

@poetics

The UB Poetics Discussion Group

Archive of Electronic Correspondence

August 1995

1052 messages · Tue 1 Aug 1995 – Thu 31 Aug 1995

An electronic mailing-list archive

University at Buffalo, State University of New York

A reading edition. For each post the author's name, the subject, and the message are foregrounded, and the date is kept but subdued. Machine headers, encoded attachments, and the repeated listserv routing that once framed every message have been cleared away; email addresses, telephone and fax numbers, and similar personal contact details have been redacted.

Editor's Introduction

Kristen M. Fabians

At midnight on the twenty-fourth the world queues in shopping malls to buy a new operating system called Windows 95; a fortnight before, the fiftieth anniversary of Hiroshima passes in a quieter register, and in Bosnia the shells begin to fall in earnest again. The list, characteristically, spends August absorbed by a machine of its own devising — a single poem being written by everyone at once, and threatening never to stop.

The renga, proposed in late July by Steven Shoemaker with one opening line — *"In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books."* — has by August become an organism. Ron Silliman, maria damon, Louis Cabri and a dozen others append their links; the thread buds into Renga, Renga3?, Renga4?, ringing renga, until for a few weeks the list is less a discussion group than a scriptorium passing a single manuscript hand to hand across the wires.

Not everyone is enchanted. A backlash gathers under the frank heading Rengaphobia, and Ron Silliman notes, with the satisfaction of a man who has spotted a pattern, that the three objections to poetry cluttering a poetics list are *"All from north of the border"* — the complainants, to a soul, Canadian. George Bowering, chief among the accused, remains gloriously unrepentant and simply posts again.

Between the renga's links the standing quarrels continue. Jonathan Brannen defends the slippery word art as *"fluid by nature,"* apologizing with mock tenderness that its want of certitude should cause anyone discomfort; Cris Cheek maintains that *"The issue of rhythm is crucial"* to the folk-forms thread; and, relayed by Rachel Loden, Herb Levy's provocation that the sonnet now survives only as a *"marketing strategy"* draws the expected blood. The list even finds an afternoon for baseball, punning poets' names against ballplayers' in the Mitchellmania thread.

And still the renga grows, each contributor adding a line to a poem that no one owns and no one is permitted to finish — the month's purest argument that a poem might be a place one enters rather than a thing one keeps. I have set the letters in their true order, drawn the black bars across every address and telephone, and left the renga exactly as August left it: open, and still accepting links.

— *K. M. F.*

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- 468. Chris Stroffolino — Re: "marketing strategies"
- 469. Gwyn McVay — Re: "marketing strategies"
- 470. maria damon — Re: "marketing strategies"
- 471. maria damon — Re: "marketing strategies"
- 472. Ryan Knighton — Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak

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- 473. Charles Alexander — Re: "marketing strategies"
- 474. Chris Stroffolino — Re: "marketing strategies"
- 475. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: your mail
- 476. Charles Alexander — Re: your mail
- 477. Gabrielle Welford — Appeal for international solidarity (fwd)
- 478. Gabrielle Welford — Tong Yi Urgent Action (fwd)

- 479. Gabrielle Welford — not a job announcement (fwd)
- 480. Rachel Loden — Larkin fucks again
- 481. Joseph Zitt — Re: your mail
- 482. Jorge Guitart — Re: your mail
- 483. Jorge Guitart — Re: your mail
- 484. Lisa Robertson — beardsley for lindz
- 485. David Kellogg — Re: Larkin fucks again
- 486. Alan Sondheim — Debrismaterial noise-poem
- 487. Ryan Knighton — Re: furnished, remember?
- 488. Louis Cabri — THANKYOU C.B. for the list, equal, that is...
- 489. Chris Stroffolino — Re: Larkin fucks again
- 490. Tony Green — Re: JG others and us

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- 491. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: your mail
- 492. Susan Schultz — Rejected posting to [REDACTED] (fwd)
- 493. Chris Stroffolino — Re: Rejected posting to [REDACTED] (fwd)
- 494. Bill Luoma — Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak
- 495. keith — Re: Rejected posting to [REDACTED] (fwd)
- 496. I.LIGHTMAN — Re: Larkin fucks again
- 497. maria damon — Re: JG others and us
- 498. Tom Taylor — Shedding the Lurker Skin
- 499. Louis Cabri — engulfing flames of remorse
- 500. George Bowering — Re: your mail
- 501. George Bowering — Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak
- 502. George Bowering — Re: "marketing strategies"
- 503. George Bowering — Re: West Coast Line
- 504. Gwyn McVay — Re: "marketing strategies"
- 505. George Bowering — Re: your mail
- 506. George Bowering — Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak
- 507. Herb Levy — Re: "marketing strategies"
- 508. George Bowering — Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania
- 509. Lindz Williamson — Re: Favorite swears
- 510. Susan Schultz — Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania
- 511. maria damon — Re: Shedding the Lurker Skin
- 512. maria damon — Re: you're fe/mail?
- 513. Jordan Davis. — political song for michael jackson to sing

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- 514. Lindz Williamson — Re: you're fe/mail?
- 515. David Beaudoin — Re: "marketing strategies"
- 516. David Beaudoin — Re: your mail
- 517. Louis Cabri — you are male, g.b.
- 518. Chris Scheil — Re: you're fe/mail?
- 519. Tony Green — Chook
- 520. Marisa A Januzzi — Re: furnished, remember?/no renga
- 521. Tony Green — Re: Rejected posting to [REDACTED] (fwd)
- 522. David Kellogg — Re: Larkin fucks again
- 523. Gwyn McVay — Re: you're fe/mail?
- 524. Rachel Loden — Larkin fucks again
- 525. Herb Levy — Seattle readings - Bumbershoot
- 526. Herb Levy — Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak
- 527. Mark Roberts — Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak
- 528. I.LIGHTMAN — Re: you're fe/mail?
- 529. Loss Glazier — Gloucester's Olson
- 530. Tom Taylor — Re: Shedding the Lurker Skin
- 531. Hank Lazer — Re: West Coast Line

- 532. Jordan Davis. — Gorton's Gloucester (supplement to Loss)
- 533. Charles Watts — Re: Gloucester's Olson
- 534. Curt Anderson — Re: Favorite swears, almost
- 535. Maria Damon — Re: Favorite swears, almost
- 536. Ryan Knighton — Re: Favorite swears, almost
- 537. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: Lurkin'
- 538. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: faux mail
- 539. maria damon — Re: faux kauf
- 540. David Beaudoin — Re: Gloucester's Olson

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- 541. Louis Cabri — favourite care word: "you"
- 542. maria damon — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 543. Jordan Davis. — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 544. Steve Carll — Re: you're fe/mail?
- 545. Steve Carll — Too late to the renga
- 546. George Bowering — Re: Favorite swears, almost
- 547. George Bowering — Re: Chooks
- 548. George Bowering — Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak
- 549. George Bowering — Re: West Coast Line
- 550. Jordan Davis. — Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak
- 551. George Bowering — Re: Renga 11: Invasion from Mars
- 552. Lindz Williamson — Re: Renga 11: Invasion from Mars
- 553. George Bowering — Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak
- 554. Alan Sonndheim — Re: Renga 11: Invasion from Mars
- 555. W. Northcutt — Re: Hambone
- 556. Charles Alexander — Re: furnished, remember?/no renga
- 557. Charles Alexander — Re: furnished, remember?/no renga
- 558. Fred E. Maus — Re: furnished, remember?/no renga
- 559. maria damon — Re: Too late to the renga
- 560. maria damon — Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak
- 561. maria damon — Re: Renga 11: Invasion from Mars
- 562. Mark Roberts — AWOL: THE FAMOUS REPORTER
- 563. Ryan Knighton — Re: Renga 11: Invasion from Mars
- 564. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 565. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: you're fe/mail?
- 566. Bill Luoma — Re: furnished, remember?/no renga
- 567. Louis Cabri — A Poem By Ryan Knighton
- 568. Louis Cabri — hole mag fyi
- 569. Joseph Zitt — Re: Too late to the renga
- 570. Gabrielle Welford — Re: JG others and us
- 571. maria damon — Re: JG others and us
- 572. maria damon — mumia signature
- 573. Charles Alexander — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 574. Tony Green — Re: Chooks

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- 575. Gabrielle Welford — Re: Too late to the renga
- 576. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 577. Steve Carll — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 578. George Bowering — Re: Chooks
- 579. cris cheek — Re: desire / and the 39 steps
- 580. Ron Silliman — Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania
- 581. Ron Silliman — Re: "marketing strategies," CAP-L, & the gap (mind it or lose it)
- 582. David Kellogg — Re: "marketing strategies," CAP-L, & the gap (mind it or lose it)
- 583. Chris Stroffolino — Re: "marketing strategies," CAP-L, & the gap (mind it or lose it)
- 584. Theresa Krystyna Smalec — women's discourses of HIV and AIDS

- 585. David Kellogg — Re: "marketing strategies," CAP-L, & the gap (mind it or lose it)
- 586. George Bowering — Re: Faulkner
- 587. George Bowering — Re: Renga 11: Invasion from Mars
- 588. George Bowering — Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania
- 589. George Bowering — Re: "marketing strategies"
- 590. Joseph Zitt — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 591. Ron Silliman — Re: The List Itself
- 592. Ron Silliman — Re: Shedding the Lurker Skin
- 593. maria damon — Re: The List Itself
- 594. Charles Alexander — Re: favourite care word: "you"

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- 595. Charles Alexander — Re: "marketing strategies," CAP-L, & the gap (mind it or lose it)
- 596. Charles Alexander — Re: "marketing strategies"
- 597. Ron Silliman — Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania
- 598. David Kellogg — Re: "marketing strategies," CAP-L, & the gap (mind it or lose it)
- 599. Gwyn McVay — Re: "marketing strategies"
- 600. Rachel Loden — off the subject
- 601. Chris Stroffolino — Re: "marketing strategies," CAP-L, & the gap (mind it or lose it)
- 602. Ryan Knighton — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 603. Ryan Knighton — Re: GAPPED
- 604. maria damon — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 605. Jordan Davis. — clean
- 606. Joseph Zitt — Re: "marketing strategies"
- 607. Louis Cabri — just frabjous
- 608. Curt Anderson — Re: clean
- 609. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 610. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: Meet the New Formalists / Just like the Old Formalists

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- 611. Thomas Bell — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 612. Louis Cabri — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 613. David Kellogg — Re: "marketing strategies"
- 614. Kenneth Goldsmith — Hard Press/Lingo WWW Site Is Up
- 615. Loss Glazier — EPC.News.3
- 616. Loss Glazier — NEW_URL_for_EPC
- 617. Ron Silliman — Value in Poetry
- 618. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: delayed response
- 619. Charles Alexander — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 620. Charles Alexander — Re: favourite care word: "you"

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- 621. Marjorie Perloff — Re: troubles with genius
- 622. George Bowering — Re: troubles with genius
- 623. George Bowering — Re: "marketing strategies"
- 624. George Bowering — Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania
- 625. George Bowering — Re: "marketing strategies," CAP-L, & the gap (mind it or lose it)
- 626. Alan Sondheim — Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania
- 627. Chris Stroffolino — Re: Value in Poetry
- 628. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 629. Charles Alexander — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 630. Keith Tuma — Re: Value in Poetry
- 631. maria damon — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 632. maria damon — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 633. Charles Alexander — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 634. Chris Stroffolino — Re: Value in Poetry
- 635. George Bowering — Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania

636. Mark Roberts — (no subject)

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- 637. Shaunanne Tangney — Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania
- 638. maria damon — Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania
- 639. H. T. KIRBY-SMITH — New Formalism
- 640. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 641. Shaunanne Tangney — Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania
- 642. Hank Lazer — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 643. Lindz Williamson — spyder
- 644. Ryan Knighton — Re: spyder
- 645. Joseph Zitt — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 646. Jordan Davis. — favorite car word
- 647. Wystan Curnow — Re: New Formalism
- 648. Alan Sondheim — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 649. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: Howe's Dfens

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- 650. Charles Alexander — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 651. Charles Alexander — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 652. Alan Sondheim — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 653. Thomas Bell — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 654. Alan Sondheim — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 655. Rod Smith — Re: Value in Poetry
- 656. Rae Armantrout — Re: Howe's Dfens
- 657. Lindz Williamson — Thesen
- 658. George Bowering — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 659. George Bowering — Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania
- 660. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 661. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 662. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 663. maria damon — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 664. maria damon — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 665. maria damon — movies abt poetry
- 666. Gabrielle Welford — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 667. Issa Clubb — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 668. Alan Golding — Howe Now, Brown Formalist (and Bob Perelman too)
- 669. Alan Golding — Oh shit, it's him again
- 670. Alan Sondheim — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 671. H. T. KIRBY-SMITH — Language Poetry and Music
- 672. Gale Nelson — Michael Hareper's Titles
- 673. Ryan Knighton — Re: Language Poetry and Music
- 674. Jordan Davis. — favorite moities in moire
- 675. Jordan Davis. — mormon in the armoire
- 676. Jordan Davis. — Padgett's Definition
- 677. Jordan Davis. — Re: troubles with genius/floors of congress
- 678. Charles Alexander — How Hear Howe?
- 679. Charles Alexander — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 680. Louis Cabri — same post, attempt #3
- 681. Robert Drake — Re: movies abt poetry
- 682. Rae Armantrout — Re: How Hear Howe?
- 683. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 684. Louis Cabri — favourite bar word: jug
- 685. Louis Cabri — Re: combines
- 686. Rod Smith — Re: How Hear Howe?
- 687. Rod Smith — Re: Language Poetry and Music
- 688. Maria Damon — Re: mormon in the armoire

- 689. Maria Damon — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 690. Susan E. Dunn — pardon my formalism
- 691. Brian McHale — Re: Michael Hareper's Titles

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- 692. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: mormon in the armoire
- 693. Thomas Bell — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 694. Louis Cabri — favourite critical word: poetry
- 695. George Bowering — Re: combines
- 696. George Bowering — Re: Language Poetry and Music
- 697. George Bowering — Re: Language Poetry and Music
- 698. George Bowering — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 699. Ron Silliman — Re: Language Poetry and Music
- 700. Ron Silliman — Re: Howe Now, Brown Formalist (and Bob Perelman too)
- 701. Ron Silliman — Re: Poetry and Music
- 702. Charles Alexander — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 703. Charles Alexander — Re: Howe Now, Brown Formalist (and Bob Perelman too)
- 704. Michael Boughn — Re: Howe Now, Brown Formalist (and Bob Perelman too)
- 705. maria damon — Re: Howe Now, Brown Formalist (and Bob Perelman too)
- 706. maria damon — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 707. Herb Levy — Seattle readings Fall '95
- 708. Herb Levy — Value/genius in/with trouble/Poetry
- 709. Herb Levy — Kenner & CanLit
- 710. Herb Levy — Re: Language Poetry and Music
- 711. Mark Roberts — AWOL: Five Islands Press Launch
- 712. Herb Levy — Re: Language Poetry and Music
- 713. David Kellogg — Perelman's forthcoming and recent
- 714. Rachel Loden — code of silence
- 715. Alan Sondheim — Re: Language Poetry and Music
- 716. Chris Stroffolino — Re: Perelman's forthcoming and recent
- 717. Chris Stroffolino — Re: Language Poetry and Music
- 718. Alan Sondheim — Text
- 719. Jordan Davis. — Re: Howe Now, Brown Formalist (and Bob Perelman too)
- 720. Gale Nelson — Re: How Hear Howe?
- 721. Susan Schultz — (no subject)
- 722. Tim Waples — Notes of a renga lurker
- 723. Brian W Horihan — Re: Language Poetry and Music
- 724. H. T. KIRBY-SMITH — N_w F_____m
- 725. Alan Sondheim — Re: Language Poetry and Music
- 726. David Kellogg — Re: Perelman's forthcoming and recent
- 727. David Kellogg — Re: your mail
- 728. Michael Boughn — Re: Howe Now, Brown Formalist (and Bob Perelman too)
- 729. maria damon — (no subject)
- 730. Jordan Davis. — non music anon
- 731. Jordan Davis. — now words/cognitive dissonance
- 732. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: nadir of the W
- 733. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: the renga that took the place of itself
- 734. Joseph Zitt — Re: mormon in the armoire
- 735. Joseph Zitt — Re: Value/genius in/with trouble/Poetry
- 736. Keith Tuma — Re: your mail
- 737. Gwyn McVay — Re: How Hear Howe?
- 738. Charles Bernstein — ACLA Call for Papers on Lit. betw. Phil & Cultural Studies
- 739. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: favourite care word: "you"
- 740. Tony Green — Re: the renga that took the place of itself

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- 741. Steve Carll — Re: Wallace who?

- 742. Lindz Williamson — Re: the renga that took the place of itself
- 743. Tenney Nathanson — Re: POETICS Digest - 22 Aug 1995 to 23 Aug 1995
- 744. beard — Howe Now Brown ... / writer or written?
- 745. George Bowering — Re: your mail
- 746. George Bowering — Re: Language Poetry and Music
- 747. Chris Stroffolino — Re: Wallace who?
- 748. Ron Silliman — Re: Howe Now, Brown Formalist (and Bob Perelman too)
- 749. Ron Silliman — Re: Language Poetry and Music
- 750. Ron Silliman — Re: your mail
- 751. Ron Silliman — Re: your mail
- 752. Michael Boughn — Re: nadir of the W
- 753. Michael Boughn — Re: now words/cognitive dissonance
- 754. Jordan Davis. — tone of tone
- 755. Gale Nelson — Re: How Hear Howe?
- 756. maria damon — Re: How Hear Howe?
- 757. maria damon — Re: the renga that took the place of itself
- 758. maria damon — Re: Language Poetry and Music
- 759. maria damon — Re: Howe Now, Brown Formalist (and Bob Perelman too)
- 760. maria damon — Re: commercial e-mail accounts
- 761. Gwyn McVay — Re: How Hear Howe?
- 762. Susan Schultz — Criteria (fwd)
- 763. Lindz Williamson — THEN USE IT!
- 764. Gale Nelson — Re: Criteria (fwd)
- 765. Chris Stroffolino — Re: Criteria (fwd)
- 766. David Kellogg — Re: Criteria (LONG)
- 767. Mark Roberts — AWOL: Association for the Study of Australian Literature
- 768. Jordan Davis. — Re: Criteria (fwd)
- 769. Keith Tuma — Re: Criteria (fwd)
- 770. maria damon — Re: Criteria (fwd)
- 771. Ryan Knighton — Re: Criteriaria
- 772. George Bowering — Re: Language Poetry and Music
- 773. George Bowering — Re: the renga that took the place of itself
- 774. Ryan Knighton — Re: Language Poetry and Music
- 775. Ryan Knighton — Re: the renga that took the place of itself
- 776. David Kellogg — Re: Criteria (short)
- 777. Susan E. Dunn — (no subject)
- 778. David Kellogg — Re: Criteria (fwd)
- 779. Rod Smith — Re: Criteria (fwd)
- 780. Rod Smith — new & forthcoming
- 781. Susan Schultz — Re: Criteria (fwd)

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- 782. Ryan Knighton — Re: new & forthcoming
- 783. Lindz Williamson — who is this guy?
- 784. Tony Green — Re: Criteria (fwd)
- 785. Tony Green — Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania
- 786. Louis Cabri — poetry/prose thinking
- 787. Alan Sondheim — Re: Language Poetry
- 788. beard — Re: Language Poetry and Music
- 789. Michael Boughn — Corn pone
- 790. beard — 27 - a reading
- 791. Michael Boughn — Renga free
- 792. Jonathan A Levin — Re: new & forthcoming
- 793. H. T. KIRBY-SMITH — music and poetry
- 794. Herb Levy — Size vs Use
- 795. Gwyn McVay — Re: Criteria (fwd)

- 796. Peter Zukowski — introduction
- 797. Keith Tuma — Re: Criteria (fwd)
- 798. Herb Levy — Hello Alfred Corn
- 799. Anmarie Trimble — Re: who is this guy?
- 800. maria damon — Re: who is this guy?
- 801. Daniel Bouchard/College/hmco — Re: who is this guy?
- 802. Lindz Williamson — Re: who is this guy?
- 803. Ryan Knighton — Re: Language Poetry
- 804. Alan Sondheim — Re: Language Poetry
- 805. Patrick Phillips — Re: Corn
- 806. maria damon — Re: Language Poetry
- 807. Susan Schultz — More Forwards (fwd)
- 808. Issa Clubb — Re: new & forthcoming
- 809. Lindz Williamson — Re: Hello Alfred Corn
- 810. maria damon — Re: who is this guy?
- 811. Theresa Krystyna Smalec — Re: the renga that took the place of itself
- 812. Jordan Davis. — in this self-regard
- 813. Steve Evans — Re: new & forthcoming
- 814. maria damon — Re: More Forwards (fwd)
- 815. Ryan Knighton — Re: Language Poetry
- 816. Ryan Knighton — Re: More Forwards (fwd)
- 817. Chris Scheil — Re: Language Poetry (& the morning Corn report)
- 818. Ryan Knighton — Re: who is this guy?
- 819. Steve Evans — Corn
- 820. Joseph Zitt — Re: who is this guy?
- 821. Joseph Zitt — Re: Renga free
- 822. Joseph Zitt — Re: Size vs Use
- 823. Susan Schultz — Re: Criteria (fwd)
- 824. Chris Stroffolino — Re: who is this guy?
- 825. Chris Stroffolino — Re: Criteria (fwd)
- 826. Chris Stroffolino — Re: new & forthcoming
- 827. Louis Cabri — ceci n'est pas un poeme

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- 828. Thomas Bell — Re: poetry/prose thinking
- 829. George Bowering — Re: More Forwards (fwd)
- 830. Marjorie Perloff — Re: Joris's Celan and Corn on L poetry - 24 Aug 1995 to 25 Aug 1995
- 831. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: poetry/prose thinking
- 832. George Bowering — Re: poetry/prose thinking
- 833. Anmarie Trimble — Re: who is this guy?
- 834. Rod Smith — Re: Joris's Celan and Corn on L poetry - 24 Aug 1995 to 25 Aug 1995
- 835. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: Criteria (fwd)
- 836. Rod Smith — Renga
- 837. Patrick Phillips — Re: Joris's Celan and Corn on L poetry - 24 Aug 1995 to 25 Aug 1995
- 838. Rachel Loden — poems & polemics
- 839. Ron Silliman — Fwd: (Fwd) Pound, Dylan, LZ, Whitman
- 840. Ron Silliman — Re: Anmarie Trimble
- 841. Ron Silliman — Re: Criteria (fwd)
- 842. Ron Silliman — Marjorie's Post
- 843. Ron Silliman — Revenge of the Renga
- 844. maria damon — Re: who is this guy?
- 845. maria damon — Re: poems & polemics
- 846. Charles Alexander — Re: poems & polemics
- 847. Charles Alexander — Re: who is this guy?
- 848. maria damon — Re: Fwd: (Fwd) Pound, Dylan, LZ, Whitman
- 849. H. T. KIRBY-SMITH — CAP-L List

- 850. maria damon — Re: Joris's Celan and Corn on L poetry - 24 Aug 1995 to 25 Aug
- 851. Linda Lane Reinfeld — Language Poetry: Writing As Rescue
- 852. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: Renga
- 853. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: Revenge of the Renga
- 854. Keith Tuma — Re: Joris's Celan and Corn on L poetry - 24 Aug 1995 to 25 Aug 1995
- 855. David Kellogg — Re: More Forwards (fwd)
- 856. Jorge Guitart — perloff v. corn
- 857. Jorge Guitart — Re: Renga
- 858. Ron Silliman — Cage/Cunningham
- 859. Anmarie Trimble — Big Mac Wac Pac
- 860. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: Renga
- 861. Eryque Gleason — trading cards and WAC
- 862. Louis Cabri — place genre heading here & behead
- 863. David Kellogg — Re: More Forwards (fwd)
- 864. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: reply reply reply
- 865. Joseph Zitt — Re: Revenge of the Renga
- 866. Joseph Zitt — Re: poems & polemics
- 867. Eryque Gleason — Re: More Forwards (fwd)
- 868. Charles Alexander — Re: trading cards and WAC
- 869. Charles Alexander — Re: More Forwards (fwd)
- 870. Charles Alexander — Re: More Forwards (fwd)
- 871. Chris Stroffolino — Re: trading cards and WAC
- 872. maria damon — Re: Renga
- 873. Gabrielle Welford — Re: Renga
- 874. Jorge Guitart — Re: Revenge of the Renga II
- 875. Charles Alexander — Re: Renga
- 876. Chris Stroffolino — place genre heading here and behead
- 877. Chris Stroffolino — dylan
- 878. Gabrielle Welford — Re: Renga

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- 879. Jorge Guitart — Re: Renga
- 880. Jorge Guitart — Re: Revenge of the Renga
- 881. Robert Drake — Re: More Forwards (fwd)
- 882. Jorge Guitart — Re: Renga
- 883. Eryque Gleason — WASP
- 884. Susan Schultz — Corn talk
- 885. Thomas Bell — Re: Renga
- 886. Rod Smith — Macaronic
- 887. Gabrielle Welford — protesting executions in S.Arabia (fwd)
- 888. Steve Carll — Re: Marjorie's Post
- 889. George Bowering — Re: Renga
- 890. George Bowering — Re: Renga
- 891. Ron Silliman — Children of the Corn
- 892. Louis Cabri — goof me up! tweettweet!
- 893. maria damon — Re: Revenge of the Renga II
- 894. maria damon — Re: joriscelan
- 895. Kevin Killian — George Stanley
- 896. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: Renga
- 897. Patrick Phillips — Re: place genre heading here and behead
- 898. H. T. KIRBY-SMITH — rough as a corn cob
- 899. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: Another Death in the Family
- 900. Wystan Curnow — Re: Joris's Celan and Corn on L poetry - 24 Aug 1995 to 25
- 901. Herb Levy — Re: Size vs Use
- 902. Rod Smith — Re: Marjorie's Post

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- 903. Jorge Guitart — Re: Renga
- 904. Jorge Guitart — Re: Revenge of the Renga II
- 905. Jorge Guitart — Re: bedside reading late late summer
- 906. Jorge Guitart — Re: Renga
- 907. Jorge Guitart — Re: Renga
- 908. Steve Carll — Re: Children of the Corn
- 909. Thomas Bell — Re: Renga
- 910. Louis Cabri — surfacing
- 911. George Bowering — Re: WASP
- 912. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: Renga
- 913. beard — Re: Hello Alfred Corn
- 914. Michael Boughn — Re: Corn talk
- 915. Gwyn McVay — Re: Children of the Corn
- 916. Jorge Guitart — Re: Renga
- 917. Jorge Guitart — Re: Renga
- 918. H. T. KIRBY-SMITH — Bill Moyers and "Shared values"
- 919. Gale Nelson — Re: music and poetry
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- 922. Alan Golding — Lost Mail
- 923. Mark Wallace — Re: POETICS Digest - 26 Aug 1995 to 27 Aug 1995
- 924. Chris Stroffolino — Re: Children of the Corn
- 925. Jorge Guitart — poetry and music
- 926. Chris Stroffolino — Re: Children of the Corn
- 927. Kenneth Goldsmith — (no subject)
- 928. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: Typoo
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- 932. David Kellogg — Re: place genre heading here and behead
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- 935. Jorge Guitart — Re: poetry and music
- 936. Jonathan Brannen — Re: Children of the Corn
- 937. Louis Cabri — Riff Barkers Frig Intention's Loam
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- 939. beard — Re: Children of the Corn
- 940. ims — Rejected posting to
- 941. Rae Armantrout — Re: Rejected posting to
- 942. maria damon — it's unsub time
- 943. Michael Boughn — To reefer or not to
- 944. beard — LangPo & the refusal to refer
- 945. Jeffrey Timmons — Re: Corn talk
- 946. maria damon — must be kismet
- 947. Edward Foster — Re: furnished, remember?/no renga
- 948. Jeffrey Timmons — Re: Rejected posting to
- 949. Robert Drake — Re: Typoo
- 950. Pierre Joris — Re: new & forthcoming

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- 951. Steve Carll — Old Hats, New Heads?
- 952. Steve Carll — (no subject)
- 953. Chris Stroffolino — Re: poetry and music
- 954. Lindz Williamson — Help..
- 955. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: Alan Golding's Lost Mail
- 956. Chris Stroffolino — Re: MisunderstandingsPOETICS Digest5

- 957. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: ref ref
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- 959. Ryan Knighton — Re: To reefer or not to
- 960. George Bowering — Re: communication
- 961. Ron Silliman — Re: music and poetry
- 962. Ron Silliman — From the CAP-L list
- 963. Ron Silliman — CAP-L/refusing to refer
- 964. Ron Silliman — Repost, re post
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- 967. Daniel Bouchard/College/hmco — Laughlin/Corbett
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- 969. Herb Levy — an aside on grants 'n' stuff
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- 971. Herb Levy — Re: Hello Alfred Corn (longish)
- 972. Fred E. Maus — Re: an aside on grants 'n' stuff
- 973. Chris Stroffolino — Re: pardon my formalism
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- 975. Rae Armantrout — Re: Laughlin/Corbett
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- 978. Alan Golding — Subjects
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- 981. George Bowering — Re: referring
- 982. George Bowering — Re: Hernando
- 983. Jordan Davis. — wac
- 984. Michael Boughn — Re: Herb's anatomy
- 985. Jorge Guitart — Re: Renga
- 986. Jordan Davis. — rerenga
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- 989. Joseph Zitt — Re: "getting" jazz
- 990. Chris Stroffolino — Re: Laughlin/Corbett
- 991. Lee Chapman — Yasusada = Hoax?
- 992. Steve Carll — (no subject)
- 993. Jorge Guitart — Re: your mail
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- 996. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: aldon to alan
- 997. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: ". . ."
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- 999. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: progressive v regressive
- 1000. Steve Evans — Words Vanish First
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- 1008. Daniel Bouchard/College/hmco — Re: Music and the Renga
- 1009. Mark Roberts — AWOL: September Happenings
- 1010. Lisa Robertson — Vancouver this fall

- 1011. H. T. KIRBY-SMITH — Re: Music and the Renga
- 1012. Lisa Robertson — corrected vancouver
- 1013. Carl Lynden Peters — Re: referring
- 1014. Jorge Guitart — Re: Renga-Z
- 1015. Jorge Guitart — Re: Renga
- 1016. Edward Foster — Re: desire / and the 39 steps
- 1017. Edward Foster — hey, ron, watch it!
- 1018. Edward Foster — Re: Repost #2
- 1019. Edward Foster — shocked and dismayed
- 1020. Jordan Davis. — Re: Millay
- 1021. Jordan Davis. — Re: Renga
- 1022. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: Renga-Z
- 1023. George Bowering — Re: Reeves
- 1024. Lindz Williamson — More Movie talk.
- 1025. Joseph Zitt — Re: Music and the Renga
- 1026. Jeffrey Timmons — Re: More Movie talk.
- 1027. Eryque Gleason — Re: Renga

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- 1028. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: Renga
- 1029. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: Renga
- 1030. Steve Carll — Re: your mail
- 1031. George Bowering — Re: Renga!
- 1032. George Bowering — Re: limerick
- 1033. Ron Silliman — Keanu, the living god
- 1034. R I Caddel — New books
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- 1036. Jorge Guitart — Re: Renga
- 1037. Jorge Guitart — Re: Renga!
- 1038. Willa Jarnagin — Re: New books
- 1039. Jordan Davis. — Re: Renga
- 1040. Jordan Davis. — Re: Renga!
- 1041. Peter Larkin — New Publication
- 1042. Lindz Williamson — Re: Keanu, the living god (fwd)
- 1043. Loss Glazier — "Related" Listservs
- 1044. Jorge Guitart — Re: Renga!
- 1045. Daniel Bouchard/College/hmco — Fate
- 1046. Patrick Phillips — Re: Fate
- 1047. Gale Nelson — Re: Fate
- 1048. Jeffrey Timmons — Re: Rejected posting to [REDACTED] (fwd)
- 1049. George Bowering — Re: Renga!
- 1050. Jordan Davis. — re pussy poets
- 1051. Jordan Davis. — Re: Renga!
- 1052. Jeffrey Timmons — Re: Help..

1. **Thomas Bell**

renga, re

Tue 1 Aug 1995

Aside from a desire to follow tradition, there is no reason not to invent a new (cyber?) form of renga here. I have done some work on what I call 0"bluestankas" (modern or post-such urban and gritty) and in some ways the spirit travels well.

Over the weekend I chanced (serendipitously?) across the best description of renga I've seen. It comes from a more popular and less formal source, but I think it captures the spirit or soul of renga:

"_Renga is essentially perpetual-motion verse capping. To the fourteen syllables that cap a _tanka one adds another verse of seventeen, in effect starting another _tanka. Only this new verse continues the thought of the fourteen-syllable verse and (more important) departs from the meaning of the original seventeen-syllable verse, shifting the seasonal identification, the speaker, the mood, or some other significant element. When you read _renga, you not only find meaning being added and deepened, you see it also being subtracted, slipping into oblivion, as the old links slough off and away. You become attentive and wary as every link shines and shifts under your eyes. Buddhist critics likened the composing of _renga to a correct understanding of the impermanence of the world." (from _All-Japan: the catalog of everything Japanese).

Bada Shanren

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2. **Louis Cabri**

rengala

Tue 1 Aug 1995

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds*

*The caravan of windows to what they flee
Rack of lambent jingoism, carving the exemplar's demise
Hurricane Eden and evening is nigh []~`\\<-*

Inside, inside! This syndetic material is killing me.

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3. **Louis Cabri** **rengala**

Tue 1 Aug 1995

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
Rack of lambent jingoism, carving the exemplar's demise
Hurricane Eden and evening is nigh []~`\\<-
Inside, inside! This syndetic material is killing me.*

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4. **David Kellogg** **Re: Free Verse Soot**

Tue 1 Aug 1995

OK, I'm back after a half-week hiatus, and will continue to input on the question of belief. In a related story, Jonathan Brannen wonders why there is resistance on the part of some to calling poetry an art, and then muses about the respective roles of talent & technique. But the obvious answer doesn't seem to suggest itself, so I'll spell it out: some of us don't like to use the term "art" because for us more is lost than gained. In particular what is lost for me is the avoidance of mystification, evidenced aplenty by Brannen's well-meant appeal to the undefined (and by implication undefinable).

Cheers,
David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

David Kellogg
University Writing Program
Duke University

The moment is at hand.
Take one another
and eat.

Durham, NC 27708



--Thomas Kinsella

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5. **Burt Kimmelman**

Re: Renga, Renga, Renga

Tue 1 Aug 1995

Tom Taylor:

What?

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6. **Herb Levy**

folk rhythms & forms

Tue 1 Aug 1995

Cris Cheek writes:

The issue of rhythm is crucial. Rhythm in folk musics has been tightened by the twin processes of military organisation and industrialisation? The storyteller Ben Gaggarty was here over the weekend and along with traditional singer Chris Foster and poets Jean 'binta' Breeze and Merle Collins we got into a protracted discussion of rhythm and oral traditions. The question remains as to whether rhythm organically follows or imposes on pulse? Rhythm in many 'folk' musics has become 'stricter' throughout the twentieth century. Go way back into earlier millenia and the speculation favours a looser feel. A beguiling subtlety of pulse.

While it's true that older folk forms have become increasingly calcified, I think this is more part of an ongoing historic process than a result of "the 20th Century." Once people are writing in a form that they learn by rote rather than through an active community practice, you've got problems. Hence, blues, or Child ballads, or New Orleans-style jazz, are, for the most part, now rule-based artforms, rather than a tradition in which people actively develop a style. & the rhythms used often seem as if the performer learned them by rote, rather than felt them.

This is not true of some newer folk forms (by which I mean forms that have an active life within some part of the culture), like some of rap or rock, or even a little of what remains of jazz. Where there are real people for whom the music is part of daily life, it is possible to have some of that rhythmic looseness, even in the context of "military organisation and industrialisation." It's difficult for a music to be central to some subculture (it seems impossible for any one music to be truly central to the whole culture any more) and still escape becoming commercialized and losing it's "folky looseness."

Capital must expand, and one of the ways it does this is to absorb other cultural forms. So we end up with the travesty of a "folk" music that now means a singer performing her own songs with few (if any) other accompanists, rather than performing a song that no one knows the author of or the debacle of a "world" music that has all too often come to mean "electric guitars from many lands." But that's probably a discussion for a different group.

Getting away, then, from the issue of rhythm, to the more general issue of traditional forms, (& back to poetics), much the same argument could (obviously) be made for much New Formalist poetry. It's simply a different thing for someone to write a canzone, a sestina, or a sonnet sequence several hundred years after it was a functional poetic form within the culture. It's no longer part of a living culture, it's a marketing strategy.

There are different, but related problems when you are dealing with a "tradition" that values formal innovation (also as marketing strategy) regardless of content over continuing (or revived) formal structures used to convey personal content.

Think how different "our" literary culture would be if many writers took on the formal rhythms of Lyn Hejinian's "My Life," the five-line stanzas of Barrett Watten's "Progress," or other structures & forms from language works of the 1980s, just as many people write sonnet sequences or workshop poems.

Could these idiosyncratic forms become idioms in any functional way? What would it take for this to happen? Would it be a good thing?

Herb Levy



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7. **Herb Levy**

Innovations & Traditions

Tue 1 Aug 1995

Last week (as I posted earlier to <wr-eye-tings>, but not to <poetics>), I heard a great performance by Dutch sound-poet Jaap Blonk. He did a lot of his own pieces, several improvisations and a few works by others, including two movements of Kurt Schwitters' *Ur Sonata*. Since then I've spent some time listening to 4 recordings of the *Ur Sonata*: by Schwitters, Blonk, Eberhard Blum & Christopher Butterfield.

As with any performance, there are differences between the interpretations, but the *Ur Sonata* is pretty much a sonata in the classical sense. The use of contrasting themes, how they develop and contrast, the dynamics and tempi of

the movements, etc. follow the structure of any classical sonata, it's just performed using odd phonetic sounds instead of a western classical instrument.

Given that the Ur Sonata so closely follows one of the strictest forms of western classical music, what, if anything, makes it an avant garde work?

(Sorry for any duplication caused by this cross posting. A substantial number of the people on <wr-eye-tings> aren't on <poetics>, and it seemed that people on both lists might have something interesting to add to this topic. If you think this will be unwieldy - some people (not very many & I think you know who you are) will get messages twice - simply delete one (or more) lists from the <to:> line in the address above if you respond.)

Herb Levy



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8. **Tom Taylor**

Re: rengaro [Cth

Tue 1 Aug 1995

Nothing but net

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9. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Tue 1 Aug 1995

On 1 Aug 95 at 8:59, Herb Levy wrote:

Think how different "our" literary culture would be if many writers took on the formal rhythms of Lyn Hejinian's "My Life," the five-line stanzas of Barrett Watten's "Progress," or other structures & forms from language works of the 1980s, just as many people write sonnet sequences or workshop poems.

I've thought about this a lot (from my usual non-degreed, layman's position). One problem shows up in how you posed the issue: the new forms get viewed as the "turf" of one writer or another (in your examples, Hejinian or Watten), and to use them is viewed as copping another's style. I've kicked around the idea of using Cage's mesostic form, but the method is so strongly connected to his work that it would be hard to avoid looking like a slavish imitator in doing it. This isn't a problem in doing, for example, sonnets and sestinas, since the identity of the originators has (as far as i know) been lost.

Of course, there is the interesting stuff that happens when someone tries to use an existing form, gets it wrong, and creates something new. (I've been accused

of getting my musical ideas by a consistent pattern of misunderstandings; what the hell, it works.)

I get some flack from fellow poets (or, well, fellow people-who-write-things-that-they-read-at-open-mikes) for openly admitting that what I do is directly influenced by this or that other writer (Cage, Mac Low, Karl Shapiro, etc). Most of them seem to think that they are being totally original in writing their narrative vernacular three-minute-long free verse. *sigh* -----1-----1-----

1-----1-----1-----1----- |||/ Joseph Zitt ==== ██████████ ===== Human Systems \||| \||/ Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \|| \||/ Online Representative, Austin International Poetry Festival \|| / Joe Zitt's Home Page\

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10. **maria damon**

Re: writings and last poets

Tue 1 Aug 1995

herb writes:

>

> (Sorry for any duplication caused by this cross posting. A substantial
> number of the people on <wr-eye-tings> aren't on <poetics>, and it seemed
> that people on both lists might have something interesting to add to this
> topic. If you think this will be unwieldy - some people (not very many & I
> think you know who you are) will get messages twice - simply delete one (or
> more) lists from the <to:> line in the address above if you respond.)

>

>

what is <wr-eye-tings> and how does one subscribe, if it's a list?--md

also, i went to see the last poets about a week ago at First Ave., the club made famous by Prince's movie Purple Rain in the 80s. the last poets were terrific, their stuff still holds up 25 yrs later, and their new stuff, tho more look within-ish than their Black Arts Movement era pieces, is powerful too. it was a mixed crowd, lots of young Black men who were very moved and serious, pleased to have their situation acknowledged in straight-ahead verse, breaking out in spontaneous applause during "stop the madness." they were, incredibly, a warm up act for a reggae group, so there was an incongruous line of white dreadhead guys and chicks in the front row, swaying sultrily throughout the last poets' first coupla numbers until they got the idea that this wasn't quite the idea. lots of older folks too, from my era (60s and 70s) of varying ethnic affiliations. a great show. i liked that the poets weren't glamorous, like most club acts. they were

just a trio of middle-aged hefty guys with great sonorous voices and good verse.--md

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11. **Rod Smith**

Re: Innovations & Traditions

Tue 1 Aug 1995

Cage discussed the Ur Sonata at least once that I remember-- he used it as an example of the danger of someone with no musical training undertaking composition. That there is a tendency for one to become enamored of "simple" musical tricks. He didn't find it interesting, whether it's avant garde or not. He mentioned this in relation to a lot of work being done with synthesizers & such-- that even though many "new" sounds cld be produced with them a great number of the people working with them were thinking in "old" ways.

There's another since in which the Schwitters piece cld be considered garde at least if not avant. A couple of muggers approached Schwitters in Berlin demanding money-- he began performing a portion of the URSONATE at the top of his lungs, this seriously freaked them, & they ran, w/out the money.

--Rod

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12. **Jonathan Brannen**

avoidance behavior syndrome

Tue 1 Aug 1995

So, David, you don't like the term "art" because avoidance of mystification is lost by its use? The difficulty in defining "art" is because art is fluid by nature (i.e. constantly changing). I'm sorry that this lack of certitude causes you discomfort. Any useful tips on how to deal with life's other uncertainies?

Best,
Jonathan

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13. **Herb Levy**

Re: writings and last poets

Tue 1 Aug 1995

| what is <wr-eye-tings> and how does one subscribe, if it's a list?--md

<wr-eye-tings> is a list that carl peters started with much discussion & input from cris cheek. Some of this discussion was on <poetics> a while back. It focuses on visual & sound poetry.

It's pretty quiet by <poetics> standards.

send the following command in email to "[REDACTED]":

subscribe wr-eye-tings

followed by your email address on the same line.

The Last Poets passed through town this winter, but I didn't like the relatively new record very much, so I didn't go. Sounds like I made a mistake. I hope they continue to tour.

Thanks for the report on their performance.

Herb Levy

[REDACTED]

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14. **cris cheek**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Tue 1 Aug 1995

Herb's asking some useful questions.

>Think how different "our" literary culture would be if many writers took on
>the formal rhythms of Lyn Hejinian's "My Life," the five-line stanzas of
>Barrett Watten's "Progress," or other structures & forms from language
>works of the 1980s, just as many people write sonnet sequences or workshop
>poems.

>

>Could these idiosyncratic forms become idioms in any functional way? What
>would it take for this to happen? Would it be a good thing?

I've had conversations with Bruce Andrews during which he's asserted 'free improv' to be a 'folk' form - certainly some of its more baleful mannerisms nowadays (although there remain outstanding practitioners) are little different in their stilted 'mimesis' than the proverbial finger in the ear of the 'do you ken John Peel' 'folk' performer.

But at what point does tradition become perceptible as such? It's a very slippery and therefore imperative question. Many live in cultures and respond to communities that tend (unwisely?) to foreground 'origination'. Many live in cultures and respond to communities that tend to value ways to take traditions into the future.

Does the compliment of imitation / conscious influence reveal the arrival of tradition? What values do different communities place on this process? Or is the prevailing emphasis remaindered on the basis of discontinuous disposable 'new product' consumerism? Curious paradoxes here.

The current Renga fever is a case in point:

collaborative branching processes that discuss community and difference as they emerge, through considerable sometimes perhaps tolerant investments of creative 'belief', into 'public' space and shared time.

A collective exploration of formal potential. Conscious formation (intention) of community is present here - resonant with Spicer and also SF Poets Theatre and Poets Conference in the UK?

Has composition by chance become a 'folk' art? Is Mail Art a 'folk' art. Is Jazz 'folk'? Sparks across the seemingly 'parallel' tracks?

And lurking definitions of community and culture. As 'polis' entropes towards diaspora and decentralisation. As orgies of fragmentation become the norm.

whoa!

love and love

cris

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15. **GWYN M. MCVAY**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Tue 1 Aug 1995

On Tue, 1 Aug 1995, Joseph Zitt wrote:

I've thought about this a lot (from my usual non-degreed, layman's position). One problem shows up in how you posed the issue: the new forms get viewed as the "turf" of one writer or another (in your examples, Hejinian or Watten), and to use them is viewed as copping another's style. I've kicked around the idea of using Cage's mesostic form, but the method is so strongly connected to his work that it would be hard to avoid looking like a slavish imitator in doing it.

Hi, list. <She waves hello, takes a deep breath, and jumps in>

Joseph Zitt raises a good point. Are such allegations raised more often against people who work with, for lack of a better word, "experimental" poetries? When do Cage's mesostics or the Hejinian page from *_My Life_* become formal "public domain" like the sestina?

Gwyn McVay

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16. **Marisa A Januzzi**

Gabriellesque

Wed 2 Aug 1995

Hi there--

I got paid (!!!!!), so anyone who wants the interview can just ask me for a copy of it backchannel-- as long as we remain in the single digits (#'s of requests) I can handle the postage.

