, a minority) finally admitted that "white" was not a universal. now, what is left? "male." and we STILL try and argue about it? no one would claim that an advertisement talking about "white" and "christian" and "caucasian" as "universal" for job applicant was fair. why would anyone argue "he" and "man" -- pronouns explicitly for men -- are?

third, what, specifically, is being asked re pronoun shift? re earlier example, in consideration of economic prejudice and racism, it has been asked, and pretty much universally granted, that texts talking about non-landowning and non-white groups/races as "savage" and "uncivilized" and, in general, pejoratively, ought be changed if possible, and if as authored texts necessary to teach unbowedlerized, that acknowledgement of problematic be made. not such a big deal. "unwashed peasants," "savages," "nigger," etc. simply removed from reasoned discourse. why, then, this great fuss over making women equal part of discourse by reconsidering and reusing pronouns?

look, i am a woman. when i am in a group that talks about "well we were looking for men who have completed X requirement for this job" and "well, men, sit here" and "what man has written" i do not feel included. in fact, i specifically feel specifically disincluded. and i am not a lone crank -- when i've said something, if, indeed, i was not beaten to the punch by someone else, most if not all the women indicate agreement. period. the message here: many women DO NOT FEEL INCLUDED BY THE USE OF "MAN," "MEN," and "MALE" AS A SO-CALLED UNIVERSAL.

[Four hundred and eighteen words are cut from the foot. She observes that texts calling non-white and non-landowning people savage are altered or annotated as a matter of course and that nobody makes a fuss about it; gives her own account of not feeling included by man in a room of colleagues, and of the women who agree with her when she says so; and lists the remedies available — s/he, one, they, human, people, and a proposal that she be used as the universal with an occasional he left in.]

3. — Maria Damon Sat, 31 Oct 1998 12:33 ↑ [Index](#)

Damon answers Daniel Zimmerman, who had granted that the terms of a job posting should be gender-neutral while denying that the universal masculine was itself a form of disenfranchisement. His sentences stand first, as block quotation; the four dots at the end of them are hers, marking where she cut him short.

“ Did the use of the feminine pronoun sweep away the injustices of such disenfranchisement? Hardly. And, of course, the terms of a job posting ought to remain gender-neutral; I've never argued otherwise, on this list or elsewhere.... ”

i don't think you get it; the use of the masculine pronoun to indicate universality IS an injustice of such a disenfranchisement, so using the feminine where appropriate does indeed "sweep it away," or at least go some measure toward redressing the historical occlusion.

4. — kari edwards Thu, 20 Sep 2001 08:27 ↑ [Index](#)

Her first substantial post to the list, nine days after the attacks of 11 September. She had been subscribed since July, was forty-six, and had published one book. What she sends is wire copy from the Gay.com and PlanetOut network: the Pentagon has authorised the service secretaries to suspend discharges, including discharges for homosexuality, for the duration. A sentence of her own at the head with a report underneath is the form most of her non-poetry postings take for the next five years.

I thought this is not only an interesting turn of event but opne that has been going on since the turn of the centry.

Tom Musbach, Gay.com / PlanetOut.com Network Wednesday, September 19, 2001 / 03:26 PM

Today's Headlines * Military readies to suspend gay discharges * Gay-friendly mutual fund remains steady * Gay Holocaust survivors can file claims * Egypt trial defense finds fault with case PROMOTION

As the United States prepares for war in the wake of last week's terrorist attacks, Pentagon leaders have authorized each service secretary to suspend military discharges -- including those based on a service member's disclosure of homosexuality.

Major James P. Cassella, a spokesman for the Department of Defense told the San Francisco Chronicle, in a report published on Wednesday, that a "stop-loss" order has been authorized, allowing leaders of the military services to call a stop to discharges.

The last time a stop-loss order took effect was during the Persian Gulf War under President George H.W. Bush in 1991.

Casella noted, however, that the "don't ask, don't tell" policy enacted by President Clinton in 1993 is still in effect. "Gays and lesbians would be allowed to serve during any war, just as they do now," he said, "as long as they remain in compliance with the homosexual conduct policy."

C. Dixon Osburn, executive director of the Servicemembers Legal Defense Network (SLDN), said any stop-loss order would be "explicit recognition by the Pentagon that gays and lesbians can serve their country, and do so with honor and distinction."

Osburn added that during the stop-loss order implemented for the Gulf War, gay and lesbian discharges dropped "significantly."

[A hundred and fifty-three words of the same report are cut from the foot: the Servicemembers Legal Defense Network on the discharges resuming as soon as the Gulf War troops came home, and on the case for repealing the policy outright; and the deployment, announced the same day, of Operation Infinite Justice.]

5. — kari edwards Tue, 13 Nov 2001 20:27 ↑ [Index](#)

Two months later, the other use she had for the list. A local reading in Aurora, Colorado, announced in fifty-eight words; she was still living in the Denver area, where she had taught for some twelve years.

The brewed poets society of Aurora Public Library Presents:

-kari edwards-

November 16, Friday 7:00pm

The brewed poets society of Aurora Public Library conducts their Prose and Poetry Party at e.steamers coffeehouse on E. Alameda and Chambers, behind LePeep's. Featured readers read from 7 till 7:30 and an open mike begins at 7:30.

6. — kari edwards *Wed, 1 May 2002 10:02: ↑ Index*

May 2002. She guest-edited an issue of the online magazine FIR8; this is the editor's introduction as she sent it to the list, assembled almost entirely out of phrases quoted from the poems in the issue, so that the editorial statement is made of the thing it introduces.

For Immediate Release FIR8 May 2002 Volume II, Number 5

<http://www.poetz.com/fir/may02.htm> Guest-edited by kari edwards

kari's introduction to this issue can be found on the homepage for www.poetz.com with all the formatting intact.

Introduction

this is the form . . . ("Where did the speedgirls go"), the form is the letter/invitation . . . ("Deep inside my womb the Defense Department has installed a nuclear bomb. . . . I float about silent, gravity-free, an alien pod seeking a host somebody love me."). the form are those that responded . . . (" . . . of cautious dirt stance. A thief on the high wire."). what can I say on the subject . . . (at times we have the power to name/ precisely what we want / (touch me here) /exactly what we mean / (and here")), here they are . . . ("coming midway through the dilemma saying 'would you say something different or say something about the sphinx, the rivers or heavens.'"). could say I love them. . . ("With two fingers he plucked my dick and examined it, its tiny imperfections, all the men it had been into, and the way it had run my life." the form is the voice not always there . . . ("watching me in my / they never saw / but for a photograph unframed"). may not be the intellectual way. . . (the tension of the tongue, the freedom of the tongue) this is what I do. . . ("be the next decade's hottest dissident"), a ployamorous perspective ("roll over heat, over sweat, in scent of roasted walnut."). so, ("stop mid-stroke"), ("with abridged versions of masters old and new"). ("If a=b and b=c then a=c") then ("all a vast ghost on the plains") this is the form .

[Two hundred and eighty-two words are cut from the foot: the last of the collaged introduction, the contents of the issue — Camille Roy, Dodie Bellamy, Julie Kizershot, Kevin Killian, Robert Glück, Rachel Levitsky and eight others — and her own author's note.]

7. — kari edwards Wed, 1 May 2002 10:43: [↑ Index](#)

A manifesto thread had been running on the list for a week. She supplies what it had left out — Solanas, Haraway, Loy, Sojourner Truth, Wittig, C. Jacob Hale — and with it the argument underneath the list: that manifestos are often not published as manifestos at all, but found inside other texts and recognised afterwards by the community that gathers on them.

it seems as if there are some gaps in the manifesto debate

- 1, Susie Brights "Roll your own Erotic Manifesto"
2. Valerie Solanas's "SCUM manifesto"
3. Annie Sprinkle's "Guidelines for sex in the 90's" (a sort of manifesto)
4. Donna Haraway's "Cyborg Manifesto"
5. Sojourner Truth's "Ain't I a Woman?" 6. Mina Loy's "feminist Manifesto"

manifestos do not always come nicely packaged, but rather hidden in other text as text-points for a community to gather around as a manifesto or they work to manifest community, As the queer culture (especially act-up) did in the seventies with Foucault's "History of Sexuality". also examples could be, "Yellow wallpaper" by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, "The Well of Loneliness" by Radclyffe Hall, Kate Bornsteins, "Gender Outlaw."

1. Establishing a Demilitarized Zone: Tactics of resistance", by C. Jacob Hale in Consuming the living dis(re)membering the dead in the butch/ftm boarderlands.
2. Monique Wittig "The point of view: universal or particular"
3. Adreinne Rich "Compulsory Heterosexuality and Lesbian Experience"

Others not include could be the writings and deconstruction of gender by Julian of Norwich, or other works by Mary Wollstonecraft , Lady Mary Chudleigh, Anne Finch, Anna Letitia Barbauld, Virginia Woolf.

8. — Julie Kizershot Wed, 1 May 2002 13:06: [↑ Index](#)

Kizershot's reply, entire. She was then in Denver, and asks about the readings rather than the issue.

How were the readings????

xoxo

julie k

(gotta go do a paper now)

9. — kari edwards *Wed, 1 May 2002 22:00:* [↑ Index](#)

And edwards's answer, which returns to the writing, and doubts it.

unsure...I am not sure if I was grounded in the text or not or the text did not work...who knows..

k

10. — kari edwards *Wed, 15 May 2002 11:41* [↑ Index](#)

A question to the room, fifty words including the Debord she signed with. It is the first time in four months on the list that she asks it for anything, and it produced answers for a week.

Question..

I am looking mainly for fiction or poetry, where the/a trial is the main theme... any thoughts?.

any suggestion welcome

kari edwards

Capitalism's ever-intensifying imposition of alienation at all level makes it increasingly hard for workers to recognize and name thier own impoverishment
Guy Debord

11. — Kevin Killian *Wed, 15 May 2002 15:02* [↑ Index](#)

Killian answers within four hours with Frances Noyes Hart's courtroom novel The Bellamy Trial, from the 1920s, and an offer to lend his copy. It is the first of a dozen occasions in this volume on which he answers her; he confirmed her death to the list four and a half years later.

Dear Kari

One of my all-time favorites which I re-read every year is THE BELLAMY TRIAL by Frances Noyes Hart (it's from the 1920s). If you can't find it let me know I'll lend you my copy. It's a novel.

Two others I loved as a teen boy were THE PAPER DRAGON by Evan Hunter and THE SEVEN MINUTES by Irving Wallace. (The latter became a film by Russ Meyer, not one of his best.) (And neither of these novels is a hundredth part as good as THE BELLAMY TRIAL.)

12. — Elizabeth Rich Wed, 15 May 2002 15:34 ↑ [Index](#)

Rich sends Coover's The Public Burning, which takes the Rosenberg trial for its subject. edwards's original question stands quoted underneath, as the list's mail carried it.

Dear Kari,

Robert Coover's _The Public Burning_ makes the Rosenberg trial its focus.

Question..

I am looking mainly for fiction or poetry, where the/a trial is the main theme... any thoughts?.

any suggestion welcome

kari edwards

Capitalism's ever-intensifying imposition of alienation at all level makes it increasingly hard for workers to recognize and name thier own impoverishment
Guy Debord

13. — Lawrence Upton Thu, 16 May 2002 11:49 ↑ [Index](#)

Upton, writing from London, adds Bleak House. His whole message.

and there's the whole legal system and paraphernalia in _Bleak House_

14. — kari edwards Tue, 11 Jun 2002 13:27 ↑ Index

June 2002. She circulates a call for submissions to an anthology of mad, queer poetry whose editors describe themselves as mad and their own categories as unstable. This is the infrastructure a poet builds where the existing anthologies have no place for the work: not a complaint about exclusion but the notice of a venue.

PLEASE FORWARD

Mixed Nuts: An Anthology of Mad, Queer Poetry

We invite submissions of poetry of any form or length that addresses some issue related too queerness, madness, or—preferably—any combination of the two. Please note that the editors are mad themselves, so we define these categories differently on different days. Therefore, if you believe you have a poem—or several poems—that might even remotely be suited to this anthology, please send it—or them.

[A hundred and thirty-five words of submission guidelines are cut from the foot. The archive lost their bullets in re-encoding and prints them as question marks.]

[Thirty-four posts drop out here, nine thousand words, twenty-six of them hers, and they are the two months in which she becomes a member of this list rather than a subscriber to it. She circulates a call for submissions and then defends it at six hundred words; she announces Ladyfest Bay Area and the release of “a day in the life of p.”; she writes eleven hundred words about the Moving Target series and sixteen hundred about books. On 26 July she sends a prose piece headed “amerika”: “I proclaim here the root evol of any governmental form, by name or another known as nothing more than positioning positions that forms a ‘world order,’ free of thinking, resigned in the name of time magazine.” Three of her contributions to the thread on African American poetries run to two words, ten and fourteen.]

15. — kari edwards Sat, 24 Aug 2002 18:45 ↑ Index

August 2002, and the first poem she sent to the list, printed entire; four hundred subscribers received it at once. It works a single word through some forty positions, and its subject is less waiting than the room in which waiting is done.

it sounds like there

I am just

the other times there waiting

it was the one to wait in

sometimes the other was truly there where there or not in the others waiting
waiting on each other

sitting in the the one waiting
they had gone to move or do something

a distant door closed

they had signed up to repeat every word they hadn't entered
the distance

it was the door that shut

they had signed up to listen to there waiting below the distance

a pause, and the room above was someone not there for hours, and a moment

it was in that other that entered the other waiting
one, who is and then would come in

some would fight amongst themselves, raising their waiting

I am just

mostly though I knew they where not, not waiting

it didn't sound like words
the distance

a room for one waiting
sitting in the one not known
I knew they would wait for hours
some I knew would come in
and some would just wait

other times there where others
others that where in their distance
a distant door shut in the room below the distance

a pause

I knew they hadn't entered the room above me
not in the waiting room above me

I was not there

the door would fight, raising their voices, cracking and just a pause
someone not known, someone not in the room above me would try to just wait

I knew sometimes they would say "thank you, I am just waiting"

"I am just waiting, I am just waiting, thank you"

I could be those low foot steps making distance

someone else's distance

someone making a distance

a moment, a word

I could be another room

sometimes waiting

just waiting

I knew they would wait for waiting

waiting on the wait room above me

some could not be waiting

some I think sat in their voices in the room above me

sometimes I had signed up to be low in the room below

the room that was not there

just waiting, just waiting, thank you

16. — kari edwards *Fri, 30 Aug 2002 07:04* ↑ [Index](#)

August. The list had been arguing about multiple personality disorder. She answers on the readiness of a psychological system to invent a category and then apply it, in her phrase, like tap water, and refers the room to Allucquère Rosanne Stone's The War of Desire and Technology at the Close of the Mechanical Age. She does not say that the argument bears on her.

I think it is way to easy to slap out a diagnosis or disorder with some kind of disregard to what it might mean in relationship to have psychological system that has created convenient categories and then applies them like tap water. two in MPD the majority of the time each person or individual does no know the other... one might want to read some of Allucquere Stone's "The War of Desire and Technology at the Close of the Mechanical age" for future insight on MPD.

kari edwards

[Ten posts, two thousand words. Seven are poems sent in the first three weeks of September — "and the word is", "1x2", "tri-", "someone with two fingers" — and one is the Rova Saxophone Quartet's announcement of the same reading.]

17. — kari edwards Mon, 16 Sep 2002 10:32 ↑ Index

September 2002. The Moving Target Series at the Blue Room, in the Mission, devoted an evening to bad poetry on purpose, and she was on the bill. She relays the announcement here with the biographies attached. The reading drew a feature in the San Francisco Chronicle three weeks later, which she forwarded to the list in full, and it is the occasion behind her answer to Jordan Davis in November.

Moving Target Presents Bad September 18 8pm, \$8-10 sliding scale at The Blue Room 2331 Mission St. btw 19th and 20th, San Francisco 
www.blueroomgallery.org

Poetasters and laity alike have endured the stultifying experience of a bad poetry reading at one time or another and then there are those who'd say they—re all bad. But what happens when the Bay Area's best poets convene to find out just how bad they can be? Sifting through their own notebooks as well as the annals of Literature, these poets promise to do their Worst. With Kevin Killian, Bill Berkson, Beth Lisick, Andrew Felsinger, kari edwards, Norma Cole, Sean Finney, hosts Michael Smoler and David Hadbawnik, and more "bad" authors to come.

[Three hundred and seventeen words are cut from the foot: the venue's address and box office, and the biographies of the other readers — among them Beth Lisick, who between 1992 and 1993 came home from her job as a baker, drank a bottle of wine and tried to write poems about being a baker with a drinking problem.]

18. — kari edwards Mon, 16 Sep 2002 12:50 ↑ Index

mIEKAL aND had asked who she was. Her answer is an author's note, which she heads "an advertisement for myself" and which uses sie and hir throughout. a day in the life of p. was two months from publication.

mIEKAL aND,

who is kari edwards.. if I only knew... no, really not to be flippant. here are some sites to visit and hopefully enjoy. I have a book coming out this oct. on sub press. I can back channel you more information if you want it

k

"an advertisement for myself"

Check out: www.shampoopoetry.com/ShampooThirteen/ShampooIs...
<http://poetz.com/fir/may02.htm> <http://poetz.com/fir/feb02.htm>
<http://www.webdelsol.com/InPosse/edwards10.htm>
<http://www.puppyflowers.com/II/flowers.html>
<http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/>

BIOGRAPHY

kari edwards is a poet, artist and gender activist, winner of New Langton Art's Bay Area Award in literature(2002), author of a day in the life of p. to be released by subpress collective (2002), a diary of lies - Belladonna #27 by Belladonna Books (2002), Electric Spandex: anthology of writing the queer text, Pyriform Press (2002), and post/(pink) Scarlet Press (2001). sie is also the poetry editor I.F.G.E's Transgender - Tapestry: a International Publication on Transgender issues. hir work has been exhibited throughout the united states, including denver art museum, new orleans contemporary art museum, university of california-san diego, and university of massachusetts - amherst. edwards work can also be found in Blood and Tears an anthology on Matthew Shepard, Painted leaf Press (2000), Aufgabe, Fracture, Bombay Gin, Belight Fiction, In Posse, Mirage/Period(ical), Van Gogh's Ear, PuppyFlower, Vert, 88: A Journal of Contemporary American Poetry, Shampoo, Nerve Lantern, FIR at potz.com, muse-apprentice-guild, Avoid Strange Men, and The International Journal of Sexuality and Gender Studies.

[Sixteen posts, thirty-five hundred words, thirteen of them hers, and nearly all of them poems: "stamps", "it fell", "five minutes to late", "oddy shaped", "nothing after that", "I feel the hand", "c merges", "c again", "Hawaii 5-o". Two are longer prose, six hundred words under the subject line "PINK AND BLACK" and "pentagram gons angles". This is the rate at which she was working in the autumn of 2002.]

19. — kari edwards Tue, 1 Oct 2002 22:41: ↑ [Index](#)

A poem made by interleaving news reports until the sentences of one finish inside the other: the killing of a transgender woman, a lynching, the Hiroshima bomb as reported from the Enola Gay, and an SS officer's order. The repeated phrase — we turned away — belongs to all of them.

bight light

black Man dies after a eight-year-old boy plays God, A bright light filled the night mob dragged her back leaving blood spattered atomic bomb. "We turned away to Death: He was hidden by the first atomic bomb. "We turned away to

Death: He was raped by mob dragged "My God, what have we done? a black Man dies after a child mob dragged his throat and repeatedly raped him—with rakes, shovels blood spattered beaten on Christmas Day a certain amount of a "A bright light filled the children tossed an egg at Hiroshima. "We turned away and his mother was raped when SS officers asked for volunteers shouted, "Juden heraus!""- A bright light filled the "We turned away as a 27-year-old transgender woman died Tuesday as authorities held nine youths in the first atomic bomb. "We turned away to the Enola Gay, the murders of children, ages 10 to the age of language, splattered in blood spattered beaten transgender, Navajo teen "We turned away to look at Hiroshima. The city was raped by a mob dragged her throat then slashed with rakes, shovels raped by the plane, "My God," "what have we done? a 27-year-old transgender woman died Tuesday as authorities held nine youths in custody, baseball bats by mob died Tuesday as authorities held nine youths in custody, and sought seven more. a black Man dies after raped by a dead mob Tuesday as authorities held nine youths in the plane, "My God," "what have we done? a black Man dies after slashed with rakes, shovels leaving blood spattered with rakes, shovels raped by mob dragged raped and beaten Navajo teen stabbed repeatedly with rakes, shovels outside the Enola Gay,"A bright light filled the way to Death: He was slashed - Shot Six Times: "A bright light was slashed with rakes, shovels raped by a Fatal Shot: "A bright light filled the first atomic bomb. with rakes, shovels that awful cloud...boiling up, mushrooming."- A bright light filled the air . . .

20. — kari edwards Sat, 5 Oct 2002 21:33: [↑ Index](#)

Fourteen lines, each an assertion about what real means, running from the university discourse to a telephone number.

a real carry-on sonnet

you are as real to me as a user interface
as real as a university discourse
as real as a paratrooper's radar service
as opinion's are as real as time
as radiance you are as real to me as splendor
as Death to immortality
real warfare \$30.22
real claustrophobia one size fits all
real live 8:00 p.m. e.s.t.

real as ready money
real (fill in the blank) _____
real live SEx
call 1-80R-EAL-DEAL
real as carry on luggage

21. — kari edwards Mon, 7 Oct 2002 16:40: ↑ Index

Prose from succubus in my pocket, sent to the list thirteen years before the book existed. EOAGH published it in 2015, and in 2016 it took the first Lambda Literary Award ever given in transgender poetry.

I looked over my shoulder and saw a toothless pig talking to the three legged image that had fucked me and used public urination as a rite of passage. time existed on the head of a pin that had been lost yesterday. just then the muffin head gang gained access to the candy apple land, the calliope was playing this time is the end of the next time - baby, the red sea parted in one direction and gave a direct passage for the muffin head gang to enter. at the same moment the police stopped playing sugar daddy with their horses, and the queen arrived just outside my protected zone, wearing gold lame breast covers and a chrome cock ring. stroking the tiny rake pendent around my neck and reciting words to ward off warts, evil empires and the holy templar knights. there was a simultaneous mustard surge on a cooked wiener about to reach its contained limits, this time is the end of the next time - baby was reaching the integral fifteen minute drum solo, the muffin heads were chanting flower songs, and my three legged compatriot was sucking on a pig's snout as precursor to interspecies copulation. I didn't want to watch any of this from anywhere, which seemed like everywhere. surrounded by hordes on holiday parades, all waving slogan killers off to lunch, the queen of sheba was cutting through the atmosphere with vocal razor blades, coming directly towards me, screeching love tunes of past slugs and high shoe mongoloids. I quickly pulled out my pages from a queen boy looking back, and watched as the words started to perform a queer little dance surrounding me with a pirouette force field of refuge. all stilled as the toothless one frozen in the middle of a nose job with the pig, the calliope gasped its last thought of air, the muffin heads reflected only a slight notable motion, like gigantic monuments of stupidity waving in the air, it almost made me want to recite the pledge to the flag.

[Twenty-six posts and ten and a half thousand words, twenty-three of them hers: the heaviest month of her first two years. Two of them are very long. On

13 October she forwarded Sam McManis's feature from that morning's San Francisco Chronicle, "Bad to the funny bone," on deliberately awful poetry, which opens with David Hadbawnik at the Blue Room in a two-dollar brown suit reading the prom poem he had written at eighteen; and on the sixteenth she sent "hi, did I tell you my name is honey with an h?", two and a half thousand words of her own prose. The month also holds her answer to a thread on Michael Moore, which is the first time she writes to the list about a killing. A youth in Northern California, she says, was murdered for choosing "to live a life of freedom and not one of the artificial binds of historical oppression", and she puts the year's count at over twenty. Fourteen poems arrive in the same four weeks.]

22. — kari edwards Sat, 2 Nov 2002 17:25: ↑ [Index](#)

A poem on language as a feeding device. The line on transverse sexuality breaks the word open with inserted letters, so that several words stand in one position at once; the last line hands the construction of gender to a conjuror.

great time with the next one

language

sinkS on autonomous feeding DEVICES

playS joy ride with slavery PLAY peek-a-boo itching spot

hooded sorrow triumph low latitude reason

captures psaltery dreams

next wave transverse sexual p(h)(r)o(t)(n)o-offsets

outside the appropriate middle in lives circus anticipation

shiny sensory steams down brand substance appliances

NEW! NEW! NEW! knowledge works extra hard

genocide bangs spectacle decadence inside fashion liberationlust crop

dusters, promotes (forces) greasy finger castrations

the objective avant-garde family planning

declares forefront lyrical application

gender is strip searched

cleaned scaled

speed dried in due regards

hocus-pocus constructs the next proceeds >>>

23. — kari edwards *Sun, 3 Nov 2002 14:11: ↑ Index*

An open letter addressed to nobody, on the inadequacy of the alphabet to the history it is asked to carry. She considers whether a text could be written in verbs alone, and finds that the verbs are compromised too.

dear to those not driving the car

this is an open letter. this is not a letter. this is the letter e. there are no letters in this alphabet that walk down the street. there are no words that adequately describe anything, they only signify the already multiple layered stains of history's of concrete (cement) /stone {steel} - speeding bullets, guillotine sundays and or electric shock holidays. a history with no base - just harshly administered happiness, smile and look straight here or all the time. maybe only verbs work? can you write in just verbs: peer, peep, proclaim, profess, echo (oh dear echo - my dear faghag how lovely you were/are)....no, maybe not just verbs, even verbs carry certain chain gang evening wear: schmooze, rubberneck, master... it's always a form a mastery or the master slave command and control reiteration, "bombardier, bombardier, this is the captain, we are approaching the target." first a note: this is a manifesto, is not, there is no proclaiming, substituting one cement block with another. I am this you are that, we need freedom, better prices. what is freedom? is that an illusion set forth by some who can privilege a vision. is there evolution? is there evolutionary revolution? is there rolling thunder, a cascade of showers, flower morning dew? does morning dew cascade? over the earths surface in the prose of the earth. maybe it is the awareness of the master tongue, the major language, the institute of proper behavior, time itself, what else is brought to you by, yours truly - cocacola running shoes. seeing the construct of the construct of the construct and the white picketed fence.

[Three hundred and sixty words are cut from the foot. She writes on the factory clock and the working week; on the search for a way of writing relational to anybody's becoming rather than, as she puts it, I am a blank and here's my story; on being held at the end of a barrel; and on the Sunday revolution that consists of a good job and a cheque to the right organisation. The letter closes on the proposition that a revolution must be predicated on sound, and on the question of what the sound of the absence of a language would be.]

24. — kari edwards *Mon, 4 Nov 2002 11:43:* [↑ Index](#)

Forty-five numbered entries — clichés, headlines and proverbs set end to end, so that the idiom of the war and the idiom of the greeting card turn out to be the same idiom. Her numbering repeats and skips, and is printed as she sent it.

content

1. the winds of war
2. a dull desire
3. neither a nor b
4. pass or fail
- 4,a. in or out
5. that's life
6. love it or leave it
7. better off left as is
8. it will come without warning
9. first with war
10. between worlds
11. from the bottom up
12. voices against a nation
13. a vision of neglect
14. between virtue and vice
15. unworthily at any time
16. vague and dizzy
17. unprotected and unquiet
18. unreadable and becoming
19. an instrument of the soul
20. think with it and use it hard
21. when treason is no crime
22. trash a sin or a banner
23. to thy self be everything
24. tissues and rocks
25. a ward eye on spent rocks
26. redeemed in the silent touch of
27. thick as a thoroughfare
- 28 sublime as a personal transcendence
29. stained without sleep
30. stunned in growth
31. a robber and a chair
32. straight to hell in a hand basket

- 33. whose existence's is stupid stuff
- 33. rotten to the core
- 34. motet lava aftermath
- 35. to strive to seek
- 36. to remove the straight jacket
- 37. steal their will to power
- 38. start not at square one
- 39. a rapprochement agreement
- 40. loose of strata and squares
- 41. subtle shades of woodcocks
- 42. a train wreck in waiting
- 43. zero degrees and a temperate zones
- 44. thick as thieves
- 45. a bakers dozen

25. — kari edwards Tue, 5 Nov 2002 11:15: [↑ Index](#)

Election day, 2002: the midterms that returned both houses of Congress to the Republicans. The poem ends in an unbroken block of rhyming advertising copy, which is its argument about political language.

voting day

in moist permissions
long spaces are filled
and refilled with optional devices and attachments
thick as insomnia and powdered music

afloat in stock jokes
I avert my eyes to the slippery dumbfoundedness
lines meander over a ricochet someplace

I slouch in inner intention
look for the:
Voice of thought . . .
Voice of joy . . .
Voice of touch . . .
Voice of terror . . .

see only soi-disant edgewise axioms
drunken in gyroscope hand puppets
and an ashtray full of beer soaked chewing tobacco
a paralanguage is stuck in sapir-whorf's hypothesis:

the bleep right any time willy-nilly any place raw oodles of or extra
three mumbo jumbo higgledy--piggledy free tweedledee premature
anytime doohickey whenever immediate lardy-dardy prepaid babble
tropical harum-scarum moving malarkey what you are dial up delirium
anytime wishy-washy restraints yakety-yak clamps escape hysteria
pleasure grade gaga winner prepaid twitter best offer boner fresh
start patchwork the new you hiphop happy bugaboo holiday switcheroo
best of hokey-pokey a new you call now 1900-masquerade

26. — kari edwards *Wed, 6 Nov 2002 10:13:* [↑ Index](#)

Posted the day after the election. The title is Rachael's question to Deckard in Blade Runner.