BTW-- did anyone else see the New York Times article on Stockhausen's latest piece, written for the Arditti quartet quartered and vaulted aloft in four miked helicopters? Apparently the effects upon descent were wonderful.....

go aerial renga bye for now-- Marisa <[REDACTED]>

On Sat, 22 Jul 1995, Ron Silliman wrote:

Gabrielle,

"If anyone wants the transcript (Loy/Vas Dias), just send me postage..."

So where do we send this postage? Do get back up on email. It's very confusing to see you channeled hither and yon.

*All best,
Ron*
[REDACTED]

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17. **Steve Carll**

Re: renga

Wed 2 Aug 1995

>> > >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> > >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> > >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> > >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> > >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> > >The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> > >Rack of lambent jingoism, carving the exemplar's demise
>> > Hurricane Eden and evening is nigh []~`)\<-

>> Inside, inside! This syndetic material is killing me.
A blase malediction presses outstretched

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18. **Rod Smith**

Re: folks & forms

Wed 2 Aug 1995

Herb Levy wrote:

>While it's true that older folk forms have become increasingly calcified, I
>think this is more part of an ongoing historic process than a result of
>"the 20th Century." Once people are writing in a form that they learn by
>rote rather than through an active community practice, you've got problems.

Herb, certainly it is "an ongoing historic process" but I wonder if this
"calcification is increased in 20th century capitalist society, particularly due to
this question of "active community practice." I mean it seems no accident that
various, often economically marginalized "subcultures" wld be the lively areas--
places, perhaps, where community & therefore individual expression is not so
proscribed. Though that's what you seem to be saying, sort of, in the rest of
your post.

But this question of taking on the forms of *_My Life_* or *_Progress_*, well (1)
I think it is happening, quite a bit. There are a lot of good little
magazines publishing tons of folks influenced by language (almost put the
word influenced in quotes, but why? Yeah I'm influenced & I'm a ding dadd
proud of it) -- some of them wld be *_Proliferation_*, *_Impercipient_*,
*_Phoebe_*, *_Object_*, *_Avec_*, *_Black Bread_*, *_Antyneme_*, *_Prosodia_*, *_Open 24*
*Hours_*, & even, of course, *_Apex of the M_* (they just choose to articulate it
in a more oedipal manner) (2) This question of whether it wld be good, or is
good: aesthetically, yes, I think it's good, more people trying more kinds of
things, but I'm not sure I wld extend that to any form being "intrinsically"
good-- I can imagine these modes of writing becoming accepted, canonized,
codified, as much as any other kind of writing, which wouldn't be good. In
that situation one might make the radical gesture of writing a canzone.
Berrigan & then Mayer made the sonnet new. At the same time there is the
aspect of the aesthetic we're discussing articulated in, say, L.H.'s "The
Rejection of Closure" which might be, & has been, fodder for an argument
that this aesthetic is inherently superior. I'm not entirely unconvinced by
that, it is the aesthetic, broadly speaking, I choose to work in. I suppose
it's a matter of art's ability to change our perceptions of the world. &
whether "open form" is good, or better. . . I don't think one can hierarchize
it, that's probably what we can/should/might learn from it. Does "open form"

spell "open mind," *really*?-- there are foolish folks as well as fabulous people writing in these forms, maybe this is our open fate.

--Rod

Herb Levy also wrote:

>Think how different "our" literary culture would be if many writers took on
>the formal rhythms of Lyn Hejinian's "My Life," the five-line stanzas of
>Barrett Watten's "Progress," or other structures & forms from language
>works of the 1980s, just as many people write sonnet sequences or workshop
>poems.

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19. **Rod Smith**

Re: folk rhythms & mesostics

Wed 2 Aug 1995

I've written some things using mesostics. One was a writing through _Fun with Dick & Jane_, not exactly something one can easily imagine J.C. doing. I don't think we should worry abt being thought derivative, every writer is. But it will be new, not as a result of a glorification of the new, but as a result of occupying a different time. Stein sd something like that in one of the Lectures in America. It wld be interesting to see a writer come along & choose the mesostic form exclusively, really dedicate themselves to it, in the wake of what John did, & to read their work in relation to him.

Re whether such allegations are raised more against "experimental" writers with regard to imitation. Maybe. But hey, go 'head, allegate. It's whether the work's doing something or not that matters I think. I think these forms become public domain as soon as they're made use of. Maybe we should write a "renga" in sentence form on here called "Our Life." --Rod

Joe Zitt wrote:

>new forms get viewed as the "turf" of one writer or another (in your
>examples, Hejinian or Watten), and to use them is viewed as copping
>another's style. I've kicked around the idea of using Cage's mesostic
form, but the method is so strongly connected to his work that >it
>would be hard to avoid looking like a slavish imitator in doing it.
>This isn't a problem in doing, for example, sonnets and sestinas,
>since the identity of the originators has (as far as i know) been
>lost.

Gwyn Mcvay wrote:

>Joseph Zitt raises a good point. Are such allegations raised more often
>against people who work with, for lack of a better word, "experimental"

>poetries? When do Cage's mesostics or the Hejinian page from *_My Life_*
>become formal "public domain" like the sestina?

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20. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: Renga 1

Wed 2 Aug 1995

On Sun, 30 Jul 1995, Jordan Davis. wrote:

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three
> Something has changed in the nature of friendship
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line

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21. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: Renga 1

Wed 2 Aug 1995

On Sun, 30 Jul 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>The caravan of windows to what they flee
>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

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22. **beard**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Wed 2 Aug 1995

Herb wrote:

Think how different "our" literary culture would be if many writers took on
the formal rhythms of Lyn Hejinian's "My Life," the five-line stanzas of

Barrett Watten's "Progress," or other structures & forms from language works of the 1980s, just as many people write sonnet sequences or workshop poems.

Could these idiosyncratic forms become idioms in any functional way? What would it take for this to happen? Would it be a good thing?

I think that it does happen, if not with the precise structures then with the concept of idiosyncratic forms, and certainly with vocabulary. For example, what are the poetic effects of using abbreviations (such as "yr", "sd", "th" etc.)? I think they may have originally given an anti-"poetic" memo-like quality to the writing (are they derived from telegrams?), but when I read them in contemporary work, they appear to me as an idiom, almost a cliché. They say "I wanna be Olson/Creeley". Perhaps we'll see internet abbreviations (IMHO, BTW, RTFM etc) appearing in poetry soon. We probably already do.

It's simply a different thing for someone to write a canzone, a sestina, or a sonnet sequence several hundred years after it was a functional poetic form within the culture. It's no longer part of a living culture, it's a marketing strategy.

I agree that writing a sonnet sequence now is a different act from writing one several hundred years ago when such structures were de rigeur. I'm not sure, however, that the sonnet ever ceased to be "living culture" or "a functional poetic form". An art form doesn't have to be either part of mass culture or avant garde in order to remain alive. People are still writing symphonies after Cage and sestinas after Olson.

Even if one does choose a form that has fallen into disuse within one's culture or was never part of it (such as a ghazal), there are a range of possibilities other than "marketing strategy". Maybe one is, consciously or otherwise, placing oneself within a tradition by writing a Petrarchan sonnet, a Ginsbergian rant, or yet another Catullus poem. All that one is doing is saying "this is where I'm coming from", in the same way that a hip-hop artist might sample a James Brown riff. Or one could be putting forward a challenge to that tradition, in the way that Michele Leggott's sonnet sequence Blue Irises challenges the tradition of the male sonneteer. By using a form or genre, one's poem can economically allude to everything written in that style, in the way that Merwins Elegy speaks of and to every elegy that has been written. In either case, the form is saying something. Form signifies. Form is never less than an extension of content.

The final option is to use a "dead" form purely for its formal possibilities. Of course, the reader is free to read homage or challenge into your poem, even if you'd only thought "Ooh, I like that syllabic pattern!" when you chose a 14-th century Moroccan courtship song as your model.

Anyway, what's wrong with a marketing strategy? :-)

Tom.

I/am a background/process, shrunk to an icon. | Tom Beard I am/a dark place.
| [REDACTED] I am less/than the sum of my parts... | Auckland, New Zealand I
am necessary/but not sufficient, | <http://metcon.met.co.nz/> and I shall
teach the stars to fall | nwfc/beard/www/hallway.html

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23. **Ron Silliman**

Re: Innovations & Traditions

Wed 2 Aug 1995

"A substantial number of the people on <wr-eye-tings> aren't on <poetics>, and it seemed that people on both lists might have something interesting to add to this topic."

Some of us don't even know what wr-eye-tings is (or are). Please elucidate!

Ron
[REDACTED]

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24. **R I Caddel**

Re: POETICS Digest - 31 Jul 1995 to 1 Aug 1995

Wed 2 Aug 1995

I've been away for some weeks and am just picking up the ripples of past conversations (rather like walking into a pub just before closing time).

FOLK/RHYTHM Recognising the tendency of "professional" folk music to ossify these days, we must recognise that it weren't always so, and indeed on some occasions it was the transmission process which caused ossification to set in: c.1900 Cecil Sharp was having his transcriptions greeted with academic incredulity: one musicologist actually said "no peasant could think in compound time". Despite the mass of evidence to the contrary. Being based Suffolk, Chris, you might know the Ship Inn at Blaxhall - famous folksinging community right up to the sixties, totally ignoring (and ignored by) the neighbouring haut musique of Britten etc. It's described in G.Dunn: *The Fellowship of Song* (1980) (more of a sociological survey).

The point is that the singers of Blaxhall & environs wouldn't just copy songs they'd heard from other people: they felt they had to "move into them" somehow, make them their own (am I out of line to relate this to the "bardic"

transmission process? Certainly it relates to my own abhorance of "cover bands"...). This process was a lengthy one, could take months or years until someone felt able to sing one they'd had from another, and involved varying words (obviously), tune and rhythm. The rhythms and inflections they used (as for all of us) came from around them. So, the songs are organic and have a life of their own - until the folk orthodoxy comes along to hammer these things into the "correct" versions...

NATIONAL POETRY WEEK I'm sorry to see the US is going through this: I'd hoped the dismal flop of our own National Poetry Day (shopwindow for the Glynn Maxwells and Simon Armitages of this world) would be the end of it. I assume it's being sponsored by the major publishers as a hype opportunity? Good luck to anyone who organises anything outside that context: over here we advised people to stay indoors and wait till it passed. There was even a National Poetry Day Defence Committee (based in Cambridge) which put out some "How to survive National Poetry Day" flyers. x

x x Richard Caddel, E-mail: R.I.Caddel @ durham.ac.uk x x Durham
University Library, Phone: 0 [REDACTED] x x Stockton Rd. Durham
DH1 3LY Fax: 0 [REDACTED] x x

x x "Words! Pens are too light. Take a chisel to write." x x

- Basil Bunting x x x

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25. **beard**

Re: the feminine

Wed 2 Aug 1995

Maria wrote:

these denominations, "feminine" and "masculine," it seems, are simply ways of noting --or creating --difference. masculinity is associated w/ aggression, femininity with docility or gentleness, without much thoughtful attention to the empirical world. it's just a crude shorthand for perceived opposition.

and Steve replied that there were three options:

- 1. To keep them but divorce them from gender altogether (as yin and yang originally referred not to gender but to the mossy unmossy side of a tree). This is what I was trying to get to, and I didn't quite make it in my post, which is what riled you, I think.*
- 2. To keep them in a concept of gender but to expand beyond a binary opposition of genders (I just read an article last month in the S.F. Bay Guardian [I believe; maybe it was the Weekly] about certain geneticists who believe that, biologically speaking, there are perhaps 5 human genders, and*

Dodie's quoted material seems to me to dovetail with this notion in more ontological terms.

3. Forget the whole thing and go back to our caves.

Well, I hope it's not (3). There was a flamewar on the wine mailing list a few months back when someone used the word "feminine" to describe a wine (I think it was a red Burgundy), and I think that no matter how hard we try the first option, the gender connotations will cling on to the words, at least for the next century or so. One cannot take a word apart like a car engine, replace an old part that rattles and belches malodorous smoke, then put the whole thing back together.

It's a pity, because I think that I've a pretty good idea what a "feminine" wine tastes and smells like, and hence it would seem a useful term. But I find the implications of calling a floral, delicate Beaujolais "feminine" and a hefty, muscular Shiraz "masculine" somewhat offensive. It might be better to define "feminine" as "having properties analogous to the social norms for women in mid-20th Century Western culture" (and similar for "masculine"), but words have a habit of wandering away from their "official" definitions. Get back here!

Perhaps we could just use the terms "aggressive" vs "gentle", if that's what we mean. We'd lose a lot of the subtle connotations of fem vs masc, but we're not going to imply that all men are aggressive and all women gentle just by using the words outside of a gender context. Maybe this is similar to the "soul" debate: if a word is likely to cause misunderstanding or offense, then perhaps it is wiser to avoid using that word with a given audience, and find a substitute.

As an aside, I once sat (at my employers' request) a personality test called (I think) the California Personality Inventory. After answering 400 True/False questions, I was summed up as ten numbers, each of which placed me somewhere on a scale between two binary opposites. One of these scales was labelled either Masculine/Feminine or Task-oriented/People-oriented (the latter is now the preferred labelling). Interestingly, I was considered unusually feminine.

Tom.

I/am a background/process, shrunk to an icon. | Tom Beard I am/a dark place.
| ■■■■ I am less/than the sum of my parts... | Auckland, New Zealand I
am necessary/but not sufficient, | <http://metcon.met.co.nz/> and I shall
teach the stars to fall | nwfc/beard/www/hallway.html

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26. **Ron Silliman**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Wed 2 Aug 1995

Cris,

T'ain't a folk art until the communist party adopts it as a means of reachin' Da People.

May orgies of fragmentation become your norm,

Ron



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27. **Ron Silliman**

Re: Renga 1

Wed 2 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

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28. **Ron Silliman**

Re: Renga 1

Wed 2 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three
Something has changed in the nature of friendship
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line
For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum

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29. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: Renga 1

Wed 2 Aug 1995

On 2 Aug 95 at 2:52, Ron Silliman wrote:

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
In the changing wind, dollops of wordfoam spinning toward the veil
-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----

		/ Joseph Zitt ==== [REDACTED] ===== Human Systems \|
	/ Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \|	
/ Online Representative, Austin International Poetry Festival \|		
/ Joe Zitt's Home Page\

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30. **Pierre Joris**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Wed 2 Aug 1995

cris,

obviously none of those avant-garde forms you mention have become "folk" art. However, one of the classic 20C avant-garde techniques, the Surrealists' exquisite corpse (as drawing or language-game) has achieved some kind of status as generally available social entertainment. (but obviously the game of telephone kids play is older than the cadavre exquis).

Pierre

=====

Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."
Dept. of English | --Paul Celan
SUNY Albany |

Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots
tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet
email: [REDACTED] | drawn up plans for the first coup."
[REDACTED] --J.H. Prynne

=====

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31. **beard**

Corrections: in the beginning was MS Word.

Wed 2 Aug 1995

Oh well, I'm afraid I've got nothing to say at the moment about folk music, the feminine, or the soul, so there's nothing for it but to post some poetry :-)

Based upon the idea of phonetic translation, I tried feeding some foreign- - language poetry through my word-processor's spelling checker, and seeing what IT thought the correct spellings should be. The results were intriguing, if only for finding out the bizzare vocabs that these programs have - how did "Hyundai" get in there?!? Some of them also came out with an, ahem, anatomical bent.

Most of the originals should be quite familiar. The first one is especially easy to guess; with the last two, I've also "corrected" the titles to make it easier.

Noel mezzo dell caiman die nostril vita
my retrieve per ulna salvo Oscar
she lad dirtier via era smarter.

Ash quarto a dire quail era I cosier dour
ester salvo selvage I aspire a forte
she noel penises rhino lab Peru!

Taunt a amore she pogo I pie Morse;
ma per tartar deli bean chi's vie trivia,
dirt dell alter chose chi VHF scrota.

Quad lei cell bass eat loud pees come urn coverall
Sour lest gminate on prior ox longs ennui's,
Eat queue die horizon embarrassment tout let cereal
Ill onus verse urn juror plus tryst queue lease units;

Quad lay terry set change in urn cachet humped,
Our Esperanto, comma tune shaver sours,
Zen vat butternut less moors do son aisle timed
It SAE cognisant lay teeth a does palinodes pours;

Quad lay plume elating sees immunises trainees
Dune vase prison mite loess barium,
Eat quo people mute infamies arraigned
Vienna tenure sets filets auk fond die noose cervix,

Des cloches tout a coup stunt aver furry
It lancet veers Leo coil urn affect Harlem,
Heinz queer deeps esprit's errands it sane party
Quiz see mutant a gender opine tremens.

- Set be longs core billiards, sand tambourines nix mosque,
Defoliant sentiment Danes moon ammo; lessor,
Venice, pleasure, it lingoers aorta, despotic,
Surf mown crane incline pliant son drupe nor.

Precise I ell aide

Sue lung die persimmon
Prices toccata vines
poor urn amphibian sender
do crystallise I laurels.
Ell silence sin esters,
Hyundai deal sonnet,
cake donned eel mar bate I chanter
us gnocchi Elena do peaches.
On loss pieces dye lab sierra
loose carbines doormen
guarantee lasso blinks tortes
downed vixen louse ingress.

Herb's tag

Heir: is sit zest. Deer sombre war sheer gross.
Leg denizen station auk sine sauna neurone,
undo of den florin lass die windy louse.

Befell den lesson further vole zoo sienna;
gibe inhere notch sew suede lichen tag,
drainage she fur volley dung hind undue jade
die latest Sussex in den shrewd weenie.

Where jets Kevin hauls hat, baud Sikh keenness mohair.
Wear jets alien sit, wired is flange bellboy,
wiry wheaten, lesion, lunge brief shriven
undo wild in den alley hid undue her
unhurried wander, wean die bladder tribune.

I/am a background/process, shrunk to an icon. | Tom Beard I am/a dark place.
| █████ I am less/than the sum of my parts... | Auckland, New Zealand I
am necessary/but not sufficient, | <http://metcon.met.co.nz/> and I shall
teach the stars to fall | nwfc/beard/www/hallway.html

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32. **Burt Kimmelman**

Re: Free Verse Soot

Wed 2 Aug 1995

David, Jonathan et alia,

The ancient Greeks did not distinguish as we do between art and technology (techne). Is that what D Thomas was playing off of in the line that was quoted. Now, would these same ancients have linked belief to making? I think so, at least in principle. So where does this leave us?

Burt

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33. **David Kellogg**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Wed 2 Aug 1995

On Tue, 1 Aug 1995, Jonathan Brannen wrote:

So, David, you don't like the term "art" because avoidance of mystification is lost by its use? The difficulty in defining "art" is because art is fluid by nature (i.e. constantly changing). I'm sorry that this lack of certitude causes you discomfort. Any useful tips on how to deal with life's other uncertainties?

None at all: I was using "mystification" in a political sense, not in the sense of uncertainty. Therefore I think you misread my point, or perhaps I didn't state it well. I do not avoid the term "art" because it's "fluid by nature," but rather because its associations in the case of poetry so often lead to a variety of forms of copping out, throwing up of the hands when it comes to describing how poetry operates in culture. This is NOT a rejection of fluidity. So what if art is constantly changing? So's everything else, and I (obviously) don't avoid language entirely. Rather, I find myself pulled into a game of artistic fort/da whenever I encounter the term "art" used actively ("here" art is, "here" art isn't). And it's tiring. David don't play that game.

My point is similar to the one Charles Bernstein made some time ago (was it at the Alabama symposium?) about preferring the term "writer" to "poet": poet has

a lot of baggage, or did then. (I don't know if he still holds to this; he seems to have gotten more poet-friendly in this regard of late.)

I avoid the term "art" because it's not a construction I'm comfortable with, not because art changes. In fact, change is precisely the point: I find the inherited vocabulary of "art" (that is, an aesthetic vocabulary) inadequate for describing historical changes in poetry. You can go ahead and use the term -- I'm speaking only for myself. For me, nothing is gained by the term, and much is lost.

Cheers,
David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

David Kellogg	The moment is at hand.
University Writing Program	Take one another
Duke University	and eat.
Durham, NC 27708	



--Thomas Kinsella

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34. **Hank Lazer**

Re: Renga 1

Wed 2 Aug 1995

adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

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35. **David Kellogg**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Wed 2 Aug 1995

On Tue, 1 Aug 1995, Joseph Zitt wrote:

Of course, there is the interesting stuff that happens when someone tries to use an existing form, gets it wrong, and creates something new. (I've been accused of getting my musical ideas by a consistent pattern of misunderstandings; what the hell, it works.)

That's Harold Bloom's theories in a nutshell. ;-)

Cheers,
David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

David Kellogg The moment is at hand.
University Writing Program Take one another
Duke University and eat.
Durham, NC 27708

██████████ --Thomas Kinsella

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36. **David Kellogg** **Re: Free Verse Soot**

Wed 2 Aug 1995

On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Burt Kimmelman ██████████ wrote:

The ancient Greeks did not distinguish as we do between art and technology (techne). Is that what D Thomas was playing off of in the line that was quoted. Now, would these same ancients have linked belief to making? I think so, at least in principle. So where does this leave us?

Could you repost the Thomas quote? It seemed to have slipped by me.

You translate *techne* as technology? Not as our technology certainly, but...

Anyway, good point; as for me, it leaves me happily blurring the line between art and, say, gardening. Or using a jackhammer. I'm reminded of the continuity -- not division -- posited by Elaine Scarry in her book *The Body in Pain* between "making-up" and "making-real." What others are calling "art" straddles both these categories. But so do most other things. Scarry's is a way of talking that avoids the art/not art division yet manages to make some profound connections about culture as a whole.

Speaking of which, has anybody read this? I've often thought this was utterly brilliant, the book to beat in recent philosophy and a possible ground for a whole theory of culture, but I've not had the energy to write much on it directly aside from a scattering here and there. But I seem to be the only one.

Cheers,
David

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
David Kellogg The moment is at hand.
University Writing Program Take one another
Duke University and eat.
Durham, NC 27708
[REDACTED] --Thomas Kinsella

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37. **Louis Cabri**
(no subject)

Wed 2 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three
Something has changed in the nature of friendship
Renegade and flightless, board of common prayer aside
Retires a diplomat with "the Prussian blues" - misconstrual

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38. **Jorge Guitart**
Re: your mail

Wed 2 Aug 1995

On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

- > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
- > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
- > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
- > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
- > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
- > The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three
- > Something has changed in the nature of friendship
- > Renegade and flightless, board of common prayer aside
- > Retires a diplomat with "the Prussian blues" - misconstrual
but doesn't bother to misconstrue itself and then

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39. **cris cheek**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Wed 2 Aug 1995

Yes Ric, know something of the Blaxhall Ship's crew. Was drinking Barley Mow at The Eel's Foot just last Saturday, a drunken stagger of an environs away, where Jumbo Brightwell held court with his elder brother Velvet during the '50s. His LP on Topic was titled 'Songs From The Eel's Foot' - how about that for a response to 'where does it come from?'.

Know singer who travelled and sang regularly with Brightwell. One night he heard a 'version' of Jack Barleycorn he'd never heard the like of before - came, 'out of the blue'. Asked if he could have the song and got words in post on back of old birthday card - says you have to try to embody a new melody like trajectory of lightning. Only version remotely like it - even from Brightwell - he ever heard. Given some of the house ales in these parts who knows. Memory and event in the compost of time.

A different process from the bardic apprenticeship, which is closer to drum knowledge as Arona N'Diaye described his learning to me once - given rhythm (aged 6 or so) and return to repeat that rhythm, hold it 'down' for 30-40 minutes without letting it 'go'. The requirement to do that, sent away with same rhythm if not, before being given another rhythm. A thorough and prolonged process of embodiment.

Living traditions - social gifts - folk math - ephemera -
this list.

love and love
cris

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40. **cris cheek**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Wed 2 Aug 1995

| *May orgies of fragmentation become your norm,*

Do Ron, I misheard August bodies bareing their navigable standards

love and love
cris

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41. **Louis Cabri**

(no subject)

Wed 2 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where

[↑ Contents](#)

42. **Louis Cabri**

rengala

Wed 2 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
Rack of lambent jingoism, carving the exemplar's demise
Hurricane Eden and evening is nigh []~`\\<-
Inside, inside! This syndetic material is killing me.
A blase malediction presses outstretched
Icons of address: "Etiquette, please!" Translated said

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43. **cris cheek**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Wed 2 Aug 1995

Hi Pierre, guess I'd argue that Jazz has generated forms
that have become 'folk', much as Blues and Rock have also?

In poetry I'd suggest 'Hallmark' (i know we've had that discussion
already) and Slams and that Renga form that evolved on the Buffalo Poetics list
sometime in the mid 1990s. How those, at first tentative, variegated leaf forms
became whole branches of prosodic community generating rangey glossolalia

among social migrations at early twenty first century gatherings is one of the most notable examples of the movement from written to oral I know. It suggests that writing affects speech with more subtlety than formerly thought.

love and love
cris

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44. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Wed 2 Aug 1995

On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

- > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
- > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
- > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
- > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
- > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
- > The caravan of windows to what they flee
- > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
- > Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
- > Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
would calmness be without the stain of possession and

[↑ Contents](#)

45. **Louis Cabri**

renga 1

Wed 2 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
What a handjob, eh. Don't worry the fallacy, wit will
shrivel it.

[↑ Contents](#)

46. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: rengala

Wed 2 Aug 1995

On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

- > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
- > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
- > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
- > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
- > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
- > The caravan of windows to what they flee
- > Rack of lambent jingoism, carving the exemplar's demise
- > Hurricane Eden and evening is nigh []~`<-
- > Inside, inside! This syndetic material is killing me.
- > A blase malediction presses outstretched
- > Icons of address: "Etiquette, please!" Translated said
ka mi zu --"north of the genitals and holding"

[↑ Contents](#)

47. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: renga 1

Wed 2 Aug 1995

On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
What a handjob, eh. Don't worry the fallacy, wit will
shrivel it or my name is not Imitates-Brown-Ear*

[↑ Contents](#)

48. **Jonathan Brannen**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Wed 2 Aug 1995

David,

I understand your position much better since you've restated it. The term "art" does carry a lot of baggage much of which one would prefer not to be burdened with. "Art" does elude easy definition which makes it vulnerable to misrepresentation. Certainly the freshman Republican representatives have found it an easy target. I don't mean to align you with that group, but I do question the wisdom of surrendering the use of the term "art" rather than reclaiming it. I raise this question for myself precisely because I get bored too easily to see the appeal of defining what art is or isn't and what is or isn't art.

Best,
Jonathan

[↑ Contents](#)

49. **Tony Green**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Wed 2 Aug 1995

as with other discussions, e.g. of "literature" , "art" appears to be the term for that which has been or is in the process of being considered for a canon. I call my "writings" "Art" or "Poems", when I want them to be considered for a canon. But a message about plums on the fridge door...?

Tony Green,
e-mail: [REDACTED]
post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand
Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]
Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

[↑ Contents](#)

50. **cris cheek**

other folk

Wed 2 Aug 1995

OK I'll go right over the top, since I'm heading that way with Jazz and Blues and Rock as twentieth century urban 'folk'.

I'd like to throw in 'raves' (don't know if you have quite the euro fever in the states) / 'football chants' and maybe sports chants and expressions more generally such as the reinforced society of the spectacle critique evidenced in the 'mexican wave' / 'graffitti' / 'rap' / 'calypso' / 'carnival' (anyone read the excellent 'Carnival in Romans' by Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie - I know it's

another source of carnival - when a peasants' revolt both succeeded and was then in turn violently repressed during the course of one long carnival celebration with much Machiavellian use of mask) / 'surfboarding' (etc) and their 'folk' 'arts' and specialist languages cf Kathy Bigelow's movie 'Point Break' (or something close to that title?) and Michael Davidson's article in Poetics Journal / 'the Aids Quilt' / various campaigns 'greenham women', 'dongas' (you'll have your own examples) / MUD and MOOs / tattoos and piercings (a paradox herein) / & & & ? ? ? what else

This could easily lead back into discussions of sampling and copyright. How about common ownership and community versioning as oppositional forces within cultures fetishised onto the chimaera of 'origination'?

Not proposing anything here other than continuing and rangey discussions
love and love
cris

[↑ Contents](#)

51. **Jonathan Brannen**

Re: Free Verse Soot

Wed 2 Aug 1995

David, The Thomas quote was: "The tricks are easy, it's the art that's difficult." In context he was saying that it's easy to learn how to write a poem, it's hard to write a good one.

Jonathan

[↑ Contents](#)

52. **Louis Cabri**

(no subject)

Wed 2 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three
Something has changed in the nature of friendship
Renegade and flightless, board of common prayer aside
Retires a diplomat with "the Prussian blues" - misconstrual
but doesn't bother to misconstrue itself and then
drinkin' eel foot at the barley mow just last saturday i

detected an anomalous rhythmicity nuncupating our otherwise
tearfully drear decorum of the dead letter dance

[↑ Contents](#)

53. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga 1

Wed 2 Aug 1995

>adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

>

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>> The caravan of windows to what they flee

>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

[↑ Contents](#)

54. **George Bowering**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Wed 2 Aug 1995

I have found that the only people who avoid words like "art" on egalitarian terms are the privileged, university profs and the like. My brother-in-law wouldnt. And his job is putting together RVs. He would never call that art, either.

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55. **Rod Smith**

Re: your mail

Thu 3 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

- > The caravan of windows to what they flee
- > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
- > Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
- > Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
- > would calmness be without the stain of possession and
Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in

[↑ Contents](#)

56. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: your mail

Thu 3 Aug 1995

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
would calmness be without the stain of possession and
Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
a modicum of chocolate milk. Not too late for*

[↑ Contents](#)

57. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

- > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
- > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
- > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
- > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
- > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
- > The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three
- > Something has changed in the nature of friendship
- > Renegade and flightless, board of common prayer aside
- > Retires a diplomat with "the Prussian blues" - misconstrual
- > but doesn't bother to misconstrue itself and then
- > drinkin' eel foot at the barley mow just last saturday i
- > detected an anomalous rhythmicity nuncupating our otherwise

> tearfully drear decorum of the dead letter dance
I have no time to consecrate the private parts

[↑ Contents](#)

58. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga 1

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >adding to Ron Silliman's addition --
> >
> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

[↑ Contents](#)

59. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
> > Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
> > would calmness be without the stain of possession and

- > Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
between the times that the viewer spoke to the screen

[↑ Contents](#)

60. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Gabrielle Welford wrote:

- > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
- > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
- > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
- > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
- > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
- > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
- > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
- > > > Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
- > > > Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
- > > > would calmness be without the stain of possession and
- > > Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
- > > a modicum of chocolate milk. Not too late for
propelling you to the day without answers or questions

[↑ Contents](#)

61. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: Renga 1

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On 2 Aug 95 at 18:21, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

- > > adding to Ron Silliman's addition --
- > >
- > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
- > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
- > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
- > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
- > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
- > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
- > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
- > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
- > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
- > > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
- > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
Weatherless birds, featherless biped bones conspired into song
-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----
|||/ Joseph Zitt ==== [REDACTED] ===== Human Systems \||
||/ Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \||
|/ Online Representative, Austin International Poetry Festival \||
/ Joe Zitt's Home Page\

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62. **David Kellogg**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, George Bowering wrote:

*I have found that the only people who avoid words like "art" on
egalitarian terms are the privileged, university profs and the like.
My brother-in-law wouldnt. And his job is putting together RVs. He
would never call that art, either.*

His loss. But I'm hardly privileged, or a prof (though I may be "the like," I don't know). For me the main difference between graduate school and having finished is that my loans are due. "Dominated fraction of the dominant class," as Bourdieu says -- sure; but the privileges continue to elude me.

Besides, it was not for "egalitarian" reasons that I avoid words like art (or poetry). It's for pragmatic ones: namely, I think I can learn more without it than with.

Jeez, did I open a can 'o something.

Cheers,
David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

David Kellogg	The moment is at hand.
University Writing Program	Take one another
Duke University	and eat.
Durham, NC 27708	

[REDACTED] --Thomas Kinsella

[↑ Contents](#)

63. **GWYN M. MCVAY**

Re: your mail

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

- > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
- > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
- > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
- > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
- > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
- > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
- > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
- > > Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
- > > Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
- > > would calmness be without the stain of possession and
- > Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
green glass, a rippled trapezoid slab, unmeant as

[↑ Contents](#)

64. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, GWYN M. MCVAY wrote:

- > On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:
- >
- > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
- > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
- > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
- > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
- > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
- > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
- > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
- > > > Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
- > > > Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
- > > > would calmness be without the stain of possession and
- > > Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
green glass, a rippled trapezoid slab, unmeant as
it pushed the new look through light blood

[↑ Contents](#)

65. **Marisa A Januzzi**

Re: Renga 1

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

> On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>

> > >adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

> > >

> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > >> The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> > >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> > >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

[↑ Contents](#)

66. **Burt Kimmelman**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Thu 3 Aug 1995

Tony et alia,

"ars longa, vita brevis."

- Horace

"The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne [. . .]."

Chaucer

"Art new, hurt old: revealing [. . .]."

Zukofsky

Burt

[↑ Contents](#)

67. **Hank Lazer**

Re: Renga 1

Thu 3 Aug 1995

on August 2 Sheila E. Murphy (& others) wrote:

> >

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee

> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
floating, held open, adrift in different directions, she

[↑ Contents](#)

68. **Hank Lazer**

Re: Renga 1

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On Aug 3 Marissa Januzzi wrote:

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she*

*gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the*

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69. **Louis Cabri**

Take Yer Pardner Renga: Some Rules

Thu 3 Aug 1995

The "Take yer pardner..." renga

Proposed new email rules for it:

1. Prior to posting her/his line, each contributor must send it privately to one other member on the listserv, who contributes the next line and then posts the two lines together to the listserv.
2. No more than one contribution as initiator of a "couplet" per person every 24hrs.

Why doesn't somebody start on one of the rengas going now? In the subject heading, maybe call it "take yer pardner renga # __."

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70. **Herb Levy**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Thu 3 Aug 1995

There's been a lot added to this thread since I've had a chance to respond. This is a digest of responses to lots of different folks.

Perhaps the "problem" with identifying the inventor of the sonnet isn't just that the name is lost amidst (in the mists of) history. Instead it may have to do with the fact that there was a community of artists working together out of which the various troubador forms arose, similar to the development of, say blues or bebop or photography.

In other words, you can point to the group from which these things arose, but you can't really single out one person as the originator. Both Rod Smith & Cris Cheek seem to refer to this kind of development in their several posts to this thread.

Many people who read this list have more knowledge of the specifics than I do, but it seems to me that this may be true even in stylistic movements like, say, Imagism or Projective Verse, which have a strongly identified father-figure.

Even here the style didn't leap fully formed out of the forehead of any one writer. Rather, these simply (or complexly) grew out of a dynamic process in which a group of writers reinforced various tendencies in their work.

So, if there is a form that grows out of, say, "My Life" or "Progress," it may not look exactly like either of these works, but instead would be related to several works by several writers working similar veins.

Herb Levy



[↑ Contents](#)

71. **Mark Roberts**

AWOL: Extra August Happenings List

Thu 3 Aug 1995

Extra August Happenings!!!

Due to AWOL being off line for most of July a few events slipped through our fingers. This extra posting for August will help to bring us (and you) up to date.

Australian Writing OnLine

AWOL Happenings. A monthly guide to readings, book launches, conferences and other events relating to Australian literature both within Australia and overseas. If you have any item which you would like included in future listings please contact AWOL.

AWOL is setting up a 'Virtual Bookshop' for Australian small magazines and presses. This will take the form of regular newsletters (which will be available both on the net and by mail and fax) which will pre/review new publications. This titles will then be able to be ordered by mail or fax. Associated with our Virtual Bookshop is our Sydney distribution service for small presses. Please contact us for further details if you want to distribute your publication to bookshops in Sydney.

AWOL can be contacted by email at , by writing to AWOL, PO Box 333, Concord NSW 2137, Australia, by faxing 61 2  or by phoning 61 2 .

AWOL posts are archived on the WWW at the following address
<http://www.anatomy.su.oz.au/danny/books/index.html>
then click on Australian Writing OnLine.

READINGS VICTORIA

La Mama Poetica, Monday, August 21st 8.00pm featuring Mal Morgan, Katherine Gallagher (who is now residing in the U.K. so this is a rare opportunity to hear her latest work) and cabaret artist, Barbara Quicksand. For details contact Catherine Bateson Ph (03) 9383 5677.

QUEENSLAND WRITERS' CENTRE EVENTS

EXCITING WRITING: READINGS OF NEW WORKS AT THE QUEENSLAND WRITERS' CENTRE

Tuesday 22 August Vox Populi with Peter Anderson. Phil Brown, and Jackie Mckimmie. Chaired by Michael Doneman. \$10 for (QWC members) \$15 (non members). Ph 07 [REDACTED] for details.

Coming up on 3 October. 7pm....WARANA: PARADISE OR PARANOIA with Andrew McGahn, Robbie Lappan, Matthew Condon, Fran Ross, Marcus Gibson, Michael Richards, Gary Crew and Laurie Muller. This reading takes place at the Grand Orbit nightclub and tickets must be booked before the event. Contact QWC for further details.

BRISBANE: CITY OF WORDS

Brisbane: City of Words is an 8 week course beginning on Wednesday 9 August which will take participants on a journey through contemporary novels set largely in Brisbane. Taught by Vivienne Muller and Adam Shoemaker the course will look at Jessica Anderson Tirra Lirra by the River, David Malouf Johnno & 12 Edmonstone Street, Sam Watson The Kadaicha Sung, Angelika Fremd The Glass Inferno, Venero Armano Romeo of the Underworld, Janet Turner Hospital Charades and the Last Magician, Andrew McGahan Praise and Rosie Scott Lives on Fire.

The course will take the form of lectures, discussion, text video and interview materials. It will be held on Wednesday evenings from 6-8pm at the Queensland Writers' Centre 535 Wickham Terrace Brisbane 4000. Cost is \$120 (QWC members) \$160 (non members) includes the cost of a special Word City Dinner during Warana Writers' Week in the company of one of the featured authors.

For further details contact QWC (07) [REDACTED] Ph, or (07) [REDACTED] fax.

CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK 1995 21-25 AUGUST: VISIT BY GED MAYBURY

Ged Maybury is one of New Zealand's most successful and established writers of young adult science fiction novels. His work includes Timetwister, Silicone Stew, The Triggerstone and the Star Tropper Series (all published by Ashton Scholastic). His Robemasters of Noogiya series is being published by Harper Collins. Triggerstone, his latest book, has been nominated for the New Zealand AIM Children's book awards.

Ged Maybury will be available at the Queensland Writers' Centre from Monday 21 August to Friday 25 August for four sessions daily. Cost \$65 (QWC members) and \$75 (non-members) each. Pre-paid bookings only please. For further details contact QWC.

NOW AVAILABLE FROM THE QUEENSLAND WRITERS' CENTRE.....
HANDBOOK FOR QUEENSLAND WRITERS.

Contents include Preparation, Representation, Professional Issues and Development and Funding. Cost \$10 plus \$1.50 postage for QWC members 0r \$15 plus \$1.50 for non members. For more information contact the QWC.

EVENTS AT THE NSW WRITERS' CENTRE

FEATURE READINGS AT THE NSW WRITERS' CENTRE

Feature Readings will replace the Rozelle Readings. The August lineup is Daniel Harbour, Patricia Gaut, Matthew Holt and Sabrina Achilles. Friday 25 August 7.30pm Wine/Supper \$5 and \$3 (conc). NSW Writers' Centre, Rozelle Hospital Grounds, Balmain Road Rozelle. For Further information contact NSWWC (02) 5559757 or fax (02)8181327

TEN WEEK WRITING COURSE WITH TUTOR AND CONVENOR SUSAN HAMPTON

This ten week course will cover any type of writing from prose, poetry and scripts to non-fiction and monologues. The first meeting will be held on Thursday 31 August from 6.30pm to 9.30pm. Cost \$150 (NSWWC members) \$200 (non-members) for booking information contact the centre (02) 5559757 or fax (02)8181327.

COMING UP AT THE NSW WRITERS' CENTRE....SPRING WRITING WEEKEND
a two day literary festival featuring a mix of established and emerging writers. September 16-17 at the NSWWC. For further details contact NSWWC (02) 5559757 or fax (02)8181327.

CONFERENCES

INTERNATIONAL P.E.N. 62nd WORLD CONGRESS

26 October - 1 November, 1995 at the Esplanade Hotel, Fremantle, W.A.

This Congress will be one of the most important literary and cultural events ever staged in Australia. The Congress will seek to explore the issue of freedom of speech in relation to different cultural contexts. It will also include literary readings, discussions and performances of Aboriginal culture, an International Quiz Night, a Hypothetical and many events designed to be fun!

Speakers will include Ronald Harwood (England), Goenawan Mohamad (Indonesia), Keki Daruwalla (India), George Aditjondro (Indonesia), Satendra Nandan (Australia-Fiji), Samina Yasmeen (Australia-Pakistan), Beth Yahp (Australia-Malaysia), Andrey Voznesensky (Russia), Ilsa Sharp (Australia-Singapore), Sally Morgan and Jill Milroy, Elizabeth Jolley, Judith Rodriguez, Tom Shapcott, and many more.

The Congress is open to anyone interested in literature and culture, and in the issue of Freedom of Speech. For the full programme and other details, please contact Promaco Conventions, Ph. 09. [REDACTED], Fax 09. [REDACTED]; or your local PEN Centre, or the Perth PEN Centre, PO. Box 1131 Subiaco, Australia 6008, Ph. & Fax: 09. [REDACTED]. Expressions of interest in membership of PEN are also warmly welcomed, and should be addressed to the PEN Centre. PEN works for freedom of speech and on behalf of writers in prison.

COUNTRY FESTIVAL OF WRITING SHEPPARTON VICTORIA

25 -27 August Readings and workshops by Elizabeth Jolly, Liam Davison, Myron Lysenko, Maureen McCarthy, Judith Rodriguez, Georgina Savage and more. For program details and booking form send SSAE to Country Festival of Writing, Box 2115, Shepparton Victoria 3632 or contact Hugh Oakes on (058) 9216663.

SECOND NATIONAL BOOK SUMMIT

31 August- 1 September 'The Book Idea...imagination, information and access' hosted by the National Book Council at the Sheraton Hotel, 13 Spring Street, Melbourne. For further information contact the Executive Director, National Book Council Ph (03) 6638655 or fax 6638658.

While AWOL makes every effort to ensure the accuracy of Happenings listing we suggest you confirm dates, times and venue.

AWOL would like to thank the following organisation who provided information for this list: NSW Writers Centre, Queensland Writers Centre, La Mama Poetica, AusLit discussion group (internet), WIPround (Women in Publishing) and the other individuals and organisations who supplied information about their events directly to AWOL.

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72. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Thu 3 Aug 1995

Add:

"Ars Gratia Artis"

Leo*

*The Metro Goldwyn Mayer lion (he roars the three words distinctly --just watch him carefully)

"All art is quite useless"

Oscar Wilde

"Art is my nickname"

Arturo Toscanini

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Burt Kimmelman [REDACTED] wrote:

Tony et alia,

"ars longa, vita brevis."

- Horace

"The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne [. . .]."

Chaucer

"Art new, hurt old: revealing [. . .]."

Zukofsky

Burt

[↑ Contents](#)

73. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga 1

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Marisa A Januzzi wrote:

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee*

*These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water*

[↑ Contents](#)

74. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga 1

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Hank Lazer wrote:

on August 2 Sheila E. Murphy (& others) wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
floating, held open, adrift in different directions, she
held contradictory opinions about bombon glace'*

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75. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga 1

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Joseph Zitt wrote:

> On 2 Aug 95 at 18:21, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>

> > >adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

> > >

> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> Weatherless birds, featherless bipped bones conspired into song
all in the same drawer, "Too tight in there? Well fuck 'em" Oh,

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76. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga 1

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Hank Lazer wrote:

On Aug 3 Marissa Januzzi wrote:

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the*

monument to the warren commission on the asteroid

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77. **maria damon**

Re: Renga 1

Thu 3 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

> adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

>

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
flat glass of renga matter, transparent unwords

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78. **maria damon**

(no subject)

Thu 3 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion
group writes:

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three

> Something has changed in the nature of friendship

> Renegade and flightless, board of common prayer aside

> Retires a diplomat with "the Prussian blues" - misconstrual

> but doesn't bother to misconstrue itself and then
> drinkin' eel foot at the barley mow just last saturday i
> detected an anomalous rhythmicity nuncupating our otherwise
> tearfully drear decorum of the dead letter dance
ohime, ohime! i fell between A and E
>

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79. **maria damon**

Re: Renga 1

Thu 3 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group
writes:

> >adding to Ron Silliman's addition --
> >
> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
and shivershiver compressed tree into language

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80. **maria damon**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Thu 3 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group
writes:

> I have found that the only people who avoid words like "art" on
> egalitarian terms are the privileged, university profs and the like.
> My brother-in-law wouldnt. And his job is putting together RVs. He
> would never call that art, either.

i'm getting an odd deja vu sensation --did this identical post come through my transom a few months back?--md

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81. **maria damon**

Re: your mail

Thu 3 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB

Poetics discussion group writes:

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
> > > Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
> > > would calmness be without the stain of possession and
> > Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
> > a modicum of chocolate milk. Not too late for
the phalarope, anodyne, cynesure, palindrome or rapturous whatnots

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82. **maria damon**

Re: your mail

Thu 3 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics

discussion group writes:

> On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:
>
> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
> > > Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where

> > > would calmness be without the stain of possession and
> > Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
> green glass, a rippled trapezoid slab, unmeant as
only unmeaning jargon can really get under your

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83. **maria damon**

Re: your mail

Thu 3 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB

Poetics discussion group writes:

> On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, GWYN M. MCVAY wrote:

>

> > On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

> >

> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > > > Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent

> > > > Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where

> > > > would calmness be without the stain of possession and

> > > Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in

> > green glass, a rippled trapezoid slab, unmeant as

> it pushed the new look through light blood-
ed pages of vogue and vague and rogue elephantine

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84. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: Renga 1

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On 3 Aug 95 at 11:35, Marisa A Januzzi wrote:

> On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

>

> > On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >

> > > > adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

> > > >
> > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
Riemann space worried into tropical depression
-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----
|||/ Joseph Zitt ==== [REDACTED] ===== Human Systems \||
||/ Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \||
|/ Online Representative, Austin International Poetry Festival \||
/ Joe Zitt's Home Page\

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85. **Joseph Zitt** *On little renga feet*

Thu 3 Aug 1995

One of these things I think about when i don't have anything to think about:

What is determining the lengths of our lines of the renga? No rules have been stated, but there seems to be something in common about them.