"have you ever retired a human"

take a deep breath

turn the sky in to a bite size ball

swallow

imagine all the filth of time

the screams from war

blood shed particles

lost memories from genocide

exhaust, fumes, vapors and particles

from every motor, coal furnace, and nuclear reactor

the bones that have been crushed in machines by machine or become
machines

all the hate and violence caused by fear times 1 million and fifty five

isolation and madness in the upper atmosphere

each an every cry from the last of a kind each and every ten billion

greed and the road paved with good intentions

take a deep breath

swallow

27. — kari edwards Thu, 7 Nov 2002 06:21: ↑ Index

A thread had proposed a standard by which good poems might be told from bad. She supplies the apparatus such a standard would require: a national panel, a timed traditional sonnet, a diagnostic and poetic manual in its fourth edition, degree programmes, a television series, and a doctorate in normalism.

no, pick that rock up. we need a national standard of poetry, a panel that will show everyone good poetry and ****baaad**** poetry... we should have one for art... and for ...(to bad jessie has left the gallery), but that's another story...

yes, more rocks... more judges... we should come up with a poetry test, a sonnet (traditional - nothing modern) in say . . . 15 minutes, yes? that should do it. and books like the diagnostic and poetic manual IV (updated). we will have state tests, create schools, give degrees, institute whole program, maybe even start a television series, have a spin offs, poetry barbie and poetry ken, the poetry reader for little boyz and girlz...

and if you do not get into the program - NONONONO pOOeeetrrry.....~!!!!

we could also do that with englsih, painting, history, colonialism. imperialism, heterosexxxu(all), whiteness, normal... yes a program on normal - a Ph.D. in normalism. I truly think we're on to something here

yes... the rock idea is a good start..I mean hear in amerika... made in amerika . . .we get to be the judge of the world...right.

repeat after me... the rain in spain falls mainly on the plan, by gosh I think you got it!!

28. — kari edwards Thu, 7 Nov 2002 20:33: ↑ Index

The notice for her reading at the Poetry Project at St Mark's, with Lily Mazzarella. The biographical paragraph she supplies with it is the fullest account of herself the list carries while she is alive.

St. Mark's Poetry Project

18 kari edwards and Lily Mazzarella Monday, 8:00pm

kari edwards is a poet, artist and gender activist, winner of New Langton Arts' Bay Area Award in Literature (2002), author of *a day in the life of p.* to be released by Subpress Collective (2002), a diary of lies, *Belladonna #27* by Belladonna Books (2002), *Electric Spandex: Anthology of Writing the Queer Text*, Pyriform Press (2002), and *post/(pink) Scarlet* Press (2001). Her work has been exhibited throughout the United States, including the Denver Art Museum, New Orleans Contemporary Art Museum, University of California at San Diego, and University of Massachusetts Amherst. edwards work can also be found in *Blood and Tears* (2000), an anthology on Matthew Shepard (Painted Leaf Press), *Bombay Gin*, *Aufgabe*, *In Posse*, *Mirage*, and *The International Journal of Sexuality and Gender Studies*.

Lily Mazzarella holds a degree in English from Wesleyan University, and is a recent graduate of the Northeast School of Botanical Medicine. She is one of the founding editors of *Fort Necessity*, a purse-sized volume of fabulous writings published annually.

29. — kari edwards *Sun, 10 Nov 2002 16:40* ↑ [Index](#)

A poem about being watched, and about the equipment of watching: semiconductors, antennas, apparatuses, and an inquisition conducted through hardware.

its the surface

I mean I buy the moon -
I say I could say no more,
I say - motionless cuttings from things coming.
like... - I've been watching you don't you know

I say - give me a bus and semiconductors
from back particular unimaginations:
worse? worse could the watching
if I am always this -
- apparatuses

some change in half than again
from certified complete -
where did it say no
antennas s to a warmer
crosses to never-never

please
- four cell wonder-
wonder words
extraordinary
maybe wrong or
marble or maybe -

please
this inconsiderate
Inquisition ...
exchanges ; & nothing

flower diamonds
- in different definitions

30. — kari edwards *Sat, 23 Nov 2002 08:42* ↑ [Index](#)

*A poem that counts the steps of a migration — one step, then everyone's step,
then billions of them — and ends with the recorded voice asking the caller to
try again.*

a fall

ten thousand and on in
the blind side spot spiral indentation

a mandgrill calls
to light years long migration
a fall a step

I take a step
I you take a step in unison
we all step
this is a step dance
all 4 or five or VI or 7 billion billion billion steps

down

step

in

step

count
then
all this is impossible

the complicity voice
who gave you to who to racket
ratchet up to 4 feet in migraine distance

incense the clock
project the stop wild and run aground

the cast lot rings distraction
no, not rings buzzes blinds
next in line
form filled in trillions

march left right left shuffle
hovel / hovall
rockets red stare in the music of stone
a near miss a subterranean trembelo

a tender growing a step blind
birds behind lower than description
a deposit to composition

artificial whistle thick as windows
aristotle's shadow
a wind chill

fact of one hundred and 12 times a single silent chime
dial one step back

please try your call again

31. — kari edwards *Mon, 25 Nov 2002 09:12* ↑ [Index](#)

The most direct poem she sent the list: a sequence of declarations in which each gender is being performed by another, and none of them settles. The two names at the foot are her own attribution, to Brigid Brophy's In Transit and Natalie Barney's The One Who Is Legion; the spellings are as the archive holds them.

November 28th's carrier pigeon

I am a man being a woman
I am a woman being a man
I am a homosexual man being a straight woman being a homosexual man -
dressed in frills and chills
I am a homosexual woman being a straight man being a homosexual woman -
dressed in macho to the gills

I am a tree in disguise
with an edge of a predicament
I am a young boy being a young girl being whatever for gazing elder
eyes
I am licking an envelope over and over
the wet side becomes your skin

I am the new wholesale neither nor nightwear
your plural narrative
a succubus and incubus rolled into one
here to remove organ functions

I am the dreadful shadow on a spot with a legion
electrical eyes and gritting teeth
angels and hermaphrodites are my children
I produce riddles to put oedipus to shame
I will put you to shame

checked in-flight with my own devices
I am I
a shadow that became a shadow of shadows in the coffin of your dreams

inspired by
Brigid Bropley - in transit,
Natalie Barney - the one who is legion, or a.d.s after-life.

32. — kari edwards *Wed, 4 Dec 2002 07:52: ↑* [Index](#)

December. The asterisk at the foot credits Absalom, Absalom!

making sex with potential wink tangents
a uncountable
to be said

temp(corp) oral-ites wld/shd/cld

far exceed the procedural expectancies
w/ the idea(l) of submitting to (aRt)
and talking off things that accelerate

processed the after work of mopping up nouns in (parent
thesis)

an integral part of the agency
now lost or found or afront, a front, a new front, a feret

a vision to live by
thick with purpose/pussy/past time

a cornice made with lead or painted with lead paint
a clit/a cunt

though it was at this point when mistakes happen

fist fucking became the rage
not a mistake just happened

left brings to a fall narrows down
kees to for bores
in small reg tag ular provision w/ot a suffice

or a expansive oil slick

you flick the joker out of a fresh deck or not.*

*William Faulkner, Absalom, Absalom!

33. — kari edwards Thu, 12 Dec 2002 17:08 ↑ [Index](#)

A poem about trying to reach somebody by telephone and getting the recorded options instead. Halfway through, the dead ring up to ask for spare change.

can you smell that backwards

I knock at the door, no I ring the bell, no I call
every time its the same thing
hello you have three seconds to live
or please leave a message at the beep
or there's no one here by your name

no
that's not it
lets see
it starts with a bang on the head
I forget the pass word
use my last dine for a local call that costs quarter
I talk long enough to say . . .

then the crush happens
everyone I pass on the street whispers
come to our party
sprinkled with discount holiday sugar

the dead say something like hello is this the right number for spare
change
can you spare a a moment of quiet
can we just get along
I heard that somewhere
always wondered if it was staged like the mass invitation of thoughts
into my brain

it always happens around this time
when I think we are eye-to-eye
I turn around and they have entered the forbidden zone
the usual rattle sound rattles around
someone speaks a sort of rubbery french
body fluids are exchanged
more mumbling
the fabric tears
someone is stationed around the world
I say tes vous pr't encore

a door opens
hands extend
candles lit
I pull a cat out of a box or a hat
or its the wrong address

34. — kari edwards Sat, 14 Dec 2002 10:25 ↑ [Index](#)

The phrase at its centre — separate but equal — is the formula from Plessy v. Ferguson, the Supreme Court decision of 1896 that made segregation lawful in the United States for the next fifty-eight years. It arrives in the middle of a poem about collapse.

it isn't not just like that

it isn't
just like that

collapse of Logos

piled

endless
philistines

ambushed crocodiles

snake pit
rubber
hoses

borrowed from hollywood

dreams

and voices pawing at your feet

bear in mind

caught and raven virtues
stockpile

opens single file

separate but equal double dotted line

horizon

descending
a
faceless day

with the tide and the
potential gripped in fear - even

35. — kari edwards *Sun, 15 Dec 2002 17:24* ↑ [Index](#)

A poem on the failure of a familiar interior: the house becomes a zoo, the clanking becomes a melody, and the pronoun keeps watch over the present.

element 7 - malfunction

suddenly the inside
familiar
is a strange zoo
for petting storms
through walls

familiar with pain

the clanking turns to a melody

merged in a cacophony of
established venues for points of view

more rounded

plush to the tongue
types appear after
stupid indecision's
the "I" keeps an eye on the present(s)
of unstable appearances
all points lead to post plans for the dead as the living pass
the less than horizontal
stilled as a flame on a walkway
but the literal takes a bit more
for the fortune teller to attend to
enforcer of the wink representation
grinding out minds outside of it
forming elements before the eye and before the eyes eyes that form
another
even in wiggle holes
plankton like characters appear
tapping out perfectly frank messages upon you shoulders
which conforms or neverminds nonconformity
and elongated dramatic effects
in an expanse of indeterminate vastness
a fresh horizon hangs as
a parasite in a lazy haze
a double tone
floating in
enigmatic folds
that stretches from one horizon to the next
displaced to the ocean's depths in chains
stilled in the wind chill
ice at 32 degrees
zero centigrade

*[Fifteen posts, six thousand words. She sends the two numbered pieces
"1.000.00" and "1.002.13", both from a diary of lies, and the*

seventeen-hundred-word "Yeah, yeah, oh-yeah, Just Dropped In", which Damian Judge Rollison answered and she answered back. The stretch also carries the fullest statement of position she ever made on the list, under the heading IDENTITY / GENDER / QUEER THEORY: "I hold the unique position of a gender voyeur, disidentifying with the system, but still very much a part of the system which gives me a unique vision of the world inaccessible to insiders." She goes on to say that she writes from the fringes of what is seen as recognisable, and not from where gender and sexuality are defined in a neat bipolar package.]

36. — kari edwards Mon, 30 Dec 2002 12:49 ↑ [Index](#)

The last poem of her first full year on the list, sent on 30 December 2002.

a timorous capacity

1.

I in-vertebrae stand still thoughts

flow contemptuous grins walled in radius

while optical carnivores sink sadness stingers deep in waild
lemmings

loud claw soot tad-amounts

note noteworthy readymade dates set up as

bold anything letters doing a double oedipal mimicking

trailer bush uncomplexs quickie cliches

stars sudden nipples gamble glance at match stick rest

those trivializers bunch near

kingpin diamond conundrums

and rabid hat pack's

play corner prelude punch cards to

carbuncled aria carloads

&

paradox fell contesting yak yak convergence

2.

I inevitably find cantankerous bins

built in radio piles

optional cornea tins thick as bad mouth picks
hate bailouts lock downs betting on loads
near zero bands
near cork and thrill kill pot missiles
and if test buzzes blue touch countertops to the best of dog-eared
blind alchemy
moreover breathe bearing west
but as the moldy layering hoes dips to specks on a spot
and/or
what else would rip-tide so loose fitting a migraine?

3.

I iambic pentameter christ field
and like the bottom starving
as land mines kill thought holes
mine or mines or mean or parameter or
tropical tyrannosaurus rex
induces bad ass gem trimmings in
saw nook walkabouts
coats in scurvy
jet propulsion ticking thickening failures
hush back water throngs
a unabomber blinks x y at
dog-eat-dog
holy trivializers another angel concentrate
&/or
antler of termites
dear hang 10 domino affects praying homer's tune
double Dutch complement's
for the tar carpet terra fir-ma

well within constraining at bric-a-brac compliments

boiling wanting to be delivered

delivering boiling wantabees

II

The Loud Year

2003-2004

In 2003 she posted two hundred and seventy-six times, more than any other member of the list that year, and the great majority of it was work.

The poems are set here as verse, entire wherever they will fit, and they should be read as what they were: work arriving in four hundred inboxes on the day of its composition, between an announcement of a reading in Boulder and somebody's question about Zukofsky. Several of the pieces printed in this movement were assembled from search results, a procedure the list had taken up that January and which she used more seriously than the people who invented it.

The other thing she did that year was forward the killings. The wire copy is hers only in the sense that she chose to send it, and it is printed short for that reason. The movement ends on 20 November with the Transgender Day of Remembrance: she posted the list of the reported dead, 1970 to 2003, in full, to a poetry mailing list. One person answered, and she answered him.

37. — kari edwards *Wed, 1 Jan 2003 22:10:* [↑ Index](#)

New Year's Day, 2003. That morning she had forwarded Lake Superior State University's annual list of words banished from the language for misuse and overuse; fourteen hours later she sent this, which is built out of them. A GOOD THING, ON THE GROUND, MATERIAL BREACH, WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION and NOW, MORE THAN EVER were the phrases the list had banished, and the poem returns them to the war they came from.

I am hot as my former self

A GOOD THING - A really cool one of the best - ON THE GROUND -- MATERIAL BREACH - Suggests complication that pulls a physician off the hands that lead to: got game: got MENTAL MISTAKE: got A GOOD THING - got A really cool one of the best -ON THE GROUND -- MATERIAL IN COLOR - vacation bible school - NOW, A GOOD THING - ON THE GROUND -- WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION - pulls a secret -out of a hat- thousand machetes - NOW in a UNDISCLOSED SECRET GOOD LOCATION - ON THE GROUND -- WEAPONS OF MASS genocide - mass NO SCORE. 0-0. A few thousand machetes in vacation bible land - NOW, MORE THAN EVER Now, more than ever, 50% more than ever, 50% more than 50% more than ever, now more than more than ever, 50% more than A GOOD THING - ON THE GROUND -- MATERIAL IN COLOR - -- REVERSE DISCRIMINATION - a secret complication -card that pulls A GOOD THING out of a hat- I've heard you have the hands that leads to the Problem that requires a real good solution: IT'S A GOOD THING - ON THE GROUND -- A -- MATERIAL BREACH - It's 0-0. It's - A GOOD THING - A few thousand machetes - Suggests a complication - PER as per out of a hat -AS GOOD as a THING can get - which can lead to mass genocide - MAKE NO MISTAKE - HAVING SAID THAT SAID THAT SAID THAT and THAT SAID - I heard you are the hands that lead to an A+ 100% GOOD THING - Make NO MISTAKE - WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION - Suggests UNTIMELY BLACK ICE - ON THE GROUND -- can lead to mass HOMELAND SECURITY EXTREME deodorants or cheeseburgers or churches - more raisins HAVING SAID THAT and THAT SAID - MAKE NO MISTAKE - this is a real good thing in a secret UNDISCLOSED good SECRET LOCATION

38. — kari edwards *Sat, 11 Jan 2003 06:21* ↑ [Index](#)

The list had taken up a form that week: a name or a phrase is given to Googlism, which returns the sentences on the web beginning X is, and the poet keeps what comes back. Hers is built from the returns for a dog and for a hospital, and she calls it a sestina because the same phrases keep coming round.

there was a certain that never happens: a sestina

It's not one of Sure, there are
After - is rare and the hospital
Year Woody Herman's band took the
But I'd never do it, and it's
Mantra was popular: there
Over I ran to protect the dog
Over I ran to protect the dog
The - However, there are
Themselves to that over there
The - - is rare and the hospital
For software in this way, ITS
And ultimately I blame the
That it never happens in the
Still end up there. To dog
Never repeats its
Over and alter certain are
At Churchill Community Hospital
Are already aware that there
Directly see what is out there
There is usually after the
- is rare and the hospital
No matter what happens, the dog
And the hospital staff are
Never repeats its
Rotations never repeats its
On his attractions. There
Certain sorts of There are
they haven't committed the
Starts screaming at the dog
After admission to hospital
After admission to hospital
Rotations never repeats its
Lines such as "my dog

Both in - Answer: There
Any scientific issue, the
Certain moment it There are
The - However, there are
There is usually after the
Both in - Answer: There

39. — kari edwards *Wed, 15 Jan 2003 13:05* ↑ [Index](#)

*January 2003, the year she posted two hundred and seventy-six times.
Assembled from what the same search returns for the words sex is, and
arranged so that the contradictions stand next to one another.*

is is-

sex is dead
sex is your brain?!
is worth the wait
is positive
is better than religion
is religion

sex is here to stay
sex is popular
sex is poetry
sex is pretty cool
like a box of chocolates
like a comedy film review

sex is great too
with two or more

sex is a brain thing
sex is your guinea pig
is an option
is a misdemeanor
is coming to a town near you

sex is the preeminent form of bringing love into physical reality
sex is main factor in hiv infection
sex is better than school
sex is school
sex in school
sex is often about anger

sex is for combating parasites
sex is optional in combating parasites

sex is your computer
sex is sacred
sex is life energy
sex is secret
sex is for marriage
sex has nothing to do with marriage

sex is subverting our culture
keep subverting

sex is the only thing worth talking about
sex is ok if done for the cause
make it good

sex is better than the gods
sex is beautiful
sex is normal
sex is free
sex is a myth in samoa

sex is not everything
it is everything

sex is dull and boring
sex is worth the inconvenience
sex is good
sex is not compulsory
sex is your brain condensed from "brain sex" in a frying pan on drugs

sex is good for you
sex it is awesome
it is pamela moy
it is worth the wait until july 1998

sex is great
sex is here to stay @ e coli bacteria
sex is made popular by the associated press
sex is for a box of chocolates
sex is a trance crime
sex is too painful
sex is too personal
sex is boring
sex is your video

sex is best when you lose your head
or your guinea pig

sex is a misdemeanor
sex is group therapy
sex is a neutral investigation into the multidimensional nature of
andrew cohen

sex is neither positive nor
neither pleasurable nor
way more complex or
necessary and proper or
the main factor in ambivalent comedy

sex is good by derrida
sex is comedy (saturday may 18)
sex is sacred
sex is safer than the truth

sex is a 13 letter word
is repulsive
is disgusting
is a language for explaining normal

sex is a process of leaning to arouse your partner
presented as a fun time with no consequences
with your computer

a rare event
a adrian mole
sex is dull and boring
sex is

sex is worth the inconvenience by mat mckoy/counselor

*[Twelve posts, all but one of them hers and nearly all poems: "naked healing",
"notes from before", "days on the rivera", "panoply", "my soul apparent",
"small, naked and crouched", "forever hidden", "I try to avoid the void
altogether", and, at twelve hundred words, "broken but not spilled". Ten days
of January 2003.]*

40. — kari edwards Wed, 29 Jan 2003 08:47 ↑ [Index](#)

*A poem of monuments and battlefields, sent in the weeks the invasion was
being argued for.*

gives rise to ancient legends

battlefield mothballs
monuments to
paper thin spoiled
half-baked entertainment's out
tonight

carried away
in grief-traced
remembered and forgotten

I tell you I make you
at last

I understand
certified dead
a knot in a former
bridal knifepoint

a popular box containing horizontal
privacy
dry and cold
as divine astronomy

a famous impulse
chain-smoking
lights out regular kind-of
something or someone or a prisoner

sitting at a kitchen table
a lone with a I can remember
face-down cold smile
gives rise to ancient legends

41. — kari edwards *Mon, 10 Feb 2003 09:20* ↑ [Index](#)

A life laid out for inspection like a sidewalk sale — school, the road to nowhere, a body that shook for the first time with intentionality — and then a second film, private and underdeveloped, which the poem declines to screen.

beached whale

suppose you stood thinking too long
long enough for a film to appear
a film about your life
everything from the past

laid out like a homeless sidewalk sale
pet dishes and a constable with short quotes

- there was a time in school
- the road to nowhere
- a body that shook for the first time with intentionality
- and those ghastly reminders of a mispronounced nervous system
- and the one on the something that seemed to be unkept

and then there is this a rack focus on to another film
the one you keep private, incomplete
underdeveloped and missing a sound track
dried teared short a short story disasters
an out of focus resolution

within the form of a casket
you stand in unshakeable
repose response to mine fields and plot soaked bandages
then there is this massive scene
an empire in the making
a torrent of fire engulfs the extras
the sunrise is green
knives dart back and forth
striking their intended targets
the unarmed are bulldozed it in the pits

a taxi arrives
the driver announces-
"the show's over, its time to go home"
the sun is nothing more than a postcard
with a plug in fireplace

and yet you do not move
words end, generations forgotten, and clouds pass
someone tells you it's all going to play again on television
and still you remain frozen
unmoved and forgotten

42. — kari edwards Mon, 10 Feb 2003 14:39 ↑ [Index](#)

February, and the longest poem she sent the list. It is the nearest thing to a manifesto in verse in this volume, and at its centre it runs its own terms together — transmigration, transsublimation, transcontinental — before pulling them apart again.

a thoughtless man (a) ray / a beneficial barking dog
please stand-by this could be it
there is a problems with the reception
the way seems to be tumblingdown tumblingdown
no match for the big show...
the big one in a million the one right off the edge of time.
and then
without warning lights or
the never mind story submerses right in my mind . . .
I get caught in deep throated salvation
tall dark and waiting for that shadow show that lives in the heart
small spasmodic dogs are the next
a mimic produces a modern dumb laminal show
at the
fortune tellers convention
phobias without a stake in the the out come
I freeze frame
catch the next train or bus or plan or do a virtual mix-an-match .. one
body part for another..
recycle the rest in a dog-eat-cat-eat-dog-eat-cow-eat-dog-eat-past a
midnight act
the audience hasn't seen the slight of hand
the professor and mary
jesus and mary
tom and jerry
and mary todd
all in forbidden acts for your pleasure restricted spectrum
a river of vowels

a nickname and never rubs off

dirty little works that leave bite marks

excuse me, says the moment after I give up on transmigration,
transsublimation, transcontinental express restrictive monumental new
age tell-all in one of briefest of brief night fall soup in your eyes I
thought you where my neighbor not my sister . . .

I need some aspirin, the aspens, the air planes to come home and sing
tonight

where is the little sperm - that midnight express - the some prefer
blondes syndrome

where is the cat in the hat?
the rockets red glare?
the chair with a bicycle wheel on it?

I slip in some intentions let it dry with a slow intention of sensation
whirl in some tobacco
fasten my seat belt
give warning
the sailors are out tonight
with there soft lips fn extra wavy sternums

really I want to be explicit

I want a dial tone I can count on
a tumbling down - a tumbling down

this is the dirt and this is the dirt on the other end

I am a theorem
a three point hollow rod

and I am in avoidance of mt own state of grace
can some one send me a standup comic
or a stamp

a that is to much but I keep say more more more
and then the door bell

I get the knock knock joke
and there
before me
a thought of despair
takes me to the show daddy

lets bomb who ever we please
strip and bend over
I am your master your slave you are mine tonight
stand up sit down
repeat after me

"I am the margins on call"
"I am the indentation before phonemes"
"I am the last dance of Salome"

bold and with out relief you add up my bill
my after all and turn in the after lifes, my to much in the end to
remember
the prissy howdo you do

I did i do I will and this is nothing but an antonymous sunrise
and I am a kernal of reason lost in an ocean of parking lots

43. — kari edwards *Wed, 12 Feb 2003 09:57* ↑ [Index](#)

On what a name is for. The exchange at the foot, between somebody announcing a suicide and a receptionist offering an appointment the following Tuesday, is the poem's argument about institutional speech.

stuff on names

liquid burns away a hard morning dust
a single syllable of permissible lies count's bodies and change

objects in walls
talking heads and slippery tongues

a slight of hand and puff of smoke dazzles us
engulfs our ignorance in hermit crab resilience

a doors shut
lips are sealed

either you're part of the song
or accumulating benefits for the dead

the method is progress
the foliage plastic

a letter is written
ashes returned

the label says

reread instructions / failed inspection

another calls: "I am going to kill myself . . . ?

"we have an opening next Tuesday at 10:00 a.m."

44. — kari edwards Sat, 15 Feb 2003 08:04 ↑ [Index](#)

Posted on the morning of 15 February 2003, the day of the coordinated demonstrations against the coming war, and built out of search returns, so that the slogan arrives already corrupted by the traffic it was found in.

cunts for peace

Title: the. cunts increase the peace!

cunts a better homepage Email adress:

LP04ENG-095 Title: the fucking cunts treat us good-

&

lil fucking stop

The shadow of atomic fear

they Canwin the fight for

Peace!

CUNTS a peace Group: they Can they win the fight for

peace or will I will sew on

a better, ideaal!

Love and peace, boo-lee.

Keepsake cunts are crossing the street

Aint even your Father bbut could be

A blue Keepsake cunt full OF Cherrees

The Lost Cherrees Peace Division (- live/w

If you like, a better, ideaal!

45. — Tom Bell *Mon, 17 Feb 2003 22:09* ↑ [Index](#)

Bell brings a piece of linguistics to the list: Campbell and Pennebaker's article in Psychological Science that January, which ran latent semantic analysis over function words rather than content words and concluded that variation in pronoun use is a mark of health. He notes the awkwardness of that finding arriving in a room committed to materiality and style.

I just finished reading (even though not completely digested yet) a fascinating new article by Jim Pennebaker (who was involved in some recent research on suicide and writers) that I think has implications for recent discussion of psychology, spirituality, and writing and....("The secret life of Pronouns: Flexibility in Writing Style and Physical health, Campbell and pennebaker, Psychological Science, 14:1, january, 2003, 60 -64.).

Briefly, they use Latent Semantic Analysis to study the 'junk' words in writing samples rather than the content words. Oh no! Langpo and materiality and style and science all in one article.

Their specific conclusion here, that variation in pronoun usage (point of view possibly) in writing is healthy than being stuck in a rut will hopefully be subject to further research in the next few years, but the methodology might be worth looking at even though it's that nasty hard science stuff we don't like to dirty our hands with[****, trapped by grammar again].

Would like to see an analysis of the pronouns of the poets against the war and presidential rhetoric, but am curious whether this has been used by teachers of writing?

tom bell (Psy.D., for a day and not yet a crazy old man

46. — Elizabeth Mathews *Tue, 18 Feb 2003 10:15* ↑ [Index](#)

Mathews, who says she usually lurks, on the pronouns in the president's speeches after 11 September, and on the traffic in them between the executive I and the empathetic we.

Usually I just lurk, but I must confess that when I taught a September 11th seminar, we spent a lot of time on the pronouns in Bush's speeches.

I think it's considerably more complex than a case of the "royal we." He moves a lot between the executive "I" and the empathetic "we" in the aftermath of the

disaster. And check out all the different ways he uses "you"!

Anyway, I wrote a hypertext article about the seminar in *_Kairos_* [...] I wrote part of my dissertation on pronouns in Oppen, so I'm glad to discover that there are other similarly obsessed people.

Liz

47. — kari edwards Sat, 22 Feb 2003 06:25 ↑ Index

February 2003. A Florida circuit court had ruled that Michael Kantaras, a transgender man, was legally male and legally married, and could keep custody of his children — the first American decision of its kind. Her own four sentences stand at the head; the press release from the National Center for Lesbian Rights follows.

the war is not just overseas.. <http://www.fbi.gov/ucr/ucr.htm>
www.berkeley.edu/news/media/releases/2002/12/18...
<http://www.blacklightonline.com/trans.html>

its always the same struggle... to say who we are and what our bodies are...and sometimes we get those rights.

kari edwards GENDER RIGHTS ARE HUMAN RIGHTS

please forward to many:

National Center for Lesbian Rights NCLR and Equality Florida Press Release
FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE February 21, 2003 Tampa, FL CONTACT: Karen
Doering, NCLR Staff Attorney and Consultant to Equality Florida, 727/642-6580
Shannon Minter, NCLR Legal Director, 415/794-6694 Collin Vause, Esq.,
727/799-7529 Nadine Smith, Equality Florida 813/781-6093 Florida Court
Issues Historic Marriage and Custody Decision for Transgender Dad The
National Center for Lesbian Rights and local attorney Collin Vause represented
Michael Kantaras in a divorce and custody case in which Michael's wife asked
the court to declare him a legal stranger to the couples two children.

[Five hundred and eighty-nine words of the press release are cut from the foot: the judge's finding that Kantaras is legally male, the terms of the custody award, and the statements of the two attorneys who argued the case.]

[Twelve posts, forty-nine hundred words, in the fortnight before the invasion.

Two are very long — "I asked for a mental pension" and, at two thousand words, "you can call collect" — and the rest are poems: "and the name is", "a trumpeting theme song", "mad cow oblivion", "a quite song with a summery",

"the land of dreams".]

48. — kari edwards *Mon, 10 Mar 2003 10:06* ↑ [Index](#)

Sent ten days before the invasion of Iraq began.

what should we do?

to the very few
or none of us or them
for none are living
all are dead or dying

hammer the stirrup questions
beyond beyond like never never -
there is a call to strike the cyclorama
yet a scrim of dumb distant thing like memory remains

all that is left is a sinking spiral jetty
and they say
"its better to lie to a backed upped sink
than brave the sewers"

we are built with simile
of the kitsch and blameless -
a thirst for action figures
and better garbage bags

a god is missing
send out the predictions
blame the queers and renaissance
advance the forces
throw some lucky bits and lets eat

49. — kari edwards *Wed, 19 Mar 2003 07:03* ↑ [Index](#)

A one-question multiple-choice test that circulated widely by e-mail that spring, listing twenty-two American bombing campaigns since 1945 and asking in how many of them a democratic government respectful of human rights followed. She forwarded it on 19 March 2003, hours before the first strikes on Baghdad.

Quick Political Aptitude Test with only 1 question

This test consists of one (1) multiple-choice question (so you better get it right!)

The question (set forth below) is based on the following list of countries that the U.S. has bombed since the end of World War II:

1. China 1945-46
2. Korea 1950-53
3. China 1950-53
4. Guatemala 1954
5. Indonesia 1958
6. Cuba 1959-60
7. Guatemala 1960
8. Congo 1964
9. Peru 1965
10. Laos 1964-73
11. Vietnam 1961-73
12. Cambodia 1969-70
13. Guatemala 1967-69
14. Grenada 1983
15. Libya 1986
16. El Salvador 1980s
17. Nicaragua 1980s
18. Panama 1989
19. Iraq 1991-2003
20. Sudan 1998
21. Yugoslavia 1999
22. Afghanistan 1998, 2001-2002

Question: In how many of these instances did a democratic government, respectful of human rights, occur as a direct result?

For your answer, choose one of the following:

- (a) 0
- (b) zero
- (c) none
- (d) not a one
- (e) a whole number between -1 and +1

[Twenty-seven posts, eighty-five hundred words, in the first three weeks of the war. On 21 March she reports from the street: "I had no idea where I was going this morning, but I knew I needed to be down town." What she found, four blocks short of the financial district, was the gay shame contingent — "drag kings, queens, ftm's, mtf's, dykes, faggy boyz and faggy girlz out to stop the war and shut down san francisco." Taylor Brady answers her. A fortnight later, answering Anne Waldman on typing errors, she writes that when the machine starts to break so does the need for perfect grammar, and asks what

*the difference is between proper grammar, god and country. She also sends
"attack card & COALITION COALITION COALITION" at twelve hundred words
and "I was taking a train home" at fourteen hundred, and asks the list to help
her find reading venues for the autumn; Vernon Frazer answers at seven
hundred and sixty.]*

50. — kari edwards *Sun, 13 Apr 2003 11:18* ↑ [Index](#)

April 2003. Four poems reach the list this month; this is the first.

there there theme

there and

not shame

was the theme

being shame covered

heard a truck full of being fucked like fuck

a bull dog

a fucking clog

pull my way and push that

hat trick brain

the hat is still there

came a bus late

abused a night activities ad infinitum

an island on a queer oblivion

same crew

in a different

team

set fire to blame production -

I am perfect

I fuck

I like dogs

I contort myself

rock on though the night

rock on

don't stop

it's my birthday

it's my birthday
and I deserve to be queen for a day
thus
hidden in nike
start again

51. — kari edwards *Tue, 15 Apr 2003 10:23* ↑ [Index](#)

*April, and a poem that opens by ending, and closes on a door that stays open
after it is shut.*

this is the beginning
it ended again
not there now
it started in the outside of the outside of the outside
out beyond an indifferent organization that had its own party
line
divisible by units
cells
individuals
functions
operations
& details
each limited in option or purpose
eye of the needle - thread - coin drop - eye lash
no border lands
no city limits
the escape hatch never existed
say nothing and hear everything
say that or that is the same is saying that
call it this
paint it
cast into a permeant flow chart
from here to eternity
and still it is - that

pulsating
simmering
delicate
indestructible
flash to quick
its gone to the next and next and next
incoherent whisper
jump cut
this is the beginning
it ended again
found again and again and again
now with purpose and intention
follow the bouncing ball
yellow dotted lines
flashing red lights
hear the sirens every where
this is the beginning that will never end
this is the door that will remain open after it is closed

52. — kari edwards *Sun, 20 Apr 2003 16:06* ↑ [Index](#)

The questions are numbered and the numbering does not advance: every item is a 1. What they ask about is passing — whether she is going or passing, and whether the use of a pronoun is a way of not knowing where one is going.

puzzle disputes
QUESTIONS
risk social exception
break down functions vertical opposition
functions subjugation unto new directions
QUESTIONS
risk work denying narrative strategies
1. did I - am I - going or passing

1. did I lead to - of my my self digression
1. did I scan for social exception reflected IN an island of nominally passing

QUESTIONS

pronoun usage is no knowing where I am going

-or-

passing event factors is knowing where I am going

QUESTIONS

risk existence in vertical as horizontal

QUESTIONS

risk patterns beyond vehicle situationS

1. did I scan for new new directions
1. did I scan for new ways to the exception

QUESTIONS

uSage not want...

longer enough...

anti-escape philosophy

1. did I scan for new way stable bodieS..
1. did I explorE alternative narrative strategies
1. did I scan for ways to be a vehicle

QUESTIONS

as counter to the exception - language

Cultural production OF shame...

escape the self ways to articulate the the probable

1. did I - am I going or . . . production

QUESTIONS

write not from person vertical as counter to passing invoking

spoken not by patterns beyond questionS

QUESTIONS

risk patterns beyond a vehicle TRANSFORMATION

QUESTIONS

risk cultural production

QUESTIONS

risk self locations

QUESTIONS

risk production OF shame...

QUESTIONS

risk my function

QUESTIONS

risk commodification factorS

QUESTIONS

risk the world in no knowing

QUESTIONS risk QUESTIONS

QUESTIONS risk QUESTIONS risk

QUESTIONS

QUESTIONS

risk my existence historical context

risk of my narrative strategies

53. — kari edwards *Mon, 21 Apr 2003 13:08* ↑ [Index](#)

April. A poem about beginning that never gets past the first step, and that finds twenty queer pronouns in the middle of a silence.

sigh of relief from nowhere

recently seeking

got started,

what is the wrong direction?

first, recognizable within the hidden

first step in larger than

pattern of blue

first steps in reason

a shoe horn then this miracle unseen

how many types of the impossible

(as much as something)

x, y, and choose as much suffering and z

someone calls something home

someone can no longer afford to find myself

recognizable in 45 special

recognizable in barren something
recognizable, or becomes how

got started with teeth of miracles
obligatory super rantings
new qualitative changes

recently this, got here is a language
starts to discuss was doing
this blanketed catch all
or not
seems to find the wrong direction

my resistance with soft stuff
where everyone had a little echo
connected to go in and unseen

a silence like twenty queer pronouns

or becomes important
or tool for the impossible

recently:
in the stopping
conduct focuses on dark edges
calls a word right

recently:
unnamed calls something repeatable
in first step cement blocks
any group locked into z things

recognizable is this context t
recognizable reinforcing the unexamined

what becomes important

as

seeing one's hand trying to say:
I think of time.
I want to lose my
informed island

write this step into someone else's something

call repeatable
call this secret diary

first time or whatever

54. — kari edwards *Tue, 22 Apr 2003 09:35* ↑ [Index](#)

April. The quietest of the month's four, and the only one that ends on a battlefield.

packed in the narrows
change has been dismantled
roots and storms
wrapped
swelling in rotted triumph
a shrub trimmed of appetite
yoked clean
all moments desoiled
for more then a thousand years
calm snakes crawl over
the waking child
times becomes estranged
as preemptive
the cry of the too rational
ends with a mythology of names
burnt and just a kernel remembered
becomes a headboard
cold paraffin rolled around
echoes
dull-headed pale postmarks
mend any rips in the fabric
praises the new object
as a lesser evil
but this is just a little piece
to nerves traded on open markets
a shadow
one day

at a distance
cramped in a dark tug
wounded on the battlefield

55. — kari edwards *Sun, 27 Apr 2003 08:27* ↑ **Index**

Set in mixed capitals, brackets and slashes: debt, drink, and the future as a sales pitch. It ends by borrowing on demand.

far flung funds in reserve
an OveRdeteRmineD dRunK
seduces the further f--uture
jingles one...
wish upon (plug in)
hair of
the dog-clown face}:-
IT WAS STICKY
pathetic
highly resistant polymer
near-to the surface
s/h/a/r/k/b/i/t/s
hope* bee cums
adrenalinegatlingguns
-{a little more lettuce for your salad honey}-
bemoans becomes
more is better bter is good healthy is bter and good gd is up up is
nrth
high-density {(destiny?)}
emisssions
exhausted penetration perils with a pencil
fFULL ofF FfarFflung
!!=HOWDY=!!

1.) growth rats {-e]

2.) a trunk fun(d)

3. a pimp simile

note: industrial atoms order

making - 2 that anthrax give -mE

kickstart-^

borrowing on demand \$ exception to the policy

56. — kari edwards *Mon, 5 May 2003 10:01:* [↑ Index](#)

May. The title is Dickinson's, credited at the foot; the blanks are hers, and are left to be filled in.

we play at paste*

debris gatherer's gather the surface

ragged in chairs

occupied everywhere

as if no one bothered to stop them

reflectors of/ or in / or taggers of / or on/ and or

turners of/

with their intermittent low pitch

spill overs . . . can't say, but will

"this is my: day /life/top dog"

fill in the blank_____

this is my drill bit stop watch

a draw back pomegranate

I am a universal vegetarian

creeping over meat pile confessionals

forget the still layered lapses

on the infinitesimal

k'vetch for unmanufactured levels

hope for crash dress rehearsals

told this is grammar

after I am told this is cancer

happiness squeezed out of aluminum elected officials

accumulates on xmas lights principles

repeat after . . .

follow the . . .

just say . . .

hi my names_____

reference here_____

then and

now

smudged tickets

* title from Emily Dickinson

57. — kari edwards Thu, 8 May 2003 08:05: [↑ Index](#)

On what repetition does to a killing — the shot, the post-mortem, the repeated example — and then on what is lost in the process: first a photograph, then an entire family.

the signal multiplies

had they a positional sequence,
later to become pronouncement monograms?

time tested measurements
or those repeat "after-me" conclusions?

where cobalt blue thinkings were
small pebbles under the after strikes

only to be impregnated with repeated examples of shooting's
post and post mortem effects

bolden in blood turned windows
absent, than nothing

to think of a comparison
one is given a character

facts form tunnel means
and purposeless claw footed engagements

less thought
more address

less impression

more back-account
persistent quotes appear in
certain picture ideas of the air
littered with alternative lag time
only to eclipse to a private dissolve
forgotten little things
forgot even littler things
this left the premise volume counter
at an impressionable part two
1. a photograph was lost
2. then an entire family
leaving nothing but a disturbed condition
in circular smoke
end periods filled a field of bolted hole rubrics
smoother than a book wet in apology
coda-
imagine if you would
some falling gauze
and a field test
then recall in a vast distant
oil degrees of vagueness
of something doing ahead
in a telephone ring

58. — kari edwards *Sun, 18 May 2003 10:52* ↑ [Index](#)

A poem built on one word, used some forty times as verb, insult, dismissal and act, and set in a narrow column so that the line breaks fall inside the phrases.

in a perfect state
being beat by a counter
act / by fucking / by
a counter fact / not
just fucking / multiple
dead ends / fucked by
an anti-character /
no / just fuck me on

the spot / the earth
/ frequent flyer miles /
lost? / no / then
just fuck it / dust on
three point perspective
/ don't touch me there
/ just fuck me / an
angel made an illusion /
fuck it / notice the
bouncing ball / being
symbolic / fuck me / a
symbolic fuck -fucked me
/ size of novels /
arrival time / departures
/ arrivals / take offs /
plug-ins / off times /
on time / between
tonic / and a mellon in
a microwave / first
fuck / then proust /
slap me / beat me /
the issue has it own
address / this is am
impression / a self
talking scandal / a new
deal / dead in the field /
I fuck / you fuck / in
the middle /
asymmetrical water / an
end with a small decimal
/ a golden shower / with
a gun / a fry pan / heat
expands / flypaper / an
ode to body heat /
organized around anything
/ I fuck / you fuck / no
more tears / tastes hard
and easy / of this and that /
fuck / fuck this / fuck harder
/ fuck now / fuck till the
end of time

[Thirteen posts, twenty-four hundred words. The federal marriage amendment was reintroduced in the House that month and she forwarded it with a paragraph that sets out, ten months before San Francisco began issuing licences, the position she would hold throughout. She is not a proponent of queer marriage, she says, since the terms do not seem to her to coincide; but to restrict anyone's right to practise "what ever simplistic and silly ritual one chooses" is of a kind with barring them from a park or a shop or sending them to the back of the bus, and the whole business "has an air of apartheid." She also announces two magazines and asks the list about the band Silver Apples; G. K. Schwartz and Ron Starr answer that.]

59. — kari edwards Sat, 31 May 2003 14:47 ↑ [Index](#)

On the odds — one in a hundred thousand — and on the new mall being built where the odds are kept.

limbo things in violation

nights chain down

blank

-or

this is your ticket to again

-or

a manual back listed

Once upon a time -

impossible in the land of night X X X

the last boat just sailed

we have the most covered and covered the most:

one out of 100,000, will develop one of some kind of :

:::::melanoma::::

:::::conastoga::::

:::::induction complex:::::

reductive spirit for a new mall - is worth s

it all started before

then

A SNAP

a JIG

and freeze tag

preshrunk
obviously there was another
way
a beginning beginning
something before start
go
your it
run for your life
canned meat good perhaps?
packaged cheese?
enormous gaps
and holes
not the gap everyone post-
post-
office
goes on about
but those fissures
that appear
& furniture
getting the crap bet out
you
that's why. what else?
a death or two
new days - replace other things
(a marching band)
multiplication list
with various
particle options
boxes
and more boxes
we have become - one of the plural ones - on happy days...
this is your time we—ll
have a parade

a carpal tunnel fast
noise vibrates geometry
was and sex
two bits
plus a twenty
plus tax
plus a tip
half way there -
can I fill your glass?
claw the rest around and just below sight
I never meet a
.....I didn't
(translate later)
after a while stir
we have any size you want
no real names used
just incidents
got confused?
think of ducks sweeping
the forest
from their wings

60. — kari edwards *Sun, 1 Jun 2003 19:29:* [↑ Index](#)

*On the ninety names of God, and on there being no support group for a person
living between two of the available categories.*

a term formally known as
there is no god
but the one with ninety names
ridged with sameness through the smoke
seized by a swell of many pictures
like a million used notes
particularly enthusiastic about the brandy brunch

telling me how strange it is to move
with two A levels
undercover
across the moon
one for which there is no support group
cubs of cheese on colored toothpicks
and (or) bucket of normalcy to piss in
inflamed and bleeding like a defendant in a darwin prison
across the freeway from the last soft serve
toward the heat death of its universe
where all reliable accounts conclude
mulled to an expensive almost-blue-black
proud captive in the ribcage
smeared in inky innuendoes
four hundred years after death
against a backdrop of
a cold night in february
ribbon red as ripe apples
the terror of proximity
the autopsy or the imitation pornography
the undertow of home
alleged I was speeding
in the
flaws
of burnt earth
forbidden and unbalanced
a pair of thieves
fall then
inherit the earth
wear rags
wander though rooms
plunder the language
kneel to a mirror and whispers
something
smiling in disbelieving nuggets of uncertainty

61. — kari edwards *Sat, 7 Jun 2003 15:24:* [↑ Index](#)

Set in a narrow column, two or three words to the line. It names the day a suicide day in its first line and then describes the room.

under the radiator
it was a suicide
day, tin fish
hooks crushed
in about the
edges. I could
hear blue
cascade or slate
gray. someone
bit a hand off,
(it could have
been their own).
in the midst of
medical curiosity,
which had the
living and left
nothing but the
damn in the
rain. a pen
disappeared, I
screamed for
days, hours,
minutes,
seconds.
nothing but,

blue largo . . .

blue largo.

code word for

crumbing rock

mass in a fire

storm of

mediocrity.

blue largo,

I keep saying,

blue largo.

*[Eleven posts, twenty-four hundred words, across four weeks of high summer.
Most are poems — “d ar epithet,” “nine”, “binder free” — and two are notices
for a reading in a barn and a performance in July.]*

62. — kari edwards Wed, 2 Jul 2003 13:11: [↑ Index](#)

July 2003. The Supreme Court had struck down the sodomy laws the week before in Lawrence v. Texas, Canada had opened marriage, and she forwarded Mark Morford's column from the San Francisco Chronicle the morning it appeared. It is the only thing in the volume she sent purely because it was good news.

How To Learn To Love Sodomy This just in: GOP atremble, love and sex rejoice, revolution imminent. Can you feel it? By Mark Morford

And now here we are, at a shimmeringly historic moment where we cannot help but note the delicious irony, the divine karmic genius of it all.

When we cannot help but notice how millions of progressive love-minded Gay Pride folks across America, from S.F. to N.Y., from Atlanta to Seattle to Chicago, were actually cheering on the Supreme Court last week -- the same crusty bunch that snuck BushCo into office in the first place -- for slapping the tragically heartless GOP right across its wan butt with a leather whip and a shocking 6-3 decision, stunning the Christian right into disbelief and abject terror.

Not to mention Canada's gay marriage, and maybe even how the United Kingdom, too, is one step away from legalizing gay unions, and the poor GOP is feeling the slope toward calm debauchery and delicious godlessness getting slippery indeed. Can I get a hell yeah.

And these days, amidst BushCo's insane deficit and more tax cuts for the rich and 150,000 U.S. troops still stuck in Iraq, amidst a warmongering ethos and \$135 mil set aside for "abstinence only" programs for America's disgusted youth, you take the joyous and the celebratory and the progressive and the pro-sexual and the positive where and when you can, honey.

[Eight hundred and eighteen words of the column are cut from the foot. Morford goes on through the Canadian decision, the abstinence programmes, the polls, and the argument that the ruling has made the country's sexual politics irreversible; the column ends by telling the reader to have some sodomy on the Fourth of July.]

[Fifty-one posts and fourteen thousand words go unprinted here: seven weeks of the summer of 2003, and the densest stretch she ever wrote. The poems include "thrash down", "banal braille", "antigone", "Wool and same." and the two-part "square sence fallout shelter", which runs to twenty-five hundred words across two messages. The forwarded matter includes a Kansas mother whose employer banned talk of gay rights, the California Senate's passage of transgender protections in July, and a report that a gay smear had followed a news report from Iraq. She also sends something of her own called "having been blue for charity", three years before the book of that name appeared, and Julie Kizershot writes to say hello.]

63. — kari edwards Thu, 21 Aug 2003 22:11 ↑ Index

August 2003, and the beginning of the forwarded killings. This is wire copy from the Gay.com and PlanetOut network reporting the murder of Imani Williams in Washington and the shooting of Punani Walker hours earlier. It is hers only in the sense that she chose to send it, and it is printed short for that reason.

www.planetout.com/pno/about/jobs/splash.html

Anti-transgender violence hits D.C. againGay.com / PlanetOut.com Network
Thursday, August 21, 2003 / 05:14 PM

For the second time in less than a week, a transgender woman was brutally killed in Washington D.C. on Thursday.

Police found the victim's partially nude body in a field early Thursday morning, the Associated Press reported. The victim, Imani Williams, had been shot but also had severe head wounds.

Hours earlier, another transgender woman, Punani Walker, was shot in Washington and had to be hospitalized in critical condition. Police reportedly said the two attacks were not related.

No arrests have been made in the two incidents.

[A hundred and seventy-three words of the same report are cut from the foot: the fatal shooting of Bella Evangelista the previous Saturday; the Human Rights Campaign's statement; Gwen Smith of the Remembering Our Dead Project on the twelve deaths reported that year; and two transgender teenagers shot in a parked car in the Washington area a year before, whose killings were still unsolved.]

64. — kari edwards *Fri, 22 Aug 2003 13:39* ↑ **Index**

Answering Gwyn McVay, who had asked what could be done and whether there was a killer at large. She supplies a count — fifteen so far that year, twenty-three or twenty-four the year before — points to Riki Wilchins and GenderPAC, and answers the question about a single killer by saying that the problem is not one person but the number of people prepared to act on a glimpse of variance.

Gwyn, so far this year I think the number of trans murders is 15,
<http://www.gender.org/remember/day/who.html>

hate crimes are up since bush entered the office of supreme commander, and the vast majority of hate crimes are against trans individuals. There is a wonderful article by Riki Wilchins (gender pac: <http://www.gpac.org/>) in the back of the advocate about oppression of gender expression .. is not just a trans problem folks... its time to wake up.

trans murders never make the news so no one knows how many and how brutal. (23 or 24 last year). and is just the tip of the silent ice berg of gender oppression. I mean truly why do we believe a only men can have penises and woman vaginas... why can't a man have vagina.. and for that matter what is a man or a women... this country enforces gender by the laws and by violence..

to your question is there a trans killer out there? there are many out there who when they spot a slight gender variance in someone will inflict harm, even murder..... ask any dyke, drag queen, trans, someone to small or to big... not doing the right job or has a deep voice or to high of a voice... or what ever...

[A hundred and forty-three words are cut from the foot: an epigraph from Wilde — “I live constantly in the fear of not being misunderstood” — and a block of search-engine returns

for the prefix trans- that she had appended to the message, in which railways, shemale videos and Ronald Reagan arrive in a single column.]

[Thirty-three posts, seventeen thousand words. Much of the bulk is one announcement sent four times over three weeks, the west coast release of Ambit, which is what a poet does in place of a publicist. The rest includes "hanging from the sky" at twelve hundred words, a two-thousand-word piece headed "ritual sounds", a fourteen-word notice of Johnny Cash's death, and five hundred words on Anne Waldman's reading at City Lights and on the relation between San Francisco State and Naropa.]

65. — kari edwards Sun, 28 Sep 2003 16:47 ↑ [Index](#)

A poem that repeats one sentence about professional distance until the sentence comes apart.

stop professional community thugs.com at a distance

it plays things with squeeze
space in place at vague stop screams -
please keep a professional distance with community

it plays things with squeeze space
in place at vague stop scream -
keep it professional -
distance part community

it play things with squeeze space
place stop at profession distraction -
stops community theme park inclusion

squeeze space in to a distant distance
day thing dog team theme -
family gender grinder and black face pig bait

plays plank names with turban green
to dog forced confessionals

it plays things squeeze space planks
in conditional distance -
market place blow jobs -
rotten teeth 06/14/1946 low income memorial -
predator imperialized corporeal malfeasance

it cock rumbles biblical wonder
rabbit switch hitter -
slight of hand ball buster evil getter -
stops profession with acid green community refrigerator

television a day plays the thing away
it plays space squeeze stops
keeps profession thug fuck blood dog for money offer -
freezes shit for a living
screams hadol mass depressed
bridge jumpers hallelujah -
jim jones holiday -
last chance plutonium spec for a cracker
visit justendit.org or send a email to
this is enough stop acting stupid or die at
this is enough stop acting stupid or die at
this is enough stop acting stupid or die at
space squeeze stop blood for the foolish at
die space professional community with fuck integral
it plays things with squeeze space place -
screams stop stained profession top dog barks allot

[Thirty-three posts, eleven thousand words, and the month in which iduna appeared — her fourth book, from Leslie Scalapino's O Books, in which the text spills into the margins, doubles back on itself, shrinks and looms, and the queer body is set as a visual poem. Scalapino Scalapino writes to the list twice about it, once to announce the Small Press Traffic reading with Gail Scott on 24 October and once to notice the book itself, and edwards circulates a list of places that might review it. The rest is poems and other people's readings: Barry Schwabsky and Eileen Tabios at the west coast launch, Chris Stroffolino and Jesse Fisher at the New Brutalism, Laura Wright's Left Hand series in Boulder.]

66. — kari edwards Sun, 2 Nov 2003 17:37: ↑ [Index](#)

A poem in conditionals — if everybody woke up, if anybody would stop being an individual — sent a fortnight before the argument that occupies Movement III.

it is attached by this - repealed by taxes and had several taste tests
if everyday I wake up - walk around - days in and walks out
if everybody would wake up and walk around and out
if the change that happens didn't jiggle
if everybody or anybody who is anybody would get everybody's body
if only individuals would not need to be so individual - under the blue
sky
silent without defeat

if times fell off the wall along with -
rubber things, plastic things
live things that plug into other things
linoleum, pink flamingos
microwaveable removable
redeposit situational commodities
(no I mean)
repositional reruns of situation comedies
it is clear you want to show off your originality, but do you have to?
clear fine celluloid interior
framed by insanity
if only everything was not an ember from surface fires
verbing true false side road headlines
crash site institutions with plans
if only a difference would walk in days in and days out
if only I could turn lead into gold
attached by this with several tests
if only I could repeal taxes
if I could just wake up and walk around
I could be everybody's body

[Fifteen posts in the first fortnight of November 2003, three thousand words. Aaron Belz announces her reading in St Louis twice; she sends the address of her blog twice; and she posts a piece headed "on - GENDER AND SPELIG", and then again with the spelling repaired, five days before the question that opens the next movement. Trace Peterson's "Q & A & Q" is in this stretch too.]

67. — kari edwards Sat, 15 Nov 2003 21:57 ↑ [Index](#)

The Transgender Day of Remembrance is observed on 20 November by reading aloud the names of the reported dead. In 2003 she posted the whole list to a poetry mailing list, five days early: four thousand three hundred and fifty-three words of names, cities, dates and methods, beginning in March 1970. This is its opening.

Larry Lavern Turner Los Angeles, California 7-Mar-70 Shot by the LAPD

Unidentified crossdressed male New York, New York 1972 Puncture wounds over the right eye

Maxwell Confait Catford, England 21-Apr-72 Strangled

Jamie D. Ford San Diego, California 1973 Stabbed

William Battles South Bronx, New York 24-Nov-73 Beat and sexually mutilated by members of a local street gang.

Joseph Moran Redwood City, California 1974 Stabbed by Richard Mroczko

Jae Stevens San Francisco, California 24-Jun-74 Five stab wounds, three directly to the heart.

Harvey Aberles New York, New York 1975 Shot by NYPD

Yancey-Lisa R. San Francisco, California 1975 Stabbed once in the abdomen and four times in the back

Barbarella (Joe V.) San Francisco, California 15-Mar-75 Stabbed in the chest

Unidentified man dressed in women's clothes New York, New York Aug-75 Murdered, allegedly by William Harris.

[The list is printed here to its sixteenth entry. The remaining four thousand two hundred words carry the same record forward from 1975 to 2003, in the same four lines each: a name, a city, a date, and the method.]

68. — Alexander Saliby Sat, 15 Nov 2003 22:18 ↑ [Index](#)

Saliby is the only member of the list who answers it, twenty minutes later. He had found four names he knew.

Kari, First, thank you for having compiled such a detailed list; it may well take months for me to pour over it and cry.

Second, we all need to acknowledge the horrors of both aggressive-control crimes and the failure of the system to find either fault or culprits.

I may not sleep for a month as I ponder all these names you have posted. Yet, at the same time, I am comforted and acknowledge the benefits that come from your having taken the time and expended the effort to have posted the names. Thank you; Damn you! Thank You. Alex P.S. I found the names of four whom I knew and befriended. I knew only of the deaths of two...shit!

69. — kari edwards Sun, 16 Nov 2003 08:02 ↑ Index

And she answers him the next morning, declining the credit — she had gone looking for the time and place of a local gathering and found the numbers instead — and adding the Iraqi dead to the count.