Personally, I've make them short enough that they don't wrap -- but what is apparently keeping the lines as long as they are.

(Of course, I've probably messed things up by asking this, and someone will no doubt post a one-character line...) -----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----

1----- |||/ Joseph Zitt ==== [REDACTED] ===== Human Systems \|| \||
Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \|| \|| Online
Representative, Austin International Poetry Festival \|| / Joe Zitt's Home Page\

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86. **George Bowering**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Thu 3 Aug 1995

From some points of view, one who is in graduate school is already among the privileged.

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87. **George Bowering**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Thu 3 Aug 1995

I guess that "art" is a slippery term. I have heard, in interviews on MTV, guityar wangers referring to themselves as "artists."

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88. **Tony Green**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Thu 3 Aug 1995

yes Burt close to my own sentiments re- art as primarily a knowledge in practice of the artist (including a knowledge of relation to hearers, readers, or beholders) only secondarily and latterly a category of works to be known by their conformities to protocols by which they should or should not be admitted to a museum, anthology or canon -- the purposes of which prove to be to turn works into instructive examples for future practice, running into the problem of the singularity of occasions for works -- hence permanent quarrels between ancients and moderns. [I've said this before, I guess. boring????]

Tony Green,

e-mail: [REDACTED]

post: Dept of Art History,

University of Auckland,

Private Bag 92019,

Auckland, New Zealand

Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]

Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

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89. **Tom Taylor**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Thu 3 Aug 1995

well put

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90. **Carl Lynden Peters**
Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Thu 3 Aug 1995

I guess that "art" is a slippery term. I have heard, in interviews on MTV, guityar wangers referring to themselves as "artists."

i was reading joseph beuys today, and i think he'd have no problem with wangers who say their wangering is art. in an interview once, he said a nurse is an artist. so is a banker. even a baker. so i don't think he'd have any difficulty with wangers.

my art professor at york, someone who continues to remain an important influence on me in my life in art, always emphasized that he was not an artist and that he didn't make art. he was trained in the mystical tradition of the kabbalah. his work is second to none. questions abt art don't bother him in the least. we're in the process of getting a major retrospective of his work together, which is likely to have both national and international contexts. more on that as it unfolds. whatever it is he does or however he defines it, i know that he's found at least one key to unlock the secret mind. he takes his work seriously. i have the utmost respect for that. people often say: "man, yr just too damn serious!"

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91. **Jorge Guitart**
Re: Renga 1

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

*In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:
adding to Ron Silliman's addition --*

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing*

*& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
flat glass of renga matter, transparent unwords
un-unspoken as a whippoorwill said "wahoowhen!" in Ojibwa*

[↑ Contents](#)

92. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, maria damon (& a cast of about 12) wrote:

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three
> > Something has changed in the nature of friendship
> > Renegade and flightless, board of common prayer aside
> > Retires a diplomat with "the Prussian blues" - misconstrual
> > but doesn't bother to misconstrue itself and then
> > drinkin' eel foot at the barley mow just last saturday i
> > detected an anomalous rhythmicity nuncupating our otherwise
> > tearfully drear decorum of the dead letter dance
> ohime, ohime! i fell between A and E
2-good 2-be 4-gotten in the crag & where the hell is Carmen S.D.

[↑ Contents](#)

93. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga 1

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, maria damon, adding to adder's addition to ron wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing*

*& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
and shivershiver compressed tree into language
from which postmeaning scrambled & sure enough*

[↑ Contents](#)

94. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

In message <[REDACTED]> UB

Poetics discussion group writes:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
would calmness be without the stain of possession and
Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
a modicum of chocolate milk. Not too late for
the phalarope, anodyne, cynesure, palindrome or rapturous whatnots
or the Orifice-Precipice Paradox whom the angels called McLemore's*

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95. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Thu 3 Aug 1995

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics

discussion group writes:

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent*

*Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
would calmness be without the stain of possession and
Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
green glass, a rippled trapezoid slab, unmeant as
only unmeaning jargon can really get under your
mask, one hyena boyfriend, one aurora, & maintenance*

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96. **Edward Foster**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Thu 3 Aug 1995

the only time to use "art" is when you are talking to, or about, someone with that name.

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97. **Tom Mandel**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Thu 3 Aug 1995

Joe Zitt writes that "new forms get viewed as the "turf" of one writer or another (in your [i.e. Herb Levy's] examples, Hejinian or Watten), and to use them is viewed as copping another's style."

...in response to what Herb Levy calls _the formal rhythms of Lyn Hejinian's "My Life,"_ wondering how different our literary community would be were such forms to be passed around.

But, folks, isn't it obvious - and obviously conscious on Lyn's part - that the structure of My Life owes much (i.e. its origin at least) to Ron Silliman's Ketjak? These forms, in other words, certainly were passed around and imitated and not at all thought of as anyone's "turf" for a significant time.

What is the relation between a writer's method and such formal choices, if in fact they are not identical as seems supposed by JZ's "turf" metaphor?

Lyn H. and Ron S. are very different in their interests; the two poems My Life and Ketjak very different explorations of time and perception as social and personal fact.

What is the process by which response to poetic work is channeled into means of identifying such work with an author?

Tom Mandel

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98. **Carl Lynden Peters**
Re: writings and last poets

Thu 3 Aug 1995

herb,

thank-you for your statement on the new wr-eye-tings line. i wanted to respond to it myself, but got side tracked. --thanks once again

take care,
carl

what is <wr-eye-tings> and how does one subscribe, if it's a list?--md

<wr-eye-tings> is a list that carl peters started with much discussion & input from cris cheek. Some of this discussion was on <poetics> a while back. It focuses on visual & sound poetry.

It's pretty quiet by <poetics> standards.

send the following command in email to "[REDACTED]":

subscribe wr-eye-tings

followed by your email address on the same line.

The Last Poets passed through town this winter, but I didn't like the relatively new record very much, so I didn't go. Sounds like I made a mistake. I hope they continue to tour.

Thanks for the report on their performance.

Herb Levy
[REDACTED]

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99. **Burt Kimmelman**
Re: folk rhythms & forms

Thu 3 Aug 1995

Herb,

Point of information (only, since what you are saying is correct in its thrust, I'd say):

the sonnet was not a troubadour form (though perhaps, a BIG perhaps, a case can be made for some of the troubadours escaping the deadly effect of the Albigensian Crusade and migrating to Sicily. It was there that we find the first extant sonnets. Cf. Paul Oppenheimer's book.

Cordially,

Burt

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100. **Burt Kimmelman**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Thu 3 Aug 1995

Herb,

Of course, here and there, a single poet invents a specific form. For instance, the poet Weatherly (formerly Elias Weatherly, formerly Tom Weatherly) invented the "glory"--a tight lyric form in which the same vowel sound is repeated in successive lines in successive syllable positions, etc. So, yes, he worked the form out alone; yet he did not live in a vacuum.

Burt

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101. **Louis Cabri**

take yer pardner, pardner

Thu 3 Aug 1995

from lisa robertson and me--

*In the look were schemes, on their screens, crooks
if ethix hackers necks cricked, a junk node
hoops the blarney. So*

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102. **maria damon**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Fri 4 Aug 1995

carl lynden writes:

my art professor at york, someone who continues to remain an important

influence on me in my life in art, always emphasized that he was not an artist and that he didn't make art. he was trained in the mystical tradition of the kabbalah. his work is second to none. questions abt art don't bother him in the least. we're in the process of getting a major retrospective of his work together, which is likely to have both national and international contexts. more on that as it unfolds. whatever it is he does or however he defines it, i know that he's found at least one key to unlock the secret mind. he takes his work seriously. i have the utmost respect for that. people often say: "man, yr just too damn serious!"

so who is this dude, sounds really cool, and where's the retrospective?--md

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103. **maria damon**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Fri 4 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

- > Herb,
- >
- > Point of information (only, since what you are saying is correct in its
- > thrust, I'd say):
- >
- > the sonnet was not a troubadour form (though perhaps, a BIG perhaps, a
- > case can be made for some of the troubadours escaping the deadly effect
- > of the Albigensian Crusade and migrating to Sicily. It was there that
- > we find the first extant sonnets. Cf. Paul Oppenheimer's book.
- >
- > Cordially,
- >
- > Burt

this is kind of cool cuz wasn't sicily during this period a very hybrid kind of place w/ arabic, its own italian, latin, etc, being written? i did a little shtick on islands at mla last yr and sd, mostly intuitively, that islands, far from being "isolated," were crossroadss for cultural cross-polli(e)?nation. so, the sonnet, which is now the icon of mainstream poetic tradition, had its origins in a swirling eclecticism of languages, traditions, forms and people--md

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104. **Rod Smith**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Fri 4 Aug 1995

G.B. wrote (he really did):

>I guess that "art" is a slippery term. I have heard, in >interviews on
>MTV, guityar wangers referring to themselves as "artists."

I changed my mind abt saying anything at all on this, however, I believe the
spelling is guitar.

--Rod

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105. **Thomas Bell**

Re: eR 1

Fri 4 Aug 1995

On Aug 3 Hank Lazer wrote:

On Aug 3 Marissa Januzzi wrote:

> On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

>

> > On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >

> > > >adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

> > > >

> > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

> > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

><< lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the
morning

from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
wail

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106. **Rod Smith**

Re: Renga 1

Fri 4 Aug 1995

> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
altered colophons, a legal adage in a kiss it, o uncalm!

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107. **Thomas Bell**

Renga 1

Fri 4 Aug 1995

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
> > > Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
> > > would calmness be without the stain of possession and
> > > Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
> > > a modicum of chocolate milk. Not too late for
> > propelling you to the day without answers or questions

Hiroshima mon amor and the dream and the book and it did
not happen nevermore Trickster drags the chalk across

,

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108. **Ryan Knighton**
Re: question abt rengas
Fri 4 Aug 1995

So, if you write two lines in a row, is the renga void, like a petition?

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109. **Thomas Bell**
Re: Renga 1
Fri 4 Aug 1995

maria damon writes

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

> adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

>

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> > flat glass of renga matter, transparent unwords

the web spun the spider of disjointed times out on

,

[A .

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110. **Thomas Bell**

Re: Renga

Fri 4 Aug 1995

> >
> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> floating, held open, adrift in different directions, she
let the renga drop opposite the po po purple

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111. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Fri 4 Aug 1995

You can't get away from this "art" business. To add, my ol papa picked up my copy of GB's A Place to Die and when I caught him reading it (he doesn't like reading "artsy" books) he asked me if using & for and made something art or artistic. I haven't answered him yet. When he asked me what Lolita was abt and I told him he didn't ask anything about what made it art or artistic. I haven't asked him why yet. Maybe nymphets are more obvious than ampersands.

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112. **Thomas Bell**

Re: Renga 2

Fri 4 Aug 1995

On Aug 3, Jorge Guitart wrote Re: Renga 1

of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Marisa A Januzzi wrote:

> On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

>

> > On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >

> > > > adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

> > > >

> > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > > > > First inverted whistle

following red red rdbins

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113. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Fri 4 Aug 1995

Maria, if you want more evidence for islands being crossroads, there's a big push among Pacific Islanders to reclaim themselves as an ocean of islands that has had continued and heavy commerce among themselves for thousands of years--rather than the Euro vision of them as isolated blips in a vast sea. Just been reading a similar commentary on Caribbean island self-vision. And certainly Hawaii is a magnetic center where east and west meet. I'm sure other Pacific islands are too.

Gabrielle

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

>

> this is kind of cool cuz wasn't sicily during this period a very hybrid kind of

> place w/ arabic, its own italian, latin, etc, being written? i did a little

> shtick on islands at mla last yr and sd, mostly intuitively, that islands, far

> from being "isolated," were crossroadss for cultural cross-polli(e)?nation. so,

> the sonnet, which is now the icon of mainstream poetic tradition, had its

> origins in a swirling eclecticism of languages, traditions, forms and people--
md
>

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114. **Ron Silliman**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Fri 4 Aug 1995

Tom Mandel writes:

>But, folks, isn't it obvious - and obviously conscious on Lyn's part - that the structure of My Life owes much (i.e. its origin at least) to Ron Silliman's Ketjak? These forms, in other words, certainly were passed around and imitated and not at all thought of as anyone's "turf" for a significant time.

Yet the K section of The Alphabet (specifically Ketjak2:Caravan of Affect), literally "the next paragraph," is heavily indebted to Lyn's "rewriting" of My Life and uses that quite consciously.

My sense is that it must take a good while for a form to break free of the weight of that early identification. Look at how imprisoned the early American prose poem was to the first few translations/imitations of Max Jacob, as tho that were all one could do with prose in a poem.

My sense is that Blake, Coleridge and Pope could all have been taken as inspiration for the prose poem and it would have looked like a very different dog.

Ron Silliman



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115. **Ron Silliman**

Inland Bankruptcy

Fri 4 Aug 1995

I pulled the following off of BookWeb, a good WWW site for book news:

Inland Files for Chapter 11 Bankruptcy Protection

Small Press Distributor To Remain Open Through Reorganization

At press time, Inland Book Company announced that it had filed for reorganization under Chapter 11 of the Federal Bankruptcy Act on August

1. Under Chapter 11, the small and independent press distributor will seek protection from creditors as it reorganizes its finances and

operations. "Inland has already taken steps to reorganize itself and expects to continue operations without interruption," the company said in announcing the filing.

>

Inland's filing comes as no great surprise to those in the publishing industry who had seen Inland, which specializes in "alternative" literature, struggle through hard financial times. A year ago, the troubled distributor was purchased by the Miller Group, a Florida Company specializing in distribution businesses. In September, Inland executives David Wilk and Steve Hargraves regained ownership of Inland, claiming that the Miller Group reneged on its commitments. At the time, Wilk said he had met with a number of Inland's closest publisher friends, who had committed to supporting him in rebuilding the business.

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116. **Michael Boughn**

Re: Renga 1

Fri 4 Aug 1995

Set peotics NO RENGA

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117. **Pierre Joris**

Re: Inland Bankruptcy

Fri 4 Aug 1995

Ron writes: "...BookWeb, a good WWW site for book news"

Could you post the exact http address? Thanks.

Pierre

=====

=====

Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."

Dept. of English | --Paul Celan

SUNY Albany |

Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots

tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet

email: [REDACTED] | drawn up plans for the first coup."

[REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne

=====

=====

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118. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga 1

Fri 4 Aug 1995

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Joseph Zitt wrote:

> On 3 Aug 95 at 11:35, Marisa A Januzzi wrote:

>

> > On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

> >

> > > On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> > >

> > > > adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

> > > >

> > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

> Riemann space worried into tropical depression

giving consolation a bad name and injecting

> -----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----

> |||/ Joseph Zitt ===== ██████████ ===== Human Systems \|||

> ||/ Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \||

> |/ Online Representative, Austin International Poetry Festival \|

> / Joe Zitt's Home Page\

>

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119. **Herb Levy**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Fri 4 Aug 1995

Burt Kimmelman wrote:

Point of information (only, since what you are saying is correct in its thrust, I'd say):

the sonnet was not a troubadour form (though perhaps, a BIG perhaps, a case can be made for some of the troubadours escaping the deadly effect of the Albigensian Crusade and migrating to Sicily. It was there that we find the first extant sonnets. Cf. Paul Oppenheimer's book.

Burt,

Thanks for the clarification on the origin of sonnets.

I'd always connected sonnets with an idea that comes from my vaguely remembered reading of Pound (maybe Kenner, someone anyway) that the first sonnet started when some troubador failed to be able to complete a canzone form of several verses of 14 lines.

There are a lot of other things to respond to in this thread but I'm off to the Olympic Peninsula imminently. Have a nice weekend y'all.

Bests

Herb Levy



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120. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: eR 1

Fri 4 Aug 1995

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

On Aug 3 Hank Lazer wrote:

On Aug 3 Marissa Januzzi wrote:

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning*

First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
<< lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the
morning
from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
of

[↑ Contents](#)

121. **Carl Lynden Peters**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Fri 4 Aug 1995

maria,

he's _tim whiten_, teaches at york in toronto, and is represented by the olga korper gallery. the retro is tentatively set for mid 1996, altho i haven't heard confirmation. i'm writing an essay ("the work as art") for the catalogue. last time i heard either jack burnham or lucy lippard were going to write the preface. i think getting hold of examples and documentation of his work might be difficult. despite the contexts he's worked out for himself, he remains somewhat _underground_, altho a major performance/installation piece of his at art park in up-state NY was included in lippards book _overlay_. the piece was called, if i can get the sp right, "Morada," and it was conceived and performed during the late 70s and early 80s. apologies fr going on abt this. what can i say? rarely do you find such an expansive spirit, and rarely do you _connect_

thank you for your question, maria. i wanted to foreground his work further in my earlier post, but didn't know how to frame it exactly

i'll post you a catalogue once everything is done and done

take good care,

carl

carl lynden writes:

my art professor at york, someone who continues to remain an important influence on me in my life in art, always emphasized that he was not an artist and that he didn't make art. he was trained in the mystical tradition of the kabbalah. his work is second to none. questions abt art don't bother him in the least. we're in the process of getting a major retrospective of his work together, which is likely to have both national and international contexts. more on that as it unfolds. whatever it is he does or however he defines it, i know that he's found at least one key to unlock the secret mind. he takes his work seriously. i have the utmost respect for that. people often say: "man, yr just too damn serious!"

so who is this dude, sounds really cool, and where's the retrospective?--md

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122. Willa Jarnagin

"art"/semantics

Fri 4 Aug 1995

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Edward Foster wrote:

> the only time to use "art" is when you are talking to, or about, someone with that name.

 $\geq$

So we should discard this word? You know what'll happen? Another will take its place and the same argument will continue....

Willa

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123. Alan Sondheim

Renga Rung Wrong

Fri 4 Aug 1995

Then of course everything sorts itself out:

morning
 from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
 of
 wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
 gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
 kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
 bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the*

*And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
<< lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the*

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124. **Gabrielle Welford**
Parasites revealed in action! (fwd)
Fri 4 Aug 1995

Surprise surprise! Gabrielle

PROPOSED CONGRESSIONAL CUTS OF \$9 BILLION
TO WELFARE/HEALTH/EDUCATION/WORKERS SAFETY REGULATIONS
MATCH MILITARY GIFT

The symmetry is beautiful and awesome.

My last post ranted about the military industrial complex and how we should really concentrate on that area if we need cuts in the federal budget. I responded to a comment from a colleague on this list that we should step back and look at where the money is going instead of insisting that the government punish a different set of students. My point centered on the current 104th Congressional decision to *** give the Defense Department \$9.7 BILLION MORE than the Pentagon even requested! ***

There was little debate in the House or Senate as far as we know. No big fuss arose. But the time has come for that stuff to hit the fan. Almost THE IDENTICAL AMOUNT of money that the Rightists forced upon the military is being taken away from children, the sick, the elderly, students, and the working class in general.

All the dots were connected by thick lines following the money trail straight to the doors of the enriching rich. It was like deus ex machina.

THE VAMPIRES CAUGHT IN THE ACT --RED-HANDED, as it were.

Now is the time to act. Spread the news. This is it.

Yours in solid.,

--Chris Brady

%%
%%

THE STUDENT INSURGENT is a biweekly, leftish newspaper
published by students at the University of Oregon in Eugene.
Our office is located in Suite 1 in the Erb Memorial Union building (EMU).
Our phone number is [REDACTED]. FAX: [REDACTED]
e-mail: [REDACTED]
WWW: <http://gladstone.uoregon.edu/~insurgnt>
[*note*: no "e" in "insurgnt" with our electronic addresses]
Our current U.S. Mailing address is: The Student Insurgent
1228 -- U. of Oregon
Eugene, OR 97403-1228

"...we shall have an association
in which the free development of each
is the condition for the free development of all."

%%
%%

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125. **Tom Taylor**
Re: "art"/semantics
Fri 4 Aug 1995

excuse me, I must have arted.

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126. **maria damon**
Re: folk rhythms & forms
Fri 4 Aug 1995

gabrielle w writes:

> Maria, if you want more evidence for islands being crossroads, there's a
> big push among Pacific Islanders to reclaim themselves as an ocean of
> islands that has had continued and heavy commerce among themselves for
> thousands of years--rather than the Euro vision of them as isolated
> blips in a vast sea. Just been reading a similar commentary on Caribbean
> island self-vision. And certainly Hawaii is a magnetic center where east
> and west meet. I'm sure other Pacific islands are too.
>

cd that book perchance be The Repeating Island by i forget who and i gave back
the book? fernandez-rojo?--yeah, that's a cool book. if it's a diff one, which
one is it?--md

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127. **maria damon**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Fri 4 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

> maria,
>
> he's _tim whiten_, teaches at york in toronto, and is represented by the
> olga korper gallery. the retro is tentatively set for mid 1996, altho i
> haven't heard confirmation. i'm writing an essay ("the work as art") for
> the catalogue. last time i heard either jack burnham or lucy lippard were
> going to write the preface. i think getting hold of examples and
> documentation of his work might be difficult. despite the contexts he's
> worked out for himself, he remains somewhat _underground_, altho a major
> performance/installation piece of his at art park in up-state NY was
> included in lippards book _overlay_. the piece was called, if i can get
> the sp right, "Morada," and it was conceived and performed during the
> late 70s and early 80s. apologies fr going on abt this. what can i say?
> rarely do you find such an expansive spirit, and rarely do you _connect_
>
> thank you for your question, maria. i wanted to foreground his work
> further in my earlier post, but didn't know how to frame it exactly
>
> i'll post you a catalogue once everything is done and done
>
> take good care,
> carl
>

continues to sound cool--thanks (everytime i try to type out cool it comes out
cook. sounds really cook.)--md

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128. **Burt Kimmelman**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Fri 4 Aug 1995

Maria,

My hunch is that courtly love and all came from the n african and what is now
middle eastern lyric tradition. i can't prove it, though a while back Ammiel
Alcaly (you may know him--recent book of his from Singing Horse and another
scholarly book from [i think] u of minnesota p) did some graduate work on

medieval hebrew and arabic lyrics, which, if i recall, suggested what i am saying. so anyway, sicily, sure--though why did SO MANY forms arise with the troubadours and not with the sicilians; part of the answer to this question has to do with the language of Old Provencal--but only part.

musings along . . .

Burt

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129. **Burt Kimmelman**

Re: Inland Bankruptcy

Fri 4 Aug 1995

Inland had stopped handling the smallest presses, is my understanding.

I hope Wilk and co. go back to the point where they were doing alright.

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130. **Tony Green**

(Fwd) Re: renga anyone?

Fri 4 Aug 1995

The following is a now forgotten continuation of the Renga that goes back a while. What is most irritating now is to see it hanging

"...Suspect/....."

Forwarded Message Follows -----

From: Self <CCNOV2/AHI_TGREEN>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: renga anyone?

Date: Wed, 26 Jul 1995 16:52:44

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
Mist, out into the familiar yonder of the freeway. Suspect

Tony Green,

e-mail: [REDACTED]

post: Dept of Art History,

University of Auckland,

Private Bag 92019,

Auckland, New Zealand

Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]

Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

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131. **George Bowering**

Re: "art"/semantics

Fri 4 Aug 1995

Aw shucks, ah caint use the word "art". Ah'm just a honest country boy. I want people to like me and trust me. That word "art" is just for them big city folks and them foreigners over there in that sinful town in France.

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132. **George Bowering**

Re: Renga

Fri 4 Aug 1995

When I hear the word "renga" I reach for my D-key.

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133. **George Bowering**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Fri 4 Aug 1995

Rod Smith wrote

"I believe the spelling is guitar."

Probably he meant to say

"I believe that the spelling is guitar."

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134. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: (Fwd) Re: renga anyone?

Fri 4 Aug 1995

On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Tony Green wrote:

The following is a now forgotten continuation of the Renga that goes back a while. What is most irritating now is to see it hanging

- > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
- > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
- > Mist, out into the familiar yonder of the freeway. Suspect
Among the entries of the How Green was My Alien Contest

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135. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: (Fwd) Re: renga anyone?

Fri 4 Aug 1995

On 5 Aug 95 at 9:11, Tony Green wrote:

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> Mist, out into the familiar yonder of the freeway. Suspect
The night, left in the wake of bibles and caffiene to

-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----

|||/ Joseph Zitt ==== ██████████ ===== Human Systems \|||

||/ Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \||

|/ Online Representative, Austin International Poetry Festival \||

/ Joe Zitt's Home Page \

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136. **Lindz Williamson**

Please stop

Fri 4 Aug 1995

On Fri, 4 Aug 1995, George Bowering wrote:

> When I hear the word "renga" I reach for my D-key.

>

Actually George I think it's when you see the word "renga", and yes I do the same.

[↑ Contents](#)

137. **Thomas Bell**

Renga Rung Wrong

Fri 4 Aug 1995

Then of course everything sorts itself out:

<or seems wrung and tided over the reef:

> morning

> from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome

> of

> wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology

> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

> > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

> > > > >

> > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > > > >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > > >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > > >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> ><< lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the
end where the beached whale divulged Jonah
> > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > > > >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > > > >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > > >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > > >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > > >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

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138. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: " . . . "

Sat 5 Aug 1995

Whenever I hear the word "gun" I reach for my art.

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139. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: Recent Burt

Sat 5 Aug 1995

I'd been wondering what had become of Tom Weatherly -- can you tell me about any published works under the aliases you mentioned last post??? last I heard of him was a 70's chapbook.

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140. **Gabrielle Welford**

Caribbean

Sat 5 Aug 1995

Hi Maria. The book is If I Could Write This In Fire: An Anthology of Lit from the Carib_ed by Pamela M. Smorkaloff. I'm adding the one you mentioned to my list... Thanks. Gabrielle

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141. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: " . . . "

Sat 5 Aug 1995

The problem: Bang! You're dead.

Alan

On Fri, 4 Aug 1995, Aldon L. Nielsen wrote:

| *Whenever I hear the word "gun" I reach for my art.*

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142. **Chris Scheil**

Re: (Fwd) Re: renga anyone?

Sat 5 Aug 1995

On Fri, 4 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

> On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Tony Green wrote:

>

> > The following is a now forgotten continuation of the Renga that goes

> > back a while. What is most irritating now is to see it hanging

>

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > Mist, out into the familiar yonder of the freeway. Suspect

> Among the entries of the How Green was My Alien Contest
the rooting sense to cut away for news in clouds went off

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143. **Ron Silliman**

BookWeb

Sat 5 Aug 1995

You wrote:

>

> Ron writes: "...BookWeb, a good WWW site for book news"

>

> Could you post the exact http address? Thanks.

>

> Pierre

>

http://www.spiders.com/bookweb/

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144. **Ron Silliman**

Rengaphobia

Sat 5 Aug 1995

Interesting (in the clinical sense) to see three negative responses in today's email to the presence of poetry on the Poetics List. All from north of the border, for those of us who like to draw theoretical conclusions.

Ron
[REDACTED]

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145. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Rengaphobia

Sat 5 Aug 1995

Luckily, rengaphobia can be cured by behavior modification techniques and there is no need to appeal to constructs such as renga envy.

On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Ron Silliman wrote:

Interesting (in the clinical sense) to see three negative responses in today's email to the presence of poetry on the Poetics List. All from north of the border, for those of us who like to draw theoretical conclusions.

Ron
[REDACTED]

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146. **cris cheek**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Sat 5 Aug 1995

Tom writes - forms, in other words, certainly were
>passed around and imitated and not at all thought of as anyone's "turf"
>for a significant time.

And Ron adds - My sense is that it must take a good while for a form to
>break free of the weight of that early identification.

Good stuff. Social imperatives are suggested here? Bringing urgencies to process - urgencies which articulate obvious distinctions between imitation and influence. Hit and miss periodicities of communication and influence are

extremely difficult to calibrate nevertheless. It is the quality and the urgency of engagement with the currents within the tides of such communications and influences which make a writer's work compelling. A re-investment in processes of discovery. Any number of singers can sing the same song but as we all know very few can do so in a way which compels us to listen afresh.

love and quirky urgencies
agencies
cris

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147. **cris cheek**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Sat 5 Aug 1995

Maria Damon wrote:

islands, far from being "isolated," were crossroadss for cultural cross-polli(e)?nation. so, the sonnet, which is now the icon of mainstream poetic tradition, had its origins in a swirling eclecticism of languages, traditions, forms and people--md

and Gabrielle has cited Pacific Islands, in particualr Hawaii, and the Caribbean in such respects. My own enthusiasm, as some will already know, is for Madagascar (yes Gab, i owe you a letter on that).

One of the most celebratory aspects of living on this island (good to read Ron referring to Britain as the islands recently - we relish being the colonised outpost of the twentieth century US adventure) during these pre-millennial tensile days is that of the colonial chickens coming home to ro(o/a)st. Oh the ruins of glamour and the glamour of ruins when the two come together -

' . . . O the mirror and the eye, you try to see yourself clearly
Both hide significance from view, then allow you to see
The hidden jewel, a veritable sapphire
O nose and smell, when the two come together

O smell and nose; when confusion is further confounded; A person
become dumbfounded and loses track of everything. At the time for
minstrely, when poets vie one with another. O hand and work when the
two come together.

O work and hand, a skilled performer is never completely overwhelmed;
This is the secret of her greatness, so confident is she of her ability So on
the day of her trila none would question her presence O the chicks and the
hawk, when the two come together

O the hawk and the chicks! when one sets its eyes on the other
One soars high into air, even only a young bird;
Snatching its prey from the air, even with the left hand.
O the mattress and the pillow, when the two come together . . .'

(freely translated from Muyaka - 19th century swahili poet) the reference to
left hand is in regards to eating etiquette as many will know but some might not
love and love
cris

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148. **maria damon**

Re: Caribbean

Sat 5 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB

Poetics discussion group writes:

> Hi Maria. The book is _If I Could Write This In Fire: An Anthology of
> Lit from the Carib_ ed by Pamela M. Smorkaloff. I'm adding the one you
> mentioned to my list... Thanks. Gabrielle

thanks, hadn't heard of it but recognize, of course, the source of the title...
soory all you other listers out there, to clog your airwaves and eyebrain
neurones with personal thanks to one member --it's just so easy to hit that
"reply" option.--md

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149. **maria damon**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Sat 5 Aug 1995

cris writes:

> My own enthusiasm, as some will already know,
> is for Madagascar
>
> love and love
> cris

didn't know..please tell us about poetry from the madagascar contact zone!--md

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150. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: Rengaphobia

Sat 5 Aug 1995

oh ron s---yes, yet's draw theoretical conclusions--CANADIANS HATE
RENGAS...but RON makes ASSUMPTIONS doesn't it---first one is that this
"renga" constitutes poetry (there's obviously some weird tension and/or rivalry
between bowering and silliman going on--it's soap opera like--ho hum)---there
are others too does one have to be north of the border to be north of
intention? viva canada! cs

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151. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Vivan tanto canada como renga

Sat 5 Aug 1995

Viva renga
viva Ron
y que viva Michael Boughn
aunque lo ponga en `no renga'
y aunque no tenga razon

y, seguro, vivan Chris
Canada, George y Lindz
pero la renga es poesia
cualquiera te lo diria

(after Nicolas Guillen)

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152. **Jorge Guitart**

not a renga so keep your finger off D

Sat 5 Aug 1995

(with thanks to alan, maria, gabrielle, ron, louie, joseph, marisa, tony, et al)

EXCELLENT LEXICAL ADVENTURES

the book the dream the caravan & the lace
the coffee the bondage & the waist
the cream the times the modules & the dust
green discorded fanatical & obtuse
go mollycoddled thin-spined with oboe
it binds misdirected with years ago
blowing prussian blue gauze between snacks

gives kissing ripcage topped with poplar landscape
heavy the waspish cardinal in compassed air

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153. **Rod Smith**

Re: Parasites revealed in action! (fwd)

Sat 5 Aug 1995

G-- Thanks for forwarding this. I propose people repost this lots of places as well as making xeroxes of the two headlines next to each other to send around & leave on car windshields & send to corporate heads & our "representatives" etc. If they know we know it scares them a little, I think. & that's a start. --Rod

G forwarded this:

Surprise surprise! Gabrielle

PROPOSED CONGRESSIONAL CUTS OF \$9 BILLION
TO WELFARE/HEALTH/EDUCATION/WORKERS SAFETY REGULATIONS
MATCH MILITARY GIFT

The symmetry is beautiful and awesome.

My last post ranted about the military industrial complex and how we should really concentrate on that area if we need cuts in the federal budget. I responded to a comment from a colleague on this list that we should step back and look at where the money is going instead of insisting that the government punish a different set of students. My point centered on the current 104th Congressional decision to *** give the Defense Department \$9.7 BILLION MORE than the Pentagon even requested! ***

There was little debate in the House or Senate as far as we know. No big fuss arose. But the time has come for that stuff to hit the fan. Almost THE IDENTICAL AMOUNT of money that the Rightists forced upon the military is being taken away from children, the sick, the elderly, students, and the working class in general.

All the dots were connected by thick lines following the money trail straight to the doors of the enriching rich. It was like deus ex machina.

THE VAMPIRES CAUGHT IN THE ACT --RED-HANDED, as it were.
Now is the time to act. Spread the news. This is it.
Yours in solid.,

--Chris Brady

%%
%%

THE STUDENT INSURGENT is a biweekly, leftish newspaper
published by students at the University of Oregon in Eugene.
Our office is located in Suite 1 in the Erb Memorial Union building (EMU).
Our phone number is [REDACTED]. FAX: [REDACTED]
e-mail: [REDACTED]
WWW: <http://gladstone.uoregon.edu/~insurgnt>
[*note*: no "e" in "insurgnt" with our electronic addresses]
Our current U.S. Mailing address is: The Student Insurgent
1228 -- U. of Oregon
Eugene, OR 97403-1228

"...we shall have an association
in which the free development of each
is the condition for the free development of all."

%%
%%

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154. **Burt Kimmelman**

Re: Recent Burt

Sat 5 Aug 1995

Aldon,

First of all, I have to comment that it feels weird finally attaining the status of "subject position" (multiple re. including: my recent hyperglossia about "self" versus "subject position," and the subject title of this post which is a reply to your post). Anyway,

Weatherly (I'm having dinner with him and his wife tomorrow) hasn't published any books since the first perfect bound book by Totem Corinth, "Mau Mau American Cantos," followed by some chapbooks including "Thumbprint" (Telegraph Books). He is a manager at the Strand Bookstore in NYC; he is still writing poetry mostly. He is more eclectic than ever. His poems these days are to my mind brilliant and original, extremely dense and subtle both, leaning in the Zukofsky direction (on the sound-sense axis).

I think some publisher would be wise to do a book of his. No one is doing the sort of thing he is, in terms of both language and theme.

If you like, I can ask him to send you some of his work (backchannel me) or I could post a few of the poems, or whatever. Anyway, I'll tell him you asked.

Burt

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155. **Charles Bernstein**

Essays Wanted for College Literature's Special Poetry Issue (fwrđ)

Sat 5 Aug 1995

[forwarded message:]

SPECIAL ISSUE OF COLLEGE LITERATURE

Diversity and American Poetries

Volume 24, number 1 (February 1997)

The issue will explore the theoretical/imaginative space framed by the relation between social, political, and cultural diversity and the great variety of forms and functions comprising poetry in the United States. Topics may include (but are not limited to):

Canons, Hierarchies, Rules, Values

Poetry as Cultural Criticism

Ethnopoetics

Folk, Popular, or Non-Academic Poetries

Formalisms and Cultural Difference

Functional Poetics

Hybrid Poetries

Ideological Variety

Lost/Rediscovered Poetries

Non-Print Poetries

Poetic Desire/Sexual Desire

Poetic Variety and Pedagogy

Poetry and Other Arts

Poetry of "Minor Literatures"

Redefining genres

Theorizing creativity

Theorizing Poetic Change

Workshops and Readings

Deadline for submission of 18-25 page articles in MLA style (in triplicate; author's name to appear on cover page only) is July 15, 1996. Please send queries or essays to:

AFTER AUG. 15 ONLY (new addesses!):

Jerry McGuire

College Literature

Diversity and Poetry Issue

English Dept.

University of Southwestern Louisiana

Room 211, Griffin Hall
Lafayette LA 70504

or:



Call  if you have a problem with either address.

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156. **Jonathan Brannen**
Re: avoidance behavior syndrome
Sat 5 Aug 1995

Tony,

You have plums on the fridge door? Or was that just a tasteful message? I don't want to reopen the issue of the literary cannon, other than to say that we could use a few more literary loose cannons.

Best regards from not so sweet but oh so cold Minnesota,
Jonathan

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157. **Jonathan Brannen**
Re: avoidance behavior syndrome
Sat 5 Aug 1995

Responding to George Bowering post of 3 August:

George,

I would think any self-respecting MTV guitar wanger would use the term "artiste."

Best,
Jonathan

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158. **Jonathan Brannen**
Re: avoidance behavior syndrome
Sat 5 Aug 1995

Jorge Guitart,

So that's what the MGM lion is roaring. All these years I thought it was saying "buy more popcorn."

Best,
Jonathan

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159. **Jonathan Brannen**
Re: avoidance behavior syndrome
Sat 5 Aug 1995

To Ed Foster who said "the only time to use 'art' is when you are talking to, or about, someone with that name."

I don't know Ed. I guess I just not comfortable using people that way.

Best,
Brannen

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160. **Jonathan Brannen**
Re: folk rhythms & forms
Sat 5 Aug 1995

Gabrielle and Maria,

I believe in was the composer Terry Reily speaking of his composition C who said that progress in the arts frequently resulted from members of one culture imitate the style and methods of another culture without understanding its context within the original culture. Unencumbered by its original cultural baggage, the relatively regimented forms of making and doing within one culture are free to evolve in new directions when adapted by another.

Jonathan

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161. **Tom Mandel**
Quirky Urgencies
Sat 5 Aug 1995

On imitation and influence and on the "passing around" of forms...

...for one thing lots of formal thinking in new poetry, as I/we experienced in the seventies, for example, was about procedures: methods, ways of doing things. And these ways, or one's sense of them, could be influential yet expressed in very different- appearing formal constructions.

At the same time, it's important not to downplay the importance and interest of imitation itself. It's fun an duseful to find out whether you can do a thing that

you see someone else doing, and that may involve very blatant imitation. Anyway, imitation doesn't always produce similarity (mimesis is an interesting topic...). Beckett imitated Kafka as a way of getting free from Joyce's influence, but his early work doesn't actually arrive at much of a similarity to what it imitates.

Perhaps originality finds in imitation an interesting motor to appear.

At the same time, I also remember a lot of not very interesting work (to me, that is) which seemed to be trying to be "the new sentence." But, of course that "theoretical" construction had an utterly personal character, as Ron extended into poetry his political concern with "the sentence" in a very different sense and kept the continuity and contiguity in a rather private irony; i.e. it was never discussed I do not think or at least I do not remember (which means less and less...).

But it didn't get by me, Ron. In that sense, I mean, "the new sentence" was inimitable. Or any other new sentence would be original perforce, however mimetic.

Tom Mandel

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162. **Thomas Bell**

Rengaphobia

Sat 5 Aug 1995

Rather than starting a flame war, it might be appropriate to branch off a thread from poetics in response to the spontaneous interest that has developed in response to the interactive development of the renga thread.

This might also resolve two other issues that have generated some controversy here: publicity vs. exclusivity and posting of poetry vs. posting of criticism and theory. I think it would be a mistake to restrict or cut off the interest this thread has sparked, no matter how good or bad the work is as `_POETRY_` or `_RENGA_`.

Bada Shanren



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163. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Sat 5 Aug 1995

Jonathan, to tell you the truth, today i was watching the american movie channel & sure enough there was going to be an old mgm movie. i cut off the sound & watched leo's lips carefully & you are right--in a way: it looked like he was saying ***zea may's everta plus emptor*** . i think it was my stepmother who fooled me into believing that he said the other thing.

On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Jonathan Brannen wrote:

Jorge Guitart,

So that's what the MGM lion is roaring. All these years I thought it was saying "buy more popcorn."

*Best,
Jonathan*

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164. **Jorge Guitart**

flame retardant behavior

Sat 5 Aug 1995

isnt any poem (including any renga) a statement of (your)(our) poetics?

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165. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga 1

Sat 5 Aug 1995

>on August 2 Sheila E. Murphy (& others) wrote:

>> >

>> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee

>> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>> >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>> >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>> >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

>> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>floating, held open, adrift in different directions, she
promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed
>

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166. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: Renga 1

Sat 5 Aug 1995

On 5 Aug 95 at 22:46, Charles Alexander wrote:

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> floating, held open, adrift in different directions, she
> promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed
> stunned images into form, saying a need, similar days
imported when commissioned, encapsulating

-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----

|||/ Joseph Zitt ===== ██████████ ===== Human Systems \|||

||/ Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \||

|/ Online Representative, Austin International Poetry Festival \||

/ Joe Zitt's Home Page\

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167. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: your mail

Sat 5 Aug 1995

>> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> > > Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
>> > > Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
>> > > would calmness be without the stain of possession and
>> > Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
>> > a modicum of chocolate milk. Not too late for
>the phalarope, anodyne, cyneure, palindrome or rapturous whatnots
doused in chemicals resembling chemlab outputs straining to be

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168. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga 1

Sat 5 Aug 1995

>> > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> > > >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> > > >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> > > >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> > > >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> > > >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> > > >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> > > >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> > > >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> > > >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>> > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection

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169. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: eR 1

Sat 5 Aug 1995

>On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

>

>> On Aug 3 Hank Lazer wrote:

>>
>> On Aug 3 Marissa Januzzi wrote:
>>
>> > On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:
>> >
>> > > On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:
>> > >
>> > > > adding to Ron Silliman's addition --
>> > > >
>> > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> > > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>> > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>> > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> ><< lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the
>> morning
>> from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
>> wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
>> of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows cleanly
fit
>
>

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170. **Charles Alexander**

Renga 1

Sat 5 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
floating, held open, adrift in different directions, she
promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed
stunned images into form, saying a need, similar days

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171. **Charles Alexander**
Renga2?

Sat 5 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
would calmness be without the stain of possession and
Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
a modicum of chocolate milk. Not too late for
the phalarope, anodyne, cynesure, palindrome or rapturous whatnots
doused in chemicals resembling chemlab outputs straining to be
loons in a lake one can see through, diving between sunrises

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172. **Lindz Williamson**
Re: Vivan tanto canada como renga

Sat 5 Aug 1995

Yes, I fear Renga.
I fear art.
I fear one big happy poetics list.
I wake up at night in a cold sweat because according to all of you i have
no soul.

I fear generalizations and broad conclusions.
I fear people that jump down my throat and make accusations even when I say please.
I really fear "quotation marks" and brackets (GOD they're really, really scary)
I fear that someone might inform me that I'm not actually writing poetry, but a bukowski novel.
I fear witty comebacks and cynical remarks.
I fear Courtney Love.
I fear that someone might think I think COURTNEY love is an "artiste"
I fear people who correct typos and spelling mistakes
I fear that someone might replace the word fear with the word hate in this posting.
I fear that I might actually be allowed to post my own opinion and not be condemned.
I fear the US.
I fear that someone might find out I have dual citizenship and that my father is American.
I fear that the only reason that I'm proud to be Canadian is the fact that it means I'm not American.
And due to all this fear I now have a facial twitch and feel faint when I hear literary analysis. But that's ok, I think it adds character so yes.
please continue.
Viva Renga!

Lindz (I think I'm going to hide under my goose down for a while, that's what Canadians do when they are frightened)

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173. **Charles Alexander**

Renga3?

Sat 5 Aug 1995

On Sat, 5 Aug 1995 18:03:42 -0700,
Sheila E. Murphy <[REDACTED]> wrote:

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division

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174. **Charles Alexander**
Renga4?

Sat 5 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the morning
from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows cleanly fit
sucking, winding, foraging, menacing, saving, stinging, erasing

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175. **Lindz Williamson**

Re: Renga2?

Sun 6 Aug 1995

As official chair person of the Canadian Council Against Renga (Car) I charge Charles Alexander with unauthorized use of the Loon," loons in a lake one can see through, diving between sunrises". The Loon is considered a part of Canadian culture and heritage. The Loon was officially chosen to appear on the Canadian dollar coin in 1987, as it reflected typically Canadian mannerisms being some what annoying and mostly harmless shooting it's mouth off for no apparent reason. The coin has since been affectionately nicknamed the "Loonie" I warn you that the members of CAR view the symbolic importance of the Loon to be at par with the American Bald Eagle, therefore this is no laughing matter. WE request that all renga using Loons as a poetic image or metaphor please cease immediately.

Thanks for your understanding, we wouldn't want to make this an international incident.

Officially, Lindz Williamson

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176. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga4?

Sun 6 Aug 1995

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>The caravan of windows to what they flee
>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
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>Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the morning
>from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
>wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
>of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows cleanly fit

>sucking, winding, foraging, menacing, saving, stinging, erasing
bandages-to-be from consciousness and conscience plexiglassed against

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177. **Charles Alexander**

Re: Renga2?

Sun 6 Aug 1995

Lindz Williamson writes,

"As official chair person of the Canadian Council Against Renga (Car) I charge Charles Alexander with unauthorized use of the Loon," loons in a lake one can see through, diving between sunrises". The Loon is considered a part of Canadian culture and heritage. The Loon was officially chosen to appear on the Canadian dollar coin in 1987, as it reflected typically Canadian mannerisms being some what annoying and mostly harmless shooting it's mouth off for no apparent reason. The coin has since been affectionately nicknamed the "Loonie" I warn you that the members of CAR view the symobolic importance of the Loon to be at par with the American Bald Eagle, therefore this is no laughing matter. WE request that all renga using Loons as a poetic image or metaphor please cease immediately."