Alex..

I wish I could take credit for compiling these names, I was looking for times and places of our local tranny fest and trying to find the meeting place of the gathering on the 20th and found it and, was rather stunned to see the numbers. especially since 37 trans folks so far this year have been murdered 2 in oakland...

kari p.s.

thank you for taking the time.. as anther human tragedy takes place, between 4000, and 10,000 Iraqis have been killed because of this stupid war..

70. — kari edwards Fri, 13 Feb 2004 11:16 ↑ Index

The masthead and a day's contents of her blog, transdada, forwarded to the list. The first line gives this volume its title. The order of what follows is the argument: a call for transgender film submissions, Ron Silliman on iduna, a gym cancelling a membership, an anthology of mathematical poetry, a house bill, and the Lambda finalists.

poetics, time, body disruption and marginally queer solutions all the time at-

<http://transdada.blogspot.com/>

*Thank you New York

*double your trouble - toil to a stubble

*Home is not space

*Allison Cobb's CELL *Cynthia Sailors *Rose Lungs.*

*from a backdrop of cadavers

*Mathematical Poetry - A Small Anthology

*A SELECTION OF FICTION EXERCISES, FROM SLEIGHT OF HAND By Brian Kiteley

- *NRA Blacklist.com
- *CALL FOR TRANSGENDER FILM SUBMISSIONS
- *San Francisco Officials Marry Gay Couple
- *Ursula Le Guin's online Q&A
- *Thank You Philly...
- *Hermetic Hotties
- *being used in 1974
- *Arab society copes with gender change
- *Stormy session for Marlyn
- *Harisu: woman revealed
- *Film Review: Beautiful Boxer
- *(from:) obedience
- *House Bill 3077
- *The 2003 Lambda Literary Award Finalists
- *Gym Cancels Membership After Discovering Woman is Transgendered
- *Candidates react to Massachusetts ruling
- *O Books *iduna* - 2003 By Ron Silliman
- *there is nothing more real then real real sigh of relief from nowhere
- *FOUCAULT, INFO (all the time)
- *School Board asked to protect those with atypical gender identity

III

The Word Fights

November 2003 – January 2004

This movement covers a fortnight, and then a coda two months later.

On 17 November 2003 she asked the list whether there was a problem with using the word *hermaphrodite* in a poem, and gave the address of her blog. Kevin Killian answered within hours and supplied the occasion she had not named: a jacket blurb by Kasey Mohammad on a new book from Pavement Saw, comparing it to *Naked Lunch* as it might have turned out if written by Robert Browning having a sex-change operation. Over the following fortnight the argument ran under four subject lines and drew in more than twenty people — Julie Kizershot on the difficulty of self-naming, Trace Peterson on surrealism and the transgender deities, Mark Weiss distinguishing offensiveness from cleverness, Gary Sullivan restarting the discussion from her own words, and Kirby Olson, Shanna Compton, David Larsen, Scott Pound, Cheryl Pallant, Stephen Vincent, Alan Sondheim, Dodie Bellamy and CA Conrad after them.

Two things distinguish it from anything else in these editions. The person under discussion is in the room and answering: every third post here is hers. And the argument acquired a cost. Two days in she wrote that she would not be attending the reading and would tell the series why, and from that point the thread is no longer about a word. Kasey Mohammad, who had been reading the

list in digest mode, caught up on the Wednesday evening and answered for himself; Michael Magee dissented and printed the sentence entire, which nobody else had done; and she supplied, twice, the clinical history of the phrase, which nobody else in the room had.

It did not quite end. On 24 January 2004 Kirby Olson posted a poem about a hermaphrodite and the list fell to scanning its last line. The three posts that close this movement are from that day, and the second of them is the angriest thing she wrote to the list in five years.

71. — kari edwards Mon, 17 Nov 2003 09:37 ↑ Index

The subject line is the whole post. She sent it on the morning of Monday 17 November 2003, with the address of her blog beneath it, and it produced a fortnight of argument across four subject lines — the largest sustained discussion of trans poetics anywhere in this archive. The link is not printed here; the blog is gone.

is there a problem using the word "hermaphrodite" in a poem?

<http://transdada.blogspot.com/>

72. — Kevin Killian Mon, 17 Nov 2003 14:04 ↑ Index

Killian answers four and a half hours later. He declines to bar the word, and then supplies the occasion she had not named: Kasey Mohammad's jacket blurb for Rodney Koenek's Rouge State, from Pavement Saw, comparing the book to Naked Lunch as it might have turned out if written by Robert Browning having a sex-change operation. He says it got him feeling weird, and adds that a blurb is the most thankless and useless form of writing in the world.

Dear Kari, I don't know if there's a problem using the word "hermaphrodite" in a poem--I hate to think of barring any word from the poetic vocabulary entirely, though I don't know. Let's work on a case by case basis.

By the way, what do you make of Kasey Mohammad's blurb for Rodney Koenek's excellent new book "Rouge State" from Pavement Saw? "This is how Naked Lunch might have turned out if it had been written by Robert Browning having a sex-change operation"? That kind of got me feeling kind of weird. Does the natural (or forced) exuberance of blurbs preclude sensitivity to transgender issues? But it's hard to think straight about blurbs, the most thankless and useless form of writing in the world.

-- Kevin K.

73. — kari edwards Mon, 17 Nov 2003 11:35 ↑ Index

Her reply, which moves the question from the word to the blurb and from the blurb to the cost of using a group as a figure of speech. She offers a test — put a religion or an ethnicity where the operation is and read the sentence again — and closes with the year's count of the reported dead.

Kevin...

yes... case by case basis,... but never banning or burning.. it is more the context /content.. ... and like the review / blurb . . . I think it is easy and cheap and maybe down right thoughtless to go "banging" those terms around.. it would be as if I said... "and its like if so and so was sos and so and then converted to _____ (pick the religion). cutlruer or ethnicity-- its easy to use sexual minority as stereo type .. its so "retro"... I can hear the cards and letters coming now folks... but I guess it's ok to make assumptions about "trans" flokz and queers in general... its one of the few places you can get a good stereo type this days.. the rest are off limits... what ever ... but you are right...a blurb is a blurb... and words have no meaning.. so fuck . it right and let go out and get us the blow torch and go get'us some of them..._____.....

kari ps... 37 (reported) trans folkz murdered this year, flokz it always goes up when we are at war... why?

pps... <http://transdada.blogspot.com/>

ppps. kevin... you trying to get me going or what?

74. — Terrie Relf Mon, 17 Nov 2003 13:58 ↑ Index

Relf takes the question for a writing prompt. Her whole message.

I'll try it sometime.

I'm still trying to fit in "eviseerate".

Ter

75. — Julie Kizershot Mon, 17 Nov 2003 22:03 ↑ Index

Kizershot separates intersex from transgender, which the thread had been running together, and gives the room a reading list — Bornstein, Feinberg, Halberstam — before putting the case in its plainest form: what it is to be unable to name oneself in the world of pronouns at all.

I know there has been much discussion going back and forth with the word "hermaphrodite" and its usage and talk of inter-sexed being or trans gendered being. (NOT the same thing...)

I did want to say that TRANS people face continual violence and discrimination to an horrifyingly extreme in our society, and that if all the terms are unfamiliar to any of you I would suggest STARTING anywhere and reading...

Kate Bornstein Leslie Feinberg Judith Halberstam any, many writers (not so many poets that I know of, but kari edwards can start you off)

It is a serious and not always publicized issue of civil rights and liberties and NOT to mention, language usage, that all the "well intentioned liberals" might examine their blind spots for --- if we thought Cixous and Wittig and others had something to say about feminism in the binary oppositions of language, believe me there is a lot MORE to say about the binaries not only assuming "a one up and one down" opposition, but just IMAGINE not being able to name oneself in the world of pronouns at all--- and NO this is not just about IMAGINING oneself in the so called "opposite" gender's high heels or hush puppies....

and of course in this case my grammar must go to hell-- those rules ain't applying!

76. — kari edwards Tue, 18 Nov 2003 09:50 ↑ Index

Meanwhile, under a subject line of her own, eighteen words on the formula the argument keeps approaching. The address of her blog stood underneath, as it did under every post she sent that fortnight.

this whole - words don't kill - only strangers with guns kill business, is silly, . . .

<http://transdada.blogspot.com/>

77. — Skip Fox Tue, 18 Nov 2003 11:58 ↑ [Index](#)

Fox, entire.

kari,

I don't disagree.

78. — Alexander Saliby Tue, 18 Nov 2003 17:55 ↑ [Index](#)

Saliby does not agree. Three commands, and then the question.

Ready, Aim, Fire!

Charge!

Bombs Away!

Yeah, words don't kill. But, wait...do they play a role in the end results?

79. — Trace Peterson Wed, 19 Nov 2003 10:33 ↑ [Index](#)

Peterson, who posted to the list as Tim Peterson and has published since as Trace Peterson — editor of Troubling the Line: Trans and Genderqueer Poetry and Poetics, and the teacher of the first transgender poetry course in the United States — answers Kizershot from the other side: that the word is hard to avoid for anyone working under the influence of Bretonian surrealism, and that the transgender myths and deities may stand in some relation to the individual body other than representation.

Good points about the difficulty of self-naming for trans people, Julie.

But I think it's kind of hard to avoid using the word "hermaphrodite" in a poem (or at least implying it behind the poem) if you're at all influenced by Bretonian surrealism, and who isn't -- at least a little bit? It might also be useful to point out here that there are various transgendered myths and deities that have been around for a long time and that may in some cases transcend (or move in dialectic with) the instance of the individual transgendered person or body.

80. — kari edwards Wed, 19 Nov 2003 07:51 ↑ [Index](#)

*Her answer, and the sentence that turns a discussion of a blurb into a boycott.
Small Press Traffic was the series and the reading was that Friday.
Seventy-three words.*

Tim [Trace],,, I think you are right.. but to blame is easy... as writer the deep work we need to do since the tools we use are so loaded... it seems to be blame is easy... I will not be attending the reading this friday... and let SPT know why... we need to take responsibility for what we put out there...

kari

81. — Mark Weiss Wed, 19 Nov 2003 10:19 ↑ [Index](#)

Weiss sets the blurb beside the line in Howl about dragging oneself through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix, and reads Ginsberg's phrase as a change in what is heard as offensive rather than as an offence in itself. Then he supplies a case against himself: a phrase of his own from thirty years earlier that nobody objected to at the time, including the Black friends it described. LeRoi Jones, whom he wonders about in his last sentence, was in Ginsberg's circle when Howl was published and took the name Amiri Baraka in 1967.

The two examples are I think very different, tho both derive from a sense of otherness. Kasey's seems like a bad case of misdirected cleverness, since, aside from being offensive, it's essentially meaningless--it conveys no sense of the book, except to suggest outrageousness--one arm of the comparison is supposed to be unimaginably strange. I mean, if the point of comparison is Naked Lunch how are we to imagine that it would have been different?

In Ginsberg's case it's a question of change in what's considered offensive. "Negro streets" presumably refers to Harlem or Bed Sty, the darkness of the night, and danger, but it's also hipster talk and positions the writer in that world. And it's using other people for their value as exotic.

Something like 30 years ago I used the phrase "spades in shades" in a long poem. It makes me cringe now, but at the time no one picked up on it, including black friends. Cool jazz idiom. Same problems as Allen's phrase. Recently I discussed this with the editor who'd published the poem all those years ago. She was horrified, but at the time the phrase had just flowed past her. I'm talking about a crowd of lefties, all of whom had been active in the civil rights

movement, some even passing freedom summer in Mississippi. In a recent republication I changed it--lost some of the music and evocativeness, but of course some of what it evoked was very far from my intention.

It would be interesting to know how the then Leroy Jones, who was in Allen's circle, reacted to the phrase at the time.

Mark

82. — David Hadbawnik *Wed, 19 Nov 2003 13:29* ↑ [Index](#)

Hadbawnik is sorry she will not be at the reading and says so, and then asks the question the thread turns on for the next three days — who exactly is to blame, and whether the series is at fault for hosting it.

kari

well i'm bummed out you're going to miss the reading -- i respect your standing up for something you obviously believe in deeply, but i respectfully submit that

a) while the blurbage is at best unhelpful (to me anyway) in describing rodney's work (i mean i read naked lunch, i like robert browning, but, huh?), perhaps lazy, and at worst insensitive in all the ways you describe, it certainly wasn't meant as a deliberate swipe at transgendered folks. and no, i don't speak for them or anyone else, least of all kasey, i'm just stating what seems to me an objective fact.

b) you say to blame is easy, who then is to blame for this? is spt at fault for hosting the reading, are you going to boycott every reading that rodney gives for his new book? gosh, i hope not.

kari, i respect you a lot, i value your friendship, and i value all the points that have come up as a result of this, but i think it's too bad that you're going to let this keep you from coming to see rodney and mytili read this friday night...

83. — Shanna Compton *Wed, 19 Nov 2003 17:56* ↑ [Index](#)

Compton reports that Mohammad has already apologised on his blog to those who questioned him there, and asks the room to notice it. The rest of her post is an account of learning to change a friend's pronouns, and of how little it resembles find-and-replace.

To all:

At the risk of sticking my nose in where it doesn't belong, I have to second David (and others') assertion that Kasey's intent was not to offend with his blurb. He has, in fact, apologized for his careless use of language to some of the folks who have questioned him about it on his blog.

I am in the process of learning, slowly, to change pronouns for a transgendered friend of mine who has just begun a hormone regimen. Until I began this switchover I had no idea just how difficult it would be to make such a change, despite the fact that I care for my friend and am deeply empathetic to the trouble he's had making this transition with his family and others. It seems simple on the surface of things: just change she to he, her to him. If only it were as easy as "find and replace."

As writers we are certainly bound to be more responsible than most with how we use language. But I'd like to suggest that we are just as responsible for our understanding and interpretation of language and in our regard for the intent behind the words, especially those spoken or written by our fellows. When I slip up and refer to my friend by the wrong pronoun, it doesn't mean I don't care for him. It means I need to try harder and speak and write more thoughtfully. I make mistakes. I endeavor to do better. Ignorance (though I'm not suggesting Kasey is ignorant) is vastly removed from malice. Ignorance has a simple remedy: education and patience. Malice we haven't found a cure for yet.

Incidentally, Kasey is a fan of yours kari [...] I'm sure he would be sorry to know that he's inadvertently upset you (and others who have commented here). I don't think he's a member of this list, but I bet directly communicating with him would help clear up this misunderstanding.

Shanna

84. — K. Silem Mohammad *Wed, 19 Nov 2003 20:04* ↑ [Index](#)

Wednesday evening. Mohammad, who wrote the blurb, has been reading the list in digest mode and has only now caught up. He reprints the answer he had already made on his blog — that he meant the destabilising of any unified identity and can see how it reads instead as sex-change operation, ooh yeah, that's weird and FREAKY — and says he would change the blurb now if he could. The last part of his post is about his own practice: that he returns to gender again and again, that flarf works by recording belligerent public noise, and that this sentence was not machine-generated and so cannot take shelter there.

Shanna mentioned that she didn't know whether I was on this list: I am, but I've been in digest mode for the past few weeks, so I haven't been following the controversy around my blurb for Rodney Koenke's *_Rouge State_* very closely. Jeffrey Jullich did post to the comment box on my blog (<http://limetree.ksilem.com>) with an excerpt from Kevin Killian's original message, and I responded with the following comment:

85. — CA Conrad *Thu, 20 Nov 2003 01:20* ↑ [Index](#)

CA Conrad, who had spent five years working in a gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender and feminist bookshop, puts the case against the case. He is not disputing that language matters; he is tired of its ownership.

having just worked for five years in a gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender, feminist bookstore, i'm well aware of how important language is to those who don't feel safe, or respected.

but i'll be honest with you, now that i'm out of that environment, i'll NEVER put myself in such a place ever again, ever. i'm glad the store is there, of course, it's an invaluable asset. i'm just incredibly tired of the ownership of language.

when someone tells you they have the keys to the language, you feel like a visitor in your own house. that's my take on it.

one thing though about the sensitivity to words in such places, it's an amazing thing really, to see how uncomfortable words make people.

in the mid-80's when i was a young kid in a small, dirty little country school, and was outed, it was the dawn of AIDS, and words seemed essential, suddenly, to how i felt about myself. i'd take a drink from the water fountain and some

jock-pig would put a "contaminated" sign on the fountain.

words were very uncomfortable, for me, and for them.

but the value of that discomfort is essential now to the way i hope for the future of our world and what should be limited. limiting words, in my opinion, is far more harmful, far more dangerous than we may originally think.

putting red X's over words only works in the favor of the Right.

when the Queer campaign against Dr. Laura Schlessinger was underway, to have her television talk show taken off the air, i wrote letters in her defense. there were PLENTY of angry queers coming into the bookstore to give me hell, tell me i was an idiot.

but Dr. Laura has EVERY right to say whatever the hell she wants to say. you canNOT censor language without paying the price for it yourself one day. it's impossible! our asses are on the line right now because of the chains the left wants to place on the language. it's so VERY dangerous people!

when i get called a faggot these days, i look them in the eye, nod, and say "Yeah, that's right, i am. so what?" truth is, at that point, they know that if i can say that, that i'm very close to admitting that sucking cock is really quite delicious, and i'm not about to pretend it's not. besides, what do they know about being a faggot? (well, being an out of the closet faggot at least)

look, i understand and respect the need to have a respectful use of language, especially with your peers. it's easy to feel uncomfortable and unsafe when you have peers who are using words which clearly disrespect your body, your life. but as poets i feel we need to take a much larger stand, one that looks such abuse in the face, and nods, fearless. fear of language for poets, well, it's not making me feel like we're going to be able to extend every limb we need to truly write the strength of what is really (actually) inside us.

maybe the things inside us are fucking horrible! should we not write them? really? should we ignore them?

allowing it all to be said, that's where i feel we can eventually find real power.

CAConrad <http://phillysound.blogspot.com>

86. — kari edwards *Wed, 19 Nov 2003 22:33* ↑ [Index](#)

*Her answer, three hours later, and the longest thing she wrote in the fortnight. She declines to be angry at him and is angry at the room; and then she supplies the history, which nobody else in the thread has: that the phrase sex-change belongs not to the destabilising of gender but to its stabilisation by the medical establishment, and refers him to Sandy Stone's *The Empire Strikes Back: A Post-Transsexual Manifesto*. She had given, she says, some sixty lectures on the subject.*

My Dearest Kasey..

thank you for taking the time from your busy schedule with such a wonderful thoughtful responses.

first to answer a few questions...

I am not ANGgery>..."at" you.. I find it insensitive.. but I know you... and I know it was not a malicious act.... insensitive . . . yes . . . uninformed... yes... . what I am AnngggRRRY with is the general lack of sensitivity on the list.. as if it should be alright.. well. it is not..

to reiterate... one..

as you stated...

that is fine.. but using the idea, concept or image of sex-change has little to do with destabilization of identity... and trust me I have worked with this for a long time (please read: Stone, Sandy. "The Empire Strikes Back: A Post-Transsexual Manifesto.).. the entire history of sex-change is not based on the destabilization of gender but the stabilization of gender through the medical establishment..... please read your history books about the gender clinics of the 20-90s..even today.

if you were to you ask the majority of individuals what it means to have a "sex change", you will inevitably hear... it is to make one into the other gender (man to woman or woman to man/). . . . I know I have given over 60 lectures to business and schools around the country... the key words here is "into the other".. not a floating undefined signifiers. one gender to the next.. as if there is such a thing.... As joan of arch said: I know not of a or b..

so by saying robert bowning after a sex change, implies robert becomes a woman-.. and so what is being said about women....?. there is little destabilization... now.. if robert browning became a top in a rotaional affair with viewfinder from a different planet , now you are talking destabilization.. not some of the old same stuff.. lets be real.. using the masters tongue gets nowhere . . .

[Five hundred and twenty-three words are cut from the foot. She gives the second of her two reasons for not attending, which is that nobody in the room appears to be aware of the internal shame of being queer; describes what happens when the phrase is used in front of an audience that has not thought about it; and closes by telling him she will read with him any time he likes.]

87. — Chris Stroffolino *Thu, 20 Nov 2003 00:23* ↑ [Index](#)

*Under a subject line of his own, Chris Stroffolino asks about a line of his own
— his whole message.*

Recently a poem of mine was published in N.A.W. the ending of which is "as if growing up is a sex-change operation."

I say this now, because I didn't think of it as offensive when I wrote it, and am wondering if I should so now. Wondering if the line's context in the poem would "redeem" it for those offended by Kasey's....

Chris

88. — kari edwards Thu, 20 Nov 2003 04:29 ↑ [Index](#)

Her answer to him, four in the morning, and the plainest statement in the volume of what she thought the word conjured and what it actually describes: that surgery does not happen for most trans people, that almost no trans men have it and most trans women cannot afford it, and that the myth is doing the work the fact cannot.

chris... ..

but what does that mean... .. I think if you are talking transition from one gender to the other. .. but what does it conjure up in your poem.. still.. I think it be can a phase that has meaning..do you feel emasculated... .. you see.. I am not sure what the read it.. are you talking about becoming a different psychical body?..... what does it mean to you..? it is not offensive, and it is in the sense is is becomes an easy stereo type... when not say I went from being white to black.... .. its like a afternoon talk show.... forgot the guys name.. and when ever someone I used to be a boy or girl... everyone gasps.. but I would be interested your culture construct of the meaning..... now if you are talking transition from male to female.. or female to male... the surgery "sex-change" has nothing to do with or little to do with transition ... but there is the humiliation of the transition.. and the overwhelming fear... and do not forget the assaults.. I had my fair share . . . so...tell me..I would like to know...

but truthfully is it only offensive in that.. it seems to place value on something.. which I am not sure that is what you are talking about.. I could be wrong here.. but surgery does not happen for most trans folks.. that is a myth... a very very small amount....very very very small amount.. almost all females to males do not have surgery... most male to females do not because of the cost... so what then.. what myth is it.

I do hope it makes scene.. bottom line.. it seems easy and a use of a stereotype cultural projection kari

89. — Maria Damon Thu, 20 Nov 2003 08:27 ↑ [Index](#)

Maria Damon, later that morning. Forty-nine words, and the only post in the fortnight that says what the argument was worth.

kari, craig, kasey, jeffrey et al: i'm heartened by the seriousness, intelligence and warmth in your posts on this issue. this is what the list can be in at its

finest. stephen vincent too, on other matters.

90. — Gary Sullivan Thu, 20 Nov 2003 11:59 ↑ Index

Two days in, Sullivan restarts the argument under a new subject line by quoting her at length — from the list and from her blog — and moving it off the blurb and onto the reading of the poem. The passage printed here is hers, as he quoted it. His own post runs to eighteen hundred words.

when I see words like (hermaphrodite) being used and praised in writing as a vehicle, I wonder if there is an awareness of the struggle the 'intersex' individual in this society . . . or what the word means today to these individuals . . . or is there just a general true lack of awareness of what its like for anyone not fitting neatly into this policed state of gender (myth)..... it seems the word (hermaphrodite) goes easily unexamined and gets used in poetry as a romantic myth (it has throughout history, in the dominate discourse mostly as a fetish, sometimes as a way to escape or transcend or transition from one gender to another (sic)) and today is no different, it is used without an awareness of contemporary struggle of these individual and of the rigidity of gender there seems to be this general assumption of gender... as a solid state..."

"Hermaphroditic" had, just before kari's post (to the list and to hir blog) come up in Nada Gordon and Marianne Shaneen's Zinc Bar talk, which Nada posted to her blog (<http://ululate.blogspot.com>).

[What is printed here is the passage of edwards's that Sullivan quotes. The remaining sixteen hundred words of his post set Nada Gordon's Zinc Bar talk beside it and then turn to Berdache Jordan, an intersex writer who had died shortly before, who kept a website under that name — berdache was the anthropological term then in use, and since abandoned, for Native American third-gender people — and who used the word hermaphrodite of himself when most intersex writers wanted it retired. Sullivan quotes him on people who are spiritually hermaphroditic whatever their gender or preference, and carries the argument into myth.]

91. — Kirby Olson Thu, 20 Nov 2003 14:54 ↑ Index

Olson, who teaches in a small town in upstate New York, writes that he had taken the reports of violence for an invention of the political left, and describes what he found when he went and looked. The figures are his own.

I confess that I live in a small town in upstate New York and thought when I heard about violence toward transgender people that it didn't exist. I don't think I have ever met a transgender person in this town. I think there were some in Seattle. I couldn't honestly imagine anybody wanting to kill these people. I thought this was another myth of the pc left, like the beatings on Superbowl day. It didn't make any sense to me, so I thought maybe this is just the usual kill rate in urban areas (we haven't had a murder in this town for at least fifty years).

So then I started to do research. First, I wanted to know what a transgender person is. And I found that there are only forty absolutely pure cases of a person whose gender is evenly split. But one person in a thousand has some evidence of both sexes. That's 300,000 people! I had no idea. [...] And this page says that it's often law enforcement officials beating these people up, who are often vagrants because nobody will hire them. It also said they are getting killed at three times the rate of African-American men.

At first I wondered if this was a problem inside the community. Because I looked up lesbian battering, and it turns out they have a higher rate than heterosexuals -- and the violence is often much worse because the victim/victimizer sizes are often more equal, so the bludgeoning goes on longer.

Two books on this that I got out of the library -- Kerry Lobel, Naming the Violence: Speaking out About Lesbian Battering

and

Claire Renzetti -- Violent Betrayal -- Partner Abuse in Lesbian Relationships

92. — David Larsen Thu, 20 Nov 2003 12:15 ↑ [Index](#)

Larsen thanks Sullivan and thanks the people who had made themselves vulnerable, declines to thank the rest, and reports the back-channel messages he had been receiving — that the list was supposed to be about poetry — and what he told the people who sent them.

Thank you Gary, for your sensitive discussion. Thank you to everyone who takes the question seriously, especially those who have made themselves vulnerable. To the knife wavers, no thank you.

I have been back-channeled by a couple list members with insinuating messages like "What is up with these sensitive people? I thought this list was supposed to

be about poetry." I told these people to buzz off. I would further say, as kindly as possible, that if you don't take seriously the questions kari raises and their implications for poetry, then your real thinking may not have happened yet.

My use of the glitteringly ugly expression "lulus naturae" needs a book-length explanation. It may just happen that I get to write this book, and that you all get to read it! Until then, my friends will take it on good faith that my usage is redemptive, not abusive, and I'm not talking fake shit. Friends, my shit is deadly real.

For Kasey Mohammad, the friendliest friend, I was moved to speak out by affection. For David Hadbawnik, who is always sweet where I am sour, I feel a most tender affection. For kari edwards my message is private, but not my love & affection. For the rest of you: Doubt my affection and you're doubting the sunshine LRSN

93. — Michael Magee *Thu, 20 Nov 2003 15:36* ↑ [Index](#)

Michael Magee dissents, and in doing so prints the blurb entire, which nobody else in the thread had done. He grants the value of the discussion and then argues that the sentence has been read reductively: that a Browning undergoing the procedure would be subject to exactly the forces edwards describes, and would resist them in the form of the poem. His first objection is that Koeneke did not write the blurb, and his second that Mytili Jagannathan, who was reading with him, is being boycotted for nothing.

Well, golly, -- I've been deleting this "operation" thread thinking it was about that game where you lift organs off the board with a pair of tweezers!

I see the value in the discussion that's materialized over Kasey's blurb. Kevin's initial comments were obviously well intentioned and informative. Kari's last post was precisely the kind of well-informed response that I'm quite sure Kasey appreciates.

On the other hand, it seems positively absurd for anyone, kari included, to boycott a reading (whether one calls it a boycott or not) based on this blurb. There is the obvious point that Rodney didn't write the blurb. And the even more obvious point that in boycotting Rodney one is needlessly, senselessly boycotting Mytili Jagannathan, one of our great young writers, a progressive writer, and, for what it's worth, a gay writer who is herself tirelessly attentive to questions of gender. This, to me, smacks of the kind of meticulous squabble that

so often derails valuable liberal projects. "Hey, Kasey, you exoticized 'sex-change' in a somewhat insensitive, ahistorical way in your blurb." Wouldn't this have sufficed?

And, one last thing. Has the sentence in Kasey's blurb been read a bit reductively by its critics? I mean, it is a rather complex sentence:

"Cannily an(a)esthet(ic)izing the misogynist and orientalist phantasms that are projected on the digital plateaux of its own prosodic bravado, this is how Naked Lunch might have turned out if it had been written by Robert Browning having a sex-change operation."