The loon is also the state bird of Minnesota, although I saw my first several in Wisconsin last week. I apologize for offending Canada, which I greatly respect.

```
charles alexander      [=====^=====]
                        [   <>   ]
chax press              [ maybe a <> pages  ]
                        [ time <> letters  ]
phone & fax: [REDACTED] [ upon <> frames  ]
                        [ once <> motion  ]
e-mail: [REDACTED]    [   <>   ]
                        [=====vv=====]
```

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178. **Thomas Bell**

Re: Renga2?

Sun 6 Aug 1995

"nool" OK? as in

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
[A>nool in a CAR, an American car, an official American Toyota

[↑ Contents](#)

179. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Sun 6 Aug 1995

On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Jonathan Brannen wrote:

Unencumbered

> by its original cultural baggage, the relatively regimented forms
> of making and doing within one culture are free to evolve in new
> directions when adapted by another.

>

Yes, that makes a lot of sense to me. Works across time too, so that,
for instance revivals of particular folk traditions, like Irish, say, or
Hawaiian produce wonderful new possibilities and mixtures that were never
possible before.

Gab.

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180. **cris cheek**

Re: desire / and the 39 steps

Sun 6 Aug 1995

an urgent wind's up - blows out, to tidy the garden. gets stuck in the process.
cholic summer waters lie dark, clogged by decompositions of petals and leaves.
the reflections it gives to this world are the better for that.

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181. **Tom Mandel**

Re: Renga 1

Sun 6 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
condemned.
promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed
stunned images into form, saying a need, similar days
to those not before, yet stored, whose sifted haze

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182. **Tom Mandel**

Re: Renga2?

Sun 6 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud.
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
would calmness be without the stain of possession and
Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
a modicum of chocolate milk. Not too late for
the phalarope, anodyne, cyneure, palindrome or rapturous whatnots
doused in chemicals resembling chemlab outputs straining to be
loons in a lake one can see through, diving between sunrises
as a cat on catpaws, chocolate-milk-lipped, cardinal-listening

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183. **Tom Mandel**

Re: Renga3?

Sun 6 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
would calmness be without the stain of possession and
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone

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184. **Tom Mandel**

Re: Renga4?

Sun 6 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the morning

from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows cleanly fit
sucking, winding, foraging, menacing, saving, stinging, erasing
yet relaxed all the while, cuffs buttoned close to thumb & page

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185. **beard**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Sun 6 Aug 1995

Jonathon said,

I believe in was the composer Terry Reilly speaking of his composition C who said that progress in the arts frequently resulted from members of one culture imitate the style and methods of another culture without understanding its context within the original culture. Unencumbered by its original cultural baggage, the relatively regimented forms of making and doing within one culture are free to evolve in new directions when adapted by another.

Yes, exactly! But when the _imitator_ is from a culture that has colonised the culture that produced the _imititated_ form, the imitator better watch out for the PC police. Viz Gordon Walters' use of the Maori koru design, and his wonderful explorations of its formal possibilities, without any necessary reference to its cultural origins and context. But that's "appropriation" (sorry guys, didn't see the copyright symbol) and hence not on. Are we allowed to use (e.g.) the myths of other cultures in our writings, in whatever way we want, or do we have to sit a test to prove our cultural sensitivity?

Tom.

I/am a background/process, shrunk to an icon. | Tom Beard I am/a dark place.
| █████ I am less/than the sum of my parts... | Auckland, New Zealand I
am necessary/but not sufficient, | http://metcon.met.co.nz/ and I shall
teach the stars to fall | nwfc/beard/www/hallway.html

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186. **maria damon**

Re: Vivan tanto canada como renga

Sun 6 Aug 1995

jorge writes:

> Viva renga

> viva Ron

> y que viva Michael Boughn
> aunque lo ponga en `no renga'
> y aunque no tenga razon
>
> y, seguro, vivan Chris
> Canada, George y Lindz
> pero la renga es poesia
> cualquiera te lo diria
>
> (after Nicolas Guillen)
now this is my idea of art and poetry!--md

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187. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga3?

Sun 6 Aug 1995

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>would calmness be without the stain of possession and
>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>The caravan of windows to what they flee
>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
>prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
>with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for

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188. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga 1

Sun 6 Aug 1995

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>The caravan of windows to what they flee
>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>condemmed.
>promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed
>stunned images into form, saying a need, similar days
>to those not before, yet stored, whose sifted haze
pretaxed a little roughage for the good of order modified by "the"

[↑ Contents](#)

189. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga 1

Sun 6 Aug 1995

On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >on August 2 Sheila E. Murphy (& others) wrote:
> >> >
> >> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >> >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >> >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >> >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> >> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> >> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

- > >floating, held open, adrift in different directions, she
- > promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed the theoretician and her guests by the balsa wood tower

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190. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Sun 6 Aug 1995

On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
would calmness be without the stain of possession and
Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
a modicum of chocolate milk. Not too late for
the phalarope, anodyne, cyneure, palindrome or rapturous whatnots
doused in chemicals resembling chemlab outputs straining to be
with their rehab brothers & sisters in the metaphor they lived by*

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191. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga 1

Sun 6 Aug 1995

On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she*

*gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing*

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192. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: eR 1

Sun 6 Aug 1995

On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

On Aug 3 Hank Lazer wrote:

On Aug 3 Marissa Januzzi wrote:

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
<< lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the
morning
from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows cleanly
fit to be you or the phantasm that space foreclosed when the*

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193. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga 1

Sun 6 Aug 1995

On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
floating, held open, adrift in different directions, she
promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed
stunned images into form, saying a need, similar days
of drinking weak coffee in enormous cups, and the trail of*

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194. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: $eR^2 = eD$

Sun 6 Aug 1995

On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote: "> > On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Thomas Bell wrote: > > '> > On Aug 3 Hank Lazer wrote: > > "> > On Aug 3 Marissa Januzzi wrote: > > > '> > > On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote: > > > "> > > On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote: > > >
> > > '> > > > > adding to Ron Silliman's addition -- > > > > > > """"""
that we are beings lonely breathing here, sweet arrows pointing one by one, the one of love and sweet returning

[↑ Contents](#)

195. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga2?

Sun 6 Aug 1995

On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning*

*First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
would calmness be without the stain of possession and
Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
a modicum of chocolate milk. Not too late for
the phalarope, anodyne, cynesure, palindrome or rapturous whatnots
doused in chemicals resembling chemlab outputs straining to be
loons in a lake one can see through, diving between sunrises
with a modicum of surprise, as in "Mr. Chimaera, please report to the*

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196. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga4?

Sun 6 Aug 1995

-
- > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
 - > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
 - > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
 - > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
 - > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
 - > The caravan of windows to what they flee
 - > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
 - > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
 - > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
 - > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
 - > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
 - > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
 - > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
 - > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
 - > lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the morning
 - > from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
 - > wail of the glob that cradles in its claws the anthology
 - > of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows cleanly fit
 - > sucking, winding, foraging, menacing, saving, stinging, erasing
 - > subsuming, presupposing, debasing & whatnot, & the Masque said

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197. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga4?

Sun 6 Aug 1995

(Probably Renga 4-a or 4-b)

> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> >& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> >lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the morning
> >from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
> >wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
> >of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows cleanly fit
> >sucking, winding, foraging, menacing, saving, stinging, erasing
> bandages-to-be from consciousness and conscience plexiglassed against
the unfeasible & the give-me-a-rub type of moral history

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198. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga 1

Sun 6 Aug 1995

>> >> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> >> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> >> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> >> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> >> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> >> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> >> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> >> >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> >> >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> >> >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

>> >> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>> >> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> >floating, held open, adrift in different directions, she
>> promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed
> the theoretician and her guests by the balsa wood tower
on the verge of being crushed and therefore perfect in uncrowded

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199. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: your mail

Sun 6 Aug 1995

>> >> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> >> > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> >> > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> >> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> >> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> >> > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> >> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> >> > > Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
>> >> > > Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
>> >> > > would calmness be without the stain of possession and
>> >> > Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
>> >> > a modicum of chocolate milk. Not too late for
>> >the phalarope, anodyne, cyneure, palindrome or rapturous whatnots
>> doused in chemicals resembling chemlab outputs straining to be
>> with their rehab brothers & sisters in the metaphor they lived by
patching rent with cyclical amendments, dotted swiss and white pleats

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200. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga 1

Sun 6 Aug 1995

>> >> > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> >> > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> >> > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> >> > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> >> > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> >> > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> >> > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> >> > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>> >> > > >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> >> > > >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>> >> > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>> >> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> >> > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> >> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> >> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several

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201. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: eR 1

Sun 6 Aug 1995

>On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>

>> >On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

>> >

>> >> On Aug 3 Hank Lazer wrote:

>> >>

>> >> On Aug 3 Marissa Januzzi wrote:

>> >>

>> >> > On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

>> >> >

>> >> > > On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>> >> > >

>> >> > > > >adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

>> >> > > > >

>> >> > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> >> > > > > >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>> >> > > > > >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> >> > > > > >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>> >> > > > > >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>> >> > > > > >> The caravan of windows to what they flee

>> >> > > > > >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>> >> > > > > >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>> >> > > > > >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>> >> > > > > >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

>> >> > > > > >> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

>> >> > > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

>> >> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> >> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> >> ><< lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the
>> >> morning
>> >> from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
>> >> wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
>> >> of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows
cleanly
>> fit to be you or the phantasm that space foreclosed when the
first sentence spilled from heaven wheat of some kind blistered and untuned

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202. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga2?

Sun 6 Aug 1995

>On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

>

>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
>> Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
>> would calmness be without the stain of possession and
>> Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
>> a modicum of chocolate milk. Not too late for
>> the phalarope, anodyne, cynesure, palindrome or rapturous whatnots
>> doused in chemicals resembling chemlab outputs straining to be
>> loons in a lake one can see through, diving between sunrises
>> with a modicum of surprise, as in "Mr. Chimaera, please report to the
first furnace on the left without your usual unpracticed glaze

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203. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga4?

Sun 6 Aug 1995

>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the morning
>> from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
>> wail of the glob that cradles in its claws the anthology
>> of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows cleanly fit
>> sucking, winding, foraging, menacing, saving, stinging, erasing
> subsuming, presupposing, debasing & whatnot, & the Masque said
halt with this tone row winded by Evelyn Wood scans through thesauri

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204. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga 1

Sun 6 Aug 1995

On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Tom Mandel wrote:

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

- > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
- > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
- > condemned.
- > promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed
- > stunned images into form, saying a need, similar days
- > to those not before, yet stored, whose sifted haze
brings in the unknowing and the problem of diction

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205. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga2?

Sun 6 Aug 1995

On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Tom Mandel wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud.
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
would calmness be without the stain of possession and
Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
a modicum of chocolate milk. Not too late for
the phalarope, anodyne, cyneure, palindrome or rapturous whatnots
doused in chemicals resembling chemlab outputs straining to be
loons in a lake one can see through, diving between sunrises
as a cat on catpaws, chocolate-milk-lipped, cardinal-listening
monsoon-raking, irony-scraping (yes, the cat from hell) goes*

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206. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga3?

Sun 6 Aug 1995

On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Tom Mandel wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
would calmness be without the stain of possession and
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling*

*but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
crowd the complacent out of the accident of truth? The body listened-to,*

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207. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga 1

Sun 6 Aug 1995

On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> >& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >condemmed.
> >promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed
> >stunned images into form, saying a need, similar days
> >to those not before, yet stored, whose sifted haze
> pretaxed a little roughage for the good of order modified by "the"
 though not *the* The of holy hush and flush, and unmirroring

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208. **Colleen Lookingbill**

Canessa Park reading series

Sun 6 Aug 1995

To the List:

Canessa Park Reading and Talk Series is has the new fall schedule completed. Hope you that are local can make the events posted below and anyone on the list that might be in the area, we would be delighted to see you. My husband, Jordon Zorker and I host the series and will serve you tea and cookies! Now there's an offer! Admission to all events is four dollars.

August 13 - Norma Cole and Duncan McNaughton, Sunday 3:00

September 10 - Steve Carl, John McNally, Anselm Berrigan, Sunday 3:00

September 17 - David Miller and Larry Fixel, Sunday 3:00

October 29, Carol Snow and Joshua Clover, Sunday 3:00

November 12 - Five Fingers Publishing Party, Sunday 3:00

December 8 - Spencer Selby and John Yau, Friday 8:00

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209. **Thomas Bell**

Re: Renga4?

Sun 6 Aug 1995

[D

(Probably Renga 4-a or 4-b)

> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> >& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> >lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the morning
> >from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
> >wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
> >of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows cleanly fit
> >sucking, winding, foraging, menacing, saving, stinging, erasing
> bandages-to-be from consciousness and conscience plexiglassed against
> the unfeasible & the give-me-a-rub type of moral history
rubbertyred rubicund marshmallows fill the

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210. **Thomas Bell**

Re: Renga4?

Sun 6 Aug 1995

(Probably Renga 4-b)

> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> >& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> >lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the morning
> >from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
> >wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
> >of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows cleanly fit
> >sucking, winding, foraging, menacing, saving, stinging, erasing
> bandages-to-be from consciousness and conscience plexiglassed against
> the unfeasible & the give-me-a-rub type of moral history
Orality expands tomorrow as a rerun burrows under

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211. **Thomas Bell**

Re: Renga 1

Sun 6 Aug 1995

>> >> >> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> >> >> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> >> >> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> >> >> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> >> >> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> >> >> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> >> >> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>> >> > > >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> >> > > >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> >> > > >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>> >> > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>> >> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> >> > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> >> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> >> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
friends or were they came or did they not ever bother as
brothers to fit into the pattern traced on the delicate cusp

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212. **Thomas Bell**

Re: eR 1

Sun 6 Aug 1995

>On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>

>> >On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

>> >

>> >> On Aug 3 Hank Lazer wrote:

>> >>

>> >> On Aug 3 Marissa Januzzi wrote:

>> >>

>> >> > On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

>> >> >

>> >> > > On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>> >> > >

>> >> > > > > adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

>> >> > > > >

>> >> > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> >> > > > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>> >> > > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> >> > > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>> >> > > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>> >> > > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

>> >> > > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>> >> > > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>> >> > > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>> >> > > > >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>> >> > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>> >> > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> >> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> >> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> >> ><< lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the
>> >> morning
>> >> from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
>> >> wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
>> >> of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows
cleanly
>> fit to be you or the phantasm that space foreclosed
when the
>>first sentence spilled from heaven wheat of some kind blistered
and untuned
The windows barricaded and the battens taut her finger slipped

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213. **Thomas Bell**

Re: Renga3?

Sun 6 Aug 1995

george guitart wrote that

On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Tom Mandel wrote:

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> would calmness be without the stain of possession and
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
> prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division

> with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
> crowd the complacent out of the accident of truth? The body listened-to,
lets breath free and syllables March past the hare madder than

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214. **Tony Green**

Re: not a renga so keep your finger off D

Sun 6 Aug 1995

"green discorded fanatical and obtuse" isn't that getting a wee bit poisonal?

Tony Green,
e-mail: [REDACTED]
post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand
Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]
Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

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215. **Tony Green**

Re: Please stop

Sun 6 Aug 1995

in Canada renga anagrams easily to anger

Tony Green,
e-mail: [REDACTED]
post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand
Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]
Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

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216. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: Canessa Park reading series

Sun 6 Aug 1995

On 6 Aug 95 at 19:24, Colleen Lookingbill wrote:

To the List:

Canessa Park Reading and Talk Series is has the new fall schedule completed.

On which continent, etc, is this? -----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----
1----- |||/ Joseph Zitt ===== ██████████ ===== Human Systems \|| \||/
Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \|| \||/ Online
Representative, Austin International Poetry Festival \|| / Joe Zitt's Home Page\

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217. **Ron Silliman**
Canadian Love Call

Sun 6 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
condemmed.
promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed
stunned images into form, saying a need, similar days
to those not before, yet stored, whose sifted haze
pretaxed a little roughage for the good of order modified by "the"
"annotated""Notley-esque""hurly-burly""wigwam"

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218. **Ron Silliman**
And then she wrote

Sun 6 Aug 1995

You wrote:
On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:
On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:
On Aug 3 Hank Lazer wrote:

On Aug 3 Marissa Januzzi wrote:
On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:
On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:
adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

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219. **Wystan Curnow**
Re: avoidance behavior syndrome
Sun 6 Aug 1995

Dear George, I recall someone speaking lately of the 'rigor' required when trucking across the 'slippery landscape of gender'. And one proposal which followed was that we drop the words for gender they are so slippery, so hard to grasp they fall from one's hands. My proposal, however, would be to drench all the words we are interested in in whatever mucous membrane, goop, bodily fluid we can lay hands on and like Ishmael said: SQUEEZE 'em good! Are you with me? Wystan

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220. **Wystan Curnow**
Re: folk rhythms & forms
Sun 6 Aug 1995

Dear Gabrielle, Do you have in mind the material on the settlement of Polynesia? The emerging picture of an Age of Discovery, with planned voy- ages ranging over 1000s of miles of the Pacific? I've just got back from an incredible week on Cheju, an island off the coast of South Korea, which was the venue for an exhibition of art from Japan, Korea, the Philipines, Indonesia, Australia and New Zealand. The theme was 'From Island to Island'. Billed as a Pre-Biennale, they plan a full-scale international event in 1998 with the same theme. I wasn't entirely clear but had the impression they may limit the invitations to islands. Maria's posting suggests some of the richness of the notion of island culture. Wystan

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221. **Ryan Knighton**
Re: Please stop
Sun 6 Aug 1995

C eh N eh D eh

I think the Canadian aversion to renga, if there is such a thing, is due to the cosmopolitan chaos it imposes upon my scenic Vancouver e-mailbox.

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222. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga4?

Sun 6 Aug 1995

> [D
>(Probably Renga 4-a or 4-b)
>
>> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> >The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> >Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>> >& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> >kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> >lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the morning
>> >from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
>> >wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
>> >of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows cleanly fit
>> >sucking, winding, foraging, menacing, saving, stinging, erasing
>> bandages-to-be from consciousness and conscience plexiglassed against
>> the unfeasible & the give-me-a-rub type of moral history
>rubbertyred rubicund marshmallows fill the tunic made of a material called
whipped cream from the fifties
>
>

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223. **Tony Green**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Sun 6 Aug 1995

boats connect islands as cars (automobiles) connect towns and cities in land-mass continent countries "nations" are made up in clusters and archipelagos

of islands in watery zones there are spaces between "nations" in oceans
that's something different too that's what you're saying?

Tony Green,
e-mail: [REDACTED]
post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand
Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]
Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

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224. **Wystan Curnow**
Re: folk rhythms & forms
Sun 6 Aug 1995

On Aug 6, Tom Beard wrote:

Jonathon said,

I believe in was the composer Terry Reily speaking of his composition C who said that progress in the arts frequently resulted from members of one culture imitate the style and methods of another culture without understanding its context within the original culture. Unencumbered by its original cultural baggage, the relatively regimented forms of making and doing within one culture are free to evolve in new directions when adapted by another.

Yes, exactly! But when the `_imitator_` is from a culture that has colonised the culture that produced the `_imititated_` form, the imitator better watch out for the PC police. Viz Gordon Walters' use of the Maori koru design, and his wonderful explorations of its formal possibilities, without any necessary reference to its cultural origins and context. But that's "appropriation" (sorry guys, didn't see the copyright symbol) and hence not on. Are we allowed to use (e.g.) the myths of other cultures in our writings, in whatever way we want, or do we have to sit a test to prove our cultural sensitivity?

Tom, I don't understand 'formal possibilities, without any necessary reference to its cultural origins and context.'? First this is not the same as the Reily (sic) proposition, which refers to not 'understanding' the context concerned. Walters certainly did understand the context, indeed his understanding among Pakeha artists of the period was rivalled only by his friend Theo Schoon. Second, the notion that you can explore a form with any necessary reference to cultural context is a modernist heresy. No PC police required there. And third, if there is

no necessary reference to Maori origins and context why did Walters give the paintings Maori names?

Wystan

—

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225. **Charles Alexander**
ringing renga

Sun 6 Aug 1995

I think the renga has finally drowned out just about everything else.

It's rather daunting having 30 or more renga messages in only one day.

I like the renga, but I like the else, too.

```
charles alexander      [=====^=====]
                        [   <>   ]
chax press             [ maybe a <> pages  ]
                        [ time <> letters  ]
phone & fax: [REDACTED] [ upon <> frames  ]
                        [ once <> motion  ]
e-mail: [REDACTED]    [   <>   ]
                        [=====vv=====]
```

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226. **George Bowering**
Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Mon 7 Aug 1995

I pretty well agree with Wystan. I am usually suspicious of those words one sees in reviews, such as "rigor" or "sinuous prose" or the like. I am also repelled by awkwardnesses caused by she/he or that really unattractive (s)he, etc. I am not afraid of "slippery landscapes," either, living in a rainy climate. I am not interested much in rules and proscriptions. If you don't like to read Ishmael Reed because he is adjudged misogynist in some circles (usually of inferior writers), then don't read him. Ditto for Pound if you will not read anti-semitic social creditors. As it says in the Bible, "go ye forth and write." I usually find that I enjoy reading writing a lot more than confronting ideas that come thru uninspired prose.

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227. **George Bowering**

Re: Renga3?

Mon 7 Aug 1995

> In the pockets were coats and in the coats were pockets
> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> would calmness be without the stain of possession and
> In the windows were reflections and in the reflections were windows
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> between the breasts were lips and between the lips were breasts
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
> prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
> with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
> flicka my wrist and kicka my foot and tilta my head

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228. **George Bowering**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Mon 7 Aug 1995

Responding to Jonathan Brannen post of Aug 5:

No, no. I come from a small town in the west; and back there "artiste" meant something else altogether. There have been several political positions taken re that.

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229. **George Bowering**

Re: Rengaphobia

Mon 7 Aug 1995

Hey, there isnt any tension between Silliman and Bowering. We are brothers, for Pete's sake. And I got nothing against renga. I just like a more varied mailbox.

I'd just like to know how tall Ron is. Dies that renga bell?

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230. **George Bowering**

Re: Rengaphobia

Mon 7 Aug 1995

Hey, who among us draws "theoretical conclusions." Ron. All the theory that speaks to me over the past 30 years has persuaded me that my old aversion to conclusions was right.

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231. **beard**

More corrections

Mon 7 Aug 1995

Here's Microsoft Word's "correction" of Catullus XI, followed by a poem that the NZers on the list should easily recognise.

Furry ate aurally

Fury eat aureole, commits chattily,
sue in extremes penetrate indoors,
litmus out lounge resonant era
tuned otter undo,

sire in hyraces Arabs molest,
sea sagas Seagate ferrous pathos,
site quake septum gaminess colorant
aqua aura nil's,

site trains atlas grad outer aloes,
caesuras unisons monument mango,
gallium rhenium horrible ere quire util-
mosque Britons,

ammonia haiku, queer kumquat ferret colon task
camel item, tempter simile parrot,

pause noontide mead paella
non bona dicta.

cum suits eau valet queen mochas,
quasi simile complex tenet trek scents,
null amass ere, sew ides tedium ominous
Iliad rumens;

neck mum receptor, out ante, amore,
quip lilies cult sec idiot use lute pretty
ultimo floss, praetor aunt post qualm
cactus Atari east.

Poker care any

Pokier Karen Anna nag way of waif ape.
White ate doe, a hike, marina anal a!

I hide a, hockey may ram!
Qua mate ahead I tea aroma a!

I Korea the aloha a maraca I toe rag.
Mack tofu I auk roommate a!

I whine a, hooky maid ran!
Kay mate ahead I tie aorta a!

Thai thug take recta, tutu at tack ring.
Kid kite to kiwi, rare rare any a!

I hinge a, hooch Mao rap!
Qua mate ahead I the aloha a!

Whereto wheat take pence, eau Peru auk pepper.
Quo take aroma maul tong ant a!

I hive a, hock maim rat!
Kay mate oh I ate aorta a!

I/am a background/process, shrunk to an icon. | Tom Beard I am/a dark place.
| █████ I am less/than the sum of my parts... | Auckland, New Zealand I
am necessary/but not sufficient, | <http://metcon.met.co.nz/> and I shall
teach the stars to fall | nwfc/beard/www/hallway.html

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232. **beard**

folk rhythms & forms/Walters

Mon 7 Aug 1995

Wystan wrote:

Tom, I don't understand 'formal possibilities, without any necessary reference to its cultural origins and context.'? First this is not the same as the Reily (sic) proposition, which refers to not 'understanding' the context concerned. Walters certainly did understand the context, indeed his understanding among Pakeha artists of the period was rivalled only by his friend Theo Schoon.

I certainly didn't mean to imply that Walters didn't understand the cultural context of the koru - perhaps I worded my post poorly. What I meant was that a _viewer_ can appreciate the formal patterns in a Walters painting without having any knowledge of maoritanga her- or himself. A naive viewer (such as myself :-)) can enjoy the visual rhythms and shifting figure/ground relationships of these paintings while knowing next to nothing about what the koru design means to Maori. It's in _this_ sense that I think the misunderstanding (or more likely non-understanding) can be creative.

As Jonathon said,

*Unencumbered
by its original cultural baggage, the relatively regimented forms
of making and doing within one culture are free to evolve in new
directions when adapted by another.*

While "cultural baggage" has the wrong connotations in this context, I think that it's fair to say that Walters' paintings have "evolve[d] in new directions", with the koru (at least to some eyes) as abstract design rather than signifier (what does the koru signify to the average Pakeha, other than Air NZ?).

I agree that Walters has great understanding of and sensitivity to Maori culture (as his titles show - good point). But he has still been attacked for "appropriating" the koru, and desecrating it by taking it out of context. I have a vague recollection that Ngahuia te Awakotuku was offended by a title that (I think) translates to "prayer" in English.

*Second, the notion that you can explore a form
with any necessary reference to cultural context is a modernist heresy. No
PC police required there.*

I'm not sure what you mean by this. Do you mean "with_out_ any necessary reference"? And I'm intrigued by your use of the word "heresy". A heresy implies an orthodoxy (and hence a police :-)) - against which orthodoxy does one trespass when exploring a form outside of its cultural context? And are you using "heresy" in the pejorative sense? I'm quite partial to heresies, myself.

To bring this back to poetics, is it heresy to write a haiku (or indeed a renga) without any knowledge of or reference to its place within Japanese culture? Is it heretical to take phrases from (say) an American fashion magazine and combine them into a found poem without any reference to their original context?

"Heresy, man!"

Tom.

I/am a background/process, shrunk to an icon. | Tom Beard I am/a dark place.
| █████ I am less/than the sum of my parts... | Auckland, New Zealand I
am necessary/but not sufficient, | <http://metcon.met.co.nz/> and I shall
teach the stars to fall | nwfc/beard/www/hallway.html

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233. **Louis Cabri**
downstream diddly sqwawk

Mon 7 Aug 1995

>
> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> condemned.
> promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed
> stunned images into form, saying a need, similar days
> to those not before, yet stored, whose sifted haze
> pretaxed a little roughage for the good of order modified by "the"
> "annotated""Notley-esque""hurly-burly""wigwam"
> imagery, with its narrative cast, in realtime installations.
 But unlike news on the hour, with your anchor, Foghorn
 Leghorn

[↑ Contents](#)

234. **Jorge Guitart**
Re: Canadian Love Call
Mon 7 Aug 1995

On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Ron Silliman wrote:

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> condemned.
> promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed
> stunned images into form, saying a need, similar days
> to those not before, yet stored, whose sifted haze
> pretaxed a little roughage for the good of order modified by "the"
> "annotated""Notley-esque""hurly-burly""wigwam"
"of" "the" "type" "that" "you" "find" "in" "ego" "commisures"

[↑ Contents](#)

235. **Jorge Guitart**
Re: Renga4?
Mon 7 Aug 1995

On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> > [D
> > (Probably Renga 4-a or 4-b)
> >
> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >> >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >> >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >> >The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >> >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >> >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> >> >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >> >Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> >> >& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> >> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >> >kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> >> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> >> >lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the morning
> >> >from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
> >> >wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
> >> >of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows cleanly fit
> >> >sucking, winding, foraging, menacing, saving, stinging, erasing
> >> bandages-to-be from consciousness and conscience plexiglassed against
> >> the unfeasible & the give-me-a-rub type of moral history
> >rubbertyred rubicund marshmallows fill the tunic made of a material called
whipped cream from the fifties with anti-un-americanana written all over it

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236. **cris cheek**
Re: Quirky Urgencies
Mon 7 Aug 1995

Tom, I appreciate your advocacy of the diversity made necessary by the attempt to 'imitate' another's form. And I agree wholeheartedly that the swerve occasioned by those attempts can generate fascinating work.

*Perhaps originality finds in imitation an interesting motor
to appear.*

Yup. 'Found' poems lever this issue wide open.

There's another characteristic that's appropriate to this discussion - it's the nature of the impossibility of returning to a state before learning, without the influence of that learning being somehow present. For example when I first started writing ('75) people would say to me "so, how long have you been doing cut ups?" The answer of course was that I never had. But, at first glance my work could look as if it had been produced by a cut up process. Well, the point is that I'd read Burroughs - in particular samizdat collections such as 'White Subway' - but more essentially I was exploring syntactic 'continuous discontinuities' as a response to complexities of interactive human (for me at that time urban-focussed) simultaneities as a response to a 'staring' for humane consciousness in the post-Hiroshima, post-vietnam, post-colonial context of a collapsing western world power. I was both thinking and writing in what other's might consider disjunctions but which for me had 'internal logic' in their making.

There is a bridge here to discussions about forms - influences and imitations - with respect to 'lang-po' and folk cultures. There is also a bridge to discussions on copyright and origination.

The renga fever which continues, gloriously unabated, displays familiar paradigms in such respects.

love and love
cris

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237. **cris cheek**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Mon 7 Aug 1995

Tom Beard writes:

*Are we allowed
to use (e.g.) the myths of other cultures in our writings, in whatever way we
want, or do we have to sit a test to prove our cultural sensitivity?*

Use as make has double-edges which render them both positive and exploitative terms. It's sensitivity to those double-edges which is perhaps most nourishable. Fuck the police. Be alert, humane and curious.

love and love
cris

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238. **maria damon**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Mon 7 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics
discussion group writes:

> Dear George,
> I recall someone speaking lately of the 'rigor' required when
> trucking across the 'slippery landscape of gender'. And one proposal which
> followed was that we drop the words for gender they are so slippery, so hard
> to grasp they fall from one's hands. My proposal, however, would be to
> drench all the words we are interested in in whatever mucous membrane,
goop,
> bodily fluid we can lay hands on and like Ishmael said: SQUEEZE 'em good!
> Are you with me?
> Wystan

can you give an example?--md

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239. **maria damon**

Re: Renga4?

Mon 7 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group
writes:

> > [D
> > (Probably Renga 4-a or 4-b)
> >
> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the morning
> > > from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
> > > wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
> > > of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows cleanly fit
> > > sucking, winding, foraging, menacing, saving, stinging, erasing
> > > bandages-to-be from consciousness and conscience plexiglassed against
> > > the unfeasible & the give-me-a-rub type of moral history
> > > rubbertyred rubicund marshmallows fill the tunic made of a material called
> > > whipped cream from the fifties
> > > concupiscence, combo, Dumbo and mason jars
> >
> >

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240. **maria damon**

Re: Renga4?

Mon 7 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the morning
> > from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
> > wail of the glob that cradles in its claws the anthology
> > of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows cleanly fit
> > sucking, winding, foraging, menacing, saving, stinging, erasing
> > subsuming, presupposing, debasing & whatnot, & the Masque said
> halt with this tone row winded by Evelyn Wood scans through thesauri
but none so gracious as the brontosaurus on your upper right hand

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241. **maria damon**

Re: your mail

Mon 7 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

> > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > > > > Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
> > > > > Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
> > > > > would calmness be without the stain of possession and
> > > > Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
> > > > a modicum of chocolate milk. Not too late for
> > > the phalarope, anodyne, cyneure, palindrome or rapturous whatnots
> > > doused in chemicals resembling chemlab outputs straining to be
> > > with their rehab brothers & sisters in the metaphor they lived by
> patching rent with cyclical amendments, dotted swiss and white pleats
bleating, and linen is definitely the poets' fabric of choice this summer

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242. **maria damon**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Mon 7 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group
writes:

> Rod Smith wrote
>
> "I believe the spelling is guitar."
>
> Probably he meant to say
>
> "I believe that the spelling is guitar."
or guitart.

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243. **maria damon**

Re: folk rhythms & forms

Mon 7 Aug 1995

o renga renga renga
i made you out of clay
and when yr dry and ready
with renga i will play

O! renga renga renga
i made you out of clay
and if you're not nice to me
i'll make you go away
etc ad infinitum...

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244. **Gwyn McVay**

Baudelaire

Mon 7 Aug 1995

Hi, list. I was wondering if anybody would be willing to reflect back to me their experiences with various translations of Baudelaire. I am not interested in establishing whether one translation is considered "best" or "definitive", but if anyone knows one or more translations, tell me--did it come close, inasmuch as that's possible, or did it completely miss the old bateau ivre?

Thanks--

Gwyn McVay



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245. **Wystan Curnow**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Mon 7 Aug 1995

Maria,
 guitart a here!

Wystan

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246. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Mon 7 Aug 1995

On Mon, 7 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
would calmness be without the stain of possession and
Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in*

*a modicum of chocolate milk. Not too late for
the phalarope, anodyne, cyneure, palindrome or rapturous whatnots
doused in chemicals resembling chemlab outputs straining to be
with their rehab brothers & sisters in the metaphor they lived by
patching rent with cyclical amendments, dotted swiss and white pleats
bleating, and linen is definitely the poets' fabric of choice this summer
but the buccaneers of opinion are at their desks while we play*

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247. **Jonathan Brannen**
Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Tue 8 Aug 1995

Responding to George Bowering 6 Aug;

Ok, George, if you're certain.

Jonathan

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248. **Ryan Knighton**
Re: folk rhythms & forms

Tue 8 Aug 1995

maria's song is truly the bestest.

I would like to start singing a round via email.

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249. **Ron Silliman**
Rengada

Tue 8 Aug 1995

In
And flew
First
The book and
Go endlessly,
The caravan
These lace
Power
Sight
would
Belief
a modicum
the phalarope

doused
with their
patching rent
bleating,

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250. **Ron Silliman**

Re: Rengaphobia

Tue 8 Aug 1995

George Bowering wrote:

>Hey, who among us draws "theoretical conclusions." Ron. All the
>theory that speaks to me over the past 30 years has persuaded me that
>my old aversion to conclusions was right.

>

Oh. I thought that was an "aversion to concussions." I stands
corrected.

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251. **Ron Silliman**

Re: Rengaphobia

Tue 8 Aug 1995

| *I'd just like to know how tall Ron is.*

5'9", 205 pounds, same dimensions as Kevin Mitchell (without the gold tooth)

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252. **Pierre Joris**

Re: Baudelaire

Tue 8 Aug 1995

Baudelaire sure missed the ole bateau ivre --that was rimbaud's trip...

Hi, list. I was wondering if anybody would be willing to reflect back to me their experiences with various translations of Baudelaire. I am not interested in establishing whether one translation is considered "best" or "definitive", but if anyone knows one or more translations, tell me--did it come close, inasmuch as that's possible, or did it completely miss the old bateau ivre?

Thanks--

Gwyn McVay
[REDACTED]

=====

Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."
Dept. of English | --Paul Celan
SUNY Albany |
Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots
tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet
email: | drawn up plans for the first coup."
[REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne

=====

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253. **Paul Naylor ok 157602**

Nathaniel Mackey's CD

Tue 8 Aug 1995

Nathaniel Mackey's compact disk, *_Strick: Song of the Andoumboulou 16-25_*, is now available from *_Spoken Engine_*. On this high-quality, digital recording, Mackey reads ten recent installments from his ongoing serial poem, *_Song of the Andoumboulou_*, to the accompaniment of Royal Hartigan on percussion and Hafez Modirzadeh on reeds and flute.

The CD costs \$14, postage paid. Make checks payable to *_Spoken Engine_* and send
to

Spoken Engine
P.O. Box 771739
Memphis, TN 38177-1739

MAIL

SEND

in% "[REDACTED]"

in% "[REDACTED]"

SEND

in% "[REDACTED]"

in% "[REDACTED]"

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254. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: Baudelaire

Tue 8 Aug 1995

Yeah, yeah. But everybody always says them together like they were joined at the hip or something--Baudelaire/rimbaud/verlaine, etc.--so I figured they could at least be sitting in the same boat.

On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Pierre Joris wrote:

Baudelaire sure missed the ole bateau ivre --that was rimbaud's trip...

Hi, list. I was wondering if anybody would be willing to reflect back to me their experiences with various translations of Baudelaire. I am not interested in establishing whether one translation is considered "best" or "definitive", but if anyone knows one or more translations, tell me--did it come close, inasmuch as that's possible, or did it completely miss the old bateau ivre?

Thanks--

Gwyn McVay

██████████

=====
=====

Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."
Dept. of English | --Paul Celan
SUNY Albany |
Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots
tel&fax: ██████████ | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet
email: | drawn up plans for the first coup."
██████████ | --J.H. Prynne

=====
=====

Gwyn McVay

██████████

"When I hear the word 'gun' I reach for my art."

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255. **Robert Drake**

Re: Baudelaire

Tue 8 Aug 1995

Gwyn's query about Baudelaire came in just after Tom Beard's /Microsoft's corrections to Cattulus; that "coincidence" reminded me of a collection i put out of Baudelaire transliterations by Andrew Klimek--human, not mechanical, intervention...

The He Who Is Autonomous, Timorous, & Few

I am the milkshake without color
And without hands, come the butcher,
Come Moses the rocker!
And I am wild as a pauper,

For the abbreviation of my Sahara,
The jailer has the eyes of Southern France.
My desire has gone, fled the desperation
Over the black's salty tears.

Comes a vassal who pretends to be so large,
And in my heart quills and coins descend
The chairs of bloodspots retire
Come the tambourine who ducks the charge

Nor am I in false accord
In the divine symphony,
Grace of voracious Irony
Who has secured me and who has killed me?

Elle is in my voice, the crier!
It's all of my blood, the poison black!
I am the sinister mirror
Or am meagerly regarded!

I am the place and the Cocteau!
I am the souffle and the joy!
I am the members and the red,
And the victim and the ass!

I am of the heart of the vampire,
--One of the great abandoners
Of the eternal dire damnings,
And who never cries more than laughs!

--Andrew Klimek
from _Flowers of Mel_
Burning Press, 1990

luigi
TRR/Burning Press
[REDACTED]

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256. **Pierre Joris**

Re: Baudelaire

Tue 8 Aug 1995

...also known as the "three men in a boat" version of frog lit...BTW re The Drunken Boat, check out Clayton Eshleman's version in his _Conductors of the Pit_. It's one of the more impossible poems to translate. Of that threesome, drop Verlaine & substitute Nerval -- much better poet, & some excellent translations of the great sonnets by Robin Blaser (plus criticism of those by Duncan).

=====

Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."
Dept. of English | --Paul Celan
SUNY Albany |
Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots
tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet
email: | drawn up plans for the first coup."
[REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne

=====

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257. **maria damon**

Re: Rengaphobia

Tue 8 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion
group writes:

> >I'd just like to know how tall Ron is.
>
>
> 5'9", 205 pounds, same dimensions as Kevin Mitchell (without the gold
> tooth)

who's kevin mitchell?

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258. **maria damon**
republicans

Tue 8 Aug 1995

a little gem to lance your day...md

----- Forwarded Message begins here -----

Subject: House Republicans Vote Down Fourth Amendment

----- Forwarded message -----

Date sent: Fri, 17 Feb 1995 08:54:34 EST

Send reply to: Association of Black Sociologists

<[REDACTED]>

*Here is a little tidbit that should cause everyone on this list to say Hmmm.
a funny (as in "disturbing," not "hilarious") anecdote: i didn't hear
about this when it happened.*

=====

February 7, 1995 - House Republicans Vote Down Fourth Amendment

*Once again, here I go including something not strictly Newt. Gingrich
is however the leader of the House Republicans so ... During the
debate today over the House Republicans' bill about the Exclusionary
Rule, the House Black Caucus introduced an amendment to the bill that
the Republicans promptly voted down. The amendment turned out to be
the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution, verbatim. The House
Republicans were "chagrined." The vote was 303-121, meaning that a
number of Democrats joined the Republicans.*

Here's the Fourth Amendment:

Amendment Article 4

Right of Search and Seizure Regulated.

*The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers,
and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be
violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by
oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched,
and the persons or things to be seized.*

=====

Hard to believe they didn't recognize the language. I hope they were all thoroughly embarrassed.

Dan

----- Forwarded Message ends here -----

----- Forwarded Message ends here -----

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259. **maria damon**

Re: Baudelaire

Tue 8 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

> also known as the "three men in a boat" version of frog lit...BTW
> re The Drunken Boat, check out Clayton Eshleman's version in his
> _Conductors of the Pit_. It's one of the more impossible poems to
> translate. Of that threesome, drop Verlaine & substitute Nerval --
> much better poet, & some excellent translations of the great sonnets
> by Robin Blaser (plus criticism of those by Duncan).
>
>pj

speaking of AR, i know louise varese's translation of some of the letters and Illuminations is spozed to be good, but she translates "je est un autre" as "i am someone else," or something like that (don't have the book in front of me), which i think domesticates a really wild statement in an unfortunate way. what's the opinion of relatively more native speakers (I know yr not "french", pj, but yr knowledge thereof is certainly vast...)--md

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260. **Willa Jarnagin**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Tue 8 Aug 1995

"I believe the spelling is guitar."

Probably he meant to say

"I believe that the spelling is guitar."

Yes, but do you BELIEVE in guitar?

Willa

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261. **Pierre Joris**

Re: Baudelaire

Tue 8 Aug 1995

md writes:

speaking of AR, i know louise varese's translation of some of the letters and Illuminations is spozed to be good, but she translates "je est un autre" as "i am someone else," or something like that (don't have the book in front of me), which i think domesticates a really wild statement in an unfortunate way. what's the opinion of relatively more native speakers (I know yr not "french", pj, but yr knowledge thereof is certainly vast...)--md

don't know if it's vast, Maria, but thanks for lancing my day that way. The Varese translations were excvellent, but are in need of overwhaul. The famous sentence you quote is (& has been) much better translated as "I is another." pj

=====

Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."
Dept. of English | --Paul Celan
SUNY Albany |
Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots
tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet
email: | drawn up plans for the first coup."
[REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne

=====

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262. **Edward Foster**

Re: desire / and the 39 steps

Tue 8 Aug 1995

mirrors picking up self to flower, flame, in darkened summer room: he, all joy, compatriot, companion, the elemental he for whom all care is urgent, needed now. and so the petals open and in budding, joy is termination, mine.

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263. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Tue 8 Aug 1995

Who or what is "guitart"

On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Wystan Curnow wrote:

Maria,
guitart a here!

Wystan

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264. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Rengada

Tue 8 Aug 1995

Ron's song to which i wish to add:

> In
> And flew
> First
> The book and
> Go endlessly,
> The caravan
> These lace
> Power
> Sight
> would
> Belief
> a modicum
> the phalarope
> doused
> with their
> patching rent
> bleating,
but i'll go swinging
& a-rengaing
with my very favorite maria
the one they call
nomad-air-am

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265. **maria damon**

Re: Baudelaire

Tue 8 Aug 1995

The famous sentence you quote is (& has been) much better
> translated as "I is another."

> pj

>

>

yes, and i also like to think of it as "'I' is an/Other." with lots of little
estranging punctuation marks for defamiliarising overkill.--md

[↑ Contents](#)

266. **I.LIGHTMAN**

Re: Baudelaire

Tue 8 Aug 1995

Just to recommend a stunning book, translating and re-translating the same
single Baudelaire poem forty times, called Spleen, by Nicholas Moore, a British
poet; he wrote all the poems as an angry response to a translation competition
run by a British newspaper in the sixties, and sent each one under a more and
more ridiculous pseudonym, until the judge, George Steiner, spotted the game,
and awarded a Special Mention prize; I'll bring in some of the translations and
put them on the list in the next few days. I think, myself, that Baudelaire has
suffered from being block-translated, ie the whole of the Sulky Flowers (ho ho)
book, by one translator commissioned by a publisher; he would be best served
by an anthology of translations by many translators, I feel,

Ira Lightman

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267. **maria damon**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Tue 8 Aug 1995

u tell me.--md

someone writes:

> Who or what is "guitart"

>

> On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Wystan Curnow wrote:

>

> > Maria,

> > guitart a here!

> >
> > Wystan
> >

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268. **maria damon**

Re: Rengada

Tue 8 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB

Poetics discussion group writes:

> Ron's song to which i wish to add:

>

> > In

> > And flew

> > First

> > The book and

> > Go endlessly,

> > The caravan

> > These lace

> > Power

> > Sight

> > would

> > Belief

> > a modicum

> > the phalarope

> > doused

> > with their

> > patching rent

> > bleating,

> but i'll go swinging

> & a-rengaing

> with my very favorite maria

> the one they call

> nomad-air-am

om gate gate parasam

guitarte nam yo ho

RENGA

kyo

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269. **Jerry Rothenberg**

Re: Baudelaire

Tue 8 Aug 1995

Since Pierre Joris is my dear friend & sometime collaborator, let me put in a bid to open up the word "another" & bring it back to two words; thus: "I is an other." At least that's how we have it in zee big new anthology, Pierre: page 44 of the recently acquired bound pages -- & a much better entry into questions of "self" & "other."

Talk to you soon.