To take the logic of the sentence at its word, *if* Browning were having a sex-change operation, would he not be subject to all the violent, nefarious historical forces kari mentioned in her last post - the attempt by the medical community to rigidly enforce gender butting up against the mind's tendency to think of gender as a fluid category, for instance? And, being Browning, a fucking great poet, would he not, at least symbolically, resist such rigidity in the form of the poem? And if "Naked Lunch" happened to be the thing he was writing, might it not look like Rodney's poetry? And if it did, then why, for Pete's sake, would this be the least bit misogynist?? Because its subject is misogyny??? Likewise with the claim that there HAS to be insensitivity regarding sex-change operations here. It seems to me that one can make just as good a case that its precisely the opposite. At the very least, being a rather poetic sentence on the back of a poetry book, it demands to be read poetically rather than for the red flag spiked to its surface.

I don't begrudge kari her personal stand here, which she seems dead set on. But I do feel compelled to say that it would be a terrible mistake and a damn shame for anyone else to miss Mytili's and Rodney's reading over this.

-m.

Quoting "K.

94. — Julie Kizershot *Fri, 21 Nov 2003 01:42* ↑ [Index](#)

Kizershot moves the question from violence as a subject of writing to the violence of representation itself: who is silenced, who speaks, and how each of those is violent. She reads edwards's work as being about exactly that, and takes the argument to Wittig's split pronoun j/e in The Lesbian Body, which divides the nominative singular so that the self cannot cohere in patriarchal language.

Ohhh ----but that is a good and complicated question. One must of course think about the relationship between violence and language then. Not just a SUBJECT matter that equals violence. (i.e. you hit me) But the violence of trying to represent (some/selves) oneself as a subject in language at all. So in a way I guess all these posts have to do with that-- how does one silence, who is silenced, how is that silencing violent? How does one speak, who speaks, how is that speaking violent? Sticks and stones break bones, but names, on the contrary to the rhyme, lay the ground for it. Having read a deal of kari edward's work for some time now, I would say that a great deal of it IS about the violence of language and the violent acts that follow/precede/follow those acts of language. Monique Wittig in "The Lesbian Body" approaches the representation of the "feminine" subject in written language by writing the subject "je" as "j/e"splitting the nominative singular pronoun with a slash. This illustrates a self that is always divided, that cannot become a unified subject in patriarchal language. The violence of that split pronoun is echoed in the viscosity of Wittig's text, where the body described is also continually divided. In English translation this concept cannot be fully captured, but the "I" is put into Italics—thus becoming "I". In French, the feminine pronoun in group (one might think of it as a social context) will always be absorbed by the masculine, as well. Wittig states:

"I" (je) obliterates the fact that elle or elles are submerged in il or ils, I.e. that all the feminine persons are complementary to the masculine persons...The "I" (je) who writes is alien to her own writing at every word because this "I" (je) uses a language alien to her; this "I" (je) cannot be un crivain

Theresa Cha's "Dictee" in part deals with the speaker's attempt to become a speaker of a new (or perhaps any) tongue. As in the following:

She mimicks the speaking. That might resemble speech. (Anything at all.) Bared noise, groan, bits torn from words. Since she hesitates to measure the accuracy, she resorts to mimicking gestures with the mouth. The entire lower lip would lift upwards then sink back into its original place. She would then gather both lips

and protrude them in a pout taking in the breath that might utter some thing. (One thing. Just one.) But the breath falls away. With a slight tilting of her head backwards, she would gather the strength in her shoulders and remain in this position.

It murmurs inside. It murmurs. Inside is the pain of speech the pain to say. Larger still. Greater than is the pain not to say. To not say. Says nothing against the pain to speak. It festers inside. The wound, liquid, dust. Must break. Must void.

The speaker struggles with the very physical act of speech. The process of mouthing words serves to torment both the one who would speak and the language itself. Speaking mutilates words ("bits torn from words") and causes one's lips to contort. It takes one's breath away. The act of speaking might here also serve as a metaphor for writing. The Korean-American author struggles to find a vehicle for expression in a language that is not her own. The words given seem to disintegrate. They suffocate her by taking her breath. At the same time, not using them proves more painful. She balances with imperfect tools between the pain of expression and the pain of silence.

Okay, now this bit of the dicussion "hits" on something I am interested in. Can we not all think about language as a structure that is rarely (ever?) neutral. We can defend our rights to free speech (and I do) but is not that a freedom that we need to be very very careful with, very very educated about? It is not about censorship for me, it IS about awareness... it seems to me we've been throwing around comments with transgender language in a more casual (violent?) way than we ever would at this point in our "liberated, educated" lives about other human "categories" (race, class?, binary gender, orientation)

Okay, it is late and I am tired of grading papers-- so that was my daily dose--

Julie K----

95. — Scott Pound *Fri, 21 Nov 2003 05:48* ↑ [Index](#)

Pound picks up Kizershot's phrase and takes it to Jean-Jacques Lecercle, while declining to let the violence of language absorb the physical kind. He is the only person in the thread who says what it was like to read the list of the dead.

Julie:

Yes, what a great response, and thank you for foregrounding the issue of the "violence of language," which was foremost in my mind and which reminds of course of the great book by Jean-Jacques Lecercle.

At the same time, I wouldn't want to see the "violence of language" subsume physical violence, which has an experiential element that is difficult to deny (not that the violence of language cannot also be a physical thing as in the example you made of Theresa Cha's work).

Is writing that performs a kind of linguistic violence an adequate analogue or expression of the violence that is in the world? If "one" believes that all violence comes home to roost in language then fine, but how then does one account for physical violence?

Documentary language can be effective. Kari's posting of the list of transgendered people who have been murdered was a devastating thing to read. Reznikoff's documentary poems bring violence into language through quite normative means, description, bits of narrative, etc. but the effect is anything but banal. I've always been suspicious of the various denigrations of narrative that crop up in experimental/avant-garde circles, as if narrative was monolithic.

Thanks again for your very interesting post.

Scott

96. — Cheryl Pallant *Fri, 21 Nov 2003 09:28* ↑ [Index](#)

*Pallant answers Pound's question about other writing on violence with her own book, *Into Stillness*, published by Station Hill that July, and with the survivor narratives she had read for it — Bosnian, Mayan, Salvadorean — and with her grandparents' silence.*

To respond to Scott's question about other work that deals with violence, one of the issues I was exploring for *Into Stillness*, which Station Hill Press published in July, looked at the impact of state sponsored brutality. I read survivor narratives from Bosnians, Mayans, Salvadoreans, and others. How did they cope once they found a safe haven? How did the torture they lived through show up later? Many, including my g'parents, embraced silence. But signs emerged, in relationships, work, simple events like drinking a cup of coffee. My writing was a meditation on the body, with glimpses, dissociations, and disruptions appearing in language.

Cheryl

97. — kari edwards *Fri, 21 Nov 2003 08:01* ↑ [Index](#)

Answering David Larsen, who had defended the comparison on the ground that Burroughs and Browning would themselves be transformed by it. She replies with the history again, and more precisely: the gender clinics of pre-Nazi Germany, their reappearance in Denmark and Sweden, and the spread of a procedure whose purpose was always to produce an acceptable man or an acceptable woman, and never fluidity.

Dear David...

I do not think I ("the plural we / me") or someone or anyone was stating an objection to the use of the *word(s)*.. (that is to close to book burning)... right?.. or that it situates anyone in or to a position of "freakiness"....

I do not think that was the point... as you stated::::::-

"The comparison is apt in and of itself, I do not agree that "sex-change operation" is used to express "freakiness" but rather that were Burroughs & Browning transported to the current culture, made more aware of their locked locations in terms of sexual identity roles..."

that is just the point.. "sex-change operation" (sic) is a social construct of / for limiting fluidity- right? it was a manifestation of the gender clinics in Germany, pre-Nazi.. and resurfaced in Denmark, Sweden, and Monaco, and then.. spread throughout the globe including Japan, China... in most recent years... the idea behind it has always been one of making a perfectly expectable women (sic) or a man (sic)).. and fluidity was not a part of that and definitely not unlocking sexual roles.. this was and has always been a heterosexual construct..... it was to secure "them" to the proper gender with proper parts..... in the 1950-90's (even today) the list of reasons for not allowing someone to receive "sex reassignment surgery" is; being too tall, wearing blue jeans, wrong job, for males-to-female being lesbian... for females to males if they identified as gay males... and the list goes on.. really this is the premises which Mary Daly & Janice Raymond wrote about in their insinuatory books on the subject (which for the most part I agree with..

[Three hundred and seventy-six words are cut from the foot: the rest of the clinical history, the books she recommends on it, and a passage on what it costs to be the person in the room who has to supply the history every time the subject comes up.]

98. — Trace Peterson *Fri, 21 Nov 2003 11:27* ↑ [Index](#)

Peterson answers the charge of knife-waving. She had said the blurb made her feel a little icky and is being read as the language police; she distinguishes responding from censoring, and grants that people not of an identity must be able to write about it or nobody could write about anything. She had been working in transgender activism for three years.

Who "knife-waving"? Talk about insensitive uses of language (where did violence enter in, for ex.)... I only said the blurb made me feel "a little icky." I don't find it to be "offensive," nor was I trying to censor anyone by offering my response. I was just offering my response, so you hear it. So there's an awareness. A critical awareness of how one uses certain terms. But I'm not trying to shut anybody up or censor anyone. How did we get from "this use of the word offends me" to "I'm censoring you and you can't use that word"? This is a big leap that I don't recall anyone making anywhere along the line. Just

because someone responds negatively doesn't mean they've suddenly turned into "the language police."

I think it must be possible for people not-of-identity-x to write about identity x, or else none of us would have anything to write about! I am less concerned with the issue of "appropriation" because I don't see how this problem can be completely avoided if one is writing about things and people outside, beyond, or exterior to the self. I think the best a writer can do is make sensitive choices with, if they use such words, at least contextualize their usage in a critical way.

I've been involved in the tg community and tg activism for about three years now, and these issues are a big part of my writing, and as I read all these posts I can just feel the writer's block closing in...are we talking about the word "hermaphrodite," in which case one is referring mostly to an ideal (there being even non-western hermaphroditic god/desses)? Or is the issue this wording "sex-change operation"? Real people decide to have sex-change operations and they often go through a difficult struggle with that transition, as well as all the abuses and obstacles already mentioned. I don't think it's too much to ask that someone be sensitive to and critical about the fact that this is someone else's experience and not theirs. But do I think we should never discuss gender in a poem, or that we should not use words like "hermaphrodite"? Of course not...

I think another weirdness going on here is that critical theorists have latched onto various issues of gender and the transgendered as something "trendy," like the critical theory myth-of-the-week, and we are experiencing an unhappy confusion between transgenderism as a nexus of critical theory (via Garber, Butler, and others) and transgenderism as a real phenomenon that real people experience. While there is a dialectic between these two terms, I think it's important to make a distinction between these different aspects of the discussion. Claiming they were one-and-the-same thing would be like me trying to literalize Freud by looking at the imagery in a friend's poem in order to determine how he really felt about his mother. That's too quick and too literal a leap...I think there are some often ambivalent steps in between.

99. — Stephen Vincent *Fri, 21 Nov 2003 11:13* ↑ [Index](#)

Vincent on Wittig's slashed pronoun, and on the verb English uses for the mark; and then on Shocks, the magazine he edited in the early seventies, whose 1974 androgyny issue he calls the most difficult he ever put together and the one in which the writing least matched the subject.

Thanks, Julie K, for this post. The French split "j/e" (curiously we say "slashed" in English- an interesting verb in terms of part of this discussion's focus on violence directed at those who mix up, or redefine their own sense gender boundaries. I am wondering/asking if anyone writes "m/e" as an indicator of a more complicated interior mix of one's inhabitants. In the early seventies I edited and published a magazine called "Shocks" - a name indicative of the experience of the eruptions of the period (ethnic, sexual, political, regional and global). This discussion brings back a 1974 Shocks that was entitled, "The Androgyny Issue: Men Looking at Women in Themselves, Women Looking at Men in Themselves." Frankly, other than maybe the provocative title that was at one with the hot button gender issues of the time, it was the most difficult issue of the magazine that I ever edited. With the exception of a very few pieces, little of the poetry or prose matched the subject (it was either enormous psychic stress over the issue or Jungian "anima" re-runs). If, as an editor I thought I was to find real articulations. I was mostly unsatisfied, as were many readers looking for same. I think it's still a deeply provocative question/issue - perhaps more for "straight" men than folks of other or multiple "gender" identifications. (It is not a concern I suspect among "straights", for example, when one says "Pinsky", or "Collins" or... Perhaps, though, often implicit to the work of Creeley or ...) But I think discussion ploughs "looking" at it again. Certainly there is a much greater body of writing available now than in 1974, and kari's work is clearly working away at ripping apart static envelopes. Excuse me if I am anecdotal, but I am reminded of my chiropractor who, late to our appointment, explained that he had been in a huge argument with the mother of his children. "Jesus," he said, "Most of us have a fifty or maybe a hundred people running around inside us, but, at least, we occasionally stop to call a meeting. She never stops." What's inside? Various with the day, multiple men, women, children, ancestors, the unborn, professionals, poets, self-hating poets, lovers, haters, fuck-ups, etc., etc. The more, the more unstable, possibly - by virtue of the risk of the larger horizon and delivered with real skill - the richest, most interesting work.

Stephen Vincent blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

From 1965 to 1974 or so I still find either a romanticized or violently repressed period of American history. For much of the country it was the second Civil War - all the wounds seemed up, exposed and charged with change - the historical memory of which, particularly beginning with Reagan was subsequently given a heavy Teflon coating.

100. — kari edwards Sat, 22 Nov 2003 23:26 ↑ [Index](#)

And under a third subject line, the argument she had wanted, which is not about a word. If gender is performative, she asks, why describe it with a noun at all; and she separates sex from gender in a single line.

we are (both sexes)... its to bad there is just two . . I know of many more.. at least a hundred or so..

and yes, why not play at a phallogentric romanticized construction and ignore the reality that intersexed folks in history that has been murdered.. . . yes, lets please continue to use the myth of old and those romantic gesture of misogynistic gaze... the hermaphrodite is a myth.. an ideal..... what is it.. the one considered a freak in the middle age and considered an evil manifestation or the one as a fetish...

maybe.. just maybe, the reliance in antiquated term limits our possibilities.. if gender is performative why use a noun to describe is.. think of new ways to perform and speak of it... I know there is not noun that can contain me.. why relying on the simplistic approach of the binary.. why only imagine two genders (which is not a sex- sex is what you do in bed.. gender is who you play at when you are having sex..)...

I also like a poet who changes genders and has sex all the time, but why use pronouns.. does that not limit us. why situate . . . as they say: just do it... the government already situates-.. are we trying to be like the government.... if we are to truly break the wall of gender.. resist the binary..

and I am not.. both sexes.. I have sex.. I am not and every conceivable gender... and what is deviant sex.. truly.. who is setting what limits.. and who is to say... diviant sexuality.. I do not know what that is... diviant to some is anything not the missionary position between a person with a penis and one with a vagina.. to some diviant sexuality is the missionary position between a person with a penis and one with a vagina..... I am talking fucking.. sex.. hot sex.. sex with many different genders with snap on parts.. why limit it.. kari

101. — Jason Christie *Sun, 23 Nov 2003 00:54* ↑ [Index](#)

Christie argues that any bodily metaphor in a poem has already become mind by the time it is language, and that poetry and hermaphroditism should therefore be left where they are.

any natural, bodily metaphor attached to poetry has already ascribed itself to the realm of the mind when it is represented in language. therefore it is dangerous to begin slagging away with social containers for the nonrecoupable, labels designed to help identify only limit, and then somehow link that to poetry. the two may relate, but it is a fraught connection as we have discovered through the length of this thread. so why bother connecting physicality and poetry? poetry, unless it is purely gestural (and even then this is questionable) is a result of the mind. i guess all things bodily spring from the mind, but until that is related in language this is a non recouperable and therefore safely bodily event. the minute these discussions enter into language, sexes the word, genders the word, our intentions immediately become suspect because of our involvement in despotic social systems (call them government, identity, relationships, even self). so it is not cool to associate hermaphroditism and poetry. poetry is poetry. hermaphroditism is hermaphroditism. the two may have similarities, but so do cows and sheep. saturn has moons too!

vive!

jc

102. — kari edwards *Sun, 23 Nov 2003 00:38* ↑ [Index](#)

Her answer: whether words must be gendered, whether writing is confined to the realm of the known, and whether the body reaches the poem only by way of the mind. She proposes that the traffic runs the other way.

words are gendered...? does it have to be...

and do we need to be stuck in the construct of the realm of the known? cannot anyone write from the body through the mind? can we never use pataphysics and the poetic practice to write beyond the mind's construct...? .. I do not know ... these are just questions.... but I am not sure all things body spring from the mind... that seems a rather one-way street... rather, it seems as if the body (perception, and sensation) are filtered through the mind as language metaphors. and if we are writing the body or of the body in the world, being in the world, would it not be helpful to know the limitation, history, and constructs of the language we use? I maybe missing your definition of nonrecoupable.. so I do apologize if I misinterpret, but it seems if it is all nonrecoupable except the corporeal state and if we use corporalized gender in reference to a poetics practice.. which I am sure some people do to speaking of experiences.. such as .. sex. .. how do you write it without signifying the experience to a threshold of solidity and still speak of the body?.. these are just questions.. ...

I am not sure who said anything about not connecting physicality to poetry?..... I was just saying using tired metaphors could be a problem and if I understand you, using old metaphor in poetry to speak of the body do nothing but re-stratify the body and experience to a social container.... so.. how does one speak of an experience that takes one out of the corporal body?

103. — Alan Sondheim *Sun, 23 Nov 2003 08:19* ↑ [Index](#)

Sondheim agrees with her and is disturbed by the shape of the argument at the same time — by its programmatic turn, and by the way testimony from one population can close the discussion for everyone else.

What disturbs me about this whole discussion is the programmatic aspects of it - and the reliance on essentialism and the privilege of one population bearing witness against another - on one hand I agree with kari - on the other, the virulence of the text - involving murder below - limits other folks' experience.

it's through playing one learns and communicates - so it's ironic that her text - which appears to some extent as a limiting text itself - desires openness and not limiting our possibilities -

for me, all of this tends to an aporia - there's no way out - simply given in to reported experiences - the boundaries are impenetrable etc. - which I think is far more hurtful as a form of censorship or self-censorship than exploration -

apologies if I'm missing the point here -

I don't know of a hundred sexes by the way - continuums of desires yes - even this - if one believes in two sexes or just one - why not explore that?

104. — Dodie Bellamy *Sun, 23 Nov 2003 10:59* ↑ [Index](#)

Bellamy on the difference between writing out of lived experience and playing with constructs, and on the young radical queer scene in San Francisco, which she says has made her more comfortable in her body and less inclined to perform the codes expected of a middle-aged poetry lady.

An issue that I see coming up again and again in my admittedly spotty reading of this tread is the difference between writing out of some sort of lived experience versus playing around with constructs. There's an enormous difference between reading Judith Butler on gender performance and immersing oneself in the young radical queer scene here in San Francisco, which is thrilling and a bit scary in its radical reinvention of gender, where what most of the world would call "men" are called "bio-boys." I'm too old to do any radical reinvention of myself at this point--I kind of feel like I missed the boat on this one--but living in this scene has made me much more comfortable in my body and more willing to think "fuck you" when it's clear that I'm not performing the acceptable social codes of a middle aged middle class poetry lady.

Let's face it, there aren't a lot of gender warriors out there in the experimental poetry. Playing around with constructs is fine--but I champion writing, including experimental poetry, that comes from a place of lived experience. As Maggie Z. and I were bemoaning the other day, most of the writing coming out of the active SF queer writing scene is pretty sappy. Which brings up the old question, does political poetry need to be good poetry. On one level, no, but I hope we'd all strive for it to be. Kari's marrying of experimentation with lived gender alterity is very important.

How could anybody accuse Kari of essentialism and then declare that the mind and the body are separate entities? That dichotomy is at the root of the sickness we call western culture.

I do think that if Kari were writing from any other "minority" opinion Kari would be getting a hell of a lot more support here--and wouldn't feel the need to shout. I don't think that one has to damn Kasey and Rodney, who I'm sure did not intend to offend anybody, in order to take in what Kari's saying.

Dodie

105. — CA Conrad *Sun, 23 Nov 2003 14:01* ↑ **Index**

Conrad, who had disagreed with her throughout the fortnight, comes back to grant the part about more than two genders and to supply its history: Will Roscoe's The Changing Ones on Native American cultures, and the Nordic material after it.

although i've already made myself abundantly clear about where i disagree with kari edwards and why, her ideas of more than two genders makes sense, and has many historical contexts.

the book that opened my eyes for the first time that gender can be as much a continuum as desire was THE CHANGING ONES. Will Roscoe's research into the study of Native American cultures and their belief in 3, 4, or more genders, is essential reading for anyone interested exploring the mysteries of gender our culture has long since buried.

like our need for a singular God, with the end of pagan culture was also the end of the infinite possibilities for our bodies.

here's a link: www.geocities.com/westhollywood/stonewall/3044...

but we needn't stop with Native American cultures. Freya Asswyn, a well known scholar in ancient Nordic runes from Holland, now living in London, has often made mention of ancient European cultures also believing in multiple genders. and in some cases, much the way hermaphrodites are revered in parts of India, these people were considered among the holiest, those who walk on All sides, and were often sought out for spiritual guidance.

it's no big surprise that with the resurgence of pagan culture and pagan spirituality, we will also now rekindle a sense of who we are as flesh. happy transforming everyone.

CAConrad <http://phillysound.blogspot.com>

[Thirty-three posts, nine thousand words, between the end of the argument and the January exchange that closes this movement. Most of it is announcements — a book launch in San Francisco, the Dodie Bellamy and Eleni Stecopoulos reading announced three times, her own east and west coast schedule at a thousand words — and “A Dishonest War”, which she forwarded at nine hundred and sixty. Kirby Olson's note headed “more sensitivity needed from Shannon Compton” is in this stretch too.]

106. — Brent Bechtel Sat, 24 Jan 2004 10:31 ↑ Index

The argument has a tail. Two months later Kirby Olson posted a poem about a hermaphrodite, printed at the foot of this message, and the list set about scanning it. Brent Bechtel offers a second reading of the last line.

The last two lines of Kirby Olson's poem on the hermaphrodite, and especially the last line, cause me to give it a dual reading: Where in addition to "Would wander about the room searching for peanuts" - I also get "Would wander about the room searching for penis"

Since it's a hermaphrodite poem, it makes me think of those hermaphrodites with the greatly enlarged clitoris - as though searching to become a penis.

Wait. That sounds quite Freudian, doesn't it?

-Brent

“Walking slowly along the icy road She thinks of her babyhood with the hippo father & swaddled in clothes how her clit like an elephant's trunk Would wander about the room searching for peanuts

“--Kirby Olson ”

107. — kari edwards Sat, 24 Jan 2004 09:43 ↑ Index

Her answer, 24 January 2004, and the angriest thing she wrote to the list. Beneath it she forwarded a report published the day before on a study of fourteen boys raised as girls after surgery in infancy, eight of whom later declared themselves male.

no it sounds ignorant, heterosexual, insensitive and thoughtless.....

its no wonder the f....ing president can get away with trying to pass an amendment against homosexual marriage... because of thoughtless insensitive thinking as this... it seems way to easy to speak of the intersexed without an ounce of insight... who on this list is..?and how does it feel to have the term "hermaphrodites" used.. would anyone talk about race like this.. no!!!! gender and "hermaphrodites" are easy word to bash around like is a volley ball and you are in a compitition

I have sat by and watched this lame banter on gender and "hermaphrodites"... and I do truly see this world as hopeless when not one person even question sthe construct of the language of hermaphrodite..

this is way to easy and on the surface nothing but chatter on the air ways.. it neither speaks of substance or relationships

it all reminds me of some spam I got today: "Ejacu.late Like A P0RN Star!..."

come on, get real ..

[Six hundred and sixty-one words are cut from the foot. What follows her signature is a report from the Gay.com and PlanetOut network, published the day before, on a study of fourteen boys born with ambiguous genitalia and raised as girls after surgery in infancy, eight of whom later declared themselves male; a geneticist at UCLA is quoted saying the finding should make doctors think twice before operating.]

108. — CE Putnam Sat, 24 Jan 2004 13:40 ↑ Index

CE Putnam, who had been reading the thread rather than the poem, on what a room does when it discusses the line breaks of a poem instead of its subject.

It is interesting to note the number of posts that dealt with the "metrics" / "scanning" of Mr. Kirby's "poem"

I am reminded of the way a crippled Undergraduate Poetry wkshop might discuss "line break" or other formal elements of a poorly thought out and

executed poem about (for example) "the pathos of a homeless person" (the easy shock, easy ramped up emotion, easy laugh, etc that does nothing!) -- and not talk about how problematic the text/subject itself is being construed / set up + Dionysian?... come on! I face the chalk every day...

IV

Falling Off

2004-2006

Her posting collapses across these three years: two hundred and seventy-six messages in 2003, a hundred and twenty-seven in 2004, fourteen in the whole of 2005.

What 2004 holds is mostly argument. San Francisco began issuing marriage licences in February and she forwarded the petition, which produced an objection from a subscriber to having been sent it and a three-cornered exchange about what a guarantee is for. In March she answered August Highland's thirteen-hundred-word defence of his machine-generated publishing projects, on the ground of what was in it rather than what it argued. In April she took up a Michigan bill permitting medical personnel to decline to treat gay patients, and carried it from the Hippocratic oath to Leslie Feinberg to Tuskegee. In 2005 there is a change of address, a book sale, an appeal to rehome her cats, and then India.

She returned in February 2006 and booked an East Coast tour in a single message. The last eleven months of her life on the list are almost entirely notices — her own readings, other people's magazines, a request for somewhere to stay. Her final post, on 20 November 2006, is a book announcement. It was the Transgender Day of Remembrance, and she did not mention it.

109. — kari edwards *Wed, 28 Jan 2004 11:02* ↑ [Index](#)

January 2004. Assembled from search returns for the word revolution, in which every revolution on offer turns out to be a personal one, and most of them are free.

wanta revolution

Don't stand in the way of the revolution

takes more than you—ve got

start a revolution save yourself

Your personal revolution through yourself

The Teacher's Personal Revolution

your personal journey

prior to the starting

a revolutionary Breakthrough

Radically Change Your ...

computer revolution

Dream of a Machine

Made Personal

need a Revolution

make a fabulous statue

keep a scrapbook

subscribe to a Personal Web Pages Newsletter

Start chatting now! ...

start a revolution Bulletin Board

This is simply a personal goal. ...

see things a bit more clearly

start making some personal

praying sentences

radical, faith-induced

dispassionate objective blogs

want a revolution

a Learning Revolution -

For FREE on-line sports

first down and Start A Revolution to go

want a personal narrative

Start your day Without Me

Part Demographics

part revolution

thats real estate

thats Your Soul with the Best Software

START a personal home-page
start a Revolution
Start here @ Start an E-Revolution
With a personal box
in the Home
It's Free!
its a revolution

110. — Alexander Saliby Thu, 19 Feb 2004 23:09 ↑ [Index](#)

February 2004. San Francisco had begun issuing marriage licences on the twelfth, and she forwarded the petition. Saliby objects — not to the equality but to the thousand federal guarantees the petition invokes, nine hundred of which he says ought not to be guaranteed to anyone. His example is family leave, argued from the position of an employer meeting a payroll.

Kari, I've no issue with "Rights of Gays." I totally support that all people, gay or straight should have equal rights and protection under the law. My concern here is far simpler than the equality issue. I'm of the opinion that of those "...1000 Federal" blah blah blah freedoms that are granted under Federal law, I'm convinced that 900 of them should not be "guaranteed" to anyone, straights or gays.

Twelve weeks of leave from your job when you have an ill partner, or child, or whatever...bullshit! Here's what you need to do: you need to make the investment in an organization, start a business, meet a weekly payroll, have other families who are working for you in your business rely on your business's success for their weekly payroll, and see if you can afford to give one of your 20 employees twelve weeks off because their husband or wife (Gay or Straight) is ill or pregnant. In the business I own, I don't make enough money to be able to give any employee 12 weeks off for any reason, I don't care if the employee is gay or straight! In my small business, you work, you get paid. You don't work, you don't get paid...worse, maybe somebody else doesn't get paid.

Life is not about guarantees. Wouldn't it be nice if the mouse could be guaranteed that the cat would not catch and eat him? Sorry, it just ain't gonna happen that way.

This petition is the kind of horseshit that is fodder to Rush Limbaugh! You do far more damage to the effort of attempting to establish equal rights for Gays in this petition than you can possibly imagine.

Here's why Gays should be allowed to marry and have equal rights under the laws: Gays and straights are people! It's that simple, and so is the issue of legal rights and benefits.

I will return to the site and follow the directions for supporting the concept that Gays be treated equally under the law with straights, but I want you to know that the message from this petition turns me off almost immediately because of it's misdirection.

If you or friends of yours put this message together, you missed your goal of convincing the non-convinced...in effect all you did was give those who already support the equality for gays mission a moment to restate their views. You did nothing to convince the opponents.