JERRY

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270. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: Renga 1

Tue 8 Aug 1995

On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Tom Mandel wrote:

- > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
- > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
- > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
- > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
- > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
- > The caravan of windows to what they flee
- > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
- > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
- > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
- > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
- > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
- > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
- > condemned.
- > promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed
- > stunned images into form, saying a need, similar days
- > to those not before, yet stored, whose sifted haze
- burst into joyous worm worm through a papaya hot morning

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271. **Susan Schultz**

Re: Rengaphobia

Tue 8 Aug 1995

A baseball player. Plays in Japan now when he's not pouting.

On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

*In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion
group writes:
I'd just like to know how tall Ron is.*

*5'9", 205 pounds, same dimensions as Kevin Mitchell (without the gold
tooth)*

who's kevin mitchell?

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272. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: Renga3?

Tue 8 Aug 1995

On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
would calmness be without the stain of possession and
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for
outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home*

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273. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: Rengada

Tue 8 Aug 1995

Oh mY, everything is now subject to rengaification! Identity crises abound.

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274. **Ryan Knighton**

Harper

Tue 8 Aug 1995

Can somebody help me. I recently heard a reading given by Michael S. Harper and need some of his bood titles. Thanks.

Ryan Knighton



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275. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: Renga 1

Tue 8 Aug 1995

On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
who do you think is at the end of this shaft if it isn't*

[↑ Contents](#)

276. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: Renga2?

Tue 8 Aug 1995

On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
would calmness be without the stain of possession and
Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
a modicum of chocolate milk. Not too late for
the phalarope, anodyne, cyneure, palindrome or rapturous whatnots
doused in chemicals resembling chemlab outputs straining to be
loons in a lake one can see through, diving between sunrises
with a modicum of surprise, as in "Mr. Chimaera, please report to the
barnacle ormorderately or isn't it proper to sandwich*

[↑ Contents](#)

277. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: Renga 1

Tue 8 Aug 1995

On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango*

[↑ Contents](#)

278. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: eR 1

Tue 8 Aug 1995

On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

On Aug 3 Hank Lazer wrote:

On Aug 3 Marissa Januzzi wrote:

On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
<< lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the
morning
from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows
cleanly
fit to be you or the phantasm that space foreclosed when the
first sentence spilled from heaven wheat of some kind blistered and untuned
by the harpie of space here for add in whatever you choose or not*

[↑ Contents](#)

279. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga 1

Tue 8 Aug 1995

On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Gabrielle Welford wrote:

> On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Tom Mandel wrote:

>

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

> > condemned.

> > promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed

> > stunned images into form, saying a need, similar days

> > to those not before, yet stored, whose sifted haze

> burst into joyous worm worm through a papaya hot morning

not without counterbleeding the omega of the knowable

[↑ Contents](#)

280. **Rod Smith**

Re: Renga3?

Tue 8 Aug 1995

On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

On Aug 8 G Welford wrote:

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > would calmness be without the stain of possession and

> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> >Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> >& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> >flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> >halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
> >prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
> >with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
> collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for
> outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss
"The Code of the Net"

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281. **Pierre Joris**

Re: Baudelaire

Tue 8 Aug 1995

I sit co rrected, Jerome, of course it's an other. The space between
makes the difference indeed.

>

> Since Pierre Joris is my dear friend & sometime collaborator, let me put in
> a bid to open up the word "another" & bring it back to two words; thus:
> "I is an other." At least that's how we have it in zee big new anthology,
> Pierre: page 44 of the recently acquired bound pages -- & a much better
> entry into questions of "self" & "other."

>

> Talk to you soon.

>

> JERRY

>

=====
=====

Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."

Dept. of English | --Paul Celan

SUNY Albany |

Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots

tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet

email: [REDACTED] | drawn up plans for the first coup."

[REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne

=====

[↑ Contents](#)

282. **Burt Kimmelman**

Re: ringing renga

Tue 8 Aug 1995

Charles,

Only thirty rengas per day? I have sixty-two total messages today, in less than 24 hours. But if I can just see a subject heading that indicates some renga-izing is going to follow, then perhaps i can delete that message and go on. unfortunately, now some folks are using the subject headings where some non-renga-izing was taking place, so I'm really all turned around here and DROWNING IN Renga!

AGHHH!!

EVEN AS i WRITE MORE RENGAS ARE PORING IN!

(help)

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283. **Burt Kimmelman**

Re: Baudelaire

Tue 8 Aug 1995

Gwyn,

Regarding trans. of Baudelaire: what do you mean by "close" translation?

Burt

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284. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: Baudelaire

Tue 8 Aug 1995

Burt,

"Close"--that's a good question. I'm reading Donald Revell's translation of Apollinaire's *Alcools* right now, and while it departs considerably, at times, from the literal French, the *quality* of the language--sound quality, use of syntax and connotation--works very well. I guess by "close" I mean something like "expressing, as much as is possible, the poetics/sensibility of the original."

Gwyn McVay

██████████

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285. **Maria Damon**

Re: Baudelaire

Tue 8 Aug 1995

In message <██████████> UB Poetics discussion group
writes:

> Since Pierre Joris is my dear friend & sometime collaborator, let me put in
> a bid to open up the word "another" & bring it back to two words; thus:
> "I is an other." At least that's how we have it in zee big new anthology,
> Pierre: page 44 of the recently acquired bound pages -- & a much better
> entry into questions of "self" & "other."
>
> Talk to you soon.
>
> JERRY

yay. i like this way.--md

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286. **Wystan Curnow**

Re: Rengada

Tue 8 Aug 1995

> Ron's song to which i wish, after maria, to add:
>
> > In
> > And flew
> > First
> > The book and
> > Go endlessly,
> > The caravan
> > These lace
> > Power
> > Sight
> > would
> > Belief
> > a modicum
> > the phalarope
> > doused

> > with their
> > patching rent
> > bleating,
> but i'll go swinging
> & a-rengaing
> with my very favorite maria
> the one they call
> nomad-air-am
om gate gate parasam
guitarte nam yo ho
RENGA
kyo
rosie a gog oh
renga renga
little ripper
ich ich ich ich
the misanthrope
on a rope
in his tent a
active agent
an expletive after
explosions
the whole hokey
ball of tarts
got up to

[↑ Contents](#)

287. **Jonathan Brannen**
Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Tue 8 Aug 1995

Response to Willa Jarnagin,

I believe in guitar and non-standard tunings as well.

Best,

Jonathan

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288. **Ron Silliman**

Mumia Abu-Jamal

Tue 8 Aug 1995

You don't have to be tenured (or even University affiliated) to sign this, nor from the Tri-State area. You don't (if you have followed this case at all) even have to believe in/assert Abu-Jamal's innocence. His trial and subsequent legal misadventures have been like the Worst of the 60s redux when it comes to basic travesties.

Feel free to pass this on!

Ron Silliman

Forwarding this in hope that list members will be interested in lending their support for Mumia Abu-Jamal, who remains on death row in Philadelphia even though he just yesterday received a stay of execution. Abu-Jamal was among the founders of the Philly Black Panthers in the 1960s. Prosecutors have consistently used his political writings from the 1960s and early 1970s to establish his guilt in the killing of a local police officer. If any of you doubt the relevance of Abu-Jamal's case to the topics discussed on this list, look no further than today's NYT, which explains that "The hearing, like the trial, has been haunted by the unresolved political and cultural conflicts of the 1960's and 1970's...." Marc Stein, History Departments, University of Pennsylvania/Bryn Mawr College [REDACTED]

SEND YOUR NAME FOR INCLUSION TO [REDACTED]

A M A J
Academics for Mumia Abu-Jamal

FOR IMMEDIATE ATTENTION
27, 1995

JULY

CONTACTS: AMAJ Coordinator, Prof. Mark McClain Taylor, Princeton Theological Seminary, P.O. Box 821, Princeton, NJ 08542.
Phone: [REDACTED]. Fax: [REDACTED].
E-Mail: <[REDACTED]>

PRESS RELEASE

AMAJ IS STILL GROWING WITH 200 SIGNERS:
NOW AIMING FOR HUNDREDS OF NEW NAMES !

Any faculty out there with affiliations to academic institutions, please lend your names to AMAJ, and sign on with support for the "Declaration for Mumia Abu-Jamal." Send your name and addresses to the above contacts. We are compiling names and money for large ads in THE NEW YORK TIMES and THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER.

AMAJ held a highly successful press conference in Philadelphia on Tuesday, July 25, 1995. Almost all the press covered us - some fairly, some not. The PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER published a story on us under the heading, "Academics, 144 Strong Seek New Trial". We are not only getting our position out there, we are getting a saner speech out into the public arena, to counter the incendiary bloodlust of Philadelphia Mayor Rendell and of Pennsylvania Governor Tom Ridge.

Special respect goes out to the Philadelphia-based faculty who led the way and addressed the press eloquently: from the University of Pennsylvania, Ann Farnsworth-Alvear (History), Farah Griffin (English), E. Ann Matter (Religious Studies and Womens Studies), Antonio McDaniel (Sociology), and Ines Salazar (English), and from Temple University were Rebecca Alpert (Women's Studies), and Daniel Tompkins (Classics), and from Swarthmore College, Mark Wallace (Religious Studies).

Here is the "Declaration" we have been presenting to the press, and which we hope you can sign:

A DECLARATION FOR MUMIA ABU-JAMAL

Across our many differences as scholars and citizens, we in unity declare our concern that full and deliberate justice be extended to Mr. Mumia Abu-Jamal.

As faculty of the tri-state area of Pennsylvania/New Jersey/New York, and increasingly throughout the nation and world, we - PROTEST Governor Ridge's signing of Mr. Abu-Jamal's death warrant.

- DEMAND Judge Sabo's removal from the case.
- CALL for a stay of execution AND a new trial.

===== END DECLARATION =====

Some prominent signers include Manning Marable, Henry Louis Gates, Jr., Cornel West, Houston A. Baker, Jr., Nell Painter, Richard A. Falk, Molefi Asante. The main point, though, is that MANY of us are signing this for Mumia and for what he stands. Send your name now if you can.

Mark McClain Taylor, AMAJ Coordinator

Princeton Theological Seminary ***** NOTES from TAYLOR, MARK (MARK

> the richness of the notion of island culture.

> Wystan

Gabrielle

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290. **Jonathan Brannen**

Re: Baudelaire

Tue 8 Aug 1995

Ira,

Who published the Nicholas Moore book Spleen?

Best

Jonathan

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291. **Gabrielle Welford**

more crazies (fwd)

Tue 8 Aug 1995

speaking of gender, more to be scared by... Gab.

The promise keepers held a rally in Houston at the Astro Dome recently. Fourty two thousand paid approx. \$50 a head to attend. With that kind of money the crazies can get people like Dole and Green Wrench to do almost any thing!

REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION IN GROUND ZERO NEWS, THE
PUBLICATION OF GROUND ZERO, A GAY AND LESBIAN ADVOCACY
ORGANISATION IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST, (THE VATICAN OF
FUNDAMENTALISM), COLORADO SPRINGS COLORADO. ADDRESS
CORRESPONDENCE TO: GZ P. O. BOX 1982, COLORADO SPRINGS, CO
80901 [REDACTED] FAX: [REDACTED] EMAIL: [REDACTED].COM

By Russ BELLANT*

Mania in the Stadia:

The Origins and Goals of Promise Keepers**

Promise Keepers is a rapidly growing Christian men's movement that last year rallied about 300,000 men, filling six football stadia in colorful displays of male "spiritual renewal." The group plans to double the number of participants and stadium events in 1995. While projecting an image of spirituality, leaders of Promise Keepers seem to be bent on gaining social and political power. In the world of Promise Keepers, men are to submit to a cell group that in turn is closely controlled by a national hierarchy. Most important, women are to submit absolutely to their husbands or fathers. Promise Keepers may be the

strongest, most organized effort to capitalize on male backlash in the country today. Conceived by University of Colorado football coach Bill McCartney in 1990 Promise Keepers says men should "reclaim" authority from their wives - to whom they have supposedly ceded too much. Bill McCartney's goal in 1990 was to fill a sports stadium with Christian men to exhort them into his philosophy. The following year, he attracted 4,200 men to a basketball arena; 22,000 men came to Boulder's Folsom Stadium in 1992,¹ followed by 50,000 men in 1993. Promoted by powerful elements of the Religious Right, Promise Keepers filled six stadia in 1994; the largest event was in the Hoosier Dome in Indianapolis, which drew 62,000 men. The only women present were custodians and concession stand workers.² So far in 1995, Promise Keepers events in Detroit and Los Angeles have drawn over 72,000 each.[#] (Ed. Note--Denver recently exceeded expectations) Don't Ask, Take The manifesto of the movement is *Seven Promises of a Promise Keeper*, a book published for the group by James Dobson's organization, Focus on the Family.⁴ Evangelist Tony Brown, in his contributing essay, explains how to deal with women. "I can hear you saying, 'I want to be a spiritually pure man. Where do I start?' The first thing you do," Brown explains, "is sit down with your wife and say something like this: 'Honey I've made a terrible mistake. I've given you my role. I gave up leading this family, and I forced you to take my place. Now I must reclaim that role.' Don't misunderstand what I'm saying here. I'm not suggesting that you ask for your role back, I'm urging you to take it back." [Emphasis in the original].⁵ While insisting to male readers that there is to be "no compromise" on authority, he suggests that women readers submit for the "survival of our culture." Total Submission While serving as an assistant football coach at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, Bill McCartney encountered and was deeply influenced by the Word of God (WOG) community. McCartney has said that WOG leader Jim Berlucci is one of the two men who most influenced his life.⁶ WOG, a select and insular group of about 1,600 adults, practiced "shepherding/discipleship," which required total submission to a person called the "head." Members were required to submit their schedules in advance and account for every hour of every day. Marriage partner, movie choices, jobs, and other decisions also had to be approved by this leader. Members who questioned authority or women who questioned their extreme submission to men, were subject to often traumatic "exorcisms." WOG members were trained to see the world with suspicion and contempt - as an enemy. They believed that they were specially chosen by God to fight the Antichrist.⁷ When McCartney was hired by the University of Colorado, WOG introduced him to the WOG-linked "Vineyard" church, which has a parish in Boulder. Vineyard churches emphasize "signs and wonders" and "prophecy." Vineyard leader John Wimber calls their work "power evangelism" and describes his followers as "self-conscious members of God's army, sent to do battle against the forces of the

kingdom of darkness. "One is either in God's Kingdom," Wimber insists, "or Satan's."⁸ "The Purpose of War" McCartney's pastor at the Boulder Valley Vineyard, Rev. James Ryle, whom McCartney says is the other major influence in his life,⁹ conducts a ".prophetic" ministry and participates in conferences with men who claim to be prophets in the 1st-century sense of the term.¹⁰ Ryle believes Promise Keepers, of which he is a board member,¹¹ is the fulfillment of the biblically prophesied end-time army described in the book of Joel - a terrifying army from which there is no escape. "Never have 300,000 men come together throughout human history, he declared, "except for the purpose of war." He says he has a vision of Promise Keepers purging America of secularism, which he considers "an abortion" of godliness.¹² Ryle spoke last year at a secret Colorado conclave to plan anti-gay/lesbian electoral strategies. He said, "America is in the midst of a cultural revolution, which has poised our nation precariously on the brink of moral chaos, which is caused by what I am referring to as the crisis of homosexuality."¹³ While Promise Keepers is not currently a political force in its own right, McCartney leads by example. He has repeatedly attacked reproductive rights,¹⁴ and he campaigned for the 1992 anti-gay Amendment 2 ballot initiative as a member of the board of Colorado for Family Values, the sponsor of the initiative.¹⁵ His rally addresses have been uncompromising, "Take the nation for Jesus Christ," he directed in 1992.¹⁶ The following year he said, "What you are about to hear, is God's word to the men of this nation. We are going to war as of tonight. We have divine power; that is our weapon. We will not compromise. Wherever truth is at risk, in the schools or legislature, we are going to contend for it. We will win "¹⁷ No less militant is Promise Keepers co-founder Dave Wardell¹⁸ who told The Denver Post, "We want our nation to return to God. We're drawing a line in the sand here.... There has already been controversy about abortion and homosexuality. I hope there won't be any physical confrontations..... ¹⁹ Something Like Punching Your Lights Out Promise Keepers' national staff has grown rapidly from a handful to 150, with a \$22 million budget.²⁰ But its significance is primarily at the local and church levels. Promise Keepers urges men to form "accountability" groups of no more than five members, within which they are expected to submit all aspects of their lives to review and rebuke. Each member must answer any probes concerning his marriage, family, finances, sexuality, or business activity.²¹ (GZN Ed Note.: Such cells are said to exist at Focus on the Family among their employees and an employee that takes such things outside of their cell to discuss is in serious trouble.) Such cells, usually operating within a church or parachurch group, are led by a "Point Man" who answers to an "Ambassador" who reports to headquarters in Boulder. Decisions about local or state activity are ultimately made in Boulder.²² "All of our success here is contingent upon men taking part in small groups when they return home," Promise Keepers spokesman Steve Chavis told Christianity Today. Less

elegantly, Dave Wardell, the national coordinator for local leaders, explains, "I can go home and maybe still be the same guy after a conference. But if I have another guy calling up, holding me accountable, asking, 'How are you treating your wife? Are you still cheating on your income taxes? Are you looking at your secretaries with lust?' it makes a difference. I don't think a woman would get in my face, go toe to toe with a guy, whereas a guy could tell me, 'I don't like it. And if you don't listen to me, I'll punch your lights out.' Something like that."²³ These principles and structure, which are similar to the shepherding/discipleship model of the Word of God, would take years to implement and introduce a highly disciplined group. Most men drawn to Promise Keepers have probably never heard of shepherding/discipleship (which is still not widely known even within the evangelical community)²⁴ and may be deeply offended if they experience the degree of manipulation and control (to which they may be "submitting" themselves and their families) as has occurred in many shepherding/disciple situations. Trojan Horses? Top Christian Right leaders in the last year have, joined Dobson in promoting Promise Keepers. These have notably included Pat Robertson of the Christian Coalition and 700 Club, D. James Kennedy of Coral Ridge Ministries, and Bill Bright of Campus Crusade for Christ. Dobson, who along with Robertson, Kennedy, and Bright, is a member of the secretive, radical-right Council for National Policy, ²⁵ is a central figure in Promise Keepers. Not only is he the publisher of the main text of the movement, he is a featured speaker at Promise Keeper events, which in turn sell tapes of his speeches. Focus on the Family's network of political action groups, called community Impact Committees function much like Promise Keepers' cell groups within conservative churches. Largely invisible to individuals outside these churches, these committees are organized at the state and regional levels and controlled from Colorado.²⁶ Both Dobson's Community Impact Committees and the Promise Keepers cells are potential Trojan horses within churches and denominations, creating conflicting loyalties and lines of authority. Leaders of Promise Keepers, in particular, comes out of a movement that sees denominations as inhibiting evangelism and revivalism. Indicative of this is its use of Strang Communications to publish New Man magazine. Strang's Charisma magazine is contemptuous of traditional denominations. The senior editor of Strang's New Ministries magazine, Jack Hayford, is also on the board of Promise Keepers. Promise Keepers has scheduled more than a dozen rallies for purity, fidelity and possibly social and political dominion for 1995. Promise Keepers had planned for over a year to draw one million men to a march in Washington, D.C. just prior to the November 1996 elections. Now postponed, the plans were evidently modeled after the Christian Right rallies called Washington for Jesus which had similar backing and were held during the presidential elections in 1980 and 1988.²⁷ Considering the high-level backing by the leadership of the Christian Right, and

the anti-democratic views of Promise Keepers' leaders, this movement ought not be underestimated. * Author Russ Bellant is well known in progressive circles as a major resource on the Radical Right. Two of his books, THE COORS CONNECTION and THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT, are staples in the Ground Zero News Reference Library and we have worn out several copies of each. **This article, as well as the article on Operation Rescue on P. 5 is taken from Front Lines Research, Vol. 1, Number 5, May, 1995 Issue. FLR is a publication of the Public Policy Institute, a project of Planned Parenthood Federation of America. Subscriptions are \$35 per year (\$18 low income), delivered by First Class Mail. Checks should be made to PPFA/Public Policy Institute., and should be sent with your request to FLR, 14th Floor, 810 7th Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

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292. **Louis Cabri**

Re: Renga3?

Tue 8 Aug 1995

[B[B>

> > >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > >would calmness be without the stain of possession and
> > >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > >The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > >Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > >& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > >kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> > >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > >flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > >halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
> > >prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
> > >with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
> > collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for
> > outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
> My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss
> "The Code of the Net"

> Snared in proselike flackjacket fashionwear, pockets of
reverberating syllables

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293. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga 1

Tue 8 Aug 1995

On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Gabrielle Welford wrote:

> On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

>

> > On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >

> > > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > > > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> > > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> > > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> > > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> > > > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

> > > > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

> > > > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

> > > > > > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's

> > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection

> > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing

> > > who do you think is at the end of this shaft if it isn't

the distal nude and the proximal guano but you and I were about to

[↑ Contents](#)

294. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga2?

Tue 8 Aug 1995

On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Gabrielle Welford wrote:

> On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

>

> > On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

> >
> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > Power to the spider, virtuous in act if not intent
> > > Sight over sound for "justice," O cubes of Cuba! Where
> > > would calmness be without the stain of possession and
> > > Belief. A mirage effect, art, made to waver in
> > > a modicum of chocolate milk. Not too late for
> > > the phalarope, anodyne, cynesure, palindrome or rapturous whatnots
> > > doused in chemicals resembling chemlab outputs straining to be
> > > loons in a lake one can see through, diving between sunrises
> > > with a modicum of surprise, as in "Mr. Chimaera, please report to the
> > barnacle ormorderately or isn't it proper to sandwich
our time with the ice people and decide later about the opheliacs

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295. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga 1

Tue 8 Aug 1995

On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Gabrielle Welford wrote:

> On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>

> > > > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > > > > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > > > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > > > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > > > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > > > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > > > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > > > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> > > > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> > > > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> > > > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> > > > > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

> > >> >> > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> > >> >> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > >> >> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > >> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
> > >> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango-
 izing of experience but landscape generosity and wetware chastity
>

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296. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: eR 1

Tue 8 Aug 1995

On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Gabrielle Welford wrote:

> On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>

> > >On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> > >

> > >> >On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

> > >> >

> > >> >> On Aug 3 Hank Lazer wrote:

> > >> >>

> > >> >> On Aug 3 Marissa Januzzi wrote:

> > >> >>

> > >> >> > On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

> > >> >> >

> > >> >> > > On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> > >> >> > >

> > >> >> > > > adding to Ron Silliman's addition --

> > >> >> > > >

> > >> >> > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were
books.

> > >> >> > > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine
morning

> > >> >> > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > >> >> > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > >> >> > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > >> >> > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > >> >> > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > >> >> > > > >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > >> >> > > > >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > >> >> > > > >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times
blowing
> > >> >> > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > >> >> > > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > >> >> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> > >> >> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > >> >> ><< lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the
> > >> >> morning
> > >> >> from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
> > >> >> wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
> > >> >> of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows
> > cleanly
> > >> fit to be you or the phantasm that space foreclosed when the
> > first sentence spilled from heaven wheat of some kind blistered and
untuned
> > by the harpie of space here for add in whatever you choose or not
but don't single out the dog waiting to happen and the free mildew

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297. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga3?

Tue 8 Aug 1995

On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

> On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> On Aug 8 G Welford wrote:

>

> > >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > >would calmness be without the stain of possession and

> > >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > >The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> > >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> > >Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> > >& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> > >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

> > >kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

> > >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > >flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > >halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
> > >prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
> > >with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
> > collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for
> > outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
> My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss "The Code of the Net"
and he is transparent like Victor the Vector getting home

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298. **Charles Alexander**

Re: Renga 1

Wed 9 Aug 1995

On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

On Tue, 8 Aug 1995 23:26:11 -0400,

Jorge Guitart <[REDACTED]> wrote:

On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Gabrielle Welford wrote:

On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
who do you think is at the end of this shaft if it isn't
the distal nude and the proximal guano but you and I were about to
tango in a thunderstorm, lightning be damned, forget my skin, ask*

charles alexander [=====^=====]
[<>]
chax press [maybe a <> pages]
[time <> letters]
phone & fax: [upon <> frames]
[once <> motion]
e-mail: [<>]
[=====vv=====]

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299. **maria damon**

Re: more crazies (fwd)

Wed 9 Aug 1995

| speaking of gender, more to be scared by... Gab.

etc.

oy.

m

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300. **Colleen Lookingbill**

Re: Canessa is in S.F.

Wed 9 Aug 1995

Sorry to the list - Canessa Park is in San Francisco. The address is 708 Montgomery Street, and the phone # for more info is [REDACTED].

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301. **Thomas Bell**

Re: ringing renga

Wed 9 Aug 1995

On Aug 8 Burt Kimmelman wrote

....

AGHHH!!

EVEN AS i WRITE MORE RENGAS ARE PORING IN!

(help)

Dateline. Washington EFF 9/1/95 1500EST

Aftrer courageous efforts by allnight workers in Mexico City a cure to the renbga virus was found, saving millions of users worldwide . The source was

discovered and it can be removed! Contact [REDACTED] for a visusrenag remover - 77 Mexican dollars

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302. **Thomas Bell**
rengafication

Wed 9 Aug 1995

First
the
list,
then the
world

VIRUSALERT.

Ryan Knighton wrote

*Oh mY, everything is now subject to rengafication!
Identity crises abound.*

[↑ Contents](#)

303. **Kevin Killian**
Re: ringing renga

Wed 9 Aug 1995

On Aug 9 Thomas Bell wrote

*Aftrer courageous efforts by allnight workers in Mexico City
a cure to the renbga virus was found, saving millions of users
worldwide . The source was discovered and it can be removed!
Contact [REDACTED] for a visusrenag remover - 77 Mexican dollars*

I don't want to sound like the pc-police here, but does this sound a bit racist to anyone else?

Dodie Bellamy

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304. **Lindz Williamson**
A cure will be here soon my friends

Wed 9 Aug 1995

Dateline. Washington EFF 9/1/95 1500EST

*Aftrer courageous efforts by allnight workers in Mexico City
a cure to the renbga virus was found, saving millions of users
worldwide . The source was discovered and it can be removed!*

Contact [REDACTED] for a visusrenag remover - 77 Mexican dollars

Oh thank God, I'm heading off to Mexico after Christmas. I should be able to get it in duty free by using the Canadian Council Against Renga as a cover and claiming the cure as a cultural aid. If anyone wants I'll smuggle some of this miracle cure into Canada and then sell it in US markets. I should make a killing off the exchange rates. I'm taking orders starting immediately. Finally a way to ease our suffering, if only I could leave now.

Lindz

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305. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga3?

Wed 9 Aug 1995

>[B[B>
>> > >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> > >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> > >would calmness be without the stain of possession and
>> > >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> > >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> > >The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> > >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> > >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> > >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> > >Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>> > >& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>> > >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> > >kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> > >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> > >flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>> > >halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
>> > >prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
>> > >with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
>> > collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for
>> > outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
>> My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss
>> "The Code of the Net"
>> Snared in proselike flackjacket fashionwear, pockets of
> reverberating syllables
slammed into prose banks wheezing at the cattle calls that strangle

[↑ Contents](#)

306. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga 1

Wed 9 Aug 1995

>On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Gabrielle Welford wrote:

>

>> On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>>

>> >>> >> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> >>> >> > > >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>> >>> >> > > >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> >>> >> > > >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>> >>> >> > > >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>> >>> >> > > >> The caravan of windows to what they flee

>> >>> >> > > >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>> >>> >> > > >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>> >>> >> > > >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>> >>> >> > > >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

>> >>> >> > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

>> >>> >> > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

>> >>> >> > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

>> >>> >> > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

>> >>> >> > > > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's

>> >>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection

>> >>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing

>> > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several

>> > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango-

> izing of experience but landscape generosity and wetware chastity that meshes the way cloth blooms in our wind sock

[↑ Contents](#)

307. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: eR 1

Wed 9 Aug 1995

>On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Gabrielle Welford wrote:

>

>> On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>>
>> > >On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:
>> > >
>> > >> >On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:
>> > >> >
>> > >> >> On Aug 3 Hank Lazer wrote:
>> > >> >>
>> > >> >> On Aug 3 Marissa Januzzi wrote:
>> > >> >>
>> > >> >> > On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:
>> > >> >> >
>> > >> >> > > On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:
>> > >> >> > >
>> > >> >> > > > > >adding to Ron Silliman's addition --
>> > >> >> > > > > >
>> > >> >> > > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were
books.
>> > >> >> > > > > >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine
morning
>> > >> >> > > > > >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> > >> >> > > > > >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and
cloud
>> > >> >> > > > > >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> > >> >> > > > > >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> > >> >> > > > > >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> > >> >> > > > > >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> > >> >> > > > > >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> > >> >> > > > > >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times
blowing
>> > >> >> > > > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against
the
>> > >> >> > > > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> > >> >> > > > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> > >> >> > > > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> > >> >> ><< > > > > > lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the
>> > >> >> morning
>> > >> >> from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
>> > >> >> wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
>> > >> >> of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the
elbows
>> > >cleanly
>> > >> fit to be you or the phantasm that space foreclosed when the

>> > first sentence spilled from heaven wheat of some kind blistered and untuned
>> > by the harpie of space here for add in whatever you choose or not
> but don't single out the dog waiting to happen and the free mildew lights behind the cabbage, Pringles, and southerly winds exchanged for francs

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308. **I.LIGHTMAN**

Baudelaire

Wed 9 Aug 1995

Here, as promised, are some versions of the same Baudelaire poem from the book, *_Spleen_*, by Nicholas Moore, reprinted, Menard Press, 1990, available from Peter Riley Books, 27 Sturton Street, Cambridge CB1 1QQ, United Kingdom;

SPLEEN

Je suis comme le roi d'un pays pluvieux,
Riche, mais impuissant, jeune et pourtant tres-vieux,
Qui, de ses precepteurs meprisant les courbettes,
S'ennuie avec ses chiens comme avec d'autres betes.
Rien ne peut l'egayer, ni gibier, ni faucon,
Ni son peuple mourant en face du balcon.
Du bouffon favori la grotesque ballade
Ne distrait plus le front de ce cruel malade;
Son lit fleurdelise se transforme en tombeau,
Et les dames d'atour, pour qui tout prince est beau,
Ne savent plus trouver d'impudique toilette
Pour tirer un souris de ce jeune squelette.
Le savant qui lui fait de l'or n'a jamais pu
De son etre extirper l'element corrompu,
Et dans ces bains de sang qui des Romains nous viennent,
Et donc sur leurs vieux jours les puissants se souviennent,
Il n'a su rechauffer ce cadavre hebe
Ou coule lieu de sang l'eau verte du Lethe.

LE ROY DELYCIEUX DE L'ICI

I am like the T.S. Eliot of new wastelands;
Fertile, but powerless; young, but with tied hands;
Despising pettiness in those who teach me.
Bored with this rat race, poodle-love can't reach me,
Pussies don't make me feel good, nor dumb birds;
Nor dying poets begging *me* for words.

Bob Dylan's witty, but grotesque new songs
Can't tear me from the sick thought of *my* wrongs....

Nicholas Moore

A BAD DREAM RECURRING

As the Ruler of a storm-flooded country, I
Am rich, but powerless, young, but terribly
Ancient, and all my ministers' sycophancy
Doesn't make up for my boredom with the beastly...

...Nor would pogroms - however Stalinesque -
Raise any new life that's not quite grotesque
Or warm the cockles of a skeletal
Heart - pumping water green as fear, and lethal.

"Ion Lomas-Roche"

DREAMSCAPE

I stand, a too-old king
In a too rainy country, curbed
By distrust of too-plausible advisers.

Dogs,
Other faceless animals,
Small birds, hawks
- but I'm bored;
A whole race fails beneath my balcony.
The Beatles, dressed like grubs,
Sing mournfully "Hey, Jude",
But I - I cannot laugh.
I suffer from the same malaise myself.

My bed is a mound of flowers,
Lily, iris;
The flower girls offer me charms
And suddenly strip -
Beautiful, clean young bodies.

But this mound is a tomb
For this dried-up young mummy.
The gesturing girls can't raise a smile
From the dead.

"Nichos Omolares"

RAT-KING

....Not all the lynchings of the Ku Klux Klan
Can make me sure I am the man I am.
I seem a marionette strung up on death,
While straggling Lethe greenly twists beneath.

"H.R. Fixon-Boumphrey"

PEPE-LE-MOKO AU MONTRACHET-LE-JARDIN

Beau Roi of Serpentine in thunderous mish-mash!
Golden glissadings, O empty effendi of air,
The tutors' fulgurations, fine flickerings of frenzy, leave
You like a Dodo in the abattoirs....

"P.L. Moko-Destaches"

etc

etc etc

etc etc etc

Sorry I've only time to excerpt from these translations, mostly from the start or end....

Here is my own translation of Baudelaire's Madrigal Triste:

THE ORCHESTRATION OF UNHAPPINESS

- after Baudelaire

You're disciplined. So?
Get lusty, get lost. Desperation
is flow,
banked soil sails where the rivers go.
Get acceleration.

Lord! When emotion rejoices,
dissolving the edifice above it,
and your heart is where the horror of choice
is, when you're alive in the present, to hear the shut-out voices
of yesterday threaten full-throttle - God, how I love it!

I *love* it, when your eyes brim
and babble with weeping;
when, spurning my prim
reflex to soothe you, you let yourself swim
in the depth of it, and go out of my keeping.

I drink,
o deep, delicious, voluptuous one,
from this spring at the brink

of your body. I drink
as the knot is undone.

IRA LIGHTMAN

Anyone interested in the idea of Baudelaire's *style* get into Yeats? I've just been reading Sarah Law's Baudelaire-style poem, *Savage Nights*, in the Cambridge magazine, *_Involution ii_*, and it reminded me of Yeats.

Anyway, hope this offers some starting points for Baudelaire talk...

Ira

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309. **Rod Smith**

Re: JG

Wed 9 Aug 1995

I've just heard that Jerry Garcia died this morning. Thought some folks out there might like to know.

--Rod

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310. **Louis Cabri**

Re: Renga3? II

Wed 9 Aug 1995

> [B[B>

> > > >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > > >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > > >would calmness be without the stain of possession and
> > > >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > >The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > >Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > > >& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > > >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > >kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> > > >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > >flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > > >halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection

> > > >prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
> > > >with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
> > > collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for
> > > outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
> > My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss
> > "The Code of the Net"
> > Emerging just as prose dialogue declines within the
ascendant moment of radical political conserva-
tivism: ironic poetic thesis, useful for

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311. **Alan Golding**
Mitchellmania, Harpermania

Wed 9 Aug 1995

Associate Professor of English, U. of Louisville

Phone: [REDACTED]; e-mail: [REDACTED]

Maria: Kevin Mitchell's an overweight, overpaid, injury-prone, underachieving, peripatetic outfielder with the Reds, the Giants, a Japanese team, and God knows who else before or since. Sorta like Ron.

Ryan: Some of Michael Harper's books that I have here are *History is Your Own Heartbeat* (1971), *Nightmare Begins Responsibility* (1975), *Images of Kin* (1977), *Healing Song for the Inner Ear* (1985). I don't know what he's done since the mid-eighties. Like many other writers, he has a number of Coltrane poems, and perhaps his best-known (or most anthologized) poem is "Dear John, Dear Coltrane." I taught this at the U of Mississippi years back and played "A Love Supreme," off which the poem riffs, but the effort met with a resounding "Huh?" (Actually, Trane met with the resounding "Huh?" and Harper merely with a lower-case "huh.") Would like to know what you thought of his reading, since I've never heard him. We've thought of him at various times as a possible reader at the Twentieth-Century Lit. Conference here.

I'm trying to think of a crack about derengalation to end this with, but can't.

Oh well.

Alan

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312. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga 1

Wed 9 Aug 1995

On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

> On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

>

> On Tue, 8 Aug 1995 23:26:11 -0400,

> Jorge Guitart <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>

> > On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Gabrielle Welford wrote:

> >

> > > On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

> > >

> > > > On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

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> > > > > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

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> > > > > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

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> > > > > > > > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's

> > > > > > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection

> > > > > > > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing

> > > > > > > > who do you think is at the end of this shaft if it isn't

> > > > > > > > the distal nude and the proximal guano but you and I were about to

> > > > > > > > tango in a thunderstorm, lightning be damned, forget my skin, ask not the neutered angel pushing romantic coating, but ask

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313. **Alan Golding**
Twentieth-Century Literature Conference
Wed 9 Aug 1995

Associate Professor of English, U. of Louisville
Phone: [REDACTED]; e-mail: [REDACTED]

Dear List:

Since I've mentioned the Conference in passing in another post today, might as well do my annual schtick. So:

The call for papers and for poetry and fiction submissions is now out for the U. of Louisville's annual Twentieth-Century Literature Conference, to be held Feb. 22-24, 1996. Deadline for submissions is an Oct. 2 postmark. Keynote speakers are not yet set, but I'll post that information when they are. For further info., including a hard copy of the conference flier with lots more detail, e-mail the Conference director, Harriette Seiler, at [REDACTED].

A lot of people on the Poetics list came last year, which meant that *I* had a good time, and I think they did too.

PS: Harriette Seiler's away for a week or two, so don't be concerned if you don't get a response right away.

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314. **Alan Sondheim**
Re: Renga3? II
Wed 9 Aug 1995

On Wed, 9 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

> > >Emerging just as prose dialogue declines within the
> ascendant moment of radical political conserva-
> tivism: ironic poetic thesis, useful for

Thinking about Jerry Garcia, thinking about little murders,
thinking about the good die young, thinking about Janis Joplin,
thinking about nothing left to lose, thinking about Abbie Hoffman,
thinking about insurrection, thinking about flowers,
thinking about flowers, thinking about insurrection

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315. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: Dear Alan, Dear Harper

Wed 9 Aug 1995

Alan,

Thanks for the titles. I heard harper read "Nightmare Begins Responsibility" and I think three or four more poems in the "Language of Life" series currently running on PBS this side of the medicine line. I think slick is the best word. He was reading with a jazz trio, very beat, but reminded me in his language and style of Amiri Baraka, AM/TRAK and thereabouts. What amazed me is his sense of performance vs. reading, demonstrated best by his interpretations of some inner-city poets' works. After him came Adrienne Rich and it was night and day, for me. Rhythm seems to be an extension of content and in some cases content itself.

Oh yeah, renga.

Ryan Knighton

Unprofessor of Literature

Frozen Frazer University

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316. **Alan Sondheim**

JG others and us

Wed 9 Aug 1995

Only the Good Die Young

You know where this is going but I don't. Anyone who went through the 60s, rubbed themselves raw in the middle to late 60s and early 70s, against the right in America that's now breathing down our necks with the fury of missed and regulated life - anyone who went through them caught in the war of the peace - has been traumatized, amputated, has learned to bury well, never say "far out" again because it's all reigned in, has learned to walk the walk, talk the talk -

Has learned to bury early on Janis and Jimmy and John and John and Al and Robert and Abbie and Martin and Marvin and those who burned bright for a second, just when we were beginning to learn to fuck them, open our bodies, insurrections of the flesh -

How did Jerry survive so long, get away with it, these little murders splitting out bodies open - we weren't taught that life was one long series of deaths, only that death was there on the horizon, present yes, but not these little murders -

We're fucking survivors, the Net's a commune, the last Free Press, we're on the edge, waiting for insurrection, of the other, of ourselves, splintered on the bones of a country we barely recognize -

Cause otherwise we're all sleep for the slaughter - little murders on down the line - take us -

'She wander'd in the land of clouds thro' valleys dark, list'ning Dolours & lamentations; waiting oft beside a dewy grave She stood in silence, list'ning to the voices of the ground, Till to her own grave plot she came, & there she sat down, And heard this voice of sorrow breathed from the hollow pit.

"Why cannot the Ear be closed to its own destruction?

"Or the glist'ning Eye to the poison of a smile?

"Why are Eyelids stor'd with arrows ready drawn,

"Where a thousand fighting men in ambush lie?

"Or an Eye of gifts & graces show'ring fruits & coined gold?

"Why a Tongue impress'd with honey from every wind?

"Why an Ear, a whirlpool fierce to draw creations in?

"Why a Nostril wide inhaling terror, trembling, & affright?

"Why a tender curb upon the youthful burning boy?

"Why a little curtain of flesh on the bed of our desire?"

(Blake, The Book of Thel)

Alan

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317. **maria damon**

Re: JG

Wed 9 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

> I've just heard that Jerry Garcia died this morning. Thought some folks out

> there might like to know.

> --Rod

yes, i'm stunned and, strange to say, can't find any twin cities radio stations playing all day Dead. my albums were stolen years ago.--md

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318. **maria damon**

Re: Dear Alan, Dear Harper

Wed 9 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

> Alan,

>

> Thanks for the titles. I heard harper read "Nightmare Begins

> Responsibility" and I think three or four more poems in the

> "Language of Life" series currently running on PBS this side of

> the medicine line. I think slick is the best word. He

> was reading with a jazz trio, very beat, but reminded me in

> his language and style of Amiri Baraka, AM/TRAK and thereabouts.

> What amazed me is his sense of performance vs. reading, demonstrated

> best by his interpretations of some inner-city poets' works. After him

> came Adrienne Rich and it was night and day, for me. Rhythm seems

> to be an extension of content and in some cases content itself.

>

> Oh yeah, renga.

>

> Ryan Knighton

> Unprofessor of Literature

> Frozen Frazer University

dear alan, dear ryan, i heard harper read a few years ago and his renditions of etheridge knight's poetry were much more powerful than his readings of his own material. he read some really boring recent stuff of his, stuff like, for richard wilbur on his xxth birthday, "i gave you a bottle of scotch," etc. Only on request did he read the older, far more powerful "Dear John" and the one for Bessie Smith? "this is our last affair"(?) gorgeous. but what he's doing now...uninspired, as far as i could tell. i don't know if he was doing that on purpose because of the incredible conservatism of my department, who hosted the reading (helP! get me out of here!) or if that's how it is these days in general. also he recently edited a book of AF-Am poetry called Every Shut Eye Ain't Asleep, in which he omitted Bob Kaufman and others with an eye toward "quality." oh well. he has been very good to some younger writers, including novelist Gayl Jones, who's a knockout.

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319. **maria damon**

Re: coupla job postings!!!!

Wed 9 Aug 1995

please, everyone, spread the word so we can have some hip applicants for this position --typical of my institution to allow two weeks for a search! apply, all ye brit poetry folks and post colonialists, and/or forward to appropriate lists as you see fit!--md

Two Full-Time Temporary Teaching Positions

1995-96

Department of English

University of Minnesota

The Department of English at the University of Minnesota has openings for two positions for 1995-96. Both positions are one year (September 16, 1995 through June 15, 1996), 100 percent time, non-tenured, temporary appointments. Minimum qualifications for these positions are a Ph.D. in English or related field, some teaching experience, and expertise in the fields as specified below. Preferred candidates will also have demonstrated excellence in teaching and research and have a record of publication. The teaching load will be six courses (two each quarter) which will include undergraduate, upper-division undergraduate, and graduate level courses. Depending on credentials, appointments will be made at the Lecturer, Visiting Assistant Professor or Visiting Associate Professor level. Salary is \$35,000 and non-negotiable for both positions.

Position 1: Twentieth-Century British Literature

Candidates must have specific expertise in Twentieth-century British poetry and a broad familiarity with Twentieth-century British literature generally.

Position 2: Specialist in Postcolonial literatures in English and Postcolonial Theory. Candidates must have expertise in a specific area of postcolonial literature in English as well as broad familiarity with postcolonial literatures and theory generally.

Applicants should send letter of application, curriculum vitae, and three letters of reference to:

Professor Marty Roth

Department of English

University of Minnesota

207 Lind Hall

207 Church Street SE

Minneapolis, MN 55455-0134.

Applications must be postmarked by August 23, 1995.

The University of Minnesota is committed to the policy that all persons shall have equal access to its programs, facilities, and employment without regard to race, color, creed, religion, national origin, sex, age, marital status, disability, public assistance status, veteran status, or sexual orientation.

Laureen Larson
Principal Secretary
Department of English
207 Lind
207 Church Street SE
Minneapolis MN 55455



 FAX

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320. **maria damon**

Re: Twentieth-Century Literature Conference

Wed 9 Aug 1995

alan g writes:

>

> Dear List:

>

> Since I've mentioned the Conference in passing in another post today, might

> as

> well do my annual schtick. So:

>

>

> A lot of people on the Poetics list came last year, which meant that *I* had

> a good time, and I think they did too.

>

yes indeed, i can attest to that. it was my first time at the conference, and found people gracious, kind, friendly and fun to hang out with. it has been one of my most "meaningful" conferences.--md

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321. **maria damon**

Re: Renga3? II

Wed 9 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB

Poetics discussion group writes:

> On Wed, 9 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

>

> > > >Emerging just as prose dialogue declines within the

> > ascendant moment of radical political conserva-

> > tivism: ironic poetic thesis, useful for

> Thinking about Jerry Garcia, thinking about little murders,

> thinking about the good die young, thinking about Janis Joplin,

> thinking about nothing left to lose, thinking about Abbie Hoffman,

> thinking about insurrection, thinking about flowers,

> thinking about flowers, thinking about insurrection

and Jimi the Gem lancing his rare guitar-artiste heart for us,

thinking about Mumia still to come, and George Jackson who's

smile was so loving it stopped a bullet before his time

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322. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga3?

Wed 9 Aug 1995

On Wed, 9 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >[B[B>

> >> > >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> >> > >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> >> > >would calmness be without the stain of possession and

> >> > >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

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> >> > >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> >> > >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> >> > >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> >> > >Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> >> > >& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

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> >> > >kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

> >> > >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

> >> > >flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's

> >> > >halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
> >> > >prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
> >> > >with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
> >> > collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for
> >> > outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
> >> My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss
> >> "The Code of the Net". Snared in proselike flackjacket fashionwear,
pockets of reverberating syllables slammed into prose banks
wheezing at the cattle calls that strangle the big boys who killed
the stony bird who cried "see you at the next aurora of autumn!"

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323. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: ringing renga

Wed 9 Aug 1995

it is racist in that it presumes that mexicans lack imagination since the only thing that can stop renga is precisely the lack of imagination. i am partly mexican and, as the famous corrido says, "que siga la renga!"

Dodie Bellamy wrote

On Wed, 9 Aug 1995, Kevin Killian wrote:

On Aug 9 Thomas Bell wrote

*Aftertr courageous efforts by allnight workers in Mexico City
a cure to the renbga virus was found, saving millions of users
worldwide . The source was discovered and it can be removed!
Contact [REDACTED] for a visusrenag remover - 77 Mexican dollars*

*I don't want to sound like the pc-police here, but does this sound a bit
racist to anyone else?*

Dodie Bellamy

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324. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga 1

Wed 9 Aug 1995

>On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

>

>On Tue, 8 Aug 1995 23:26:11 -0400,

>Jorge Guitart <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>

>>On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Gabrielle Welford wrote:

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>>> On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

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>>> > On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>>> >

>>> > >> > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

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(inspection

>>> > > > > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing

>>> > > > > > who do you think is at the end of this shaft if it isn't

>> the distal nude and the proximal guano but you and I were about to

>> tango in a thunderstorm, lightning be damned, forget my skin, ask
pockmarks questions denuded of interrogation (points west

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325. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: eR 1

Wed 9 Aug 1995

On Wed, 9 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Gabrielle Welford wrote:

> >

> >> On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >>
> >> > >On Sat, 5 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:
> >> > >
> >> > >> >On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:
> >> > >> >
> >> > >> >> On Aug 3 Hank Lazer wrote:
> >> > >> >>
> >> > >> >> On Aug 3 Marissa Januzzi wrote:
> >> > >> >>
> >> > >> >> > On Thu, 3 Aug 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:
> >> > >> >> >
> >> > >> >> > > On Wed, 2 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:
> >> > >> >> > >
> >> > >> >> > > > >adding to Ron Silliman's addition --
> >> > >> >> > > > >
> >> > >> >> > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were
books.
> >> > >> >> > > > >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine
morning
> >> > >> >> > > > >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
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> >> > >> >> > > > >> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against
the
> >> > >> >> > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >> > >> >> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> >> > >> >> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> >> > >> >> ><< lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the
> >> > >> >> morning
> >> > >> >> from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
> >> > >> >> wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
> >> > >> >> of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the
elbows
> >> > >> cleanly
> >> > >> fit to be you or the phantasm that space foreclosed when

the

> > > first sentence spilled from heaven wheat of some kind blistered and untuned

> > > by the harpie of space here for add in whatever you choose or not

> > but don't single out the dog waiting to happen and the free mildew

> lights behind the cabbage, Pringles, and southerly winds exchanged for francs

by the `Defense de glouglouter' sign. Me, I'm just in bracket mode and

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326. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga 1

Wed 9 Aug 1995

>On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

>

>> On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

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>> On Tue, 8 Aug 1995 23:26:11 -0400,

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>> >> > > > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>> >> > > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> >> > > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>> >> > > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>> >> > > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

>> >> > > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>> >> > > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>> >> > > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>> >> > > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

>> >> > > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against

the

>> >> > > >> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> >> > > >> > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> >> > > >> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> >> > > >> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>> >> > > >> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance

(inspectio

>n

>> >> > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
>> >> > who do you think is at the end of this shaft if it isn't
>> > the distal nude and the proximal guano but you and I were about to
>> > tango in a thunderstorm, lightning be damned, forget my skin, ask
> not the neutered angel pushing romantic coating, but ask
confidence to tame itself, us, the treefrogs to the tune of watered scones

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327. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga3?

Wed 9 Aug 1995

>On Tue, 8 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

>

>> On Sun, 6 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>> On Aug 8 G Welford wrote:

>>

>> > >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> > >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> > >would calmness be without the stain of possession and
>> > >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> > >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> > >The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> > >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> > >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> > >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> > >Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>> > >& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>> > >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> > >kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> > >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> > >flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>> > >halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection

>> > >prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
>> > >with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
>> > collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for
>> > outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
>> My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss "The Code of the Net"
> and he is transparent like Victor the Vector getting home
brew safely to the lips pornographed like pressure in the tongue

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328. **Jordan Davis.**

jesus christ was born today

Wed 9 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
who do you think is at the end of this shaft if it isn't
the distal nude and the proximal guano but you and I were about to
tango in a thunderstorm, lightning be damned, forget my skin, ask
me and I'll walk quietly up fifth to the mid manhattan branch

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329. **Jordan Davis.**

fear of god

Wed 9 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
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but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah

[↑ Contents](#)

330. **Jordan Davis.**

Re: Renga 1

Wed 9 Aug 1995

> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
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> > >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
the french language

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331. **Gabrielle Welford**

Ann Arbor City Council Passes Resolution on Mumia! (fwd)

Wed 9 Aug 1995

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Wed, 9 Aug 1995 05:18:16 -1000

From: Paul Steven Lefrak <[REDACTED]>

To: Multiple recipients of list <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Ann Arbor City Council Passes Resolution on Mumia!

For immediate release:

ANN ARBOR CITY COUNCIL PASSES RESOLUTION CALLING FOR NEW
TRIAL FOR MUMIA
ABU-JAMAL

Aug.7--The City Council of Ann Arbor, MI tonight passed a resolution calling for a new trial for Pennsylvania political prisoner Mumia Abu-Jamal and that his death sentence be set aside. Ann Arbor now joins Detroit, Madison, and Cambridge, MA as the fourth American city council to pass such a resolution. The resolution was passed by an 8-1 majority and the effort to win the resolution was initiated by members of the Ann Arbor-based Emergency Committee Against the Racist Execution (Emergency CARE: [REDACTED] / [REDACTED]).

It is significant to note that the resolution was passed despite the fact that earlier in the day Mumia Abu-Jamal had been granted a stay of execution. There was some discussion on the Council about whether the resolution was still necessary given the stay. Emergency CARE members addressed the Council and pointed out that the death sentence still loomed over Mumia's head, that he was still in Judge Sabo's court, and that he had not been granted a new trial. They pointed out that it was getting similar resolutions passed in other cities--a direct result of a mass worldwide movement--that helped create the political climate in which today's court victory could even be won.

Earlier, Emergency CARE members joined forces with approximately forty members of the Coalition for Community Unity (CCU) who were picketing prior to the meeting. CCU initiated its picket in response to the near-unanimous vote of City Council last week in which the Council capitulated to police pressure and backed down from demanding an immediate return of the blood and DNA samples obtained from 160 area Black men during the highly racist police "investigation" of the now-solved serial rape case. No action was taken on that issue at the Monday night City Council meeting.

Emergency CARE members are currently organizing for the August 12 national protest in Philadelphia demanding a new trial for Mumia Abu-Jamal, a stop to

the execution, an end to the racist death penalty, and a halt to the agenda of the right-wing. The victory won today only hardened members' determination to continue the fight. We will not be placated!

FREE MUMIA ABU-JAMAL AND ALL OTHER LIBERATION FIGHTERS!
ABOLISH THE RACIST DEATH PENALTY!

Paul Lefrak



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332. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: eR 1

Wed 9 Aug 1995

On 8 Aug 95 at 23:43, Jorge Guitart wrote:

> > > > > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > > > > > > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > > > > > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > > > > > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > > > > > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > > > > > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > > > > > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > > > > > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> > > > > > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> > > > > > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> > > > > > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> > > > > > > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

> > > > > > > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

> > > > > > > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

> > > > > > > > < lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the

> > > > > > > > morning

> > > > > > > > from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome

> > > > > > > > wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology

> > > > > > > > of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the

elbows

> > > cleanly

> > > >> fit to be you or the phantasm that space foreclosed when the
> > > first sentence spilled from heaven wheat of some kind blistered and
untuned
> > > by the harpie of space here for add in whatever you choose or not
> but don't single out the dog waiting to happen and the free mildew
leases, the hare that bit him, the cat in the box (perhaps)

-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1----- |||/ Joseph Zitt =====
===== Human Systems \||| ||/ Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage
Mailing List \|| ||/ Online Representative, Austin International Poetry
Festival \ / Joe Zitt's Home
Page\

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333. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: ringing renga

Wed 9 Aug 1995

On 9 Aug 95 at 9:53, Kevin Killian wrote:

On Aug 9 Thomas Bell wrote

*Aftrer courageous efforts by allnight workers in Mexico City
a cure to the renbga virus was found, saving millions of users
worldwide . The source was discovered and it can be removed!
Contact [REDACTED] for a visusrenag remover - 77 Mexican dollars*

*I don't want to sound like the pc-police here, but does this sound a bit
racist to anyone else?*

Racist? -----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1----- |||/ Joseph Zitt
===== [REDACTED] ===== Human Systems \||| ||/ Organizer, SILENCE: The
John Cage Mailing List \|| ||/ Online Representative, Austin International
Poetry Festival \ / Joe Zitt's
Home Page\

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334. **Tony Green**

Re: JG others and us

Wed 9 Aug 1995

to Alam Sondheim (& Survivors - of the 60s/70s all) is it still cool to say Right
On?

Tony Green,

e-mail: [REDACTED]

post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand
Fax: 64 9- [REDACTED]
Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

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335. **cris cheek**
Re: desire / and the 39 steps
Wed 9 Aug 1995

ornamental poppy petals voiced out of a pitted steel catering bowl from a folly
functive balcony plaster themselves around the drying lips of gaping mouths -
amazed. these kids like tape hiss most. fadding into one last peal of moss.

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336. **Wystan Curnow**
Re: ringing renga
Wed 9 Aug 1995

on Wed, 9 August Jorge Guitart wrote
Dodie Bellamy wrote
Thomas Bell wrote

Aftrer courageous efforts by allnight workers in Mexico City a cure
I don't want to sound like the P-C police here but
it is racist in that it presumes that mexicans lack imagination
in the book were dreams and in the dreams were books
and you won't get rid of us that easily

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337. **Anmarie Trimble**
Re: Dear Alan, Dear Harper
Wed 9 Aug 1995

Alan,

*Thanks for the titles. I heard harper read "Nightmare Begins
Responsibility" and I think three or four more poems in the
"Language of Life" series currently running on PBS this side of
the medicine line. I think slick is the best word. He
was reading with a jazz trio, very beat, but reminded me in
his language and style of Amiri Baraka, AM/TRAK and thereabouts.*

What amazed me is his sense of performance vs. reading, demonstrated best by his interpretations of some inner-city poets' works. After him came Adrienne Rich and it was night and day, for me. Rhythm seems to be an extension of content and in some cases content itself.

Oh yeah, renga.

*Ryan Knighton
Unprofessor of Literature
Frozen Frazer University*

Dear everybody -

I didn't catch the name of the poet included in the second part of "the language of life." She read "night vision." Of course, I could do a search by title, but I'd rather display my ignorance before oodles of complete strangers.

I'd say Cruz was the heat of the day, Harper the beat of the night, and Rich wore the deceptive calm of the indoors.

-Anmarie

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338. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: jesus christ was born today

Wed 9 Aug 1995

On Wed, 9 Aug 1995, Jordan Davis. wrote:

- > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
- > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
- > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
- > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
- > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
- > The caravan of windows to what they flee
- > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
- > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
- > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
- > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
- > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
- > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
- > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
- > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
- > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
- > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
- > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing

> who do you think is at the end of this shaft if it isn't
> the distal nude and the proximal guano but you and I were about to
> tango in a thunderstorm, lightning be damned, forget my skin, ask
> me and I'll walk quietly up fifth to the mid manhattan branch
and check my balance for the abyss is open late

[↑ Contents](#)

339. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: fear of god

Wed 9 Aug 1995

On Wed, 9 Aug 1995, Jordan Davis. wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
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but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho, kook!"*

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340. **George Bowering**

Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania

Thu 10 Aug 1995

Mitchell also played third base (sort of) for the Mets, and a year, I think in San Diego, where he grew up, and where his brother is bad news.

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341. **Blair Seagram**

Chris Stroffolino

Thu 10 Aug 1995

If this is yours, please notify sender of correct address. If this is not yours, please use 'reply' to notify me.

***** *

W A R N I N G

* *

* * This item has been FORWARDED to you from the * *
system DEAD-LETTER file/folder by the postmaster * * DO NOT use the
'reply' function (reply will go to postmaster) * * Instead, please do a 'send'
to the originator of the item. * * thanks - postmaster

* ***** From:
IN%"██████████" "PMDF Mail Server" 9-AUG-1995 Your message could not be
delivered to:

--> Error description:

Error-For: ██████████

Error-Code: 3

Error-Text: unknown or illegal user: ██████████

Date: Wed, 9 Aug 1995 00:23:09 -0800

To: ██████████

From: ██████████ (Blair Seagram)

Subject: Backchannel bouncing

Date: Fri, 28 Jul 1995 14:46:59 -0400

From: Chris Stroffolino <██████████>

Subject: Re: Studio space

Blair--I tried to contact you backchannnel about some longshot possibilities--friends in Brooklyn, etc--but it bounced back to me....backchannel me, Chris

Dear Chris:

I apologize for such a tardy response. I came acrosss your message tonight while looking on past posts for meanings of renga (something I am still unclear on). I must have missed your post first time around. Not paying enough attention I guess.

I'm not sure what happened via backchannel but try again please, if only to test the address ██████████. If you know of any studios, I'd be interested to hear about them.

Thanks for your trouble. Best wishes.

Blair

By the way where are you located geographically?

Dear Chris:

That was then and this is now. Apparently I got bounced last night, not only from your address, but from the poetics list. So here we go on a second round. By the way, your address above (██████████) is not the one I used, not as far as I know. I believe I copied your address verbatim (██████████). In any event, I am now more interested in seeing if this message gets through, than I am in finding out about studio spaces.

I wonder if I was bounced from the poetics list because I only used a subject heading and left the body empty?

Please contact me Chris, if necessary use the poetics list and make the subject my name. That way, I have a better chance of catching your post, since I get my poetics mail bundled.

Best wishes

Blair

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342. **Ron Silliman**

In the books were dreams

Thu 10 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
would calmness be without the stain of possession and
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection)
prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone

collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for
outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss "The Code of the Net"
and he is transparent like Victor the Vector getting home
& Hector the Protector sent back by the Queen

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343. **Ron Silliman**

Long Strange Trip

Thu 10 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
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Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
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Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the
morning
from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows
cleanly
fit to be you or the phantasm that space foreclosed when t
he
first sentence spilled from heaven wheat of some kind blistered and
untun
ed
by the harpie of space here for add in whatever you choose or not
but don't single out the dog waiting to happen and the free mildew
lihts behind the cabbage, Pringles, and southerly winds exchanged for
francs
by the `Defense de glouglouter' sign. Me, I'm just in bracket mode and
making a racket, the rocket high in the night sky explodes, unloading

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344. **Ron Silliman**

Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania

Thu 10 Aug 1995

Kevin Mitchell was the Most Valuable Player for the National League in 1989, I believe, the year he hit 47 homers to lead the league. He once caught a line drive in left field with his bare hand. But he did grow up in the San Diego ghetto and still hangs with his childhood buddies.

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345. **Gabrielle Welford**

job for writer w/Haitian Radio (fwd)

Thu 10 Aug 1995

This was attached to an e-mail from a friend in the Carribean:

Wanted: Haitian Radio Scriptwriter Who has experience writing radio drama and has worked in primary education. Good ear for writing drama and a sense of how to write for children is more important than actual radio scriptwriting experience.

Must speak and write English, French and/or Creole, and be willing to travel to Washington, DC and Haiti.

Fax resume and brief writing sample to: Betsy Goldstein at [REDACTED].

.....

E. Winters

[REDACTED]

<http://www.wordsimages.com/ewinters/ewinters.htm>

37.53 N 122.17 W

.....

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346. **Charles Alexander**

Re: In the books were dreams

Thu 10 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
would calmness be without the stain of possession and
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

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flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection)

prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for
outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss "The Code of the Net"
and he is transparent like Victor the Vector getting home
& Hector the Protector sent back by the Queen
of Wands, who willed her magic to free political sentences

charles alexander [=====^=====]
[<>]
chax press [maybe a <> pages]
[time <> letters]
phone & fax: [upon <> frames]
[once <> motion]
e-mail: [<>]
[=====vv=====]

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347. **Charles Alexander**

Re: Long Strange Trip

Thu 10 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
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lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the
morning
from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows
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fit to be you or the phantasm that space foreclosed when t
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first sentence spilled from heaven wheat of some kind blistered and
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by the harpie of space here for add in whatever you choose or not
but don't single out the dog waiting to happen and the free mildew
lihts behind the cabbage, Pringles, and southerly winds exchanged for
francs
by the `Defense de glouglouter' sign. Me, I'm just in bracket mode and
making a racket, the rocket high in the night sky explodes, unloading
spackle not stars, shy fires made present in a dustful system

charles alexander [=====^=====]
[<>]
chax press [maybe a <> pages]
[time <> letters]
phone & fax: [upon <> frames]
[once <> motion]
e-mail: [<>]
[=====vv=====]

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348. **cris cheek**

Re: Renga3?

Thu 10 Aug 1995

>>> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>>> > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>>> > > > would calmness be without the stain of possession and

>>> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>>> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>>> >>> The caravan of windows to what they flee
>>> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
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>>> > > >>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>>> > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
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>>> > > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>>> > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
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>>> > > prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
>>> > > with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
>>> > collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for
>>> > outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
>>> My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss "The Code of the
Net"
>> and he is transparent like Victor the Vector getting home
> brew safely to the lips pornographed like pressure in the tongue
detuned) to set sail from these balmy hunks of land and take a break

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349. **Tom Mandel**

Re: In the books were dreams

Thu 10 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
would calmness be without the stain of possession and
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance

(inspection

prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for
outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss "The Code of the Net"
and he is transparent like Victor the Vector getting home
& Hector the Protector sent back by the Queen
of Wands, who willed her magic to free political sentences
and wake us from such dreams. He stayed in to practice

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350. **Tom Mandel**
Re: Long Strange Trip

Thu 10 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
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lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the
morning
from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows
cleanly
fit to be you or the phantasm that space foreclosed when t
he
first sentence spilled from heaven wheat of some kind blistered and

untun

ed

by the harpie of space here for add in whatever you choose or not
but don't single out the dog waiting to happen and the free mildew
lights behind the cabbage, Pringles, and southerly winds exchanged for
francs

by the `Defense de gloulouter' sign. Me, I'm just in bracket mode and
making a racket, the rocket high in the night sky explodes, unloading
spackle not stars, shy fires made present in a dusty system
in which I lunch with Bernardine Dohrn. Must we wake dreamers if

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351. **Jim Pangborn**

Re: JG others and us

Thu 10 Aug 1995

Tony Green <[REDACTED]> asks:

>

>to Alan Sondheim (& Survivors - of the 60s/70s all) is it still cool

>to say Right On?

>

No. Say that and I promise I'll punch your lights out.

(Oops-- had my fingers crossed just then. Peace, mon. Seriously one very
seldom hears that phrase uttered without a tinge of ironic self-citation, as
though in scary-sarcastic quotation marks. Same with "politically correct."
Even Marvin Gaye seems to be laughing at himself --or some *autre*--when he
sprechsings it in "What's Goin' On." We'd say, "Right arm, man." Polar
opposite of "right face" or "dress right, dress," so it felt at the time. Nowadays I
reach back a bit farther and, following Creeley, just say "dig.")

--JimP

[↑ Contents](#)

352. **Jim Pangborn**

Re: ringing renga

Thu 10 Aug 1995

Jorge writes,

>it is racist in that it presumes that mexicans lack imagination

>since the only thing that can stop renga is precisely the lack of

>imagination. i am partly mexican and, as the famous corrido says, "que

>sigala renga!"

Aha: I thought Dodie might have meant that the offending post portrayed Russian caucasians like Trotsky as congenitally unable to keep from exploiting needy third-world lab technicians, setting up sweatshops despite his professedly communist political stance. Thanks for setting me straight on that.

Personally, I view the Rengba virus as God's revenge on those who carped about the Anti-Hegemony Project taking up too much list-space a while back. You know, the type of people who come down with it . . .

Dodie Bellamy wrote

On Wed, 9 Aug 1995, Kevin Killian wrote:

On Aug 9 Thomas Bell wrote

*Aftrer courageous efforts by allnight workers in Mexico City
a cure to the renbga virus was found, saving millions of users
worldwide . The source was discovered and it can be removed!
Contact [REDACTED] for a visusrenag remover - 77 Mexican dollars*

*I don't want to sound like the pc-police here, but does this sound a bit
racist to anyone else?*

Dodie Bellamy

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353. **maria damon**

Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania

Thu 10 Aug 1995

ron s writes:

> Kevin Mitchell was the Most Valuable Player for the National League in
> 1989, I believe, the year he hit 47 homers to lead the league. He once
> caught a line drive in left field with his bare hand. But he did grow
> up in the San Diego ghetto and still hangs with his childhood buddies.

this is strange and interesting. all the responses i've gotten to the q. who is
kevin mitchell have yielded that he is mediocre, most valuable player,
interesting, uninteresting, good bad etc. thanks!--md

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354. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: eR 1

Thu 10 Aug 1995

On Wed, 9 Aug 1995, Joseph Zitt wrote:

> On 8 Aug 95 at 23:43, Jorge Guitart wrote:

>

> > > > > > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > > > > > > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > > > > > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > > > > > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > > > > > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > > > > > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > > > > > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > > > > > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> > > > > > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> > > > > > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> > > > > > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> > > > > > > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

> > > > > > > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

> > > > > > > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

> > > > > > > > << lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the morning

> > > > > > > > from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome

> > > > > > > > wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology

> > > > > > > > of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows

> > > > cleanly

> > > > > fit to be you or the phantasm that space foreclosed when the

> > > > first sentence spilled from heaven wheat of some kind blistered and untuned

> > > > by the harpie of space here for add in whatever you choose or not

> > but don't single out the dog waiting to happen and the free mildew

> leases, the hare that bit him, the cat in the box (perhaps)

the one that Hrodinger left here and I don't know if I am alive

[↑ Contents](#)

355. **maria damon**

Re: JG others and us

Thu 10 Aug 1995

pangborn writes:

> Tony Green <[REDACTED]> asks:

> >

> >to Alam Sondheim (& Survivors - of the 60s/70s all) is it still cool

> >to say Right On?

> >

>

> No. Say that and I promise I'll punch your lights out.

>

excuse me i say right on and groovy all the time. others impute an irony to my using those phrases (assuming no one could say them "straight" anymore), but i'm

just saying it. saying it. saying it. come to mpl's and i'll say it for you a coupla times. or rather, since i'm going on sabbatical, come to cape cod (YAY!) and i'll say it for you a coupla times.--md

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356. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Long Strange Trip II

Thu 10 Aug 1995

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the
> morning
> from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
> wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology

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> cleanly
> fit to be you or the phantasm that space foreclosed when t
> he
> first sentence spilled from heaven wheat of some kind blistered and
> untun
> ed
> by the harpie of space here for add in whatever you choose or not
> but don't single out the dog waiting to happen and the free mildew
> lihts behind the cabbage, Pringles, and southerly winds exchanged for
> francs
> by the `Defense de glouglouter' sign. Me, I'm just in bracket mode and
> making a racket, the rocket high in the night sky explodes, unloading
the sperm of light looking to connect with the egg of night, but if you

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357. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga3?

Thu 10 Aug 1995

On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, cris cheek wrote:

> >>> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >>> > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >>> > > > would calmness be without the stain of possession and
> >>> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >>> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >>> >>> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >>> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >>> > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >>> > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >>> > > >>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> >>> > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> >>> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >>> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> >>> > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> >>> > > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> >>> > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
> >>> > > prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long
division
> >>> > > with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
> >>> > > collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for

> >>> > outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
> >>> My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss "The Code of the
Net"
> >> and he is transparent like Victor the Vector getting home
> > brew safely to the lips pornographed like pressure in the tongue
> detuned) to set sail from these balmy hunks of land and take a break
but bring back the head of elena garcia attached to her body, please

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358. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: In the books were dreams

Thu 10 Aug 1995

On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> would calmness be without the stain of possession and
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> (inspection
> prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
> with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
> collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for
> outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
> My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss "The Code of the Net"
> and he is transparent like Victor the Vector getting home
> & Hector the Protector sent back by the Queen
> of Wands, who willed her magic to free political sentences
that that the `that' might live by the Lake of Innisprison

[=====^=====]

>

> [mebbe i'm <> i'm]
> [rahht <> wrong]
> [an' <> n' mebbe]
> [mebbe <> i'm weak
> [=====vv=====]
>

[↑ Contents](#)

359. **Jorge Guitart**
Re: Long Strange Trip

Thu 10 Aug 1995

On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Tom Mandel wrote:

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
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> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
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> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> lunar dust, the misdirected modules returning to the
> morning
> from the books out of the dreams away from the lonesome
> wail of the glob that cradles in its claws The Anthology
> of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows
> cleanly
> fit to be you or the phantasm that space foreclosed when t
> he
> first sentence spilled from heaven wheat of some kind blistered and
> untun
> ed
> by the harpie of space here for add in whatever you choose or not
> but don't single out the dog waiting to happen and the free mildew
> lihts behind the cabbage, Pringles, and southerly winds exchanged for
> francs

> by the 'Defense de glouglouter' sign. Me, I'm just in bracket mode and
> making a racket, the rocket high in the night sky explodes, unloading
> spackle not stars, shy fires made present in a dustful system
> in which I lunch with Bernardine Dohrn. Must we wake dreamers if
they are having a general good time with B.D.? And must we

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360. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: In the books were dreams

Thu 10 Aug 1995

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>would calmness be without the stain of possession and
>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
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>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> (inspection
>prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
>with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
>collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for
>outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
>My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss "The Code of the Net"
>and he is transparent like Victor the Vector getting home
>& Hector the Protector sent back by the Queen
>of Wands, who willed her magic to free political sentences
>and wake us from such dreams. He stayed in to practice
the cool float of heretocracy he'd read was poles apart from pastures

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361. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Long Strange Trip

Thu 10 Aug 1995

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
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>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
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>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
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> morning
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>of retrospective prescience sanded down to mean the elbows
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>fit to be you or the phantasm that space foreclosed when t
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>first sentence spilled from heaven wheat of some kind blistered and
>untun
>ed
>by the harpie of space here for add in whatever you choose or not
>but don't single out the dog waiting to happen and the free mildew
>lights behind the cabbage, Pringles, and southerly winds exchanged for
>francs
> by the `Defense de gloulglouter' sign. Me, I'm just in bracket mode and
>making a racket, the rocket high in the night sky explodes, unloading
>spackle not stars, shy fires made present in a dustful system
>in which I lunch with Bernardine Dohrn. Must we wake dreamers if
they consistently resist trance, favoring the transom as more tangible
dreamcatcher than

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362. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: ringing renga

Thu 10 Aug 1995

for the record, i don't think Tom Bell's message was racist. i was being as facetious as he was. mexicans are not a race.

On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Jim Pangborn wrote

> Jorge writes,

> >it is racist in that it presumes that mexicans lack imagination

> >since the only thing that can stop renga is precisely the lack of

> >imagination. i am partly mexican and, as the famous corrido says, "que

> >siga la renga!"

>

> Aha: I thought Dodie might have meant that the offending post portrayed Russian

> caucasians like Trotsky as congenitally unable to keep from exploiting needy

> third-world lab technicians, setting up sweatshops despite his professedly

> communist political stance. Thanks for setting me straight on that.

>

> Personally, I view the Rengba virus as God's revenge on those who carped about

> the Anti-Hegemony Project taking up too much list-space a while back.

> You know,

> the type of people who come down with it . . .

>

>

> Dodie Bellamy wrote

>

> On Wed, 9 Aug 1995, Kevin Killian wrote:

>

> > On Aug 9 Thomas Bell wrote

> >

> > >After courageous efforts by allnight workers in Mexico City

> > >a cure to the renbga virus was found, saving millions of users

> > >worldwide . The source was discovered and it can be removed!

> > >Contact [REDACTED] for a visusrenag remover - 77 Mexican dollars

> >

> > I don't want to sound like the pc-police here, but does this sound a bit

> > racist to anyone else?

> >

> > Dodie Bellamy

> >
>

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363. **Edward Foster**

Re: desire / and the 39 steps

Thu 10 Aug 1995

to leave: and hissing tape, his silence like the poppy without bloom, the garden
(wholly his) unweeded, and the face,

no longer mine, gives back dry lips, but no amazement, for it's always thus.
dickinson, of course: the moss.

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364. **Marisa A Januzzi**

Job Posting - Assistant Curator, Harvard Theatre Collection (fwd)

Thu 10 Aug 1995

There were three other jobs advertised on this list, as well... just thought
someone out there might be interested.

--Marisa

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Wed, 9 Aug 1995 18:14:46 -0400

From: Leslie Morris <[REDACTED]>

To: Multiple recipients of list EXLIBRIS <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Job Posting - Assistant Curator, Harvard Theatre Collection

PROFESSIONAL VACANCY

Assistant Curator, Harvard Theatre Collection
Houghton Library

The Houghton Library seeks a creative and thoughtful individual to serve as the Assistant Curator of the Harvard Theatre Collection. Established in 1901, the Theatre Collection is America's oldest performing arts research collection, encompassing all aspects of the history of performance throughout the world, and with particular strengths in the English and American stage and the history of theatrical dance.

The Assistant Curator has primary responsibility for organizing and supervising cataloging procedures and computer applications using HOLLIS and the Theatre Collection's local area network; serves as the liaison with other cataloging departments in the College Library, and works closely with colleagues in the Houghton Library; catalogs original materials, including

manuscripts, drawings, prints, and photographs; assists the Curator with acquisitions, and supervises the accessioning process. Together with the Curator, the Assistant Curator supervises the office, reading room, and other staff members; contributes to planning and mounting exhibitions and other Harvard Theatre Collection events.

The Collection is estimated to contain over 3 million playbills and programs, ca. 650,000 photographs, 250,000 engraved portraits and scenes, 15,000 scenery and costume designs, and nearly 6500 promptbooks, in addition to manuscripts, printed books, journals, and news clippings. The Collection has been located since 1976 in the Nathan Marsh Pusey Library, adjacent to the Houghton Library, which is the principal special collections library of Harvard College.

Qualifications: Masters degree in Library Science; advanced degree in drama, theatre history, dance, or an allied subject desirable. Library experience, with cataloging a variety of special formats necessary, especially manuscripts and visual materials. Experience with microcomputer applications and familiarity with automated library systems, with MARC format and AACR2 required. Knowledge of a foreign language desirable. Minimum of five years of professional work experience, preferably in special collections librarianship or archival administration. Exceptional interpersonal and communication skills (both oral and written). Demonstrated flexibility and initiative in adapting to changing organizational priorities. Evidence of and commitment to continuing participation in professional activities.

Compensation: Anticipated hiring salary, mid \$40's. Major benefits include 20 days annual accrued vacation; generous holiday and sick leave; choice of health plans; dental insurance; life insurance; disability benefits; University-funded retirement income plan; tax deferred annuity options; staff tuition assistance; child care scholarship program.

Applications will be accepted until the position is filled. Please submit a letter of application addressing qualifications, resume, and the names of three references to:

Hazel C. Stamps
Director of Personnel Services
Harvard College Library
Widener 188
Cambridge, MA 02138

HARVARD UNIVERSITY UPHOLDS A COMMITMENT TO AFFIRMATIVE
ACTION AND EQUAL EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY

July 31, 1995

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365. **Rod Smith**

Re: Mitchel? Yasusada?

Thu 10 Aug 1995

A mess o' Yasusada material turned up in the recent *_Grand Street_*-- the contributors notes on the translators carefully avoid any traceable information-- for example one of them studied "in Ann Arbor" not *_at_* any particular university. (The work in *_GS_* by the way, not as well done as other I've seen, I think).

A certain Kevin Mitchel keeps getting mentioned on this list, & we are aware of his time spent in Japan. . .

-Rod

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366. **Louis Cabri**

(no subject)

Thu 10 Aug 1995

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>would calmness be without the stain of possession and
>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>The caravan of windows to what they flee
>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> (inspection
>prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long
division
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>outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
>My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss "The Code of
the Net"

>and he is transparent like Victor the Vector getting home
>& Hector the Protector sent back by the Queen
>of Wands, who willed her magic to free political sentences
>and wake us from such dreams. He stayed in to practice
the cool float of heretocracy he'd read was poles apart from
pastures
que j'essuie comme la loi, saisie, monstrueux

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367. **Louis Cabri**

(no subject)

Thu 10 Aug 1995

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
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> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> when the attorney general came, selah
hales said, "Dias, oh,ho, kook!" Edward Kennedy
Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls

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368. **Susan Schultz**

Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania

Thu 10 Aug 1995

That bare-handed line drive, as I recall, was off the bat of Ozzie Smith. Didn't he also play for the Giants for a while? Ronald Reagan had some silly things to say about him when he (Reagan) did the "color" commentary on one of the All Star Games. That was when Reagan called a Hispanic player Jose (just how it's spelled, mind you).

signed, a sad Cardinals fan.

On Wed, 9 Aug 1995, Ron Silliman wrote:

Kevin Mitchell was the Most Valuable Player for the National League in 1989, I believe, the year he hit 47 homers to lead the league. He once caught a line drive in left field with his bare hand. But he did grow up in the San Diego ghetto and still hangs with his childhood buddies.

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369. **maria damon**

Re: ringing renga

Thu 10 Aug 1995

pangborn writes:

> Jorge writes,
> >it is racist in that it presumes that mexicans lack imagination
> >since the only thing that can stop renga is precisely the lack of
> >imagination. i am partly mexican and, as the famous corrido says, "que
> >sigala renga!"
>
> Aha: I thought Dodie might have meant that the offending post portrayed
> Russian
> caucasians like Trotsky as congenitally unable to keep from exploiting needy
> third-world lab technicians, setting up sweatshops despite his professedly
> communist political stance. Thanks for setting me straight on that.
>
is this anti-semitic?--md

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370. **Burt Kimmelman**

Re: Baudelaire

Thu 10 Aug 1995

Gwyn,

then by close you mean somt

something like what Pound of St. Jerome prescribed for translating?

Burt

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371. **Burt Kimmelman**

Re: Baudelaire

Thu 10 Aug 1995

Gwyn,

Forgive my typo: a misidentified "saint": change "Pound of St. Jerome" to Pound OR St. Jerome.

bk

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372. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Thu 10 Aug 1995

On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's

> > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> (inspection
> > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho, kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco warehouse,
curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners

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373. **Charles Bernstein**

Electronic Book Review: Essays & Reviews Wanted (fwrđ)

Thu 10 Aug 1995

[forwarded message]

Announcing a new journal on the internet:

Electronic Book Review, a working forum promoting innovative writing on the internet and in print, is soliciting articles for the Fall of 1995. Initial topics will include talklists, network publishing, the political economy of the internet, and the electronic future of poetry, criticism, drama, and literary fiction.

Reviews should be both timely and capable of stimulating discussions beyond the moment of a title's publication. We would prefer thoughtful overviews, polemics, and review essays to evaluations of single works. Serial submissions of chapters from work in progress are welcome, and we will occasionally sponsor on-line publication of books in advance of their appearance in print.

Issue #1, scheduled for November, is being organized in collaboration with the *American Book Review*. It will feature reviews of selected electronic journals and talklists, as well as reflections on "books" that can only be read electronically. Essays of 1200-1500 words received by September 15 will be considered for this issue.

For issue #2, we are organizing an email essay forum around an original essay by Michael Berube, "Cultural Criticism and the Politics of Selling Out."

Additional forums are scheduled for two collections of new writing: *Chick-Lit (On the Edge: New Women's Fiction)* [ed. Cris Mazza and Jeffrey DeShell] and *The Future of Literary Fiction* [ed. David Foster Wallace].

During the first year of operation, we will feature essays and reviews by Mark Amerika, Michael Berube, Linda Brigham, David Cassuto, Carolyn Guyer, Paul Harris, Katherine Hayles, Michael Joyce, Nancy Kaplan, Peter Krapp, Laura

Marks, Knut Mork, Marcos Novak, Martin Rosenberg, Alison Sainsbury, Ronald Sukenick, W. S. Wilson, Gregory Ulmer, and Walter Vaninni.

EBR will be stored at and distributed from Alt-X (located at <http://www.altx.com>).

Joseph Tabbi
English Department
University of Illinois
601 South Morgan Street
Chicago, Illinois 60607-7120
email inquiries: [REDACTED]

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374. **George Bowering**

Re: JG others and us

Thu 10 Aug 1995

Hey, Maria, Right On!

I mean Far Out!

Yr Too Much in my book.

Hell, I think I say "Solid!" from time to time.

GB

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375. **George Bowering**

Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania

Thu 10 Aug 1995

What used to get baseball purists mad at Kevin Mitchell was that he had enormous skills but did not know much about baseball, and said that it was just the money he was interested in, and he was no baseball fan. I think that bothered his detractors more than his scrapes with the law.

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376. **George Bowering**

Re: Renga 11

Thu 10 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams, and

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377. **Louis Cabri**

pardonnez-moi! enfin, c'est la brume de 'traduction'...

Thu 10 Aug 1995

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>would calmness be without the stain of possession and
>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
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>& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
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>flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> (inspection
>prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long
division
>with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
>collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for
>outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
>My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss "The Code of
the Net"
>and he is transparent like Victor the Vector getting home
>& Hector the Protector sent back by the Queen
>of Wands, who willed her magic to free political sentences
>and wake us from such dreams. He stayed in to practice
the cool float of heretocracy he'd read was poles apart from
pastures
que j'essuie comme la loi, saisie, monstrueuse

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378. **George Bowering**

Re: avoidance behavior syndrome

Thu 10 Aug 1995

Well, no, I dont BELIEVE in guitar; but I do keep my miniature cactus collection
in a 1966 Chet Atkins.

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379. **Thomas Bell**

ARRORENGA

Thu 10 Aug 1995

Louis Cabri wrote

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
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>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
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>prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long
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>My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss "The Code of
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>and he is transparent like Victor the Vector getting home
>& Hector the Protector sent back by the Queen
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>and wake us from such dreams. He stayed in to practice
>the cool float of heretocracy he'd read was poles apart from
pastures
>que j'essuie comme la loi, saisie, monstrueux
Mayakovky govoril o pants and the tailoring was fine

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380. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: your mail

Thu 10 Aug 1995

>On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

>

>> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

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>> (inspection

>> > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing

>> > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several

>> > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango

>> > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho, kook!"

>Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco warehouse,
curls

>no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners
having recovered from the chemicals of deadlines drop stitched into

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381. **Tony Green**

Re: JG others and us

Thu 10 Aug 1995

""Right On" Alan Sondheim"

Tony Green,

e-mail: [REDACTED]

post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,

Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand
Fax: 64 9-
Telephone: 64 9 ext. 8981 or 7276

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382. **Rachel Loden**
Padgett's definition

Thu 10 Aug 1995

From *_Handbook of Poetic Forms_*, edited by Ron Padgett:

"Renga are long, image-filled poems written in alternating stanzas of three lines and two lines, usually by a group of poets who take turns. In Japan, where renga originated as a party game, poets used to make renga of 1,000 or more stanzas, although 100 stanzas was the usual length. The great poet Matsuo Basho (1644-1694) preferred renga of thirty-six stanzas, and this continues to be the popular length today. ...Renga do not read like stories; each stanza "links" to the one before it, but not to the one before that...The first six or eight stanzas are like the beginning of a party, when people introduce one another, a bit formally. In the middle twenty to twenty-four stanzas the party warms up, with stanzas that include humor and the whole range of human emotions. A renga ends with six or eight stanzas that move quickly through closely related images, with simple, straightforward linking, like the end of the party, when everyone gets ready to go home. Traditionally, the last stanza has a spring image, indicating hopefulness and peace..." Etc., including examples.

I'm finding many of the posted "renga" lines very graceful, and am all for playfulness, the posting of poems, use of received forms. But does anyone else find it weird, at least, that we are writing so-called renga, and kvetching about so-called renga, when for the most part we have no idea what they are?

And is it the "exoticism" of renga (the non-whiteness of them?) that makes them glam enough for us to fool around with, when for the most part, we wouldn't be caught dead in the McCarthyite "market strategy" of sonnet-writing (Ted Berrigan and others notwithstanding)?

Thought I'd ask...

Rachel Loden

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383. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: Renga 11

Thu 10 Aug 1995

In your dreams
>
> In the books were dreams, and
>

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384. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: JG others and us

Thu 10 Aug 1995

Gee, I suppose swell is too square, eh? I dunno, I'm a seventies child polluted by eighties lingo. Choice language, for bitchin folk. What about nifty? Or is that fifties, daddyo?

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385. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: Padgett's definition

Thu 10 Aug 1995

Not to be caught dead, oh sonneteer
As if the wound festers, disease
Or other thing, a faulty ear
Hearing what politicians please
To call their own, discomfort
In our postmodernity
While gallantly we reinsert
Ignorance as prosperity.
There's politics in everything we do
Beyond the obvious; the obvious, not so
Although the obvious is never true
I'd think, at least in email, imho.
Cut the ranks of renga's weary tone,
Our ignorance, or throw the form a bone.

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386. **Rachel Loden**
"marketing strategies"

Thu 10 Aug 1995

Herb Levy,

I'm coming in very late on this, but was quite intrigued by what you had to say about the writing of sonnets being possible today only as a "marketing strategy." (Forgive me if I'm not quoting you exactly, but I think I have the sense).

First, could you define "marketing strategy"? How does it differ from style, say, or any other honey we use, as writers, to catch flies?

The writing of the new formalists hasn't interested me, but not because they *are* formalists--rather because the poems themselves have seemed warmed-over and bland.

It seems to me that theory, not form, is the real marketing strategy, in literature at least. In science a theory is used to test a hypothesis, but in literature theory is used, far too often, to carry a whole school of writers--the bad along with the good--into prominence. It is used as an excuse to stop thinking, to stop reading widely, to circle the wagons. It is, essentially, fear, in an intellectual form. Rather than testing a hypothesis, and breaking new ground, theory in literary hands seems to be used as an instrument of enforcement, prescribing the sorts of poems (or fictions or whatever) which are to be written.

I was fascinated when someone on this list, looking for the almost mythical Cap-l, land of the new formalists, said that what they wanted was (paraphrased) a real snail darter, McCarthyite, sonnet-writing list (wish I could quote exactly, it was beautifully expressed). Disappointingly, the new formalists don't seem to be over there, although an increasingly Talmudic discussion of metrics among *old* formalists led to frustrated explosions from other members of the list, and then to silence. Still, the longing was there, for the *other*, whatever weird web-footed creature that might be. In fact, the most interesting thing that did happen on Cap-l, before its apparent demise, was a dialogue between Ron Silliman and Alfred Corn on "parallel traditions" in which I learned vastly more about Silliman's work than I ever have on POETICS. Why might that be?

More questions, asked with affection and respect...

Rachel Loden

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387. **Jim Pangborn**

Re: ringing renga

Thu 10 Aug 1995

maria damon writes,

> pangborn writes:

>> Aha: I thought Dodie might have meant that the offending post portrayed

>> Russian

>> caucasians like Trotsky as congenitally unable to keep from exploiting
needy

>> third-world lab technicians, setting up sweatshops despite his professedly

>> communist political stance. Thanks for setting me straight on that.

>

> is this anti-semitic?--md

Yikes--flames smart, and smart flames smart the more smartly.

But no, not anti-semitic except to those who think of semites as a race. They're
no more so than are Mexicans--which is what I was kidding about before Jorge
decided, in all sincerity, that he had to spell it all out.

Dig: that irony gets all over everything around here. Like the dude says in *The
Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, like, if you mess with it you're gonna get some on
ya, like, like it or not, dude.

--Jim

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388. **Steve Carll**

Re: JG others and us

Fri 11 Aug 1995

>pangborn writes:

>> Tony Green <[REDACTED]> asks:

>> >

>> >to Alan Sondheim (& Survivors - of the 60s/70s all) is it still cool

>> >to say Right On?

>> >

>>

>> No. Say that and I promise I'll punch your lights out.

>>

> excuse me i say right on and groovy all the time. others impute an irony
to my

>using those phrases (assuming no one could say them "straight" anymore),
but i'm

>just saying it. saying it. saying it. come to mpls and i'll say it for you a
>coupla times. or rather, since i'm going on sabbatical, come to cape cod
(YAY!)
>and i'll say it for you a coupla times.--md

Certain phenomena, I would argue, can only be adequately described (and
"adequately" is a judgment call on my part, of course) by the use of the word
"groovy." So, right on, Maria, I'm with you. (In spirit only, natch.)

Steve

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389. **Thomas Bell**

Re: Padgett's definition

Fri 11 Aug 1995

From what I have seen the point is that this is a
transformation of the "renga" to a contemporary
electronic medium. there are patterns and traditions
evolving here.

Or, renga-ignorance is bliss.
Tom Bell

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390. **Thomas Bell**

Your Mail

Fri 11 Aug 1995

Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

->On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:
->
->> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
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->> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
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->> (inspection
->> > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
->> > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
->> > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
->> > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho, kook!"
->Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco warehouse,
->curls
->no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
->cleaners
->having recovered from the chemicals of deadlines drop stitched into
the ball Kevin Mitchell bare
handed. Baseball sold
out. cash stricken stricken.
Would that as a poet I had
the chance to do something like

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391. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: your mail

Fri 11 Aug 1995

>On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

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curls
>no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
>

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392. **Anmarie Trimble**

Re: JG others and us

Fri 11 Aug 1995

*Gee, I suppose swell is too square, eh? I dunno, I'm a seventies child
polluted by eighties lingo. Choice language, for bitchin folk. What
about nifty? Or is that fifties, daddyo?*

Way! Say anything but dude.

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393. **Thomas Bell**

Your Mail

Fri 11 Aug 1995

Sheila E.

Murphy wrote:

->On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

->

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the ball Kevin Mitchell bare
handed. Baseball sold
out. cash stricken stricken.
Would that as a poet I had
the chance to do something like

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394. **Charles Alexander**
why renga, why not sonnet?