Funny, but that to me seems to be the whole point of petitions...to convinces the undecided, the fence stragglers, the nay sayers. On that point, this petition fails.

Any way, that's my opinion. Alex

111. — cartograffiti **Fri, 20 Feb 2004 12:23** [↑ Index](#)

*A subscriber signing as Taylor answers Saliby on her behalf, in two sentences.
The address he posted from is blacked out after its first part, as every address
in this edition is.*

Alexander,

When I hear that you're organizing a drive to repeal heterosexual civil marriage based on your opposition to these "guarantees," I'll take your objections here more seriously.

(Btw, it's telling that your analogy for political economy is a predatory one).

112. — kari edwards Sat, 21 Feb 2004 08:01 ↑ Index

Her answer to both, on what a guarantee is for: that a constitution which worked would make the hate-crime statutes unnecessary; that sodomy had been illegal in this country until the previous year; and that the courts, having finished with regulating sex, had moved on to defining what a man and a woman are.

there is no open-hearted community in amerika... its grab what you can and discard the rest... amerika.. the plenty is for those privileged enough to afford it...

if the constitution means anything.. there would not have to be extra hate crime laws, or special ordinances and law to protect GBLT population and other populations... the consitution.. up until last year it was illegal to fuck who you wanted-.. even sex was regulated. most recently the laws for gay sex with a youth was in acted to be more serve then hetro sex with a youth - is one really worse?.. . now gender is regulated-.. the court tell us what a man is and want a woman is.. the constitution needs to be rewritten... amerika... .. needs to wake up it has been a two tiered system for its entire history...

gay marriage is not protected under the laws.. when the flokz still operate out of 18th century symbolism can not see beyond there own television sets... and now state after state are trying to pass anti gay marriage laws as there is here California.. even no mr. president want to add an amendment to the constitution that marriage is between a man and a woman what ever that is.. the fool can not even speak let alone define a man and a woman..

kari

ps sorry.. to ramble.. but its time.. everyone no matter want just march down to their town hall and married someone or something.. it could be your mother, a chair, your lover.. what ever..

113. — Trace Peterson Sun, 22 Feb 2004 07:56 ↑ Index

Peterson thanks her and asks what can actually be done, saying she is depressed and feels powerless and voiceless. edwards's post stands quoted underneath.

Thank you for this kari...I am so depressed about all this...feel so alienated and powerless and voiceless...

What can we do to take action?

Tim [Trace]

there is no open-hearted community in amerika... its grab what you can and discard the rest... amerika.. the plenty is for those privileged enough to afford it...

if the constitution means anything.. there would not have to be extra hate crime laws, or special ordinances and law to protect GBLT population and other populations... the consitution.. up until last year it was illegal to fuck who you wanted.. even sex was regulated. most recently the laws for gay sex with a youth was in acted to be more serve then hetro sex with a youth - is one really worse?.. . now gender is regulated.. the court tell us what a man is and want a woman is.. the constitution needs to be rewritten... amerika... .. needs to wake up it has been a two tiered system for its entire history...

gay marriage is not protected under the laws.. when the flokz still operate out of 18th century symbolism can not see beyond there own television sets... and now state after state are trying to pass anti gay marriage laws as there is here California.. even no mr. president want to add an amendment to the constitution that marriage is between a man and a woman what ever that is.. the fool can not even speak let alone define a man and a woman..

114. — kari edwards *Sun, 22 Feb 2004 06:21* ↑ [Index](#)

Hers, in sixty-seven words: go to the courthouse and get married, whether or not you believe in it.

go get married.. even if you do not believe in it.. eveyone should just show up to the court house in there community.. I am trying my best to post information on my blog as I can find it.. it is wonderful to see spot of resistance pop up here and there..

stay posted. k

[Twenty-four posts, eight thousand words, in the four weeks after San Francisco began issuing licences. Almost all of it is one subject under many headings — “I am against ‘gay marriage’”, “SEPARATE BUT EQUAL is that, as they blind us”, “amerika finally waking up”, “What if the oppressed Americans revolt?” — and one of them reports that a federal agency had removed its data on gay people from its website. Running alongside it is the list's argument about blogs, opened by Alan Sondheim and answered at length by Joe Amato and by her.]

115. — kari edwards Thu, 4 Mar 2004 09:15: ↑ Index

March 2004. Her own argument, rather than a forward: that the country does not see the marriage question as a civil rights question, and that the simultaneous move to segregate schools by sex belongs to the same proposition — a proper place for men and a proper place for women, separate but equal, resting on an essence of gender.

PLEASE FORWARD

<http://transdada.blogspot.com/>

there are many images that flashes before our eyes, and it's hard to put them all together... but there seems to be this on going subtle hidden link, or maybe many links.. but a couple for me are troubling

one problem is most do not see *gay marriage* as a civil rights issues. so, the recent comments in congress about putting the *gay marriage wild fires out,* makes sense, if it is a moral issues, those doing the evil deeds are immoral, and as one columnist wrote, this is the second front confronting amerika, the first being the terrorist, and both must be stopped.

the second underling red flag is the recent announcement of segregated schools, for *boys* and *girls*... which on the surface seems like a good idea, since there is evidence of different learning styles, but this idea further propagates a proper place for men, and a proper place for woman, which is morally based, and social construct for, separate but equal, based on some essence and or quality of character of gender. it is true there are learning differences between some, but it seems to easy to segregate, instead of addressing the dynamics of teaching, education and the social construct of gender.

so what we have is segregation, where the potential of enforced gender stereotyping can take place, queerness crushed, and the institution of marriage between a man(sic) and woman(sic) can take place in perfect harmony, with everything in its proper place...

and do not kid your self.. this is set up to get the christian conservatives and women's vote...

KEEP THE FIRES BUrNING

even if your note queer, grab someone (who looks like the same gender as you) and go and try to get married.... do it in every-town and city..

116. — kari edwards *Fri, 5 Mar 2004 07:14:* ↑ [Index](#)

A reading with Juliana Spahr at Modern Times in San Francisco. She announced it twice; the first announcement had the date wrong.

Thursday, March 18th at 7:30 pm kari edwards: iduna (o books) Juliana Spahr: things of each possible relation hashing together (Palm Press) Join us for a double header of innovative poetry. kari edwards will read from hir new book iduna, in which the queer body is written as a visual poem. In iduna text spills into margins, doubles back on itself, shrinks and looms. kari edwards is the winner of New Langton Art's Bay Area Award in literature (2002), and is the author of many books including a day in the life of p. and a diary of lies. sie is also the poetry editor I.F.G.E's Transgender - Tapestry: a International Publication on Transgender Issues. hir work has been exhibited throughout the united states. things of each possible relation hashing against one another is a series of poems that engages Australian ethno historian Greg Denning's argument that there are two views that define the Pacific: a view from the sea (the view of those who arrived from elsewhere) and the view from the land (those who were already there). Spahr's poem cycle interrogates the ecological hashing that happens as these two views meet in Hawai'i. Juliana Spahr co-edits the journal Chain with Jena Osman and is the author of many books including Fuck You-Aloha-I Love You and Everybody's Autonomy: Connective Reading and Collective Identity.

EVENT BOOKS ARE 10% OFF. MODERN TIMES IS WHEELCHAIR ACCESSIBLE. ALL EVENTS ARE FREE AND OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.

117. — August Highland *Sun, 7 Mar 2004 00:13:* ↑ [Index](#)

March 2004. Highland's machine-generated publishing projects — the Muse Apprentice Guild, which produced and posted work at industrial scale — had been filling the list for months. This is his defence of himself, at thirteen hundred words. Printed here is the part her answer takes up: Charles Bernstein and the interview, Ron Silliman's wife, Aaron Belz's list, Alan Sondheim's, and the sentence at the end that names her.

There are poets like bernstein who think they can operate like a fidel castro or some other unenlightened individual. He recently told me he had no time to interview me. Then weeks later he asked me to publish in the MAG a third-party

interview with him. I reminded him about the interview I requested of him and told him it was a two-way street. I do for you and you do for me. His reply was that i remove him from the MAG mailing list. The same third party who interviewed him has interviewed me too. He is from a middle-eastern country. Bernstein and Andrews and others like Jerome Rothenberg and Silliman all operate similarly. They behave like fools. They expect to be courted. Eileen Myles too. This only tells you how small they are. Silliman has a wife suffering from a chronic ailment for which I offered assistance with by referring him to my family's alternative health practitioner. Instead he rebuffed me by saying he had the expert in the nation treating his wife. Well then why has his wife not recovered for several years. My health practitioner treats this condition all the time with success. But he is not an "expert". All Silliman cares about is his blog and his 25th book. Well i have published 200,000 books and don't even count my visitors to the MAG anymore. And i still put my wife and daughter first. [...] I was thrown off Aaron Belz's list some months ago because he said I only "toot my horn". This may have truth to it, since i am a human being and a writer to boot, so i have a big ego to contend with, but what about Aaron himself? He is a prima donna and he did not want to share the stage. I also quoted leviticus in a post. This pushed his fundamentalist buttons.

I have also been kicked of alan sondheim's list after he had one of his psychotic breaks and projected onto me his own pathologies. I lost my temper for the first time ever (except for right now to a certain degree). Alan censored me and had me removed from the list. This is very ironic. But it's not the first time someone who has been persecuted himself then goes on to persecute another up and coming writer/artist who is threatening his fundamental world/writing views.

I think all these people including kari edwards should examine themselves, or rather get examined, since self-examination has not amounted to anything in their cases.

[Six hundred words are cut from the head and the middle. The post opens by placing the artist in the world like a Rumsfeld or a Schwarzkopf and naming Kissinger as a hero; the elision in the middle takes out a paragraph on what he has learned from editing. What follows the sentence printed last is a claim to have done more for writers in two years than Jerome Rothenberg managed in a lifetime, and a note that he posts to the list in order to stir people up.]

118. — kari edwards Sun, 7 Mar 2004 11:08: ↑ Index

Her reply, addressed to another subscriber who had raised the question of censorship. It concerns the rage in Highland's post rather than the poetry in it, the friends of hers that it had named, and a private matter of Ron Silliman's that it had brought into the room.

Martha,

whenever I read a comments about censorship I have to take note, and since I never take the time to read the posts by August, I had to check it out. I was more than saddened by the rage and contempt directed not so much towards me, but towards those I know, and know their goodness (I have never stayed at a place where I felt as welcome as I did with Aaron Belz and family- what a wonderful sweet joy). I was also dismayed at the attack about a personal matter, that obviously went on outside the context of this list, between August and Ron Silliman concerning a very personal issues to Ron.

and I agree, to bad mouth folks in public is at least in bad taste, but this seems aggressive, mean spirited and vicious..

I think it is a pity.. that in a time like this of national crisis, a divisive diatribe has shown up and left a nasty residue...

kari

[Fourteen posts, fifty-four hundred words. Millie Niss answers August Highland at seventeen hundred words and Kirby Olson at four hundred; after that the subject lines run in one direction — "do not let the majority impose its will on the minority", "this is a civil rights issue", "None of us is free until we are all free!", and a call to the courthouse steps on 22 March.]

119. — kari edwards Fri, 19 Mar 2004 12:24 ↑ Index

A fortnight later, at a thousand words, the fullest statement she made on the list of what she thought the marriage argument was about. She is not for the weddings and she is not against them: her question is why a thousand privileges attach to one kind of relationship at all, and what it means that the only demand available is to be let into the system.

<http://transdada.blogspot.com/>

so what is going on here with this gay marriage? is this really about being able to get married? how does queerness relate to the commodification factor, hetronormative hegemony?

this is not about the weddings I repeat, this is not about being able to get married!!! and it is!!!!

the weddings have become the spark of major flash points world wide, and are symptomatic of a variety of problems.

first the wedding . . . if you want to get married and buy into the hegemony, fine . . . if one of the motivating factors for getting married is to get all the benefits of the power structure, fine but what if you do not want to buy into that system? why should only those that get married have a 1000 privileges so, then the problem is one of hoarding power by patriarchal privilege as an act of ownership then the broader question is one of social critique why do only those who get married have those privileges? I think the answer is fairly obvious, in a hetero-hierarchy of power, and any act wanting to share heterosexual privilege over another type of relationship is seen as a threat to the power structure.

the problem is, queers are being limited and not denied the opportunity to buy into that system , no matter what one thinks of it. if one wants to go to disneyland, fine . . . everyone should be able to enter the land of oz, who wants to.

unequal rights is unequal rights... separate but equal is separate but unequal...

what has happened is the power elite, the heteronormative command and control are feeling threatened and in turn are thrusting their ideal of a perfect identity forward, as a legal and moral right; . . . this in turn casts those not that into the *other space.* one that does not deserve rights, one that is looked upon as morally wrong, and one that is a bad influence to the majority, a superior situated identity forced to come forth as that, no longer able to hide in the closet

this has caused identity politics to raise its head the *us* is right and you are you and you are wrong, because you are not us. maybe it is time to stop living as second class citizen world wide... to stand up and fight...

this is where the flash points come in .. the assertion of one identity over other, or one identity demanding the privileges of another...

here are some areas of concern beyond just the fact that marriage is being held as a privileged site for heterosexuals.

1. state after state passing or attempting to pass amendments to ban gay marriages. the fact that there are laws written to limit social movement is a red

flag. now there is a push an amendment to the constitution to be added on a national level... if the mere fact that lawmakers are proposing to change the constitution does not worry you think again!! . . . it is a major problem this will institute second class citizenry. where now, for the most part, it is just group think, with some laws to protect the minority from the majority group think..

2. states, and counties are cutting back rights, privileges and protections of queer adults and children. (orange country, CA, does not want to offer equal rights protection to trans youth)

3. hate crimes have risen 24% in the last 3 months what will it be like as laws are passed, creating an institutional second class group? what will happen as more and more moralizing religious bigots spill their hate speech on to the world trying to create a solid ground more license to act out their rage to subdue those that threaten an already mythological power.

4. queer folkz are losing their jobs simply because they are queer, as the queer priest did /is. a queer reporter and a photographer, recently married, were taken off an assignment to cover the *GAY WEDDINGS* simply because the paper thought there was a conflict of interest . . . which would not happen to a straight person add to that a queer couple did not qualify for a home loan because they were not considered a couple...

5. it has been ruled federal employees can lose their job simply for being gay.

[Two hundred and ninety-three words are cut from the foot. Four further items complete her list of concerns — arrests of people who had married queer couples, a blindness to HIV because it is thought a queer disease when worldwide more heterosexuals have it, increasing censorship of queer media, and the cutting back of gay adoption — and beneath them she appended two days of headlines from her blog: "Quebec Court Rules Gays Can Marry", "Savannah Says No To Gay Marriage Amendment", "Eight gay couples refused marriage licenses in Orlando", "Newsom defends gay marriages", "Tenn. county reverses call to ban homosexuals", "Scalia refuses to recuse himself from case involving Cheney", "Spain Will Legalise Gay 'Marriages' — Zapatero", and "HUTCHINSON: Rapper 50 Cent's Gay Problem".]

120. — kari edwards Sun, 4 Apr 2004 11:25: ↑ [Index](#)

April 2004. She had an essay in Bisexuality and Transgenderism: InterSEXions of the Others, edited by Jonathan Alexander and Karen Yescavage — the first book given over to the relation between the two — and passes it on, she says, as shameless self promotion, with a note that it might be taught.

Bisexuality and Transgenderism: InterSEXions of the Others Edited by Jonathan Alexander, PhD Associate Professor, English and Comparative Literature, University of Cincinnati, Ohio Karen Yescavage, PhD Associate Professor, Psychology and Women's Studies, Colorado State University, Pueblo

About The Book: Explore the common ground—and the important differences—between bisexuality and transgenderism! This book, guaranteed to provoke debate and discussion of sexuality and gender, is the first devoted exclusively to the relationship between transgenderism and bisexuality. Combining the work of scholars and activists, professional writers and lay people, Bisexuality and Transgenderism: InterSEXions of the Others presents ideas, thoughts, feelings, and insights from a variety of contributors who are committed to understanding—and deepening our understanding of—gender and sexuality. You'll find scholarly essays, narratives, poetry, and a revealing interview with four male-to-female transsexuals, two of whom are married to women who also participate in the discussion. In addition, the book includes insightful chapters by well-known advocates of transgenderism, including Jamison James Green, Coralee Drechsler, and Matthew Kailey.

[Six hundred and ninety-three words of the publisher's copy are cut from the foot: the contents of the book, the list of contributors, and the ordering information.]

[Thirteen posts, forty-seven hundred words, in three weeks of April. Two are long and are not printed. One carries the Boston Globe's report that Boston College had rejected the leading candidates for an endowed chair because they were gay — Mark Doty, the English department's first choice: "The final candidates were gay men, and I was told that this was an issue. The process has imploded"; and Carl Phillips, its second: "Are you saying I didn't get this job because I am gay and have a domestic partner? That's as if this happened 40 years ago, and I didn't get the job because I am African-American." The other carries the Task Force's costing of what the denial of marriage rights takes from Massachusetts couples each year in income tax, survivor benefits and estate tax. The rest is alerts and notices, among them thirty-seven cities protesting on the same day.]

121. — kari edwards *Wed, 21 Apr 2004 09:36* ↑ **Index**

April 2004, and the word arrives on the list. She forwards Hanne Blank's piece from In These Times on transfeminism: the New York Times had run a campus article that March, the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival had been arguing for thirty years about who counts as a woman, and feminism was being made to answer questions it had deferred.

Transfeminism: Let Her Rip By Hanne Blank It's been in the New York Times, so it must be official: Transpeople are here in number and they—re here to stay. Transsexuals (those who medically change the hormonal and/or anatomical aspects of their biological sex) and transgendered people (those who change or redefine their gender that may not include any medical change) are, as illuminated in the March 7 Times article On Campus, Rethinking Biology 101, increasingly visible and vocal, and they—re out there doing shocking, subversive things—like going to college and working for appropriate living conditions on their campuses. These efforts bring up any number of issues about equal access, but also about the nature and meaning of personal attributes we—re taught to think of as fixed and immutable, like sex and gender.

Trans may only now be gracing the pages of the Times, but it's been an issue among feminists for years. From the long-running controversy over admitting only womyn-born-womyn to the nearly 30-year-old Michigan Womyn's Music Festival, to whether the lesbian community is losing its butch women to transsexuality, transfolk are forcing feminism to face difficult, sometimes uncomfortable, questions.

Such questions are not only about trans people, although they—re often framed that way. They—re questions about the nature of feminism, about essentialism and binarism and how we should challenge oppressive ideologies of gender. The question is raised, in some quarters, of whether trans issues belong in feminism at all.

122. — kari edwards *Thu, 22 Apr 2004 07:03* ↑ **Index**

April 2004. The Michigan House had passed a bill under which medical personnel could decline to treat gay patients without discipline or liability. Her own sentences stand at the head; the report follows.

<http://transdada.blogspot.com/>

this is Apartheid.... this shows just how racist, bigoted, and hateful this country is ... trans folkz, and queers are routinely denied medical assistance... now it could be a law... .. this is a out rage.. shame on amrika.... shame on amrika for letting this happen to its people... this needs to be stopped . . . ! How long will we stand by and watch hate happen...

<http://www.rainbownetwork.com/News/>

Doctors Could Refuse To Treat Gays

(Lansing, Michigan) Doctors or other health care providers could not be disciplined or sued if they refuse to treat gay patients under legislation passed Wednesday by the Michigan House.

The bill allows health care workers to refuse service to anyone on moral, ethical or religious grounds.

The Republican dominated House passed the measure as dozens of Catholics looked on from the gallery. The Michigan Catholic Conference, which pushed for the bills, hosted a legislative day for Catholics on Wednesday at the state Capitol.

The bills now go the Senate, which also is controlled by Republicans.

The Conscientious Objector Policy Act would allow health care providers to assert their objection within 24 hours of when they receive notice of a patient or procedure with which they don't agree. However, it would prohibit emergency treatment to be refused.

Three other three bills that could affect LGBT health care were also passed by the House Wednesday which would exempt a health insurer or health facility from providing or covering a health care procedure that violated ethical, moral or religious principles reflected in their bylaws or mission statement.

Opponents of the bills said they're worried they would allow providers to refuse service for any reason.

[Two hundred and seventy words of the same report are cut from the foot: Chris Kolb, the first openly gay legislator in Michigan, asking whether a provider may now deny him treatment; Jack Minore calling it a slippery slope upon which we embark; the Michigan Catholic Conference on religious freedom; and two days of headlines from her blog, among them "Britain moves toward endorsing civil unions", "Students quietly take stand against harassment of gays", "Judge to decide rules in transsexual trial", "NY Landlord Battles Trans Discrimination Suit", "Gay Kids Book Causes Storm In Second Community" and "N.M. GOP punishes clerk for issuing marriage licenses".]

123. — Maria Damon Thu, 22 Apr 2004 09:22 ↑ Index

Damon's whole answer.

this wd seem to violate the hippocratic oath. bigtime.

124. — kari edwards Thu, 22 Apr 2004 08:07 ↑ Index

Hers, which takes the oath out of the argument — it went, she says, with the HMOs — and puts two cases in its place: Leslie Feinberg refused treatment at a hospital, from the first chapter of Trans Liberation: Beyond Pink or Blue, and the Tuskegee syphilis study.

I think the hippocratic oath when out with HMOs

www.bakersfield.com/state_wire/story/4636163p-4...

<http://www.kaboley.com/crime.htm> (down the page under - Report Assaults Hospital Lapses)

in Trans Liberation: Beyond Pink or Blue: by Leslie Feinberg.. I think it is the first chapter how leslie was refused treatment at a hospital because is queerly gendered..

or maybe the hippocratic oath died when black men where not treated for there syphilis.... in the 1930?.. kari

125. — Solana D'Lamant Thu, 22 Apr 2004 12:58 ↑ Index

D'Lamant agrees, from her mother's practice: a primary care physician who refused to join an HMO, tired of insurance companies telling her how to practise, and who stopped encouraging students to study medicine. She is the only other trans woman posting in this stretch of the archive.

I agree with you, kari. My mother, a primary care physician ran her own office, refused to join an HMO and said she got very tired of insurance companies telling her how to practice medicine. She stopped encouraging high school and college student to study medicine. She said the face nd practice of medicine had changed too radically for her to recommend it as a profession to anyone. It was no longer about healing and helping but rather about cost management. Solana

[Twenty-three posts, sixty-five hundred words, across six weeks in which she is mostly announcing other people's work: the Bay Area summer poetry marathon, Leslie Scalapino's O Books reading, the Naropa audio archive going online, Betsy Andrews's review of iduna. Solana D'Lamant answers the Michigan bill at nine hundred words. Her own postings include the renaming of a creek in Burroughs's honour and a call on the Senate to oppose the federal marriage amendment.]

126. — kari edwards Fri, 25 Jun 2004 06:20 ↑ [Index](#)

June 2004. The New Freedom Initiative proposed mental health screening for every citizen, beginning with preschool children, and she forwarded the report of it. It is the same argument she had made on the list in August 2002 about a system that invents a category and then applies it like tap water, arriving two years later as federal policy.

I do not have the source of this.. but the issues have come up on this list...

WorldNetDaily.com President Bush plans to unveil next month a sweeping mental health initiative that recommends screening for every citizen and promotes the use of expensive antidepressants and antipsychotic drugs favored by supporters of the administration.

The New Freedom Initiative, according to a progress report, seeks to integrate mentally ill patients fully into the community by providing "services in the community, rather than institutions," the British Medical Journal reported.

Critics say the plan protects the profits of drug companies at the expense of the public.

The initiative began with Bush's launch in April 2002 of the New Freedom Commission on Mental Health, which conducted a "comprehensive study of the United States mental health service delivery system."

The panel found that "despite their prevalence, mental disorders often go undiagnosed" and recommended comprehensive mental health screening for "consumers of all ages," including preschool children.

The commission said, "Each year, young children are expelled from preschools and childcare facilities for severely disruptive behaviors and emotional disorders."

Schools, the panel concluded, are in a "key position" to screen the 52 million students and 6 million adults who work at the schools.

The commission recommended that the screening be linked with "treatment and supports," including "state-of-the-art treatments" using "specific medications for specific conditions.

[Four hundred and six words of the same report are cut from the foot: the TeenScreen programme, the Texas Medication Algorithm Project, the pharmaceutical companies that funded it, and the critics who call the initiative a marketing exercise.]

[Sixteen posts, six thousand words. She forwards the arrest and abuse of Iraqi children, a call to the Senate over the marriage amendment, and a newsletter on the awkward place of fiction in the queer press; she writes six hundred words headed "its time to act" and five hundred more headed "another stupid day in amika". David Larsen posts "The Obvious".]

127. — kari edwards Sun, 25 Jul 2004 21:50 ↑ Index

July 2004. Sunil Pant's account, circulated from GBLT India, of four metis assaulted and raped by the Kathmandu police in the early hours of 25 July. She sent it to a poetry mailing list eleven days later.

@ in words <http://transdada2.blogspot.com/>

From GBLT India:

Why Nepal Police is assaulting/torturing Sexual Minorities in Nepal regularly?
by sunil pant

I am writing this mail to inform you about the brutal assault and rape against 4 Metis (cross dressing males) by Nepal Police in Kathmandu, Nepal, on the early morning of 25th July 2004.

Jaya Bahadur Lama (Hetauda City), 28, Ramesh Lama (Hetauda City), 20, Binod (Butwal city), 22 and Madan (Melamchi), 17 living in Kathmandu, all of them are surviving by selling sex. They were walking at 3.30 am in the evening near Jamal, central Kathmandu. After a while a guy harassed the Metis after they refuse to go with him for sex. So the guy started abusing them verbally and Metis also started shouting at him. At that moment, night patrolling police van (blue coloured vehicle, No: 2348) arrived. The police started forcing the Metins to get into the police van after the police recognised them as Metis. There were 5 policemen under the influence of alcohol and 3 street guys already in the police van.

[A hundred and fifty-eight words are cut from the foot: the rest of Sunil Pant's account of the night, the names of the officers, and the address of the Blue Diamond Society, which he had founded three years earlier.]

[Forty-nine posts and fifteen thousand words go unprinted here — six months, from August 2004 to the last week of December, and the largest single omission in this volume. Most of her own are alerts: the Employment Non-Discrimination Act and whether it includes transgender people, the crisis in Nepal at six hundred words, a clandestine purge of gay employees, the election. Two are not: five hundred words on the president's grammar, and the whole of Ginsberg's "America", posted the week after the election. The stretch ends with the tsunami — four messages about relief for East India in the last days of December, and then the account printed next.]

128. — kari edwards Mon, 3 Jan 2005 09:21: ↑ [Index](#)

3 January 2005, a week after the tsunami. She had never been to India. What she forwards is the account, circulated by Auroville, of what the township did in the first two days: an emergency meeting at half past nine, tents up by noon, seven hundred and fifty people fed by two in the afternoon. Nine months later she moved there, and she wrote her last book in the room she took.

The Auroville Tsunami Rehabilitation Effort

The first wave of the Tsunami hit the Pondicherry and Tamil Nadu coast at 8 AM on 26th December 2005. Seven thousand people died on the spot.

By 9:30 AM, a team from Auroville, the international township, which is situated near Pondicherry, swung into action. A first emergency meeting was called in the house of two Aurovilians and it was immediately decided to set-up a camp for the persons affected by the tidal waves. By 12 am, eight tents and seven shamianas (awnings), donated by the children of Auroville (who use them for their annual summer camps) were erected on a field near one of the Auroville communities. Two portable 5000 liter tanks, two generators, a field kitchen with four cooking ranges, eight ladies and four cooks were straight away put into service.

Three of Auroville's load carriers, two tractors and two buses to pick up refugees were also commissioned. The camp was manned by more than sixty Tamil youths from the villages within Auroville, as well as many Aurovillians from all parts of the world. By 2 PM, 750 people were fed and 350 food packets distributed. All throughout the afternoon, refugees kept streaming in and another 1200 people were fed in the evening. Blankets were arranged as the night was cold and windy. On the second day, everybody was moved to the Kuilapalayam Trust School, which is run by Auroville, as rain was threatening. There, the refugees were spread out in eight buildings as well as two tents and food was prepared this time for 1400 people, along with another 500 food packets for distribution. Clothes and blankets were also handed out.

[Fifteen hundred and seventy words are cut from the head and foot: the covering note, and the rest of the Auroville account — the move to the Kuilapalayam camp, the medical teams, the boats, the village counts of the dead, and the addresses for sending money.]

129. — kari edwards Mon, 3 Jan 2005 21:26: ↑ [Index](#)

January 2005, four days before the Sontag piece and one of only fourteen messages she sent that year. The National Transgender Advocacy Coalition's retrospective on 2004, taking its title from Dickens: the jurisdictions with inclusive non-discrimination laws had gone from sixty-eight to seventy-four, and everything else had gone the other way. It is the last survey of the political year she passed on to the list.

2004: A Retrospective

Borrowing from the famous Charles Dickens Tale of Two Cities opening, It was the best of times; it was the worst of times." It was the year two thousand and four.

We might not be living the Tale of Two Cities history of the French Revolution and its excesses of righteous iniquity. Madame LeFarge may not be knitting while Madame La Guillotine beheads those whose politics are suspect, but we may not be far from it.

Not all was bad in 2004: The number of jurisdictions with transgender-inclusive nondiscrimination laws grew from 68 to 74. Lexington, KY renewed its inclusive ordinance at years end despite vigorous opposition based on the concerns of some citizens that the seven-year old ordinance would lead to moral decay. Transgender-inclusive legislation now protects 25% of the nation's residents.

The Human Rights Campaign decided to support only a transgender-inclusive Employment Nondiscrimination Act (ENDA) in the next session of Congress.

Britain enacted a gender recognition law that recognizes transsexuals in their new genders, including the right to marry. This effectively put an end to the infamous Corbett vs. Corbett case law used in the USA to deny recognition of transsexual marriage.

Seven transgendered delegates were elected to the Democratic National Convention. Through meetings with Democratic National Committee staff, participation within the GLBT Caucus, Convention events, and visibility within their state delegations, these seven placed a human face on the transgender community.

A major US insurance company, Aetna, announced that companies could include sex reassignment surgery as a covered benefit in the health insurance policies offered their workers. No reports yet of which companies may have signed up for this coverage.

[Seven hundred and twenty-one words of the retrospective are cut from the foot: the killings of the year, the state amendments passed in November, the federal cases, and the coalition's account of what it expects of 2005.]

130. — kari edwards Wed, 5 Jan 2005 09:21: ↑ [Index](#)

January 2005, and the posting rate has fallen from two hundred and seventy-six a year to fourteen. She forwards Andrew Sullivan — noting that she is not a fan — on the obituaries of Susan Sontag: of three hundred and fifteen articles, twenty-nine mentioned Annie Leibovitz, and neither the New York Times nor the Washington Post listed her among the survivors.

though I am not a fan of andrew sullivan... this is a worthy read on Susan Sontag. <http://transdada.blogspot.com/>

Susan Sontag and a Case of Curious Silence

from andrewsullivan.com:

THE INNING OF SONTAG: I have to say I'm amazed at the fact that almost all the obituaries for Susan Sontag omitted her primary, longtime relationship with Annie Leibovitz, the photographer. Of 315 articles in Nexis, only 29 mention Leibovitz, and most of them referred merely to their joint projects. Leibovitz was unmentioned as a survivor in the NYT and Washington Post. It's striking how even allegedly liberal outlets routinely excise the homosexual dimension from many people's lives - even from someone dead. But perhaps it is reflective of Sontag's own notions of privacy and identity. She championed many causes in her day, but the gay civil rights movement was oddly not prominent among them.

MORE ON SONTAG: I'm not the only one to notice how the big media has essentially lied by omission about Susan Sontag's life. An op-ed in today's L.A. Times notes the following: An unauthorized biography written by Carl Rollyson and Lisa Paddock and published by W.W. Norton in 2000, reports that Sontag was, for seven years, the companion of the great American playwright Maria Irene Fornes (in Sontag's introduction to the collected works of Fornes, she writes about them living together). She also had a relationship with the renowned choreographer Lucinda Childs. And, most recently, Sontag lived, on and off, with Leibovitz.

Even Hitchens mentions only her ex-husband. Privacy? From a woman who detailed every aspect of her own illnesses? From someone whose best work is redolent with homosexual themes? But, of course, Sontag understood that her lesbianism might limit her appeal in a homophobic culture - even on the extreme left, where she comfortably lived for decades. That was her prerogative. But that's no reason for the media to perpetuate untruths after her death. And it's certainly reason to review her own record in confronting injustice. Just as she once defended the persecution of gay people in Castro's Cuba, she ducked one of the burning civil rights struggles of her time at home. But she was on the left. So no one criticized.

[Twelve posts across four months, and one of them is hers. Christopher Leland Winks and a poster signing as Ishaq answer the Sontag piece at length and are not printed here, because neither was answered in turn. Between January and the end of May 2005 she wrote to the list exactly twice: a notice for Kulture Vulture in March, to which Amy King replied in thirteen words, and the announcement printed next.]

131. — kari edwards Sun, 29 May 2005 17:05 ↑ Index

May 2005, and one of the fourteen posts she sent that year. It is for somebody else's reading.

dear all,

my dear friend Rob Halpren is reading in the NY area June 4th do not miss him.
peace kari

PLEASE FORWARD!!!

Rob Halpern and Kim Rosenfield Reading at the Bowery Poetry Club Saturday, June 4, at 2 pm. (308 Bowery, btwn Bleeker and Houston, across from CBGB's)

Rob Halpern's first book of poems, *Rumored Place*, was published by Krupskaya (2004). Recent work appears in *Antennae*, and *Biting the Error: Writers Explore Narrative* (Coach House Books). Work forthcoming in *Chain*, *Submodern Fiction*, and *Tripwire*. He lives in San Francisco.

Kim Rosenfield is the author of *Good Morning--Midnight* (Roof Books 2001, winner of Small Press Traffic's 2001 Poetry Book of the Year Award) and *Trama* (Krupskaya, 2004). She lives in NYC.

132. — kari edwards *Sun, 18 Sep 2005 20:17* ↑ [Index](#)

September 2005: a change of address, from California to Auroville in Tamil Nadu. She wrote Bharat jiva in India, and Belladonna published it three years after her death.

kari edwards new email as of 9/28/2005

Indian address:

kari edwards
Bharat Nivas
Auroville 605101
Tamil Nadu
India

u.s.a address:

kari edwards
205 Homer St.
newton, MA 02459

133. — kari edwards *Sat, 31 Dec 2005 20:00* ↑ [Index](#)

New Year's Eve, sent from India. obedience is out from Factory School, and the description of it is her own.

Please forward !!!

I would like to welcome to the New Year to you by announcing the publication of my new book, "obedience" from Factory School Press.. You can either order it directly from the publisher (Factory School - see below) for \$10.00 or SPD (also below) for \$12.00..

I do hope you enjoy... and for all those that helped and who but the book thank you..

kari

obedience Poetry Factory School. 2005. 86 pages, perfect bound, 6.5x9. ISBN: 1-60001-044-X \$12 / \$10 direct order

Description: obedience, the fourth book by kari edwards, offers a rhythmic disruption of the relative real, a progressive troubling of the phenomenal world, from gross material to the infinitesimal. The book's intention is a transformative mantric dismantling of being.

www.factoryschool.org/pubs/heretical/index.html

[Eighteen posts, four thousand words, sent while she was still in India. Bill Marsh's Heretical Texts series ran through January 2006 and its fifth number was hers. She writes twice looking for a reading venue in Boston or New York for the end of February, sends a piece headed "while we watch the war in horror the rats take our rights", and answers an invitation from Anny Ballardini.]

134. — kari edwards Tue, 7 Feb 2006 09:43: ↑ Index

February 2006. She is back from India and books the East Coast in a single message.

Friday, Feb. 17, 7 pm Arts + Literature Laboratory 319 Peck Street, New Haven, CT 06513, [...] Friday, March 10th, (pm) <http://www.demolicious.net/>
OUT OF THE BLUE GALLERY cambridge, MA 160 Prospect St.

Friday, March 17th, 7:30 pm with Samuel Amadon and Thomas Hummel at 7:30 PM at The Fall Cafe in Carroll Gardens. brooklyn, NY 307 Smith Street

Saturday, March 18, 2006, 2 pm Tarpaulin Sky Spring Reading Series @ The Four-Faced Liar 165 West 4th Street (between 6th & 7th Ave), NY, New York
www.thefour-facedliar.com

Sunday, March, 19th, 4 pm with Brenda Iijima & Rachel Blau DuPless Robin's Bookstore 108 s. 13th Street Philadelphia, PA <http://www.robinsbookstore.com/>

Saturday, March 4th, 4 pm www.angelfire.com/poetry/thepixelplus/nhiesched...
with Tim Davis & Rupert Wondolwski Clayton & Co. Fine Books 317 N. Charles Street Baltimore MD

135. — kari edwards *Wed, 15 Feb 2006 08:35* ↑ [Index](#)

A poem for the return, sent from Tamil Nadu on the day she flew, with her covering note at the head.

here is a poem for my return to amerika today for who knows how much time...
wanting to see you all at some readings and connecting in whatever fashion...

peace now.. kari

please no more answer thing pleasure in the billion word nothingness life
universal proposition in a prayer thing, sitting in nothing, doing nothing all day
long, hoping for the big stuff baby to land right on your door step unannounced.

no more over greatness with an ever over greater over greater apparatus thing
in a box stuff game, getting bigger than big every single day reflecting the
flicker mind, on and off every second second

please, please, please try to remember to refuse the surface response memory
of the all-in-all thing codes of a dog cow grazing thing in the midday sun
shinning off the nonattachment grass blowin' in the wind, happens only once in
a life time, only to become a memory photo, essay on this side of poem, in the
hall of everything becoming tomorrow 's dust in the mouth from the car that just
passed you, going faster than fast going nowhere

[Three hundred and sixty-four words are cut from the foot. The poem runs on for three more paragraphs — the earth's primordial cry, the machete that everyone's hand is on, the starvation hand held out in the street — and beneath it she appended the East Coast reading schedule.]

[Twenty-two posts, fifty-four hundred words, across the tour and after it. Most are notices — the Red Rover series, Demolicious, the Tarpaulin Sky reading in New York, CA Conrad's book party for her and Rachel Blau DuPlessis in Philadelphia — and one is a request for somewhere to stay in Philadelphia on 19 March. Two are not: a note on a Charles Bernstein chapbook published in India, and a thread she opened headed "amerikan movies?", answered by Aryanil Mukherjee and Michael Rothenberg. The exchange on the hijras printed next grew out of it.]

136. — kari edwards *Fri, 12 May 2006 17:24* ↑ [Index](#)

May 2006, from Tamil Nadu, where she had then been living for eight months. Aryanil Mukherjee had opened a thread on the hijras and CA Conrad had described them as a community of men, eunuchs of self-inflicted wounds, left over from the time of the khans; his sentence is restored here in block quotation, the archive having lost all but its first three words from her copy. Mukherjee had answered him from India — that the hijras predate the Mughals, that the epics call them kleebs, meaning asexual, and that in much of the country they are not thought auspicious at a wedding at all. She takes issue with both men: with Conrad on calling them male, and with Mukherjee on the word asexual, on the ground that India is a heterosexual economy like any other and its legal eunuchs marry, date and want what everyone else in it wants.

Dear Aryanil, and CAConrad,

have missed most of this conversation.. and//but..

CA, I have to disagree...

“ In the middle of one of the fastest growing economies of "western" technologies they also have hijras, a community of men who are eunuchs of self-inflicted wounds, and these men are left over from the times of the khans. ”

I think this is a rather gendercentric perspective or western appropriation.. to call them men or even to consider them male is to do harm.. I have never meet one, or corresponded with a hijras that does not deal with similar issues as western transgendered folks..in other words a penis or clitoris does not make a gendered person... and the self-inflicted wound you talk about., i.e. castration is illegal, and many are going for western reassignment surgery, and true there maybe some who go though ritual castration, The ones I have corresponded with have either not had surgery or gone to Medical Doctors..

Aryanil I agree with you.. Hijras are not considered "auspicious" in marriage ceremonies

yes only in select areas and in many areas, the word Hijras is not even used. this could be due to the many different languages and dialects spoken in India... the only universal is on Indian pass ports where they can choose a third gender or "eunuch".

but mostly they are reduced to begging and prostitution...

Aryanil, this is where I have to digress a bit from the "asexual" label that may have been put on Hijras or india's "legal eunuchs." India is a heterosexual economy and like most heterosexual economies, the role one takes on is usually within this paradigm.. for this reason, many "legal eunuchs" get married, have dreams of heterosexual relationships, date.. so on and so on. since they see themselves as female... and the sexual economy here is rather limited.. so, this is the options open to them..

just to clarify a bit...

kari

[Twenty-nine posts, ten thousand words, and the last six months of her life. Seven are hers, and they are almost all notices: a house-sit or sublet in San Francisco in July, a submission deadline in October, the RADAR reading series in November. One is not: in June she forwarded a report that the National Security Agency would "neither confirm nor deny the existence or non-existence" of surveillance of the lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender community — "2006 is the new 1984," said the Servicemembers Legal Defense Network, which had asked. CA Conrad's answer on the hijras, at five hundred and seventy words, is here too, and she did not reply to it. Her next message to the list is the one printed next, and it is her last.]

137. — kari edwards Mon, 20 Nov 2006 09:38 ↑ Index

Her last post to the Poetics List, sent on 20 November 2006. It forwards erica kaufman's review of obedience, under a subject line of her own devising. It was the Transgender Day of Remembrance, and she did not mention it. She died twelve days later.

here is a review of obedience by kari edwards, Factory School, 2005 by Erica Kaufman

cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2006/11/obedience-by...

thank you

kari -- transSubmutation <http://transdada3.blogspot.com/>

obedience Poetry Factory School. 2005. 86 pages, perfect bound, 6.5x9. ISBN: 1-60001-044-X \$12 / \$10 direct order

Description: obedience, the fourth book by kari edwards, offers a rhythmic disruption of the relative real, a progressive troubling of the phenomenal world, from gross material to the infinitesimal. The book's intention is a transformative mantric dismantling of being.

www.factoryschool.org/pubs/heretical/index.html

V

2 December 2006

2006

She died on Saturday 2 December 2006, in San Francisco, of a pulmonary embolism, on her fifty-second birthday.

Joe Amato relayed the news to the list on the Sunday afternoon, with the day and the cause both wrong, prefacing it by saying he was not certain he was the right person to be doing it. Trace Peterson wrote under a new subject line asking whether it was definitely true. Stephen Vincent and then Kevin Killian confirmed it from San Francisco, and Killian passed on what Fran Blau had asked him to pass on. The corrections and the confirmations arrive here in the order the list received them, which is not the order in which they would be arranged by anyone writing afterwards.

By the Monday her publisher had decided to release the book he had been preparing with her, *having been blue for charity*, as a free file, and asked the list whether that was appropriate; Mark DuCharme told him it was, and then spent forty minutes failing to download it over a telephone line. That is where this volume ends: it is the last thing the list did for her, and it is the only moment in the archive where the question of how a poet stays in print is put and answered on the same day.

138. — Joe Amato *Sun, 3 Dec 2006 12:27:* ↑ [Index](#)

Sunday, 3 December 2006, shortly after midday. Amato relays the news, prefacing it by saying he is not sure he is the right person to be doing so. The cause he gives is wrong — it was a pulmonary embolism — and she had died the day before, on her fifty-second birthday.

I'm not sure I'm the best person to relay such terrible news, as we weren't intimate friends, but as it affects our list community generally:

I've just learned that our friend and correspondent for lo these many years, kari edwards, passed away this weekend from a cardiac arrest.

Very sorry to be the bearer of such tidings, and extremely sad --

Joe

139. — Julie Kizershot *Sun, 3 Dec 2006 11:33:* ↑ [Index](#)

Kizershot, six minutes later, asking whether anyone knows how to reach her partner.

kari has been a good friend to me and to many, a brave person, and an amazing innovative writer.

If anyone knows where her partner Fran is now or how to contact, please back channel .

Julie Kizershot

140. — Trace Peterson *Sun, 3 Dec 2006 18:42:* ↑ [Index](#)

Peterson, under a new subject line consisting of edwards's first name. She had heard the same thing separately that morning and was trying to confirm it.

I'm really, really upset to hear this...is it definitely true? I've just heard the same thing this morning and am desperately trying to confirm the story...

141. — Maria Damon *Sun, 3 Dec 2006 13:07:* ↑ [Index](#)

Damon asks where she was when she died, and gives the one occasion on which they met.

This is very sad: where was she when she died? her activism and poetry was v inspiring. i only met her once, at the San Francisco Bay Area Poetry Marathon, thanks to Joseph Lease and Donna de la Perriere for organizing it.

142. — Amy King *Sun, 3 Dec 2006 11:06:* ↑ [Index](#)

King's whole message.

This is deafening news received far too soon. My condolences to all who knew her and her work.

Cheap Talk?

143. — Alan Sondheim *Sun, 3 Dec 2006 14:24:* ↑ [Index](#)

Sondheim, who had argued with her three years before, on the edge in the work.

Kari was absolutely brilliant and her work had an edge to it that was absolutely unique. This is a terrible loss; even without the quality of her writing, it is terrible...

This is a bad season for death and illness; we're dealing with some family here as well.

love to everyone, Alan

144. — Stephen Vincent *Sun, 3 Dec 2006 12:36:* ↑ [Index](#)

Vincent confirms it from San Francisco, having spoken to Robert Glück. Nineteen words.

Yes, I just spoke with Bob Gluck, who confirmed kari passed away yesterday.

Sadness,yes, great sadness.

Stephen V

145. — Chris Stroffolino *Sun, 3 Dec 2006 12:40:* [↑ Index](#)

Stroffolino had been about to post about the murder of the actor and director Adrienne Shelly, six weeks earlier.

..... (i'm speechless now...)

i was just going to post something about adrienne shelley's murder, and now this...

146. — Kevin Killian *Sun, 3 Dec 2006 14:20:* [↑ Index](#)

Killian confirms it from the Bay Area and passes on what Fran Blau had asked him to pass on: donations in her memory to Cinema Paradiso, the international cinema at Auroville, where she and Blau had spent a year. The address is printed as he gave it.

Yes, it's true about kari's death and here in the Bay Area we are all still in shock as I imagine her friends all over the country and elsewhere are as well.

Fran Blau asked me to spread the word about, well, something you can do in kari's memory if you care to, and that's to make a donation to Cinema Paradiso, the international cinema in Auroville, the visionary community in southern India where kari and Fran had spent a happy year + together.

Checks should be made out to: Auroville Maintenance Fund and sent to: Financial Services Town Hall Annex Auroville 605101 Tamil Nadu India

Please note that it's to support "Cinema Paradiso" and that your gift is in memory of kari edwards.

Thanks everyone. If anyone needs an update or whatever feel free to get in touch with me,

Kevin K.

147. — Nick Piombino *Sun, 3 Dec 2006 18:21: ↑ Index*

Piombino, on having waited for her every word since a day in the life of p.

Ever since my first reading of *a day in the life of p.* I've been anticipating with pleasure kari edwards' every word. This is a tough loss.

Nick

148. — Steve Dalachinsky *Sun, 3 Dec 2006 18:25: ↑ Index*

Dalachinsky, entire.

wow joe terrible how old ?

149. — Mark DuCharme *Mon, 4 Dec 2006 00:25: ↑ Index*

DuCharme, after midnight, trying to remember the last time he saw her — a reading in the Left Hand series in Boulder some years before — and adding Brad Will, the journalist killed in Oaxaca that October, whose elegy he had meant to post to the list and had not.

I knew kari. I'm totally in shock.

I'm trying to remember the last time I saw her: I think it was at/after a reading in the Left Hand series in Boulder. This would have been a few years ago.

This is a major loss, as others have expressed. Her project seemed to particularly take shape & momentum within the last several years. Too soon. This is a sad day.

As an addendum, I also knew Brad Will, whose death has been discussed in other threads on this list. His death also struck me personally; I was going to post something on this list about it, including an elegy I wrote for him, and collaborative poems he, I & Danika Dinsmore wrote, once upon a time; but I grew too busy, & now the moment seems to have already passed.

I mourn the deaths of people I never imagined could pass so swiftly. I hope the powers of whatever-will-be shall forestall such useless loss, at least for now or in the future.

Mark DuCharme

150. — Geoffrey Gatza *Mon, 4 Dec 2006 08:06:* ↑ **Index**

Monday morning. Gatza, her publisher at BlazeVOX, announces that the book he had been preparing with her, having been blue for charity, has been put online as a free file, with no motive, he says, other than a coming together for her.

Tragic News - kari edwards

It was announced over our many poetry lists that a dear friend and brilliant poet, kari edwards passed a short while ago. I was working with her on her latest book, having been blue for charity. We were set to release it shortly. And with no motive other than a coming together for her we have placed this book online as an ebook at her BlazeVOX [books] webpage.

Webpage: <http://www.blazevox.org/bk-ke.htm>

Direct link to book

<http://www.blazevox.org/ebk-ke.pdf>

This is simply a stunning book and I urge you to spend a moment with kari's poetry. I don't know what else to say as I am numb.

Thank you, Geoffrey Gatza

Best, Geoffrey

Geoffrey Gatza BlazeVOX [books] www.blazevox.org

151. — Ron Silliman *Mon, 4 Dec 2006 05:17:* ↑ **Index**

The contents of Silliman's blog, carried to the list the same day. The entry at the head is that day's post on her.

<http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/>

RECENT POSTS

Of kari edwards (against pronouns)

Representing San Francisco to Italian readers

Ken & Ann Mikolowski's Alternative Press ends a run of annuals after more than 30 years

Country Girl by Hannah Weiner

The uses of multiplicity and layering (Frank Film, by Frank and Caroline Mouris) and the Ubuweb Film Archive

Notes on painting and more

The Da Vinci Code as film being faithful to the book breaking faith with the audience

Some links regarding Alice's Restaurant

Joanna Newsom etc

The middle road of Jim Bertolino

A new poem by Jack Spicer in a marvelous anthology about the Bancroft Library (plus an aside on the poetry of Kevin Killian)

<http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/>

152. — Mark DuCharme *Mon, 4 Dec 2006 13:06:* ↑ **Index**

DuCharme spends forty minutes failing to download it over a telephone line, and asks whether it might be sent to him instead.

Hey Geoffrey,

Thanks for putting the book online! I'd really like to read it. Unfortunately, I just spent at least 40 minutes trying to download it... unsuccessfully. (I have OS9 connected by a phone line.) Is there any way I could trouble you to e-mail it to me?

153. — Geoffrey Gatza *Mon, 4 Dec 2006 15:35:* ↑ **Index**

Gatza offers to send the file and to print a copy, and says in passing that he had not been sure the release was appropriate, and that DuCharme's thanks had eased his mind. It is the last exchange in this volume.

Hi Mark,

Glad to hear from you :-) And thanks for the kind words in regards to kari's book. A real loss! I'm simply heart sick over this. And I wasn't sure about the appropriateness of releasing the ebook. So again thanks for easing my mind.

I'll attach the file to my next email to you. It is a large file and it sounds like it might take a while on your phone line. It's about 3.5 megs. So if you want me to send you a print copy I'll do that. It'll be ready in a month or so. But that seems so long.... I'll email it after hearing back from you if it's ok to do this :-)

OR

Right click on this link and choose SAVE AS

<http://www.blazevox.org/ebk-ke.pdf>

This is cause it to download directly to your computer desktop and you can open it from there. Try this and see if it works.

I also owe you an email on books. Please no worries on my end on anything. Your time table is so well timed with the other things going on with the press -- you are very on-time :-) So your patience gets a gold star in my book.

I'll send you an updated file with your ISBN and so forth this week sometime. Maybe today. But please don't feel anything other than comfortable. There is no rush on anything and this is not homework. Besides I'm a huge fan of your work and I am thrilled that we are working together! So hurrah on a bad day.

Best, Geoffrey

Geoffrey Gatza BlazeVOX [books] www.blazevox.org

154. — Cheryl Burket Thu, 7 Dec 2006 15:01: ↑ [Index](#)

Four days later, Burket posts a piece of edwards's that had appeared in Tarpaulin Sky, with an account of their last meeting — lunch in San Francisco in 2004, and what she said there about time.

kari edwards- she was the real deal. Phenomenal writer. I'm taking the liberty of posting something she wrote and which appeared in Tarpaulin Sky vol. 4 #1... When we last met- back in 04, I think, for lunch here in the city, and were talking about writing and student loans and how to live as poets- she said, "Time is running out." She had an urgency to her. She was always generous in her criticisms of my work and very sharing about where to send poems, etc. Zero attitude. Wherever she is, may she continue to write and be kari. God I love this piece. It about knocked me to the ground: (piece by)kari edwards

let us say goodbye

let's get serious, say good-bye, I love you, so long, been nice, someone's got to die, waiting for another on time, A-bomb. Cut off, collectively lost, as long as you believe in, as long as you think, as you believe in thinking in believing in . . . click your heels, repeat after me, we are not talking proxy portraits, or ideological traditional sophist, or single issue essential, or utopian politicians into an out of time, falling in and out of the service of "truth," to another, for another, in love with "truth." Repeating, you have to believe, you must believe, listen to the mother and father, read books and repeat after me, I can not represent myself, we must represent the not representative whole impossible to represent, the higher broader bigger blogger. So, let's get personal, get serious and translate violence into a form, wondering are there more morals coming? We all can not wait to read more of the same long neck gods talking to the pigs, the pigs to the horses, and the mysterious shadow making mysterious hand motions, waiting to dine. The tableau is set, you arrive, there is ample bread, plenty of plenty, translation disappears, there is no need for need, an argument begins, we all go hungry, start a war of wars, the divine majority sings creation creation songs in the celestial cathedral till dawn . . . we say good-bye I love you someone has to die.

kari edwards

2 December 1954 – 2 December 2006

kari edwards was born in Illinois on 2 December 1954 and died in San Francisco on 2 December 2006, of a pulmonary embolism, on her fifty-second birthday. She had been living openly as a trans woman for about six years.

The first forty-five years are thinly documented, and what record there is comes from finding aids and jacket copy rather than from anything she wrote. She grew up in Westfield, New York. She trained as a sculptor, taking a first degree at the University of Wisconsin–Madison and a master of fine arts in sculpture at Washington University in St. Louis, and taught art for some twelve years — sculpture, performance and sound art, book art, and a course called art and diversity — chiefly in Denver, at the University of Denver, the University of Colorado at Boulder and the Community College of Aurora, and for a period at Temple University in Philadelphia.

In the second half of the nineteen-nineties she worked in homeless shelters and with marginalised young people, practised Zen, began hormone therapy, and enrolled at the Naropa Institute in Boulder, where she took a master's in contemplative psychology and a master of fine arts in writing and poetics, studying with Anne Waldman, and graduated in 2000. She was forty-five. Her first book, *post/(pink)*, appeared from Scarlet Press that year, and she moved to San Francisco.

Six more books followed in six years: *a day in the life of p.* (Subpress Collective, 2002), *a diary of lies* as number twenty-seven in the Belladonna chapbook series (2002), *obLiQUE paRt(itON): colLABorationS* (xPress(ed), 2002), *iduna* (O Books, 2003), *obedience* (Factory School, 2005) and *having been blue for charity* (BlazeVOX, 2006). Three appeared after her death: *Bharat jiva* (Belladonna, 2009), written in India; *succubus in my pocket* (EOAGH, 2015); and *dôNrm'-lä-püsl* (Punctum, 2017). She took the New Langton Arts Bay Area Award in Literature in 2002 and Small Press Traffic's Book of the Year in 2004, and *succubus in my pocket* took the Lambda Literary Award in Transgender Poetry in 2016, the first year the award was given. From 2000 to 2005 she was poetry editor of *Transgender Tapestry*, the magazine of the International Foundation for Gender Education, and she kept a blog, *transdada*, whose masthead gives this volume its title.

She wrote without pronouns and without capitals, including in her own name, which is set here as she set it. She was dyslexic and did not correct the spelling. She signed copies of her books by crossing out her name on the title page and writing NO GENDER above it.

She subscribed to the UB Poetics List in July 2001 and posted five hundred and ninety-nine times in fifty-four months, two hundred and seventy-six of them in 2003, more than any other member of the list that year. Her last message went out on 20 November 2006. She spent the greater part of 2005 and 2006 at Auroville, in Tamil Nadu, with her partner Fran Blau. Her papers are at the University at Buffalo, and Belladonna published *No Gender: Reflections on the Life & Work of kari edwards*, edited by Julian Talamantez Brolaski, erica kaufman and E. Tracy Grinnell, in 2009.

A note on sources. Everything given a date and set in quotation marks comes from this archive. The dates, the degrees, the teaching posts and the awards come from the finding aid to her papers at Buffalo, from the Academy of American Poets, from the Poetry Foundation, from the Wikipedia article and from the University of Arizona Poetry Center; the years at *Transgender Tapestry*, the study with Anne Waldman and the twelve years of teaching in Denver come from the same cluster and are not independently corroborated. The sources disagree about her age at death, one giving fifty-four against a birth year of 1954, and about whether her first degree was a bachelor of fine arts or a bachelor of arts. Her own account of the years before 2000 is not in any of it.

Contributor Notes

Notes on the contributors, drawn where possible from their own posts to the list. Where an identification could not be reliably made it has been omitted rather than guessed. edwards is not among them; her own note is the section before this one.

Joe Amato Poet and critic; author of *Bookend: Anatomies of a Virtual Self* and *Industrial Poetics*.