Fri 11 Aug 1995

In response to Rachel Loden's

*And is it the "exoticism" of renga (the non-whiteness of them?)
that makes them glam enough for us to fool around with, when
for the most part, we wouldn't be caught dead in the McCarthyite
"market strategy" of sonnet-writing (Ted Berrigan and others
notwithstanding)?*

Thought I'd ask...

Possibly, but I think people basically are getting some joy from inventing lines of poetry (and yes, many graceful, intriguing ones) and from the people with whom they are inventing -- whether it be renga or sonnet or villanelle. Although perhaps no matter what the form, we would be circumventing and developing it wholly without consideration of what its historical shape and function are.

Rachel, does Padgett say or imply then, that in a traditional renga, alternating stanzas are written by different poets, rather than alternate lines being written by different poets?

all best,
charles

charles alexander [=====^=====]
[<>]
chax press [maybe a <> pages]
[time <> letters]
phone & fax: [upon <> frames]
[once <> motion]
e-mail: [<>]
[=====vv=====]

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395. **Charles Alexander**

Re: Your Mail

Fri 11 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
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handed. Baseball sold

out. cash stricken stricken.
Would that as a poet I had
the chance to do something like

grace the outfield, hands bare
from ringing, washing scales
of passion's conformity never
minding a green surface, far
cry from eternity, kitchen table

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396. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: JG others and us

Fri 11 Aug 1995

There was a book about a decade ago - The 60s without Apology I think) (edited by Stanley Aronowitz - I forget the details) with an article on 60s language, its relation to the body, its body-centeredness (body- states, meanderings) - and how these terms have been lost as the body's been resutured, recuperated as Kristeva's clean and proper body (my own interpretation, see Powers of Horror), everything conjoined once again. So that JG and others can be seen in light of that, re: Blake again, the open body, vibes, a language breaking through language, report from the flesh - Alan -

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397. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: ARRORENGA

Fri 11 Aug 1995

On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

Louis Cabri wrote

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
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the cool float of heretocracy he'd read was poles apart from
pastures
que j'essuie comme la loi, saisie, monstrueux
Mayakovky govoril o pants and the tailoring was fine
in d.s. where [[no one] [didn't like sarah lee]] hated her. An

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398. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Fri 11 Aug 1995

On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

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bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection

denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho, kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners
having recovered from the chemicals of deadlines drop stitched into
the mowers that be cut here cut and find your motionlessness you'd only

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399. **Jorge Guitart**
Re: Padgett's definition

Fri 11 Aug 1995

Welcome Rachel and thanks.

Another nonwhite thing which (unlike amateur (i.e. `lover') renga) is marketable is the pantoum. We should look into that.

So long as I "have" "my" `coffee' `I' will not be `caught' "dead " in the "marketplace" `of' "ideas".

Query: Who was the McCarthy who wrote sonnets or promoted them?

On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Rachel Loden wrote:

From _Handbook of Poetic Forms_, edited by Ron Padgett:

"Renga are long, image-filled poems written in alternating stanzas of three lines and two lines, usually by a group of poets who take turns. In Japan, where renga originated as a party game, poets used to make renga of 1,000 or more stanzas, although 100 stanzas was the usual length. The great poet Matsuo Basho (1644-1694) preferred renga of thirty-six stanzas, and this continues to be the popular length today. ...Renga do not read like stories; each stanza "links" to the one before it, but not to the one before that...The first six or eight stanzas are like the beginning of a party, when people introduce one another, a bit formally. In the middle twenty to twenty-four stanzas the party warms up, with stanzas that include humor and the whole range of human emotions. A renga ends with six or eight stanzas that move quickly through closely related images, with simple, straightforward linking, like the end of the party, when everyone gets ready to go home. Traditionally, the last stanza has a spring image, indicating hopefulness and peace..." Etc., including examples.

I'm finding many of the posted "renga" lines very graceful, and am all for playfulness, the posting of poems, use of received

forms. But does anyone else find it weird, at least, that we are writing so-called renga, and kvetching about so-called renga, when for the most part we have no idea what they are?

And is it the "exoticism" of renga (the non-whiteness of them?) that makes them glam enough for us to fool around with, when for the most part, we wouldn't be caught dead in the McCarthyite "market strategy" of sonnet-writing (Ted Berrigan and others notwithstanding)?

Thought I'd ask...

Rachel Loden

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400. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: pardonnez-moi! enfin, c'est la brume de 'traduction'...

Fri 11 Aug 1995

On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >would calmness be without the stain of possession and
> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> >& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> >flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> >halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > (inspection
> >prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long
> division
> >with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
> >collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for
> >outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
> >My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss "The Code of

> the Net"
> >and he is transparent like Victor the Vector getting home
> >& Hector the Protector sent back by the Queen
> >of Wands, who willed her magic to free political sentences
> >and wake us from such dreams. He stayed in to practice
> the cool float of heretocracy he'd read was poles apart from
> pastures
> que j'essuie comme la loi, saisie, monstrueuse
chartreuse et delicieuse but let's get to business and see what

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401. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Fri 11 Aug 1995

On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:
> >
> >> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
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> >> > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> >> (inspection
> >> > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> >> > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> >> > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> >> > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho, kook!"
> >Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco warehouse,
curls
> >no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry

cleaners

> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
the day the earth stood still and Klaatu & Gort had a party on the ship
>

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402. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: Baudelaire

Fri 11 Aug 1995

On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Burt Kimmelman [REDACTED] wrote:

*Forgive my typo: a misidentified "saint": change "Pound of St. Jerome" to
Pound OR St. Jerome.*

On the contrary, Burt, I think the typo is awfully interesting, and I plan to free-associate on "a pound of St. Jerome" later. Is worth an ounce of = ??

Gwyn

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403. **maria damon**

Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania

Fri 11 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

> What used to get baseball purists mad at Kevin Mitchell was that he
> had enormous skills but did not know much about baseball, and said
> that it was just the money he was interested in, and he was no
> baseball fan. I think that bothered his detractors more than his
> scrapes with the law.

wow, that actually makes him sound rather interesting to me. what were his scrapes w/ the law?--md

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404. **maria damon**

Re: ARRORENGA

Fri 11 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

> Louis Cabri wrote
>

> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >would calmness be without the stain of possession and
> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
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> >flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> >halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
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> >outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
> >My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss "The Code of
> the Net"
> >and he is transparent like Victor the Vector getting home
> >& Hector the Protector sent back by the Queen
> >of Wands, who willed her magic to free political sentences
> >and wake us from such dreams. He stayed in to practice
> >the cool float of heretocracy he'd read was poles apart from
> pastures
> >que j'essuie comme la loi, saisie, monstrueux
> Mayakovsky govoril o pants and the tailoring was fine
and i saw, believe it or not, what mankind believes itself to have seen

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405. **maria damon**

Re: JG others and us

Fri 11 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group
writes:

> Hey, Maria, Right On!

>
> I mean Far Out!
>
> Yr Too Much in my book.
>
> Hell, I think I say "Solid!" from time to time.
> GB

hey george, i dig u the most. the first time i heard a guy say that, i really thought he did. i mean, i didn't know it was just an expression of hipster hyperbole. now i say it all the time, every opportunity. jorge, i dig you the most too. you too gabrielle, and of course, brian h and dodie b. and all you others out there in cyperpoetics lang-scape, i dig youse the mostest.--md

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406. **maria damon**

Re: Renga 11

Fri 11 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

> In the books were dreams, and
that was that.

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407. **Rachel Loden**

poet and statesman

Fri 11 Aug 1995

Jorge,

The reference is to Senator Joe, (R-Wisconsin). We have yet to find his cache of sonnets--and what a discovery that will be--but he was symbolized, in my red-diaper babyhood, by the men in suits at the door...

Rachel

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408. **maria damon**

Re: Padgett's definition

Fri 11 Aug 1995

rachel writes:

> And is it the "exoticism" of renga (the non-whiteness of them?)

> that makes them glam enough for us to fool around with, when
> for the most part, we wouldn't be caught dead in the McCarthyite
> "market strategy" of sonnet-writing (Ted Berrigan and others
> notwithstanding)?
>
> Thought I'd ask...
>
> Rachel Loden

shall i compare thee to a summer's minnesota thundershower? thought i'd
ask...feel free to add on--md

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409. **maria damon**

Re: Renga 11

Fri 11 Aug 1995

ryan k writes:

jerry garcia's

In your dreams

In the books were dreams, and

> >

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410. **maria damon**

Re: Padgett's definition

Fri 11 Aug 1995

sondheim writes:

>...

> Although the obvious is never true

> I'd think, at least in email, imho.

> Cut the ranks of renga's weary tone,

> Our ignorance, or throw the form a bone.

what's imho?--md

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411. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: ARRORENGA

Fri 11 Aug 1995

On Fri, 11 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

> In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:
> > Louis Cabri wrote
> >
> > >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
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> > >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
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> > >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
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> > >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > >Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > >& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > >kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
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> > >outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
> > >My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss "The Code of
> > the Net"
> > >and he is transparent like Victor the Vector getting home
> > >& Hector the Protector sent back by the Queen
> > >of Wands, who willed her magic to free political sentences
> > >and wake us from such dreams. He stayed in to practice
> > >the cool float of heretocracy he'd read was poles apart from
> > pastures
> > >que j'essuie comme la loi, saisie, monstrueux
> > Mayakovky govoril o pants and the tailoring was fine
> and i saw, believe it or not, what mankind believes itself to have seen
side by side with womankind vying for the stereoscope

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412. **maria damon**

Re: "marketing strategies"

Fri 11 Aug 1995

rachel writes:

>

>

- > It seems to me that theory, not form, is the real marketing
- > strategy, in literature at least. In science a theory is
- > used to test a hypothesis, but in literature theory is used,
- > far too often, to carry a whole school of writers--the bad
- > along with the good--into prominence. It is used as an excuse
- > to stop thinking, to stop reading widely, to circle the
- > wagons. It is, essentially, fear, in an intellectual form.
- > Rather than testing a hypothesis, and breaking new ground,
- > theory in literary hands seems to be used as an instrument of
- > enforcement, prescribing the sorts of poems (or fictions or
- > whatever) which are to be written.

rachel, it seems to me that anything can be used this way becuz face it, academia is not full of original, intellectually adventurous sorts, and categorization can be used as intellectual shorthand for not dealing with ideas. "theory" is, i think, just a word, when u think of, say, the differences between lacan, deleuze and stuart hall, it seems incongruous that the same word is used to either fetishize or dismiss them. but i agree that labels and categories more often stultify than enable thinking and engagement. i never read the "objectivists" before this summer, when i saw carl rakosi read at naropa and was

captivated, because i was put off by the category and terminology of "objectivist" --i thought one had to be really smart to read them, so i never did.

>

- > I was fascinated when someone on this list, looking for the
- > almost mythical Cap-I, land of the new formalists, said that
- > what they wanted was (paraphrased) a real snail darter,
- > McCarthyite, sonnet-writing list (wish I could quote exactly,
- > it was beautifully expressed).

i could tell you a lot about the politics of this list, the cap-I, since many of the originating participants are in my department. mcCarthyite is not, in my view, too strong a term. i'm glad the list has been injected w/ silliman, stroffolino and other people with brains, open minds and reasonable politics, who can rise above the knee-jerk conservatism of some of these folks (many of them boycotted a recent reading by kathleen frazer because they'd heard a

rumor

that she was a "language poet.") i coujld go on and on, but the whole thing makes me really angry and that's indecorous.

>

> More questions, asked with affection and respect...

>

yes, please, keep em coming...--md

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413. **maria damon**

Re: ringing renga

Fri 11 Aug 1995

pangborn writes:

> maria damon writes,

> > pangborn writes:

> > > Aha: I thought Dodie might have meant that the offending post portrayed

> > > Russian

> > > caucasians like Trotsky as congenitally unable to keep from exploiting

> > > needy

> > > third-world lab technicians, setting up sweatshops despite his professedly

> > > communist political stance. Thanks for setting me straight on that.

> >

> > is this anti-semitic?--md

>

> Yikes--flames smart, and smart flames smart the more smartly.

>

> But no, not anti-semitic except to those who think of semites as a race.

> They're no more so than are Mexicans--which is what I was kidding about

> before Jorge decided, in all sincerity, that he had to spell it all out.

>

> Dig: that irony gets all over everything around here. Like the dude says

> in *_The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test_*, like, if you mess with it you're gonna

> get some on ya, like, like it or not, dude.

>

> --Jim

cool, bro, truce, couldn't resist, like, is "caucasian" a race? is there such a thing as race? and yes, i did sense irony, but that sense was overborne (?) by that other sense. peace, man--md

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414. **maria damon**

Re: your mail

Fri 11 Aug 1995

sheila m writes:

> >On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

> >

> >> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> >> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> >> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> >> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> >> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> >> > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> >> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> >> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> >> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> >> > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> >> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> >> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

> >> > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

> >> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

> >> > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's

> >> > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance

> >> (inspection

> >> > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing

> >> > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several

> >> > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango

> >> > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho, kook!"

> >Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco warehouse,

> curls

> >no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry

> cleaners

> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience

the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers

> >

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415. **maria damon**

Re: JG others and us

Fri 11 Aug 1995

steve writes:

>

> Certain phenomena, I would argue, can only be adequately described (and
> "adequately" is a judgment call on my part, of course) by the use of the
> word "groovy." So, right on, Maria, I'm with you. (In spirit only, natch.)
>
> Steve
come back, o gary sullivan!--md

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416. **maria damon**

Re: JG others and us

Fri 11 Aug 1995

sondheim writes:

> There was a book about a decade ago - The 60s without Apology I think)
> (edited by Stanley Aronowitz - I forget the details) with an article on
> 60s language, its relation to the body, its body-centeredness (body-
> states, meanderings) - and how these terms have been lost as the body's
> been resutured, recuperated as Kristeva's clean and proper body (my own
> interpretation, see Powers of Horror), everything conjoined once again.
> So that JG and others can be seen in light of that, re: Blake again, the
> open body, vibes, a language breaking through language, report from the
> flesh - Alan -

a resounding right on here!

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417. **Robert Drake**

Re: Padgett's definition

Fri 11 Aug 1995

From _Handbook of Poetic Forms_, edited by Ron Padgett:

"Renga are long, image-filled poems written in alternating stanzas of three lines and two lines, usually by a group of poets who take turns. In Japan, where renga originated as a party game, poets used to make renga of 1,000 or more stanzas, although 100 stanzas was the usual length."

&&&

Rachel, does Padgett say or imply then, that in a traditional renga, alternating stanzas are written by different poets, rather than alternate lines being written by different poets?

i believe that the terms "stanzas" and "lines" (and, for that matter, "syllable") are not _exact_ translations for

what actually happens in Japanese--some translators,
for instance, render Japanese haiku as a single line...

from *_From The Country of Eight Islands_*, edited by Hiroaki Sato & Burton
Watson:

"Toward the end of the Heian period, poets composing in the tanka form began to follow a tendency to divide the 31-syllable form and organize images into two smaller parts of 5-7-5 and 7-7 syllables. By the fourteenth century, such a division had made dominant the poetic form of renga, in which usually two or more poets wrote alternating 5-7-5 and 7-7 syllable parts. Although any two consecutive parts--but not more--of a renga were to relate directly, such linking did permit the development of longer poetic structures...The amount of concentration and cooperation required for successful renga composition might be compared with the challenge of playing chamber music: in both cases, each participant must listen carefully to his companions as well as to himself in order to keep the momentum going. The pleasure of "performing" poetry in a group, already an important element in the tanka contests of the imperial court, flowered in the cooperative esthetic of the renga."

the translations this book provide seem to render the parts (5-7-5 and 7-7 "syllable" "lines") as single English lines; most but not all of these parts are by alternating poets, but occasionally a single poet will contribute several parts in a row...

also:

"in content, there were two kinds of renga: the formal serious kind that stressed elegance in the court poetry tradition, and the light humorous kind that stressed earthiness and realism. The latter, known as haikai no renga or simply haikai, often overwhelmed the serious renga in sheer popularity...

hmmm... i wonder which of those two kinds we're most akin to here?...

and i wonder if those tanka contests were like poetry slams??

as always

luigi

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418. **maria damon**

Re: pardonnez-moi! enfin, c'est la brume de 'traduction'...

Fri 11 Aug 1995

jorge writes:

> On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

>

> > >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
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> > >My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss "The Code of
> > the Net"
> > >and he is transparent like Victor the Vector getting home
> > >& Hector the Protector sent back by the Queen
> > >of Wands, who willed her magic to free political sentences
> > >and wake us from such dreams. He stayed in to practice
> > the cool float of heretocracy he'd read was poles apart from
> > pastures
> > que j'essuie comme la loi, saisie, monstrueuse
> chartreuse et delicieuse but let's get to business and see what'
s in that rare air-guitar garage, maybe a tarte du jour or

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419. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: ringing renga

Fri 11 Aug 1995

On Fri, 11 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

| pangborn writes:
| maria damon writes,

pangborn writes:

Aha: I thought Dodie might have meant that the offending post portrayed Russian

caucasians like Trotsky as congenitally unable to keep from exploiting needy

third-world lab technicians, setting up sweatshops despite his professedly communist political stance. Thanks for setting me straight on that.

is this anti-semitic?--md

Yikes--flames smart, and smart flames smart the more smartly.

But no, not anti-semitic except to those who think of semites as a race. They're no more so than are Mexicans--which is what I was kidding about before Jorge decided, in all sincerity, that he had to spell it all out.

*Dig: that irony gets all over everything around here. Like the dude says in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, like, if you mess with it you're gonna get some on ya, like, like it or not, dude.*

--Jim

cool, bro, truce, couldn't resist, like, is "caucasian" a race? is there such a thing as race? and yes, i did sense irony, but that sense was overborne (?) by that other sense. peace, man--md

on race dig The History and
Geography of Human Genes by Luca Cavalli-Sforza, Paolo Menozzi and
Alberto Piazza, Princeton University Press 1994.

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420. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Fri 11 Aug 1995

On Fri, 11 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

> sheila m writes:

> > > On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

> > >

> > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

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> > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

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> > >Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse,
> > curls
> > >no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
> > cleaners
> > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore

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421. **Fred E. Maus**

New list

Fri 11 Aug 1995

I am starting a new mailing list, collab-mus, for discussion of collaborative music-making that involves improvisation. My own interest centers on relatively recent real-time interactive composition related to post-war avant garde traditions (for instance, Stockhausen's *Aus den Seiben Tagen*, Oliveros's *Sonic Meditations*, the *Inter/Play* sessions of Boretz, Randall, and others), but discussions of interactive improvisation in any kind of music will be appropriate.

Contributions to the list could include scores for interactions; reports of experiences as performer or listener; discussions of aesthetic, ethical, and political issues; reports and discussions on analogous collaborative enterprises in media other than sound (for instance, collaborative poetry-writing; MOOing). In keeping with the topic, the list is

unmoderated and will take whatever direction its contributors give it.

command "subscribe collab-mus" followed by your email address. (If you give no address, the return address of the message will be subscribed.)

--

Fred Everett Maus Dept phone [REDACTED]
Department of Music Home phone [REDACTED]
University of Virginia Fax to dept [REDACTED]
Charlottesville VA 22903 e-mail [REDACTED]

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422. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: pardonnez-moi! enfin, c'est la brume de 'traduction'...

Fri 11 Aug 1995

On Fri, 11 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

> jorge writes:

> > On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

> >

> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > > would calmness be without the stain of possession and

> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

> > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

> > > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's

> > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance

> > > > (inspection

> > > > prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long

> > > > division

> > > > with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone

> > > > collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for

> > > > outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home

> > > > My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss "The Code of
> > > the Net"
> > > > and he is transparent like Victor the Vector getting home
> > > > & Hector the Protector sent back by the Queen
> > > > of Wands, who willed her magic to free political sentences
> > > > and wake us from such dreams. He stayed in to practice
> > > the cool float of heretocracy he'd read was poles apart from
> > > pastures
> > > que j'essuie comme la loi, saisie, monstrueuse
> > chartreuse et delicieuse but let's get to business and see what'
> s in that rare air-guitar garage, maybe a tarte du jour or
a genessee quah genessee cum but je dig tu diges, nous digons!

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423. Willa Jarnagin

Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak

Fri 11 Aug 1995

On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Ryan Knighton wrote:

*Gee, I suppose swell is too square, eh? I dunno, I'm a seventies child
polluted by eighties lingo. Choice language, for bitchin folk. What
about nifty? Or is that fifties, daddyo?*

I'm a seventies kid too and find myself using cool, awesome, excellent, and have recently picked up chill, take a pill, well-fuck-me-Jesus (oh, I think I made that one up), fuckwad, fuckhead... and meanwhile constantly weeding my "likes". And remember wicked? Wicked excellent. Also I've taken to refering to myself in my less noble moments as a hosebeast. I suppose Wayne and Garth have influenced my language more than Bernadette Mayer even.

That's kind of, like, depressing.

Anybody have favorite swears? Preferably offensive to somebody's religion, race, creed, ethnicity, veteran status, disability, gender, or sexual orientation -- just not mine.

;))

(Hey, we should invent "smiley" swears.) Figure this one out: ****

And now, for serious discussion: what do people think of swears in poetry? Speaking of Bernadette Mayer--I think she uses them beautifully.

Wicked Willa the Hosebeast

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424. **Herb Levy**

Re: Renga 11: Invasion from Mars

Fri 11 Aug 1995

maria damon writes:

ryan k writes:
jerry garcia's
In your dreams
In the books were dreams, and

the child woke up & the renga was over.

Herb Levy



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425. **Herb Levy**

Re: Padgett's definition

Fri 11 Aug 1995

rachel writes:
And is it the "exoticism" of renga (the non-whiteness of them?)
that makes them glam enough for us to fool around with, when
for the most part, we wouldn't be caught dead in the McCarthyite
"market strategy" of sonnet-writing (Ted Berrigan and others
notwithstanding)?

Thought I'd ask...

Rachel Loden

shall i compare thee to a summer's minnesota thundershower?
thought i'd ask...feel free to add on--md

That's a haiku, not the first line of a sonnet.

Herb Levy



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426. **Jordan Davis.**

Exquisite Renga

Fri 11 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
would calmness be without the stain of possession and

The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
prickling with tenors, saving arrogance for free choice, long division
with its equally long aftertaste, or did its overtone
collapse a wild sugar ago the fleet of cabernet oblivions for
outrage. Marketing posture allowed gravel a way home
My dream a drink w/ Douglas Coupland. We discuss "The Code of the Net"
and he is transparent like Victor the Vector getting home
& Hector the Protector sent back by the Queen
of Wands, who willed her magic to free political sentences
and wake us from such dreams. He stayed in to practice
the cool float of heretocracy he'd read was poles apart from pastures
que j'essuie comme la loi, saisie, monstrueuse
chartreuse et delicieuse but let's get to business and see what's in that
rare air-guitar garage, maybe a tarte du jour or
a genessee quah genessee cum but je dig tu diges, nous digons!
Qui pleure la, sinon le vent simple, a cette heure

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427. **Jordan Davis.**

jive supplant

Fri 11 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho, kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco warehouse,
curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
Jive shiva a serpent quiver neigh-dom a mortar

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428. **Jordan Davis.**
among the spoilsports

Fri 11 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's

halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho, kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco warehouse,
curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners
having recovered from the chemicals of deadlines drop stitched into
the ball Kevin Mitchell bare
handed. Baseball sold
out. cash stricken struck.
Would that as a poet I had
the chance to do something like

grace the outfield, hands bare
from ringing, washing scales
of passion's conformity never
minding a green surface, far
cry from eternity, kitchen table

bleached down, a firecracker
cold as the buckles on my sandals
as the wesleyans come in the room
and hang up their robes and go
down to the fellowship hall

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429. **Jordan Davis.**
Padgett's Handbook

Fri 11 Aug 1995

A note from the publisher:

The definition of the renga is from *The Teachers & Writers Handbook of Poetic Forms*, edited by Ron Padgett, \$13.95 paper, \$22.95 cloth, 230 pp. (+ \$3.50 s/h). You can order it from me at Teachers & Writers Collaborative, 5 Union Square West, NY NY 10003. Or you can call [REDACTED].

Thanks,
Jordan

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430. **Jordan Davis.**

reading at Biblio's

Fri 11 Aug 1995

If it's not too e-gauche to post two advertisements the same day, I'd like to invite list-readers in the NY area to a reading on Sunday August 20th at 5 pm, at the Biblios Cafe. Biblios is located on Church Street between Lispenard and Walker (meaning it's around the corner from the Pearl Paint on Canal Street). I'll be reading with my friend Tim Griffin, who writes for the Print Collector's Newsletter and whose play, "Fingerprints", will be staged this fall.

Jordan Davis

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431. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: Renga 11: Invasion from Mars

Fri 11 Aug 1995

I've never seen a renga quite lik ethis. Every line is competing to be the last. It's the Blob and we're in trouble.

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432. **Pierre Joris**

Query

Fri 11 Aug 1995

Would anybody know how I can get in touch with Forrest gander (phone; address; e-mail)? You can backchannel to me -- I'd hate to innerupt da renga...

pierre

=====
=====

Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."

Dept. of English | --Paul Celan

SUNY Albany |

Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots

tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet

email: | drawn up plans for the first coup."

[REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne

=====
=====

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433. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak

Fri 11 Aug 1995

My father picked up my mother's family's Polish pieties and used them as swears: "Matka boskiej Czestochowa!" He also coined my all-time favorite swear: "Jesus H. Christ on a fucking life raft!"

The all-time great swear in poetry has to be Larkin's "They fuck you up, your mum and dad."

Gwyn McVay



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434. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak

Fri 11 Aug 1995

Interesting, since I just said to GB that nobody can swear or say CRAP quite like Sharon Thesen (thinking of her poem to Brian Fawcett: oooh, nasty nasty; love that stuff) There's fine use of bad language in poetry. I mean, I didn't know whang had an h in it. Learn somethin everyday.

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435. **Pierre Joris**

Re: Query

Fri 11 Aug 1995

Thanks to everyone for quickly getting back with Gander's address -- at times the net works better than dialing 5551212

=====

Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."
Dept. of English | --Paul Celan
SUNY Albany |
Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots
tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet
email: [REDACTED] | drawn up plans for the first coup."
[REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne

=====

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436. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: "marketing strategies"

Fri 11 Aug 1995

dear rachel loden--thanks for your thoughtful response to herb levy about the cliquishness---whether or not the CAp-L people are McCarthyites I think must be an oversimplification--I catch myself speaking of "formally conservative poets" as conservatives, and am glad I have a couple of AWP-type friends. Of course, the "left",("this list we're on", whatever....) does tend to elide the difference between the more working class Levine types and the more James Merrill types --and I think there should be more dialogue between "various factions" rather than the balkanized inbreeding of any clique--and though i myself have not written "sonnets" since I tried some puerile ones long ago--I am definitely open to discussion of them--There does seem to be an abiding distaste of anything that seems "conservative." I mean, even Phillip Larkin (WHO HATED JAZZ and was politically conservative) in his poems at times seems to speak from a leftist perspective--or could be read as such---furthermore, there is something VERY GENERATIVE in his work that it seems ridiculous for someone to deny on ostensibly "political" grounds--It seems many readers are so queasy about "the great tradition" as if the mere act of reading a fascist (oh, an dissertations on Yeats "fascist metrics" abound) WILL MAKE YOU (i mean ONE) a fascist.... And maybe Rachel (though your question was probably rhetorical) the reason you learned something from the Corn-Silliman debate was because it was NOT as claustrophobic as the little "divided left" debates that occur here (the L poets vs. the M--remember that one!)--I hope for more of such--so thank you, Chris Stroffolino

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437. **Burt Kimmelman**

vacation

Fri 11 Aug 1995

Fellow Interscriputors:

I am going on vacation and am signing off the list for a while; i can be reached backchannel (replies may be tardy).

Burt Kimmelman

██████████

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438. **maria damon**

Re: Padgett's definition

Fri 11 Aug 1995

herb writes:

> > rachel writes:

> >> And is it the "exoticism" of renga (the non-whiteness of them?)

> >> that makes them glam enough for us to fool around with, when

> >> for the most part, we wouldn't be caught dead in the McCarthyite

> >> "market strategy" of sonnet-writing (Ted Berrigan and others

> >> notwithstanding)?

> >>

> >> Thought I'd ask...

> >>

> >> Rachel Loden

> >

> >shall i compare thee to a summer's minnesota thundershower?

> >thought i'd ask...feel free to add on--md

>

> That's a haiku, not the first line of a sonnet.

>

>

>

> Herb Levy

> [REDACTED]

so sue me. i lie corrected.--md

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439. **maria damon**

Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak

Fri 11 Aug 1995

willa the j writes:

> On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Ryan Knighton wrote:

>

> > Gee, I suppose swell is too square, eh? I dunno, I'm a seventies child

> > polluted by eighties lingo. Choice language, for bitchin folk. What

> > about nifty? Or is that fifties, daddyo?

>

> I'm a seventies kid too and find myself using cool, awesome, excellent,

> and have recently picked up chill, take a pill, well-fuck-me-Jesus (oh, I

> think I made that one up), fuckwad, fuckhead... and meanwhile constantly

> weeding my "likes". And remember wicked? Wicked excellent. Also I've
> taken to refering to myself in my less noble moments as a hosebeast. I
> suppose Wayne and Garth have influenced my language more than
Bernadette
> Mayer even.
>
> That's kind of, like, depressing.
>
> Anybody have favorite swears? Preferably offensive to somebody's
> religion, race, creed, ethnicity, veteran status, disability, gender, or
> sexual orientation -- just not mine.
>
> ;)
>
> (Hey, we should invent "smiley" swears.) Figure this one out: ****
>
> And now, for serious discussion: what do people think of swears in poetry?
> Speaking of Bernadette Mayer--I think she uses them beautifully.
>
>
> Wicked Willa the Hosebeast

does anyone else from boston remember the laudatory adjective "pissa"? as in, that's a wicked pissa shirt, man. when i taught at the full circle high school i overheard a writing teacher trying to get this one kid to use adjectives other than "good" to describe the way a band played. the kid wrote, saying it aloud as he did in that questioning voice people use when trying to supply synonyms, "they played wicked pissa."

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440. **maria damon**

Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak

Fri 11 Aug 1995

my favorite expressions actually pertain to mental illness, such as, the lights are on but nobody's home; she's a few fries short of a happy meal, so and so's round the bend, lost her marbles, off to the funny farm hurry let's go, friggin' in the riggin', a total fruitcake/nutcase, etc. i know there're other favorites i'm forgetting right now. i'd love to expand my repertoire. i dont know why i find them so amusing. maybe cuz it's a "heavy subject." also for death: so and so cashed in his chips, bit the dust, kicked, etc. One of the expressions that my father used for food --"shit on a shingle" --meaning, i think, corned beef hash on toast, has been adopted by me as a "swear." what is a swear, anyway?

obscurity? language defaming religious figures or beliefs? both? in the 70s when we didn't like something, we'd say it "sucks moose."

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441. **maria damon**

Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak

Fri 11 Aug 1995

The all-time great swear in poetry has to be Larkin's "They fuck you up, your mum and dad."

Gwyn McVay

or john lennon, "they're still fuckin' peasants as far as I can see."

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442. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: your mail

Fri 11 Aug 1995

>On Fri, 11 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

>

>> sheila m writes:

>> > On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

>> > >

>> > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>> > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>> > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>> > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

>> > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>> > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>> > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>> > > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

>> > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

>> > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

>> > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

>> > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

>> > > > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's

>> > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance

>> > > > (inspection)

>> > >> > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
>> > >> > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
>> > >> > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>> > >> > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
>> > >Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse,
>> > curls
>> > >no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
>> > cleaners
>> > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments to be

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443. **George Bowering**

Re: West Coast Line

Fri 11 Aug 1995

This is an embarrassed message to Mark Wallace, and this is the reason why I am using the open net. Mark, I have, oh this is hard to believe, lost your address AGAIN. I have turned the whole house upside down, even looking thru books and bookmarks.

The mag is out, and there's a copy and a cheque waiting to be sent to you. It is a beaut of an issue. If yr on here, please forgive me and send address again. I can be backchannelled at

██████████

By the way, if Mark aint on here, can somebody send me an address?

By the way, this issue of *West Coast Line* has a nifty 14-pp poem by Steve Mccaffery in it.

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444. **Rachel Loden**

theory (for Maria D)

Fri 11 Aug 1995

Dear Maria,

Yes, you're right, I did overstate my case on theory in the snit of the moment. There is some pleasure in it, in the right hands: things sifted, brought to light...

Rachel Loden

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445. **Reginald Johanson**

Favourite swears and Seventies

Fri 11 Aug 1995

I heard one last night while listening to Ani Difranco: it's my faviourite now and I intend to use it often: "Fuck you very mich."

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446. **Rod Smith**

Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak

Fri 11 Aug 1995

re Larkin's "They fuck you up" -- Raworth has comment on that in the _Exact Change Annual_ which reads ". . . the terrible drabness of Larkin (whom I imagine wrote "They tuck you up/your mum and dad" then rode the wave of a typo)."

not seventies, but a recent citing, Padgett seems to be getting mentioned alot, in his memoir _Ted_ he mentions "freaked his gobble" as in "Man, I freaked her gobble!"

a W.Va. bit I like is "Holy Mackeral Andy!" as an expression of pleasant surprise. Another one is "Heck-A-Fire-Wiz!" -- the "meaning" of that one is not exactly clear.

But, I have to say nothing yet touches the aforementioned "Well fuck me Jesus."
--Rod

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447. **Thomas Bell**

Re: ringing renga

Fri 11 Aug 1995

*maria damon writes,
pangborn writes:
pangborn writes:
Russian caucasians like Trotsky as congenitally unable to
keep from exploiting needy third-world lab technicians,*

*setting up sweatshops despite his professedly
communist political stance. Thanks for setting me straight on that.*

is this anti-semitic?--md

Yikes--flames smart, and smart flames smart the more smartly.

*But no, not anti-semitic except to those who think of semites
as a race.*

*They're no more so than are Mexicans--which is what I was kidding
about before Jorge decided, in all sincerity, that he had to
spell it all out.*

*Dig: that irony gets all over everything around here.
Like the dude says in _The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test_,
like, if you mess with it you're gonna
get some on ya, like, like it or not, dude.*

--Jim

And back to:

In the books were dreams and in the life there was a book

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448. **Louis Cabri**

(no subject)

Fri 11 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several

mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry cleaners
having recovered from the chemicals of deadlines drop stitched
into
the ball Kevin Mitchell bare
handed. Baseball sold
out. cash stricken struck.
Would that as a poet I had
the chance to do something like
grace the outfield, hands bare
from ringing, washing scales
of passion's conformity never
minding a green surface, far
cry from eternity, kitchen table
bleached down, a firecracker
cold as the buckles on my sandals
as the wesleyans come in the room
and hang up their robes and go
down to the fellowship hall
the garcia posological convention already underway
platform sonneteers
reminisce those hash oil crisis years
when every squib seemed damp & colon slack:
get real, ya doofuses, the Blob is back

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449. **cris cheek**

swearing et al

Fri 11 Aug 1995

Gwynn, I agree with Raworth that the original read 'They tuck you up, your
mum and dad' but a friend riffed off it and he went with the better version
(either that or it was typo and he kept it in at the proofing stage) - anyway,
what price origination?

lingalongarenga
cris

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450. **Susan Schultz**
not a job announcement

Fri 11 Aug 1995

To all:

The creative writing program at the University of Hawai'i does not advertise for its Visiting Distinguished Writers (as they are called), but it is possible to express interest in being one by writing to Prof. Robbie Shapard, Dept of English, 1733 Donaghho Road, U of Hawai'i, Honolulu, HI 96822. The positions are for one semester, and I have no idea what they pay (the going rate, I suspect). Because the process has been so mysterious, the writers have tended to be of a kind, which hasn't been so much a bad thing, as a predictable one. I, for one, would love to see people on this list apply. If anyone wants more information, I can muster it up.

Susan Schultz

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451. **Thomas Bell**
Re: JG others and us

Sat 12 Aug 1995

Headlines in papers here in Nashville indicated that his passing was the end of an era. I'm not sure this is so and his loss might be the ashes (or grave - interesting although morbid question Do Grateful Dead prefer cremation) from which the Phoenix will rise and rekindle some of the spirit or soul of that time.

Tom Bell

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452. **Brian W Horihan**
microcosmic slang

Sat 12 Aug 1995

This talk about seventies-speak got me remembering those strange words kids on my block used before we were brave enough, and before the disintegration of "the block" led us, to use the real swear words. The only one I can think of now that was exclusive to our street was "gary," an adjective or noun meaning something like "awkward, square, feeble," that was meant to deride, e.g., "shut up, you gary" or "you're so gary, get out of here." It had no

etymology, really, b/c no one named gary lived anywhere near us. (apologies to all garys on the list.) --brian

nowdays, however, my favorite interjection is jesus-shit.

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453. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: POETICS Digest

Sat 12 Aug 1995

who is responsible for these guitar rumors?

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454. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: "Mexicans aren't a race." But who is?

Sat 12 Aug 1995

Africans aren't a race either, but that doesn't prevent people from making racist remarks about them --

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455. **Thomas Bell**

Re: Renga 11: Invasion from Mars

Sat 12 Aug 1995

Ryan Knighton writes

>I've never seen a renga quite lik ethis. Every line is
>competing to be the last. It's the Blob and we're in
>trouble. Unless godzilla arranges renga to save
TomBell

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456. **Lindz Williamson**

beardsley

Sat 12 Aug 1995

I'm looking for stuff on Aubrey Beardsley, anybody know of any good sources? I wnat background stuff and a collection of his works. SO far I can only find The Gallatin Collection published in 1952 by Princeston.

thanks, Lindz

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457. **Thomas Bell**

IDAMONG THE SPOILSPORTS

Sat 12 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance (inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho, kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco warehouse,
curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
cleaners
having recovered from the chemicals of deadlines drop stitched into
the ball Kevin Mitchell bare
handed. Baseball sold
out. cash stricken striked.
Would that as a poet I had
the chance to do something like
grace the outfield, hands bare
from ringing, washing scales
of passion's conformity never
minding a green surface, far
cry from eternity, kitchen table
bleached down, a firecracker
cold as the buckles on my sandals
as the wesleyans come in the room

and hang up their robes and go
down to the fellowship hall

McCarthy Birchbark sonnets
screeched on blackboards
and smeared the vanished.
Poetry not written down
Unwritten words do not cringe

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458. **Herb Levy**

Re: "marketing strategies," CAP-L, & the gap (mind it or lose it)

Sat 12 Aug 1995

Rachel Loden wrote:

First, could you define "marketing strategy"? How does it differ from style, say, or any other honey we use, as writers, to catch flies?

If I recall correctly, "marketing strategy" is a rather flip phrase used in a hastily written post to POETICS, used to imply a particularly self-conscious use of a particular range of earlier styles. But you're right, it isn't much different from style. Though in the context of you later statement (about theory, rather than form, being the real marketing strategy in literature, which seems true in many ways), this kind of appropriation of "classical" styles _is_ as much more about theory than it is about form. It just that the theory involved states that forms with enough past history communicate transparently, but that these forms are solid enough to hide the rest of the theory behind them.

<large cut>

I was fascinated when someone on this list, looking for the almost mythical Cap-l, land of the new formalists, said that what they wanted was (paraphrased) a real snail darter, McCarthyite, sonnet-writing list (wish I could quote exactly, it was beautifully expressed).

I've always thought of CAP-L as more of an often neglected (literal, not a BBS) bulletin board in a hallway lined by faculty office with the doors closed, except for the few, very rare, attempts at conversation. In any case, there really don't seem to be a very high percentage of active "new formalists" posting there. Of course, CAP-L is generally quite low volume (especially compared to POETICS, even discounting all of the renga lines, which must be deeply discounted indeed), so it's hard to say who really is there. CAP-L will be good for a few messages as soon as the next "famous" "mainstream" poet dies, or the next "big awards" are announced.

If CAP-L were any less inactive, I might remember to unsubscribe, but now that you remind me, where _did_ I put my copy of the listserv refcard?

<small cut>

In fact, the most interesting thing that did happen on Cap-l, before its apparent demise, was a dialogue between Ron Silliman and Alfred Corn on "parallel traditions" in which I learned vastly more about Silliman's work than I ever have on POETICS. Why might that be?

If this is still directed at me, you're, obviously, asking the wrong person, but I'm willing to make some brief comments.

First, if CAP-L is like a neglected faculty bulletin board, POETICS is more like a bar frequented by people who know a lot about writing within the tradition of poetic innovation (which is probably why Ron Silliman doesn't feel he has to explain his work, or the tradition it comes out of, here).

Second, in some ways, the Silliman/Corn exchange was an example of theory as marketing strategy. Ron Silliman made a very good, best-case description of the tradition of poetic innovation in the context of a group of people who don't seem to question the more staid Norton anthologies very much, though they don't seem to have noticed the more recent, and more diverse, additions to the Norton family of blunt implements. (Talk about marketing strategies as cynicism, but that's a different discussion.) If the Silliman/Corn dialogue got one more faculty member to consider taking a left turn after Lowell or Plath, it was worth it.

But note that forays onto CAP-L by folks from POETICS (at least those since last winter) have invariably ended when someone on CAP-L says "okay, you've made your point about what some of the problems with OUR stuff are, can you give an example of an inferior work in the "parallel tradition," so that we have some kind of idea of how YOUR aesthetics operate." So far no one from POETICS has been willing to say "yeah, here's something that was published in Origin (or Acts, or Aerial, or Alcheringa, or Avec, to go through some of the more recent journals on the shelf behind me) & it is really, really bad."

This leads into what may be a third comment, or at least a kind of meta-comment on POETICS. In exchange for the high level of camaraderie (and the apparently related high degree of renga) available on POETICS, there's a perhaps understandable unwillingness to dig too deeply into any of the stylistic, theoretical, or formal differences that separate POETICS' various denizens.

We don't all appreciate the same works equally, or for the same reasons, on (or off) POETICS, even though we often act as if we do. A few months ago someone

missed the sarcasm (few smileys are seen here at POETICS, I'm happy to say) when I posited the term "the kind of poetry we're all interested in" as a definition of the kind of poetry we're all interested in.

Now, negative definition is a powerful means of bonding a group. But, just because "none of us" are "really" "CAP-L," whatever any of that may mean, doesn't mean we're all the same. To go back to CAP-L example you raised (*example alert*: one could fill in just about any writer's name where I have, in this instance, used the term "Ron Silliman" and the meaning of this sentence would not change), not everyone here likes, or even knows, Ron Silliman's work. In some ways it would be helpful for there to be a more detailed discourse on any specific writer on POETICS. So go ahead & start with whoever you like.

"Mind the gap." The differences on POETICS (even unacknowledged) are a good part of what keeps us together. That, and a tremendous fear of completing a sentence in a neo/non-traditional renga.

At least until the next issue of Apex of the M (& uh, except for Aram Saroyan's, which had 3, and may not really have been an "M" anyway, doesn't every "M" have two apexes?) comes out. But few of the distinctions that came out in that earlier discussion were clear (though they were much belabored), and the clearest distinctions pertained to (the often execrable) editorial politics rather than poetics.

I'm not suggesting that people start badmouthing each other on (or off) POETICS, just calling attention to some of the unacknowledged limitations of having such a happy, renga-loving community "here."

Bests,

Herb Levy



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459. **Charles Bernstein**

The List Itself

Sat 12 Aug 1995

For the second time this week, but only for the third time in the history of the list, there were over 50 messages posted to Poetics on Friday. When this happens the list locks itself automatically, and Listserv sends me a message that I have to unlock it by sending out an unlock message. At 10am this morning I did this and something like 30 messages that had been held were released. I think 50 is a reasonable upper limit for daily messages. But as I

am not online every day, especially during the summer, there is a potential problem here.

As many of you know, if you change your user ID you also need to unsub to Poetics under the old name and resub under the new name or you will not be able to send posts. If you have a problem with this send me a message with the old address and I can delete it manually. You should be able to resub yourself with the new address without problem. If you are having any problem with your account, or our nearing the disk week from servers that have can't deliver a Poetics message and these are, to say the least, a nuisance. The worst instance of this was some mad recycling of bounced messages from one subscriber's system last week, to the tune of 3000 error messages a day for a couple of days, effectively closing my own e-mail account down. Subscribers who bounce messages are removed from the Poetics list so if this happens, once you've solved the problems that caused the messages to bounce, just resub yourself.

All of this reminds me of my commitment to keep the scale of this list on the smaller side, not only because I am committed to small-scale exchanges but also because this particular list is not set up -- _I'm not set up!_ -- to handle more volume than we've now got. I have noted before that sheer volume on a list has as much of a tendency to exclude, by effectively preventing participation by those unable to sort through the volume, as more explicit means of limiting subscription. For some using sophisticated software, or indeed having easier access to the net, sorting through this volume may be less a problem than it is for, I suspect, many Poetics subscribers. This is all changing very quickly. My hope is that with the Eisnerization of the net, we have some basic alternative sites, EPC and Poetics are two models, firmly in place. But I certainly don't have the answers and see Poetics as only one of many possible formats for listserve poetry discussion groups.

I often feel that the time I spend on list maintenance actually keeps me from posting more, but this is, for now, my principal method of participation.