Brent Bechtel Poet.

Tom Bell Poet, of Tennessee.

Dodie Bellamy Poet and novelist of the New Narrative circle, San Francisco; author of *The Letters of Mina Harker*, and editor with Kevin Killian of *Mirage*.

Cheryl Burket Poet, of San Francisco. She wrote to the list three times, and the last of the three is printed here.

cartograffiti A subscriber who signed as Taylor and posted under this address, which is part-redacted here as all addresses in this edition are.

Jason Christie Canadian poet, of Calgary; author of *Canada Post*.

Shanna Compton Poet, editor and book designer; publisher of Bloof Books.

CA Conrad Philadelphia poet, editor of the blog PhillySound, compiler of the Neglectorino Project, and author of the (Soma)tic poetry exercises.

Solana D'Lamant Poet.

Steve Dalachinsky New York poet, long associated with the downtown jazz scene; author of *The Final Nite*.

Maria Damon Poet and critic; taught at the University of Minnesota, later at Pratt; author of *The Dark End of the Street*. She was the second most frequent contributor to the list.

Mark DuCharme Poet, of Boulder, Colorado; author of *Infinity Subsections*.

Skip Fox Poet; taught at the University of Louisiana at Lafayette.

Geoffrey Gatza Poet and publisher; founder of BlazeVOX [books], Buffalo, and edwards's publisher.

David Hadbawnik Poet and medievalist; then in San Francisco, later at Buffalo, and editor of *Eborakon*.

August Highland Writer and programmer; proprietor of the Muse Apprentice Guild, which generated and published work at industrial scale.

Kevin Killian Poet, novelist and playwright of the New Narrative circle in San Francisco; co-author with Lewis Ellingham of *Poet Be Like God*, a biography of Jack Spicer. He was on the list from its third month to its last.

Amy King Poet; later chair of the PEN America membership committee.

Julie Kizershot Poet, of Denver; a friend of edwards's, and the organiser of her memorial reading there.

David Larsen Poet and scholar of Arabic, then in the Bay Area; author of *The Thorn*.

Emily Lloyd Poet and librarian; author of *Charms for Finding*.

Michael Magee Poet and critic; founding editor of *Combo*; author of *Emancipating Pragmatism* and *My Angie Dickinson*.

Elizabeth Mathews Critic; later Elizabeth Losh, and the author of *Virtualpolitik*.

Eliza McGrand Poet and medievalist.

K. Silem Mohammad Poet and critic; taught at Southern Oregon University; author of *Deer Head Nation* and *A Thousand Devils*, and one of the writers associated with flarf. He wrote the blurb.

Kirby Olson Critic and poet; taught at the State University of New York at Delhi; author of *Comedy After Postmodernism*.

Cheryl Pallant Poet and dancer; taught at the University of Richmond; author of *Into Stillness* (Station Hill, 2003).

Trace Peterson Poet, editor and scholar; co-editor of *Troubling the Line: Trans and Genderqueer Poetry and Poetics* (2013), founding editor of *EOAGH*, and the teacher of the first transgender poetry course in the United States, at Hunter College in 2015. *EOAGH* published edwards's posthumous *succubus in my pocket*. She posted to the list under her former name; she is named here as she names herself.

Nick Piombino New York poet and psychoanalyst; author of *The Boundary of Blur* and of the blog *fait accompli*.

Scott Pound Critic; taught at Lakehead University, Ontario.

CE Putnam Poet and teacher.

Terrie Relf Poet, of San Diego.

Elizabeth Rich Critic. She wrote to the list twice in twenty-one years, and one of the two is printed here.

Alexander Saliby Poet, and a businessman by trade.

Ron Silliman Poet and critic; author of *The Alphabet* and of the most widely read poetry blog of the period.

Alan Sondheim Writer, musician and theorist of codework; the most prolific contributor to the list, by a wide margin, across its whole twenty-one years.

Chris Stroffolino Poet and musician, of Oakland; author of *Stealer's Wheel*.

Gary Sullivan Poet, cartoonist and editor; the coiner of the term flarf.

Lawrence Upton British poet and sound-text performer, of London; co-organiser of Writers Forum with Bob Cobbing.

Stephen Vincent Poet, editor and book designer, of San Francisco; publisher of Momo's Press and, in the early seventies, editor of the magazine *Shocks*.

Mark Weiss Poet, translator and publisher of Junction Press; editor of *The Whole Island: Six Decades of Cuban Poetry*.

Sources

Every excerpt, in order, with the month of the archive in which it stands. Dates and subject lines are as the list carried them. The final figures give the length of the post as the archive holds it and the number of those words printed here, so that the extent of the editing is visible.

1. Emily Lloyd, *Re: neut gender*. Mon, 5 Feb 1996 08:27:44 -0500. February 1996. 126 words; 124 printed.
2. Eliza McGrand, *joking aside, s/he thing*. Fri, 30 Oct 1998 10:38:43 -0500. October 1998. 668 words; 445 printed.
3. Maria Damon, *Re: joking aside, s/he thing*. Sat, 31 Oct 1998 12:33:47 -0600. October 1998. 96 words; 84 printed.
4. kari edwards, *a queer military*. Thu, 20 Sep 2001 08:27:20 -0600. September 2001. 433 words; 280 printed.
5. kari edwards, *poetry reading*. Tue, 13 Nov 2001 20:27:37 -0700. November 2001. 58 words, printed entire.
6. kari edwards, *FIR8*. Wed, 1 May 2002 10:02:45 -0700. May 2002. 572 words; 281 printed.
7. kari edwards, *Re: Manifestoes*. Wed, 1 May 2002 10:43:02 -0700. May 2002. 223 words; 207 printed.
8. Julie Kizershot, *Re: FIR8*. Wed, 1 May 2002 13:06:28 -0600. May 2002. 27 words; 13 printed.
9. kari edwards, *Re: FIR8*. Wed, 1 May 2002 22:00:06 -0700. May 2002. 37 words; 23 printed.
10. kari edwards, *trials in literature*. Wed, 15 May 2002 11:41:25 -0700. May 2002. 50 words; 49 printed.
11. Kevin Killian, *Re: trials in literature*. Wed, 15 May 2002 15:02:10 -0400. May 2002. 186 words; 96 printed.
12. Elizabeth Rich, *Re: trials in literature*. Wed, 15 May 2002 15:34:09 -0400. May 2002. 64 words; 63 printed.
13. Lawrence Upton, *Re: trials in literature*. Thu, 16 May 2002 11:49:47 +0100. May 2002. 86 words; 12 printed.
14. kari edwards, *Mixed Nuts: An Anthology of Mad, Queer Poetry*. Tue, 11 Jun 2002 13:27:31 -0700. June 2002. 212 words; 77 printed.
15. kari edwards, *waiting*. Sat, 24 Aug 2002 18:45:29 -0700. August 2002. 355 words, printed entire.
16. kari edwards, *Re: Reply to Milli Vanilli*. Fri, 30 Aug 2002 07:04:55 -0700. August 2002. 148 words; 89 printed.
17. kari edwards, *BAD*. Mon, 16 Sep 2002 10:32:51 -0700. September 2002. 444 words; 127 printed.
18. kari edwards, *Re: t b cuprite with rest ringers*. Mon, 16 Sep 2002 12:50:18 -0700. September 2002. 282 words; 270 printed.
19. kari edwards, *bright light*. Tue, 1 Oct 2002 22:41:51 -0700. October 2002. 340 words, printed entire.
20. kari edwards, *a real carry-on sonnet*. Sat, 5 Oct 2002 21:33:20 -0700. October 2002. 93 words, printed entire.
21. kari edwards, *succubus in my pocket*. Mon, 7 Oct 2002 16:40:47 -0700. October 2002. 348 words; 343 printed.

22. kari edwards, *great time with the next one*. Sat, 2 Nov 2002 17:25:11 -0800. November 2002. 107 words, printed entire.
23. kari edwards, *dear to those not driving the car*. Sun, 3 Nov 2002 14:11:19 -0800. November 2002. 636 words; 276 printed.
24. kari edwards, *content*. Mon, 4 Nov 2002 11:43:04 -0800. November 2002. 249 words, printed entire.
25. kari edwards, *voting day*. Tue, 5 Nov 2002 11:15:04 -0800. November 2002. 170 words, printed entire.
26. kari edwards, *"have you ever retired a human"*. Wed, 6 Nov 2002 10:13:10 -0800. November 2002. 112 words, printed entire.
27. kari edwards, *Re: Bad Poems & rocks*. Thu, 7 Nov 2002 06:21:05 -0800. November 2002. 217 words; 205 printed.
28. kari edwards, *reading*. Thu, 7 Nov 2002 20:33:11 -0800. November 2002. 194 words; 182 printed.
29. kari edwards, *its the surface*. Sun, 10 Nov 2002 16:40:43 -0800. November 2002. 103 words, printed entire.
30. kari edwards, *a fall*. Sat, 23 Nov 2002 08:42:02 -0800. November 2002. 178 words, printed entire.
31. kari edwards, *November 28th's carrier pigeon*. Mon, 25 Nov 2002 09:12:39 -0800. November 2002. 199 words, printed entire.
32. kari edwards, *making sex with potential wink tangents*. Wed, 4 Dec 2002 07:52:40 -0800. December 2002. 152 words, printed entire.
33. kari edwards, *can you smell that backwards*. Thu, 12 Dec 2002 17:08:44 -0800. December 2002. 233 words, printed entire.
34. kari edwards, *it isn't not just like that*. Sat, 14 Dec 2002 10:25:29 -0800. December 2002. 74 words; 67 printed.
35. kari edwards, *element 7 - malfunction*. Sun, 15 Dec 2002 17:24:08 -0800. December 2002. 198 words, printed entire.
36. kari edwards, *a timorous capacity*. Mon, 30 Dec 2002 12:49:21 -0800. December 2002. 268 words, printed entire.
37. kari edwards, *I am hot as my former self*. Wed, 1 Jan 2003 22:10:31 -0800. January 2003. 301 words, printed entire.
38. kari edwards, *Re: A Google sonnet for: googlism*. Sat, 11 Jan 2003 06:21:41 -0800. January 2003. 208 words, printed entire.
39. kari edwards, *is is*. Wed, 15 Jan 2003 13:05:22 -0800. January 2003. 432 words, printed entire.
40. kari edwards, *gives rise to ancient legends*. Wed, 29 Jan 2003 08:47:39 -0800. January 2003. 94 words, printed entire.
41. kari edwards, *beached whale*. Mon, 10 Feb 2003 09:20:52 -0800. February 2003. 234 words, printed entire.
42. kari edwards, *a thoughtless man (a) ray / a beneficial barking dog*. Mon, 10 Feb 2003 14:39:58 -0800. February 2003. 536 words, printed entire.
43. kari edwards, *stuff on names*. Wed, 12 Feb 2003 09:57:16 -0800. February 2003. 104 words, printed entire.
44. kari edwards, *cunts for peace*. Sat, 15 Feb 2003 08:04:31 -0800. February 2003. 97 words, printed entire.

45. Tom Bell, *The Secret Life of Pronouns*. Mon, 17 Feb 2003 22:09:04 -0600. February 2003. 207 words, printed entire.
46. Elizabeth Mathews, *Re: The Secret Life of Pronouns*. Tue, 18 Feb 2003 10:15:43 -0800. February 2003. 160 words; 106 printed.
47. kari edwards, *a groundbreaking decision*. Sat, 22 Feb 2003 06:25:38 -0800. February 2003. 755 words; 166 printed.
48. kari edwards, *what should we do?*. Mon, 10 Mar 2003 10:06:03 -0800. March 2003. 117 words, printed entire.
49. kari edwards, *Quick Political Aptitude Test*. Wed, 19 Mar 2003 07:03:27 -0800. March 2003. 174 words; 173 printed.
50. kari edwards, *there there theme*. Sun, 13 Apr 2003 11:18:19 -0700. April 2003. 113 words, printed entire.
51. kari edwards, *this is the beginning*. Tue, 15 Apr 2003 10:23:18 -0700. April 2003. 174 words, printed entire.
52. kari edwards, *puzzle disputes*. Sun, 20 Apr 2003 16:06:19 -0700. April 2003. 239 words, printed entire.
53. kari edwards, *sigh of relief from nowhere*. Mon, 21 Apr 2003 13:08:04 -0700. April 2003. 226 words, printed entire.
54. kari edwards, *packed in the narrows*. Tue, 22 Apr 2003 09:35:42 -0700. April 2003. 117 words, printed entire.
55. kari edwards, *far flung funds in reserve*. Sun, 27 Apr 2003 08:27:09 -0700. April 2003. 124 words; 121 printed.
56. kari edwards, *we play at paste**. Mon, 5 May 2003 10:01:50 -0700. May 2003. 141 words, printed entire.
57. kari edwards, *the signal multiplies*. Thu, 8 May 2003 08:05:06 -0700. May 2003. 189 words, printed entire.
58. kari edwards, *in a perfect state*. Sun, 18 May 2003 10:52:37 -0700. May 2003. 193 words, printed entire.
59. kari edwards, *limbo things in violation*. Sat, 31 May 2003 14:47:18 -0700. May 2003. 254 words, printed entire.
60. kari edwards, *a term formally known as*. Sun, 1 Jun 2003 19:29:46 -0700. June 2003. 199 words, printed entire.
61. kari edwards, *under the radiator*. Sat, 7 Jun 2003 15:24:17 -0700. June 2003. 89 words, printed entire.
62. kari edwards, *How To Learn To Love Sodomy*. Wed, 2 Jul 2003 13:11:14 -0700. July 2003. 1,065 words; 243 printed.
63. kari edwards, *Anti-transgender violence hits D.C. again*. Thu, 21 Aug 2003 22:11:35 -0700. August 2003. 289 words; 116 printed.
64. kari edwards, *Re: Anti-transgender violence hits D.C. again*. Fri, 22 Aug 2003 13:39:28 -0700. August 2003. 375 words; 220 printed.
65. kari edwards, *stop professional community thugs.com at a distance*. Sun, 28 Sep 2003 16:47:53 -0700. September 2003. 246 words, printed entire.
66. kari edwards, *it is attached by this - repealed by taxes and had several taste tests*. Sun, 2 Nov 2003 17:37:24 -0800. November 2003. 197 words, printed entire.
67. kari edwards, *Remembering Our Dead*. Sat, 15 Nov 2003 21:57:30 -0800. November 2003. 4,353 words; 148 printed.

68. Alexander Saliby, *Re: Remembering Our Dead*. Sat, 15 Nov 2003 22:18:24 -0800. November 2003. 4,498 words; 123 printed.
69. kari edwards, *Re: Remembering Our Dead*. Sun, 16 Nov 2003 08:02:55 -0800. November 2003. 103 words; 91 printed.
70. kari edwards, *poetics, time, body disruption and marginally queer solutions*. Fri, 13 Feb 2004 11:16:54 -0800. February 2004. 167 words, printed entire.
71. kari edwards, *is there a problem using the word "hermaphrodite" in a poem?*. Mon, 17 Nov 2003 09:37:36 -0800. November 2003. 15 words, printed entire.
72. Kevin Killian, *Re: is there a problem using the word hermaphrodite in a poem?*. Mon, 17 Nov 2003 14:04:59 -0500. November 2003. 195 words; 135 printed.
73. kari edwards, *Re: is there a problem using the word hermaphrodite in a poem?*. Mon, 17 Nov 2003 11:35:52 -0800. November 2003. 212 words; 199 printed.
74. Terrie Relf, *Re: is there a problem using the word "hermaphrodite" in a poem?*. Mon, 17 Nov 2003 13:58:18 -0800. November 2003. 47 words; 14 printed.
75. Julie Kizershot, *Re: is there a problem using the word "hermaphrodite" in a poem?*. Mon, 17 Nov 2003 22:03:52 -0700. November 2003. 243 words; 223 printed.
76. kari edwards, *words don't kill - only strangers with guns kill*. Tue, 18 Nov 2003 09:50:44 -0800. November 2003. 18 words, printed entire.
77. Skip Fox, *Re: words don't kill - only strangers with guns kill*. Tue, 18 Nov 2003 11:58:28 -0600. November 2003. 9 words; 5 printed.
78. Alexander Saliby, *Re: words don't kill - only strangers with guns kill*. Tue, 18 Nov 2003 17:55:50 -0800. November 2003. 68 words; 22 printed.
79. Trace Peterson, *Re: is there a problem using the word "hermaphrodite" in a poem?*. Wed, 19 Nov 2003 10:33:42 -0500. November 2003. 360 words; 101 printed.
80. kari edwards, *Re: is there a problem using the word "hermaphrodite" in a poem?*. Wed, 19 Nov 2003 07:51:55 -0800. November 2003. 73 words; 62 printed.
81. Mark Weiss, *Re: is there a problem using the word "hermaphrodite" in a poem?*. Wed, 19 Nov 2003 10:19:22 -0800. November 2003. 296 words; 285 printed.
82. David Hadbawnik, *Re: is there a problem using the word "hermaphrodite" in a poem?*. Wed, 19 Nov 2003 13:29:10 -0800. November 2003. 354 words; 200 printed.
83. Shanna Compton, *Re: is there a problem using the word "hermaphrodite" in a poem?*. Wed, 19 Nov 2003 17:56:47 -0500. November 2003. 361 words; 339 printed.
84. K. Silem Mohammad, *Rouge State blurb*. Wed, 19 Nov 2003 20:04:00 -0800. November 2003. 619 words; 77 printed.
85. CA Conrad, *Re: is there a problem using the word "hermaphrodite" in a poem?*. Thu, 20 Nov 2003 01:20:59 EST. November 2003. 583 words, printed entire.
86. kari edwards, *Re: Rouge State blurb response...*. Wed, 19 Nov 2003 22:33:11 -0800. November 2003. 865 words; 319 printed.
87. Chris Stroffolino, *"....operation"*. Thu, 20 Nov 2003 00:23:30 -0800. November 2003. 69 words, printed entire.
88. kari edwards, *Re: "....operation"*. Thu, 20 Nov 2003 04:29:04 -0800. November 2003. 303 words; 291 printed.
89. Maria Damon, *Re: "....operation"*. Thu, 20 Nov 2003 08:27:48 -0600. November 2003. 49 words; 38 printed.
90. Gary Sullivan, *The "hermaphrodite" discussion*. Thu, 20 Nov 2003 11:59:15 -0500. November 2003. 1,810 words; 183 printed.

91. Kirby Olson, *Re: is there a problem using the word "hermaphrodite" in a poem?*. Thu, 20 Nov 2003 14:54:01 -0500. November 2003. 516 words; 291 printed.
92. David Larsen, *Re: The "hermaphrodite" discussion*. Thu, 20 Nov 2003 12:15:34 -0800. November 2003. 222 words, printed entire.
93. Michael Magee, *Re: Rouge State blurb*. Thu, 20 Nov 2003 15:36:11 -0500. November 2003. 510 words; 505 printed.
94. Julie Kizershot, *Re: The "hermaphrodite" discussion*. Fri, 21 Nov 2003 01:42:30 -0700. November 2003. 757 words; 742 printed.
95. Scott Pound, *Re: The "hermaphrodite" discussion*. Fri, 21 Nov 2003 05:48:36 -0500. November 2003. 281 words; 212 printed.
96. Cheryl Pallant, *Re: The "hermaphrodite" discussion*. Fri, 21 Nov 2003 09:28:18 -0500. November 2003. 450 words; 106 printed.
97. kari edwards, *Re: in defense of Koenke's Rouge State*. Fri, 21 Nov 2003 08:01:14 -0800. November 2003. 671 words; 283 printed.
98. Trace Peterson, *Re: ...operation*. Fri, 21 Nov 2003 11:27:19 -0500. November 2003. 805 words; 532 printed.
99. Stephen Vincent, *Re: The "hermaphrodite" discussion*. Fri, 21 Nov 2003 11:13:10 -0800. November 2003. 486 words; 472 printed.
100. kari edwards, *Re: Hermaphrodites and Violence*. Sat, 22 Nov 2003 23:26:20 -0800. November 2003. 339 words; 327 printed.
101. Jason Christie, *Re: Hermaphrodites and Violence*. Sun, 23 Nov 2003 00:54:28 -0700. November 2003. 214 words; 188 printed.
102. kari edwards, *Re: Hermaphrodites and Violence*. Sun, 23 Nov 2003 00:38:41 -0800. November 2003. 284 words; 272 printed.
103. Alan Sondheim, *Re: Hermaphrodites and Violence*. Sun, 23 Nov 2003 08:19:48 -0500. November 2003. 203 words; 162 printed.
104. Dodie Bellamy, *Re: Hermaphrodites and Violence*. Sun, 23 Nov 2003 10:59:32 -0800. November 2003. 368 words; 357 printed.
105. CA Conrad, *Re: Hermaphrodites and Violence*. Sun, 23 Nov 2003 14:01:54 EST. November 2003. 238 words, printed entire.
106. Brent Bechtel, *Considerations on the Hermaphrodite*. Sat, 24 Jan 2004 10:31:39 -0600. January 2004. 118 words, printed entire.
107. kari edwards, *Re: Considerations on the Hermaphrodite*. Sat, 24 Jan 2004 09:43:36 -0800. January 2004. 851 words; 171 printed.
108. CE Putnam, *Re: Considerations on the Hermaphrodite*. Sat, 24 Jan 2004 13:40:47 -0800. January 2004. 127 words; 93 printed.
109. kari edwards, *wanta revolution*. Wed, 28 Jan 2004 11:02:36 -0800. January 2004. 171 words, printed entire.
110. Alexander Saliby, *Re: Please sign the marriage petition!!*. Thu, 19 Feb 2004 23:09:08 -0800. February 2004. 610 words; 460 printed.
111. cartograffiti, *Re: Please sign the marriage petition!!*. Fri, 20 Feb 2004 12:23:00 -0500. February 2004. 695 words; 44 printed.
112. kari edwards, *Re: Please sign the marriage petition!!*. Sat, 21 Feb 2004 08:01:32 -0800. February 2004. 269 words; 257 printed.
113. Trace Peterson, *Re: Please sign the marriage petition*. Sun, 22 Feb 2004 07:56:33 +0000. February 2004. 296 words; 250 printed.

114. kari edwards, *Re: Please sign the marriage petition*. Sun, 22 Feb 2004 06:21:48 -0800. February 2004. 67 words; 55 printed.
115. kari edwards, *separate but equal*. Thu, 4 Mar 2004 09:15:41 -0800. March 2004. 310 words; 306 printed.
116. kari edwards, *kari edwards & Juliana Spahr*. Fri, 5 Mar 2004 07:14:44 -0800. March 2004. 296 words; 255 printed.
117. August Highland, *highland and self-glorification*. Sun, 7 Mar 2004 00:13:43 -0800. March 2004. 1,355 words; 435 printed.
118. kari edwards, *Re: highland and self-glorification*. Sun, 7 Mar 2004 11:08:53 -0800. March 2004. 178 words; 165 printed.
119. kari edwards, *so what is going on here with this gay marriage?*. Fri, 19 Mar 2004 12:24:36 -0800. March 2004. 1,022 words; 717 printed.
120. kari edwards, *Bisexuality and Transgenderism: InterSEXions of the Others*. Sun, 4 Apr 2004 11:25:32 -0700. April 2004. 876 words; 170 printed.
121. kari edwards, *Transfeminism*. Wed, 21 Apr 2004 09:36:14 -0700. April 2004. 351 words; 255 printed.
122. kari edwards, *Doctors Could Refuse To Treat Gays*. Thu, 22 Apr 2004 07:03:45 -0700. April 2004. 568 words; 280 printed.
123. Maria Damon, *Re: Doctors Could Refuse To Treat Gays*. Thu, 22 Apr 2004 09:22:34 -0500. April 2004. 20 words; 9 printed.
124. kari edwards, *Re: Doctors Could Refuse To Treat Gays*. Thu, 22 Apr 2004 08:07:50 -0700. April 2004. 92 words; 80 printed.
125. Solana D'Lamant, *Re: Doctors Could Refuse To Treat Gays*. Thu, 22 Apr 2004 12:58:27 -0400. April 2004. 575 words; 82 printed.
126. kari edwards, *President Bush's mental health initiative*. Fri, 25 Jun 2004 06:20:47 -0700. June 2004. 636 words; 230 printed.
127. kari edwards, *Why Nepal Police is assaulting/torturing Sexual Minorities in Nepal regularly?*. Sun, 25 Jul 2004 21:50:55 -0700. July 2004. 361 words; 182 printed.
128. kari edwards, *The Auroville Tsunami Rehabilitation Effort*. Mon, 3 Jan 2005 09:21:05 -0800. January 2005. 1,576 words; 282 printed.
129. kari edwards, *"It was the best of times; it was the worst of times."*. Mon, 3 Jan 2005 21:26:26 -0800. January 2005. 1,007 words; 281 printed.
130. kari edwards, *Susan Sontag and a Case of Curious Silence*. Wed, 5 Jan 2005 09:21:15 -0800. January 2005. 398 words; 384 printed.
131. kari edwards, *Rob Halpern and Kim Rosenfield*. Sun, 29 May 2005 17:05:45 -0700. May 2005. 125 words, printed entire.
132. kari edwards, *change of email and address*. Sun, 18 Sep 2005 20:17:40 -0700. September 2005. 37 words; 32 printed.
133. kari edwards, *Happy New Year Book announcemnt.... NEW - obedience - kari edwards - Factory School Press - ..*. Sat, 31 Dec 2005 20:00:02 +0530. December 2005. 151 words; 136 printed.
134. kari edwards, *kari edwards' upcoming east coast reading schedule*. Tue, 7 Feb 2006 09:43:46 +0530. February 2006. 233 words; 143 printed.
135. kari edwards, *returning to the amerika today*. Wed, 15 Feb 2006 08:35:08 +0530. February 2006. 662 words; 189 printed.
136. kari edwards, *Hijras*. Fri, 12 May 2006 17:24:55 +0530. May 2006. 371 words; 325 printed.

137. kari edwards, *shameless self promotion*. Mon, 20 Nov 2006 09:38:54 -0800. November 2006. 112 words; 102 printed.
138. Joe Amato, *Tragic news -- kari edwards*. Sun, 3 Dec 2006 12:27:49 -0600. December 2006. 65 words, printed entire.
139. Julie Kizershot, *Re: Tragic news -- kari edwards*. Sun, 3 Dec 2006 11:33:01 -0700. December 2006. 51 words; 37 printed.
140. Trace Peterson, *kari*. Sun, 3 Dec 2006 18:42:30 +0000. December 2006. 207 words; 29 printed.
141. Maria Damon, *Re: Tragic news -- kari edwards*. Sun, 3 Dec 2006 13:07:02 -0600. December 2006. 53 words; 42 printed.
142. Amy King, *Re: Tragic news -- kari edwards*. Sun, 3 Dec 2006 11:06:55 -0800. December 2006. 31 words; 20 printed.
143. Alan Sondheim, *Re: Tragic news -- kari edwards*. Sun, 3 Dec 2006 14:24:04 -0500. December 2006. 53 words, printed entire.
144. Stephen Vincent, *Re: Tragic news -- kari edwards*. Sun, 3 Dec 2006 12:36:03 -0800. December 2006. 19 words, printed entire.
145. Chris Stroffolino, *Re: Tragic news -- kari edwards*. Sun, 3 Dec 2006 12:40:23 -0800. December 2006. 30 words; 19 printed.
146. Kevin Killian, *Re: Tragic news -- kari edwards*. Sun, 3 Dec 2006 14:20:23 -0800. December 2006. 147 words, printed entire.
147. Nick Piombino, *Re: kari*. Sun, 3 Dec 2006 18:21:55 -0500. December 2006. 42 words; 29 printed.
148. Steve Dalachinsky, *Re: Tragic news -- kari edwards*. Sun, 3 Dec 2006 18:25:44 -0500. December 2006. 5 words, printed entire.
149. Mark DuCharme, *Re: Tragic news -- kari edwards*. Mon, 4 Dec 2006 00:25:23 -0700. December 2006. 263 words; 175 printed.
150. Geoffrey Gatza, *e-release of kari edwards latest book in moments of tragic news*. Mon, 4 Dec 2006 08:06:01 -0500. December 2006. 134 words, printed entire.
151. Ron Silliman, *Silliman's Blog (of kari edwards)*. Mon, 4 Dec 2006 05:17:51 -0800. December 2006. 119 words, printed entire.
152. Mark DuCharme, *Re: e-release of kari edwards latest book in moments of tragic news*. Mon, 4 Dec 2006 13:06:35 -0700. December 2006. 249 words; 50 printed.
153. Geoffrey Gatza, *Re: e-release of kari edwards latest book in moments of tragic news*. Mon, 4 Dec 2006 15:35:39 -0500. December 2006. 581 words; 288 printed.
154. Cheryl Burket, *kari edwards*. Thu, 7 Dec 2006 15:01:27 -0800. December 2006. 447 words; 365 printed.