Charles Bernstein

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460. **Chris Scheil**

Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak

Sat 12 Aug 1995

A few choice swears from the bookstore where I work. We make it a point of honor to come up with a couple of new epitaths a week. Heres a crop in current circulation:

1. pizzle-head origin unknown, but probably a derivational coinage from pissant, a word which my boss used once, to the great hilarity of the staff)
2. monkey boy from _Buckaroo Banzai_, a secret slack-generation film classic)
3. hapless catamite coined by a gay friend to describe someone so obsessed with his sexuality that he is unable to carry on a conversation about anything else except "is X gay or straight?"
4. skanky wheezer all variants now in some disfavor, as "skank" is skank-meister currently considered to be a somewhat recherche term. Roi du Skank Also, we are currently experiencing a revival of Ska, and many afficanodos object to the perjorative detournement of what they consider a positive word.)
- 5.hungry-monkey a term coined by Salem--a former Marine--who traces this phrase to his stint in the Phillipines during the Mt. Pinatubo eruption. One of his tasks at the time was to hunt down & shoot gangs of crazed monkeys who would invade the base in search of cast-off MREs(Meals-Ready to Eat--basically, Military TV dinners), & often fight pitched battles against each other with rocks & anything else they could throw.)
6. Mr. Weasel accompanied by the lip-smacking & sucking sounds that this minor Warner Brothers cartoon figure made whenever in the presence of food. Used to describe a lecher or anyone whose demeanor at any time betrays an immodestly excessive interest in the physical attributes or amorous potential of another.)
7. Christ on a bike! (a ejaculatory term of amazement. My college friend Pat says that this is an common phrase from the Michigan UP, though I've never heard anyone but my co-workers say it.)
8. Pendejocito a variation from the classic by my roommate Hugo to describe someone whose calumny was either unintentional or insufficiently offensive to warrant the full word)
8. Driver of the gravy train (a perjorative term for either an excessive optimist or someone whose delight threatens

to overwhelm the dour mood of another.
From *_The Ruling Class_*, a wonderful British
movie about a delusional fellow who shifts in
personality from Jesus Christ to Jack the
Ripper.)

Also, a common death phrase: "there ain't enough left of him/her to
spread on toast." (said of someone either
long or violently dead.)

And as is customary at the bkstore, I'll end with a common phrase of departure:
Screw You! Click. (then imitate the sound of a dead telephone line.)

Chris

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461. **maria damon**

Re: "Mexicans aren't a race." But who is?

Sat 12 Aug 1995

aldon writes:

> Africans aren't a race either, but that doesn't prevent people from
> making racist remarks about them --

yes, plus, the fact that "semites" aren't a race doesn't mean it's not possible to
degrade them as a group --hence the word "anti-semitic"--md

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462. **Herb Levy**

Re: West Coast Line

Sat 12 Aug 1995

*This is an embarrassed message to Mark Wallace, and this is the
reason why I am using the open net. Mark, I have, oh this is hard to
believe, lost your address AGAIN. I have turned the whole house
upside down, even looking thru books and bookmarks.*

*The mag is out, and there's a copy and a cheque waiting to be sent to
you. It is a beaut of an issue. If yr on here, please forgive me and
send address again. I can be backchannelled at*



By the way, if Mark aint on here, can somebody send me an address?

*By the way, this issue of *West Coast Line* has a nifty 14-pp poem by
Steve Mccaffery in it.*

By the way, George, is that the only thing of interest in the new West Coast Line?

Herb Levy



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463. **Herb Levy**

Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak

Sat 12 Aug 1995

does anyone else from boston remember the laudatory adjective "pissa"? as in, that's a wicked pissa shirt, man. when i taught at the full circle high school i overheard a writing teacher trying to get this one kid to use adjectives other than "good" to describe the way a band played. the kid wrote, saying it aloud as he did in that questioning voice people use when trying to supply synonyms, "they played wicked pissa."

Holy shit, I haven't thought of that in years. Thanks, Maria. Kids really still say that? Amazing.

I'd always thought to spell it "pisser," though. & I wouldn't spell the island 90 miles south of Florida "Cuber," either.

Bests

Herb Levy



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464. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Sat 12 Aug 1995

On Fri, 11 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >On Fri, 11 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

> >

> >> sheila m writes:

> >> > >On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

> >> > >

> >> > >> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> >> > >> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> >> > >> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> >> > >> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> > > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > > > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > > > > (inspection
> > > > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-
colonizing
> > > > > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > > > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > > > > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
> > > > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse,
> > > > curls
> > > > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
> > > > cleaners
> > > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
> > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were hooks.

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465. **David Beaudoin**

Re: The List Itself

Sat 12 Aug 1995

When I looked up, Charles Bernstein had writ large across
my screen:

(snip)

>the list, there were over 50 messages posted to Poetics
on Friday. When this

>happens the list locks itself automatically, and Listserv
sends me a message

>that I have to unlock it by sending out an unlock
message. At 10am this
>morning I did this and something like 30 messages that
had been held were
>released.

(snip)

- >All of this reminds me of my commitment to keep the scale of this list on the
- >smaller side, not only because I am committed to small-scale exchanges but
- >also because this particular list is not set up -- _I'm not set up!_ -- to
- >handle more volume than we've now got. I have noted before that sheer volume
- >on a list has as much of a tendency to exclude, by effectively preventing
- >participation by those unable to sort through the volume, as more explicit
- >means of limiting subscription.

The newish to list, I am in sympathy with yr post, especially the 'little red hen' syndrome. Frankly I expected more meat and less filler, especially the renga party line. Perhaps a Renga list is in order.

David, crankywithrenganoodlingclogginguphismailclient

David Beaudouin in [REDACTED]
Baltimore, Maryland [REDACTED]
hon! vox/fax: [REDACTED]

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466. **Gwyn McVay**
Re: "marketing strategies"
Sat 12 Aug 1995

Chris Stroffolino--

curious--what's an AWP type? Can you spot one on sight? Can you assume anyone at the AWP conference is an AWP type?

Gwyn McVay

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467. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: swearing et al

Sat 12 Aug 1995

Cris, I thought that somebody in the London or New York or one of the famous stodgy reviews of books alleged that the line originally read "They do you harm, your father and mother" until Larkin's editor convinced him to be a bit more pungent.

Gwyn

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468. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: "marketing strategies"

Sat 12 Aug 1995

Gwyn McVay-- Thanks for calling me on "AWP type"--I mean people who frequent AWP conferences, people who when we talk about poets tend to mention Joy Harjo alot (for instance)--of course my two good friends who went to last AWP both complained about the fact that most "poets" there tended to look like lawyers too much--it isn't that I can "spot one on sight" nor that the boundaries are absolutely rigid (for, I may try to go the next one myself---though with the wish to "make it more interesting" which usually means "subvert it" but that's true in ANY scene, isn't it?)--Well, I guess i could be more specifc....Were YOU at the last AWP conference? Could you share with us your AWP experiences? chris s.

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469. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: "marketing strategies"

Sat 12 Aug 1995

Chris S.--

The "AWP experiences" I've had are too much of a long, strange trip to recount here, since (I admit this now, before everyone, so there are no illusions) I work for them as an editor on the *_Chronicle_*. I actually did feel like I knew what you meant by "AWP type," since I deal with a lot of them on the phone--poets for whom the kindest possible adjective is "mid-list." Yet Carolyn Forché is on the Board of Directors, and she routinely assigns her classes things like the great big Sun & Moon anthology, Dragomoschenko, Hejinian, etc. as readings. Go figure. So I DO think there is such a thing as a spottable AWP type, but then

you have Forche', and my boss is all ga-ga about this article we just got from Clayton Eshleman. And we have an interview with Anne Waldman ready to go to press. So you never know.

Gwyn

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470. **maria damon**

Re: "marketing strategies"

Sat 12 Aug 1995

cstroff writes:

- > Gwyn McVay--
- > Thanks for calling me on "AWP type"--I mean people who frequent AWP
- > conferences, people who when we talk about poets tend to mention
- > Joy Harjo alot (for instance)--of course my two good friends who
- > went to last AWP both complained about the fact that most "poets"
- > there tended to look like lawyers too much--it isn't that I can
- > "spot one on sight" nor that the boundaries are absolutely rigid
- > (for, I may try to go the next one myself---though with the wish
- > to "make it more interesting" which usually means "subvert it"
- > but that's true in ANY scene, isn't it?)--Well, I guess i could
- > be more specifc....Were YOU at the last AWP conference? Could you
- > share with us your AWP experiences? chris s.

one way to subvert, it seems, might be to sound yr BARBARIC AWP across the conference-room rooftops --(not?) --md

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471. **maria damon**

Re: "marketing strategies"

Sat 12 Aug 1995

gwyn writes:

- > Chris S.--
- >
- > The "AWP experiences" I've had are too much of a long, strange trip to
- > recount here, since (I admit this now, before everyone, so there are no
- > illusions) I work for them as an editor on the *_Chronicle_*. I actually
- > did feel like I knew what you meant by "AWP type," since I deal with a
- > lot of them on the phone--poets for whom the kindest possible adjective
- > is "mid-list." Yet Carolyn Forche' is on the Board of Directors, and she
- > routinely assigns her classes things like the great big Sun & Moon
- > anthology, Dragomoschenko, Hejinian, etc. as readings. Go figure. So I DO

> think there is such a thing as a spottable AWP type, but then you have
> Forche', and my boss is all ga-ga about this article we just got from
> Clayton Eshleman. And we have an interview with Anne Waldman ready to go
> to press. So you never know.

>

> Gwyn

yeah, you know, i think it's too easy to make assumptions that people who have a certain style and orientation in their own writing are hostile or unconscious to/of others' rather than appreciative --and of course, as in the cap-l list and in my dept it's sometimes true --but, for example, my writing has never treated the "language" poets or oral-tradition poets (w/ possible exception of antin and kaufman), but i dig them the mostest. --md

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472. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak

Sat 12 Aug 1995

When my mother was six, she was quoted for sying "Poo bugger bum shit" at the top of the stairs. Aleatory at six at the top of the stairs.

When i was fiftenn and visiting Toronto, my cousins used "freak on my melon", as in " hey dad, don't freak on my melon". I moved home to Vancouver after a coupla weeks.

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473. **Charles Alexander**

Re: "marketing strategies"

Sun 13 Aug 1995

On Sat, 12 Aug 1995 18:24:13 -0400,
Chris Stroffolino <[REDACTED]> wrote:

Thanks for calling me on "AWP type"--I mean people who frequent AWP conferences, people who when we talk about poets tend to mention Joy Harjo alot (for instance)

Joy's OK. People in the southwest mention her a lot, whether they are AWP types or not. Have you heard her with band, Poetic Justice? Not really my cup of tea, but she's a friend, and I hate to see her used as an icon in this way. But then I guess we're all fair game.

charles alexander

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474. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: "marketing strategies"

Sun 13 Aug 1995

Thanks to Herb, Maria, Gwyn and Charles for there insights on "AWP" of course--if we want to prevent this discussion from lapsing into mere abstractions concerning "balance" and "reconciliation" (to export Coleridge's terms on "organic form") of poet factions, the issue is not just whether Forche is okay and acceptable because she teaches SUN & MOON people, but the challenges such an aesthetic these poets (i should say "these poets" because my formulation is, OF COURSE, vague at present) practice may raise and/or pose... LIKE AWP, APR has shown an openness to certain avant-gardists-- Schwerner, Howe (though i don't think Fanny), Scalapino, and Shapiro have all been on cover, and someone once told me of Duncan's double standard (It's okay if *I* read beryyman, but young poets shouldn't) and I am reminded of Ashbery's assertion of O'hara as "too straight for the hips and too hip for the straights"--and perhaps I am just speaking about a fruitful (fructifying?) aporia that exists in the MAPPING of any sense of poetry---If there are "two kinds of people"--those who prefer to work within what may be called a single style, or ideology, and whose sense of "community" becomes rigidified (either because of "early success" or because of "habit, the great deadener" or because of genuine commitment a la Watten's "my imagination locked into place during the vietnam war") and, on the other hand, those who prefer "the freedom of the poet" despite all the ideological markers that always reinscribe a certain "stance", can we say that these "two types of poets" exist in each of us, in a way LIKE CHARACTERS (as, for instance, the debate in Perelman's FIRST WORLD between "leftwing playgrounds" and "rightwing communication centers"---I don't have the book handy now, that's a paraphrase)-- and that "difference between" can't help but be "difference within?" And what good would such a distinction make? Well, I think it would encourage at least a certain re-opening to things one may have dismissed out of fear of being swamped by infinity.... For I witnessed a panel discussion with Creeley and Forche on it (I've written about it elsewhere if anyone wants a copy) last fall and found myself often siding with Forche against Creeley--- just as I find sometimes the "personal anecdote" of a James Tate more valuable by being put in dialogue with, say, Harryman or others. To find connections where they are not often said to be probably also implies its inverse (that "claims of lineage" are often done for ingenuous reasons)....okay, enough---- chris stroffolino

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475. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: your mail

Sun 13 Aug 1995

>On Fri, 11 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>

>> >On Fri, 11 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

>> >

>> >> sheila m writes:

>> >> > >On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

>> >> > >

>> >> > >> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> >> > >> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>> >> > >> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> >> > >> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>> >> > >> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>> >> > >> > The caravan of windows to what they flee

>> >> > >> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>> >> > >> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>> >> > >> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>> >> > >> > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

>> >> > >> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

>> >> > >> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

>> >> > >> > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

>> >> > >> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

>> >> > >> > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's

>> >> > >> > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance

>> >> > >> (inspection

>> >> > >> > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing

>> >> > >> > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several

>> >> > >> > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango

>> >> > >> > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho, kook

>!"

>> >> > >Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco warehouse,

>> >> > curls

>> >> > >no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry

>> >> > cleaners

>> >> > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience

>> >> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers

>> > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments to be
> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness

[↑ Contents](#)

476. **Charles Alexander**

Re: your mail

Sun 13 Aug 1995

On Sat, 12 Aug 1995 22:53:48 -0700,
Sheila E. Murphy <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>>On Fri, 11 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>>

>>> >On Fri, 11 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

>>> >

>>> >> sheila m writes:

>>> >> > >On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

>>> >> > >

>>> >> > >> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>>> >> > >> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>>> >> > >> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>>> >> > >> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>>> >> > >> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>>> >> > >> > The caravan of windows to what they flee

>>> >> > >> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>>> >> > >> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>>> >> > >> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>>> >> > >> > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

>>> >> > >> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

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>kook
>>!"
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>>> >> > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
>>> >> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>>> > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments to be
>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were hooks.
>All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
composed with fetching strands, forwarding replies to deletion's aviary.

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477. **Gabrielle Welford**
Appeal for international solidarity (fwd)

Sun 13 Aug 1995

In the aftermath of the June 4th commemoration, the April Fifth Action, Hong Kong, would like to make an appeal to the international community to denounce the assaults made by the Chinese Government against political activists, especially the workers, in China.

The activists in China have put up a heroic fight in the last couple of months. There have been workers protests, petitions and press conferences. These are signs that the Chinese Democracy Movement has made important progress since the June 4th crackdown six years ago.

Because of this, the Chinese Government has stepped up its repressions, for fear that the Movement might present a serious threat when social discontent and unrest have been building up for the last two to three years. Dozens of organisers have already been arrested in the past few months, among whom are Wei Jin-sang, Wong Dan, Lau Nin-chun and Chan Chi-ming, just to name a few prominent ones.

The Chinese Government has been especially brutal to workers who organise union activities. Three workers in Shencheng, just across the border of Hong Kong, were arrested last year for organising unions and distributing handbills. Unconfirmed reports said that they were sentenced to long prison terms.

Here are some information about the 3 organizers arrested in ShenZeng:

1. Li Wen-ming and Kuo Le-zhuang, Male, Han race, both from Hunan Province (in the middle of China, along the Yangtze River), about 27 years old.
2. Li was trained at a Hunan technical college (not sure which department). In his school years, he had already participated in the local student movement. After his graduation, he was assigned to a factory to work. In 1991, he resigned and went to ShenZeng and got a job as the public relation officer of the magazine "Youth of ShenZeng". At the end of 92, he went to Beijing University to study and associated with democracy activists there.
3. Kuo Le-zhuang studied in the Shanghai Transport University and was active in the student movement, being a student leader of the university during the 86-87 student unrest. In a meeting with the then Shanghai Mayor, Jiang Zemin (now the President of china), Kuo criticized Jiang harshly and thus won the respect of the students. When the student unrest was over, he was dismissed and went back to the countryside. In 1993, Li Wen-ming invited him to go to ShenZeng to do organizing work.
4. In June, 1993, Li and Kuo initiated a program to educate the workers about the poor labour conditions in the numerous factories in ShenZeng. In August, they started a Workers' Evening School, which attracted hundreds of workers to attend the courses. Then they planned to establish an independent trade union called the "Union of Labourers". (In China, independent trade unions are not allowed. There is only one union-the Official Trade Union controlled by the CCP).
5. In September, 1993, the ShenZeng Public Security Bureau took away some documents from their office. In October, under pressure from the PSB, they fled to Beijing. Then at the beginning of 94, both of them came back to start again..
6. In April, 1994, the PSB arrested them. To date, they are still detained incommunicado, with no charges pressed against them.
7. There are about a dozen core activists involved in the project. Two of them are Guo Bao-sheng, a student of the Chinese People's University (Beijing) and Li Ming-qi of Beijing University. Both were dismissed for political reasons (that means they deviated from the party line and harboured 'liberal' ideas). Guo was arrested at the same time with Li and Kuo while Li Ming-qi's whereabouts have been unknown from then.

***** We appeal to you all to send protest messages to the Chinese Government to demand for the release of these activists who had done nothing but to exercise the freedom of speech and the right to associate.

Please send protest letters or messages to the Standing Committee, National Peoples' Congress, Beijing, China.

We would very much appreciate if you can pass the message to other labour organisations.


~~~~~

~~~~~ April Fifth Action

Front Portion, 2nd Floor email: [REDACTED]
103, Argyle Street
Mongkok Tel: (852) 2397 6337
HONG KONG Fax: (852) 2394 4383

~~~~~

~~~~~

++++ stop the execution of Mumia Abu-Jamal +++++
++++ if you agree copy these 3 sentences in your own sig +++++
++++ more info: <http://www.xs4all.nl/~tank/spg-l/sigaction.htm> +++++

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478. **Gabrielle Welford**
Tong Yi Urgent Action (fwd)
Sun 13 Aug 1995

URGENT ACTION ALERT: TONG YI
July 15, 1995

Human Rights in China (HRIC) has learned that on the morning of July 13, 1995 two police officers visited the parents of political prisoner Tong Yi to inform them that: 1. Due to the fact that Tong Yi has been uncooperative in completing her labor production quotas since her arrival at the Hewan Reeducation Through Labor Camp in Wuhan, Hubei Province, China in January 1995, she would be transferred to the Shayang Reeducation Though Labor Farm in Hubei province (the largest such camp in the country) where prison authorities would use "forceful measures" to make her obey; 2. Her mother would no longer be allowed to visit her because Tong Yi becomes too despondent and unruly following her monthly visits. HRIC also has reliable information that Tong Yi has already been beaten with police batons by police guards in the labor camp. HRIC is extremely concerned the "forceful measures" referred to will involve physical punishment administered by the labor camp authorities or other prisoners ordered to do so. HRIC considers Tong Yi a prisoner of conscience who is in immediate physical danger and calls on the international community including the UN Committee Against Torture and the UN Working Group on Arbitrary Detention to demand for the

immediate and unconditional release of Tong Yi. [See below for addresses individuals can write to calling for her release.]

Tong Yi, 27, was the former assistant and translator for China's most famous dissident, Wei Jingsheng, until her detention in April 1994 after informing foreign reporters about Wei's April 1, 1994 detention. On December 22, 1994, Tong was sentenced without trial to a two-and-a-half year Reeducation Through Labor term. She was sentenced under Article 10 (4) of the 1982 "Trial Implementation Methods for Reeducation Through Labor" which allows for the detention of individuals for up to three years without charge or trial for activities deemed to "disturb public order." Although the detention order did not specify what crime she was accused of, Tong Yi's only "crime" appears to be her association with Wei Jingsheng. Since her sentencing, Tong has been working 12-hour days in a textile workshop at the Hewan Reeducation Camp near her home in Wuhan, Hubei Province. In a letter smuggled out to her mother, Tong Yi described being beaten on January 16, 1995 by two camp inmates working as "trusties" assigned to assist the prison guards in keeping order. The beating occurred after Tong refused to work more than the eight hours per day stipulated by state regulations and complained about expectations that prisoners in the camp work until 10 p.m. or later to fulfill their production quotas. Tong asked camp officials for protection but was beaten the following day by more than ten fellow women prisoners. Her face and body were reportedly swollen and covered with bruises. In her letter, Tong Yi stated that she would work only eight hours, "even if they beat me to death." The letter also claimed that her written appeals against the inhumane conditions in the camp were repeatedly stolen or confiscated. Tong studied political science at the University of Political Science and Law in Beijing. She was active in the 1989 democracy movement on Tiananmen Square as part of the Student Dialogue Delegation and as a result was forced to leave the university before graduating. She then worked with the dissident intellectual Cao Siyuan and translated China's Crisis into Chinese. The book, by Columbia University professor Andrew Nathan, examines the impact of the Beijing Massacre on the legitimacy of the Chinese Communist Party. Tong became an assistant for Wei Jingsheng upon his release from a 14-and-a-half year imprisonment in September 1993. For the following seven months she acted as a liaison between Wei and foreign diplomats and journalists. Tong Yi had been accepted to Columbia University for a master's program in political science, and upon her arrest Columbia President George Rupp made a direct appeal for her release. ----- Write to the Chinese authorities and make them aware that you know about Tong Yi's situation and demand that she be released immediately or at least be allowed access to a lawyer of her choice to appeal her case in accordance with Chinese law.

Jiang Zemin (Greeting: His Excellency)
President
State Council
Beijing, PRC 100701
Fax: [REDACTED]

Li Peng (Greeting: His Excellency)
Premier
Guowuyuan
9 Xihuangchenggenbeijie
Beijing 100032
Fax: [REDACTED]

Tian Qiyu Zhang (Greeting: Dear Director)
Gonganting
Fujiapo, Wuchang
Wuhanshi 430070
Hubeisheng
People's Republic of China

HUMAN RIGHTS IN CHINA is a politically independent, non-profit organization founded by scholars and students from the People's Republic of China. HRIC's work involves documenting and publicizing human rights abuses in China, informing Chinese people about international human rights standards and the mechanisms by which these are enforced, and assisting those persecuted and imprisoned in the PRC for non-violent exercise of their fundamental rights and freedoms.

HRIC publishes the quarterly journal CHINA RIGHTS FORUM. For more information, email us at [REDACTED] or write to us at Human Rights in China, 485 Fifth Avenue, 3rd Floor, New York, NY 10017

~~~~~

~~~~~ April Fifth Action

Front Portion, 2nd Floor email: [REDACTED]
103, Argyle Street
Mongkok Tel: (852) 2397 6337
HONG KONG Fax: (852) 2394 4383

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~~~~~

++++ stop the execution of Mumia Abu-Jamal +++++
++++ if you agree copy these 3 sentences in your own sig +++++
++++ more info: <http://www.xs4all.nl/~tank/spg-l/sigaction.htm> +++++

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479. **Gabrielle Welford**
not a job announcement (fwd)

Sun 13 Aug 1995

To all:

The creative writing program at the University of Hawai'i does not advertise for its Visiting Distinguished Writers (as they are called), but it is possible to express interest in being one by writing to Prof. Robbie Shapard, Dept of English, 1733 Donaghho Road, U of Hawai'i, Honolulu, HI 96822. The positions are for one semester, and I have no idea what they pay (the going rate, I suspect). Because the process has been so mysterious, the writers have tended to be of a kind, which hasn't been so much a bad thing, as a predictable one. I, for one, would love to see people on this list apply. If anyone wants more information, I can muster it up.

Susan Schultz

Being as I'm here--Oh, please please please someone on this list apply!! That would be wicked pissa!

Gab.

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480. **Rachel Loden**
Larkin fucks again

Sun 13 Aug 1995

If it was a typo, it was habitual. This is from "High Windows":

When I see a couple of kids
And guess he's fucking her and she's
Taking pills or wearing a diaphragm,
I know this is paradise

Everyone old has dreamed of all their lives--
Bonds and gestures pushed to one side
Like an outdated combine harvester,
And everyone young going down the long slide
To happiness, endlessly...

It seems to me that anybody who whacked off as often as Larkin did probably had the word "fuck" tattooed on his brain--drab, wretched creature that he was...

Rachel Loden

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481. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: your mail

Sun 13 Aug 1995

On 13 Aug 95 at 12:32, Jorge Guitart wrote:

> On Sun, 13 Aug 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

>

> > On Sat, 12 Aug 1995 22:53:48 -0700,

> > Sheila E. Murphy <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> >

> > > On Fri, 11 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> > > >

> > > > > On Fri, 11 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

> > > > >

> > > > > > sheila m writes:

> > > > > > > On Thu, 10 Aug 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

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> > > > > > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > > > > > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > > > > > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > > > > > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> > > > > > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> > > > > > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> > > > > > > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> > > > > > > > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

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> > > > > > > > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for

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> > >>> >> > >> (inspection
> > >>> >> > >> > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-
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> > >>> >> > >Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof"
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> > >>> >> > >no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at
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> > >>> >> > cleaners
> > >>> >> > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
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> > >>> >> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > >>> > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
> > >>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments
to be
> > >> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were
hooks.
> > >All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
> > composed with fetching strands, forwarding replies to deletion's aviary.
> That is our true memorial to Tic Douloureux. What is empery if you can't
file your nails against a monarch? The veil of tears, swept away with
-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----
|||/ Joseph Zitt ===== XXXXXXXXXX ===== Human Systems \||
||/ Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \||
|/ Online Representative, Austin International Poetry Festival \||
/ Joe Zitt's Home Page\

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482. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Sun 13 Aug 1995

On Sat, 12 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

On Fri, 11 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

On Fri, 11 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

sheila m writes:

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the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise*

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483. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Sun 13 Aug 1995

On Sun, 13 Aug 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

> On Sat, 12 Aug 1995 22:53:48 -0700,
> Sheila E. Murphy <[REDACTED]> wrote:
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> >>> > On Fri, 11 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:
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> >>!"
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> >All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
> composed with fetching strands, forwarding replies to deletion's aviary.
That is our true memorial to Tic Douloureux. What is empery if you can't

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484. **Lisa Robertson**

beardsley for lindz

Sun 13 Aug 1995

hi lindz,

one book I've read on Beardsley and his work in the context of a grotesque
tradition in european art-- reaching back to greco-roman antiquity and forward
to Bakhtin and "perverse erotics" -- is Ewa Kuryluk's Salome and Judas in the
Cave of Sex: The Grotesque-- Origins, Iconography, Techniques. From
Northwestern University Press, 1987. Many great illustrations from Beardsley
and others, too.

best,

Lisa

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485. **David Kellogg**

Re: Larkin fucks again

Sun 13 Aug 1995

On Sun, 13 Aug 1995, Rachel Loden wrote:

*It seems to me that anybody who whacked off as often as
Larkin did probably had the word "fuck" tattooed on his
brain--drab, wretched creature that he was...*

I for one am suspicious of any attempt to correlate wretchedness with whack-off
rate (damn near a critical myth in the case of Larkin). ;-) Let's find other causes
for Larkin's asinine character, please.

Cheers,
David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

David Kellogg The moment is at hand.
University Writing Program Take one another
Duke University and eat.
Durham, NC 27708

██████ --Thomas Kinsella

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486. **Alan Sondheim**
Debrismaterial noise-poem
Sun 13 Aug 1995

(inspection
g
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!"
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curls
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e
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487. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: furnished, remember?

Sun 13 Aug 1995

So, for those out there/in here who so energetically aided me with furnishing decisions, one has finally been made and engaged: I am putting things in places where they fit! Very arbitrary and spatially centred. Whew. We even have a Jesus ash-tray to be used on Sundays only. Thanks for the inspired and disfunctional suggestions.

best,
ryan

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488. **Louis Cabri**

THANKYOU C.B. for the list, equal, that is...

Sun 13 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
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First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
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kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
the french language
 of a pubed cratylan vs.
baud a lair rate
 in ascii for it

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489. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: Larkin fucks again

Sun 13 Aug 1995

Dear David kellogg--for one who has a quote from THOMAS KINSELLA (gag) I'm REAL CURIOUS why you'd call Larkin assinine--isn't that kinda like the little fish calling the big fish "poison" (if you're i mean you'll pardon my french"-----anne onymous....

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490. **Tony Green**

Re: JG others and us

Sun 13 Aug 1995

I once had a mother-in-law who would say as a swear Sugar, but would also say when asked repeatedly what was for dinner: Shit with Sugar on. My favourite NZ adjective is "wretched" pronounced "ratshit. There's something awry with the time of postings from here, no sooner do I see my second favourite chook get on to a Renga, to wit, Foghorn Leghorn, when I nowhere see him now no more, incompany with a line that disappeared into oblivion. What is thees?

Tony Green,

e-mail: [REDACTED]

post: Dept of Art History,

University of Auckland,

Private Bag 92019,

Auckland, New Zealand

Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]

Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

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491. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: your mail

Mon 14 Aug 1995

>On Sat, 12 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

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>> >On Fri, 11 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

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>> >> >On Fri, 11 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

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several
>> >> >> > >> > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>> >> >> > >> > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias,
oh,ho,
>> kook
>> >!"
>> >> >> > >Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehous
>e,
>> >> >> > curls
>> >> >> > >no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry
>> >> >> > cleaners
>> >> >> > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
>> >> >> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>> >> > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
>> >> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments to

be

>> > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were hooks.

>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness

>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft fruit

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492. **Susan Schultz**

Rejected posting to [REDACTED] (fwd)

Mon 14 Aug 1995

I sent the messages on Corn's and Silliman's CAP-L exchange to Alfred Corn (a college teacher of mine). Here's his response.

Susan

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Sun, 13 Aug 1995 16:25:43 -1000

From: Indepen <[REDACTED]>

To: Susan Schultz <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Rejected posting to [REDACTED] (fwd)

Dear Susan--Tried to send this but was rejected. Do you think you could forward it to them?

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Sun, 13 Aug 1995 15:08:41 -0400 (EDT)

From: Indepen <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: "Marketing strategies"

I was interested by a post forwarded to me about "marketing strategies" for concurrent poetic styles, which leads to the following connected series of questions:

- (1) Is the purpose of the POETICS list to have a go at changing subscribers' thinking on questions of poetics, or simply to send a message pleasing to the speaker even if not designed or destined to change anyone's thinking?
- (2) If the latter, then why not just skip the list and send it to oneself alone?
- (3) If the purpose is to change subscribers' thinking, then why not present the sender's thinking on a particular style or poetry?
- (4) Given how revealing metaphors are, which of the following metaphors best describes the process of changing the thinking of another person?

- a. The lighting of one candle from another.
 - b. Selling, and the marketing strategies behind selling.
 - c. Infection--the propagation of a microbe or virus.
 - d. Coercion, the marshaling of intellectual troops to enforce correct thinking.
 - e. Seduction--attraction, effective endearments and caresses, leading to surrender.
 - f. Inebriation--conveyance of intellectual substances which erode resistance or blur argument.
 - g. Terrorism--dropping a bomb and taking advantage of the resulting fear and confusion to assume control.
 - h. A sermon leading to conversion
 - i. The banquet--setting out a dinner and declaring "Open House."
- (5) Are there other metaphors that describe the process?
- (6) Have there been instances of subscribers' changing their thinking on the basis of posts on POETICS? If so, how did it happen?

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493. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: Rejected posting to [REDACTED] (fwd)

Mon 14 Aug 1995

I'm readng Alfred Corn's posting to POETICS and wondering who it was a response to--perhaps Rachel...or maybe Herb Levy--though Levy's lengthy post did not really suggest "changing people's minds" so maybe that idea was a Corn intepolation. It sees to me that herb was less interested in changing people's minds than he was in wanting people to come out of the closet a little me and be willing to "define" themselves. But maybe that's a misreading too. As for myself, I'd like to see more of a attempt at such "definition" but I don't think a discussion of the work of somebody on the list would necessarily work---(esp. when there's a thread around still called "Jerry Garcia" which has nothing to say about its ostensible subject but "nifty" swear words)---in parts because then the list becomes subordinated to the published body of someone's work---for me, one of the values of the list is that to some extent it's AN ESCAPE from that, a possibility for a different mode of dialogue than "poetry" and "essay writing"--i still have some kind of faith in the possibility of "organic" "improvisation" or something among the rengas... And the possibilities of ISSUES that have come up here (such as metaphor, the self/the

soul, and others) seems more fruitful than bringing egos into it too much by discussing the work of a "big name" or career level (i meant "mid-career level"--mandel's term) or unknown poet--- Jordan Davis asked this question of what do we want to happen on this list awhile ago, and it's still an open question...I'm on a SHAKESPEARE list and though the arguments there are not so much analogous to the ones here (I.e.--not a matter of JONSON vs. SHAKESPEARE like OLSON vs. O'HARA) but there is HUGE division about critical approaches and/or temperaments (IF anyone still believes in that), and it's handled for the most part very gracefully--..and maybe in the POETICS world "candor" is nothing but the title of a book by alan davies (though maria damon and others have been quite candid), and maybe this is due to fear of alienating potential supporters---I keep thinking of that thing in Midsummer Night's Dream where the actors are afraid that roaring like a lion will scare the audience...when of course even a VERY GOOD actor can not convincingly roar like a lion enough to scare, let alone THEM! (us)--or the dylan line about "the one who tries to hide what it don't know to begin with"-- And, MAYBE MAYBE dear Alfred Corn I'm just loving to hear myself speak-- (and this has gone on long even for me--but what the hell---) but since I don't always believe you have to try to change someone's mind in order not to "just hear yourself speak" it may be something else.....

sloppily yours

(unwinding),

chris s.

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494. **Bill Luoma**

Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak

Mon 14 Aug 1995

Willa,

I've always wanted to use the word fuck in a poem because it sounds so good. But it doesn't really work on the page. Or I haven't figured out a good way to use it. Anyone have a great fuck line?

I will use my favorite fuck swear in a sentence.

"You're a fuckstain."

Bill Luoma

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495. **keith**

Re: Rejected posting to [REDACTED] (fwd)

Mon 14 Aug 1995

Re Corn's questions:

Mostly a lurker, the list lubricates me, usually early in the morning, with coffee.

I "change my thinking" every three thousand miles, or every three months, whichever comes first.

Others may be "points of light"--not quite a thousand--lit up on this chain- fuse.

In the spirit of metaphor,

Keith Tuma

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496. **I.LIGHTMAN**

Re: Larkin fucks again

Mon 14 Aug 1995

Larkin also wrote poems that commit to memory, viz the following, from my own memory

They fuck you up, your mum and dad.
They may not mean to but they do.
They hand on all the faults they had
And add some new ones, just for you.

But they were fucked up, in their turn,
By fools in old-style hats and coats
Who half the time were soppy-stern
And half at one another's throats.

Man hands on misery to man.
It deepens like a coastal shelf.
Get out as early as you can,
And don't have any kids yourself.

This poem seems to me no less mordant and bitter than a Kurt Cobain lyric, yet I doubt he'll get called the names Larkin's getting called, though both have a talent we may mock but may envy of memorability, a whole piece staying in the mind, not necessarily because of an "internal logic" such as Ron has brilliantly analysed in *The New Sentence*, but sometimes wedding odd curiously-phrased line or noticed detail to each other, by the power of knowing and feeling for an oral form committable to memory. Plus, the use of the word "fuck" in this poem expertly connects with the other uses of the word "fuck" in Larkin's small

oeuvre, to demonstrate a man in some ways blunted as a child and dealing with adults and lovers in a trapped and unsensuous way because he has been made into a rhythm; this is not to say he treated his lovers, or those he came into contact with at Hull University Library, with brutality; it seems the fact of his biography that he was gentle and polite with them (though self-indulgent and morose with - often stupid - literary admirers), yet could not enjoy this gentle rhythm, felt it always to be an act. This still allows us a distinction between what his poems and letters may reveal of an inner life, a brutal despair, a racism (expressed privately and never mounted as a public act, such as refusing someone service or employment - a racism of which many writers who never write racism happen to practice) and how he acted. For Larkin's lovers there was such a thing as a caress, for him it was unenjoyable, terrifying, not a fuck. It seems to me that Clark Coolidge can do a terrific explosion of the word fuck in his *_Book of During_*, yet in the end it remains less interesting than Larkin's use of it, or just as. I get as annoyed reading unbacked-up sniping at Larkin as others do hearing people be snobby about pop music - is one saying that Larkin was wicked, that Larkin readers are wicked, that it's corrupting, or what? Why either Larkin or Language Poetry? Why not both?

Ira Lightman

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497. **maria damon**

Re: JG others and us

Mon 14 Aug 1995

tony green writes:

> I once had a mother-in-law who would say as a swear Sugar, but would
> also say when asked repeatedly what was for dinner: Shit with Sugar
> on. My favourite NZ adjective is "wretched" pronounced "ratshit."
> There's something awry with the time of postings from here, no sooner
> do I see my second favourite chook get on to a Renga, to wit, Foghorn
> Leghorn, when I nowhere see him now no more, incompany with a line
> that disappeared into oblivion. What is thees?
>

you know, i too have renga anxiety, in the sense that i've noticed that most of the rengas i post a line on, w/ one exception, die immediately afterwards. this is giving me a complex! like, am i really THAT bad a poet? esp since i notice that the only one still extant that i have a line in is the one to which i contributed a homophonous translation of mallarme --not even my "own" stuff. what's a chook?--md

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498. **Tom Taylor**
Shedding the Lurker Skin
Mon 14 Aug 1995

I've been here a couple of weeks, lurking, as they say, and looking over your shoulders. Nothing to persent myself with besides this: tap tap. But now I have a lot of stuff up on the net, through John Fowler's GRIST, and to further introduce myself, I invite you to my stuff. You may or may not like it, but there's room for everyone here, I think; my orientation is post. post language post modern hopefully post apocalypse (we are in it). I am also collecting material for a forthcoming project, The Vision Project (V GER), and my smail is PO Box 216 Oysterville WA 98641. At GRIST are a novella, Horndog; a long poetic aesthetic, The One, The Same, and The Other (spectacular diseases & texture press 1993); a self-explanatory I hope text, Superprose; and some other stuff. I welcome yr comments and enjoy yr conversation, especially on the proprietary qualities of sch wrds as yr, wd, sz, etc at neoOlsonisms, praps as economy as much as borrowings.... et tu Rengamatic?

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499. **Louis Cabri**
engulping flames of remorse
Mon 14 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango

when the attorney general came, selah
hales said, "Dias, oh,ho, kook!" Edward Kennedy
Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness
composed with fetching strands, forwarding replies to deletion's
aviary.
That is our true memorial to Tic Douloureux. What is empery if
you can't
file your nails against a monarch? The veil of tears, swept away
with
the New Zealand lamb, nozzle out of control. Fired by
the Supervisor, Meats as "Nothing Without You" ambiently
croons. Lit ring around the panga, not

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500. **George Bowering**

Re: your mail

Mon 14 Aug 1995

This is not fair! Some sneaky bastards are giving innocuous titles such as "Your mail" to rengas! How can an honest person delete them without looking if they're going to pretend to be something other than renga?

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501. **George Bowering**

Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak

Mon 14 Aug 1995

I dont think anyone swears better than do the Australians. I like it when they call someone (even me) a "pisswit."

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502. **George Bowering**
Re: "marketing strategies"

Mon 14 Aug 1995

Has someone explained what AWP means?
I thought maybe Angry White Poets. Nah.
Anne Waldman People? Probly not.

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503. **George Bowering**
Re: West Coast Line

Mon 14 Aug 1995

Re Herb's question abt the new ish of West Coast Line. Nope, I think that the new issue is interesting all the way thru, but maybe that is because I edited the thing. It is the all-Canuck issue. The next issue is ed. by Peter Quartermain, and is the Brit issue. This one just out has terrific bpNichol stuff, Erin Moure, section on Roy Kiyooka, a weird series from Native woman named J.B.Joe, etc. Best intro to CanLit I can imagine.

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504. **Gwyn McVay**
Re: "marketing strategies"

Mon 14 Aug 1995

I'd always heard that AWP stood for Average White Poets, although around the office it's usually Associated Weird Problems.

Gwyn,
at least one Anne Waldman Person in the office

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505. **George Bowering**
Re: your mail

Mon 14 Aug 1995

Hey, Charlie, what the hell were in those books?>
> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> (inspection
> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> kook!"
> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> warehouse, curls
> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> dry cleaners
> having recovered from the chemicals of deadlines drop stitched
> into
> the ball Kevin Mitchell bare
> handed. Baseball sold
> out. cash stricken stricken.
> Would that as a poet I had
> the chance to do something like
>
> grace the outfield, hands bare
> from ringing, washing scales
> of passion's conformity never
> minding a green surface, far
> cry from eternity, kitchen table
>
> bleached down, a firecracker
> cold as the buckles on my sandals
> as the wesleyans come in the room
> and hang up their robes and go
> down to the fellowship hall
>

- > the garcia posological convention already underway
- > platform sonneteers
- > reminisce those hash oil crisis years
- > when every squib seemed damp & colon slack:
- > get real, ya doofuses, the Blob is back
- >

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506. **George Bowering**

Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak

Mon 14 Aug 1995

When George Stanley came back from his stretch in the army, he kept using what I took to be a southern expression "Well, dog bite my pecker!"

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507. **Herb Levy**

Re: "marketing strategies"

Mon 14 Aug 1995

Thanks to Herb, Maria, Gwyn and Charles for there insights on "AWP"
of course--if we want to prevent this discussion from lapsing into

Chris -

Thanks for the thanks, but I don't even know what AWP is, so if I talked about it, it was by accident.

Herb Levy



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508. **George Bowering**

Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania

Mon 14 Aug 1995

Nope, Ozzie Smith never played for the Giants. But he did play in calif., for the Padres.

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509. **Lindz Williamson**

Re: Favorite swears

Mon 14 Aug 1995

My Dad spent a bit of time in Monk's Corner, South Carolina and uses these great phrases like

"Kiss my rabid dog" and "Why you smilin like a wide eyed chessy cat?"

He also lived in Venezuela for seven years and pours out these great spanish curses, but I never know what exactly he's saying so I'll keep them to myself. I wouldm't want to offend anyone. But man, Spanish curses are beautiful.

Oh yeah and some of the best lines from mOvies are

"Why don't you go light your tampon on fire, and blow your box apart, cause that's the only bang you'll ever get."

The Adventures of Prisilla Queen of the Desert

"OUr love is God, let's go get a slushie" and "Fuck me gently with a Chainsaw."

Heathers

Lindz

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510. **Susan Schultz**

Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania

Mon 14 Aug 1995

NO, George, I meant that Mitchell caught Ozzie's fly ball, Ozzie being a member of the Cardinals. Susan

On Mon, 14 Aug 1995, George Bowering wrote:

Nope, Ozzie Smith never played for the Giants. But he did play in calif., for the Padres.

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511. **maria damon**

Re: Shedding the Lurker Skin

Mon 14 Aug 1995

tom taylor writes:

- > post language post modern
- > hopefully post apocalypse (we are in it).

yes --did u know that when robert duncan was adopted by the symmeses, they had an astrological chart drawn up for him that said, among other things, that he would witness the end of his own civilization during his lifetime? so the apocalypse must've happened before march 1988.--md

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512. **maria damon**

Re: you're fe/mail?

Mon 14 Aug 1995

what i wanna know is, is lindz a man or woman? is gwyn a man or woman? are cris cheek and chris scheil men and/or women? why do i wanna know? i dunno!--md

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513. **Jordan Davis.**

political song for michael jackson to sing

Mon 14 Aug 1995

I get embarrassed whenever I try to change anyone's opinion.

Jordan

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514. **Lindz Williamson**

Re: you're fe/mail?

Tue 15 Aug 1995

On Mon, 14 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

> what i wanna know is, is lindz a man or woman? is gwyn a man or woman?
are

> cris cheek and chris scheil men and/or women? why do i wanna know? i
dunno!--md

>

It's kinda cool not knowing what someone is gender wise. But I always assumed that I pretty well betrayed myself by my responses and my language as being young and female.

Lindz is short for Lindsey Michelle Williamson. If you're Canadian you pronounce it like Bowering "Lindzed" if you're from south of the border it's "Lindzee", but my friends call me "Lins", rhymes with "Fins". Some interesting variations that have emerged are Lindzeloo-where-are you?, Lindzerella (when

I'm grumpy), Lindzard (when I'm being weird) Findzee (a sign of affection), and Fuckhead (specially reserved for when I'm being an idiot).

Lindz

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515. **David Beaudoin**
Re: "marketing strategies"

Tue 15 Aug 1995

When I lookt up, George Bowering had writ large upon my screen:

Has someone explained what AWP means?

I thought maybe Angry White Poets. Nah.

Anne Waldman People? Probly not.

August's weary puddle...

/d

David Beaudouin in [REDACTED]
Baltimore, Maryland [REDACTED]
hon! vox/fax: [REDACTED]

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516. **David Beaudoin**
Re: your mail

Tue 15 Aug 1995

When I lookt up, George Bowering had writ large upon my
screene:

>This is not fair! Some sneaky bastards are giving innocuous titles

>such as "Your mail" to rengas! How can an honest person delete them

>without looking if they're going to pretend to be something other

>than renga?

George, it's reenganomics: if everything's in the poem, the poem is everywhere.

/d, stillcranky

517. **Louis Cabri**
you are male, g.b.
Tue 15 Aug 1995

345

> > into
> > the ball Kevin Mitchell bare
> > handed. Baseball sold
> > out. cash stricken stricken.
> > Would that as a poet I had
> > the chance to do something like
> >
> > grace the outfield, hands bare
> > from ringing, washing scales
> > of passion's conformity never
> > minding a green surface, far
> > cry from eternity, kitchen table
> >
> > bleached down, a firecracker
> > cold as the buckles on my sandals
> > as the wesleyans come in the room
> > and hang up their robes and go
> > down to the fellowship hall
> >
> > the garcia posological convention already underway
> > platform sonneteers
> > reminisce those hash oil crisis years
> > when every squib seemed damp & colon slack:
> > get real, ya doofuses, the Blob is back
> >
>

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518. **Chris Scheil**

Re: you're fe/mail?

Tue 15 Aug 1995

On Mon, 14 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

> what i wanna know is, is lindz a man or woman? is gwyn a man or woman?
are
> cris cheek and chris scheil men and/or women? why do i wanna know? i
dunno!--
md
>

Male, all too male. My wife says that excessive testosterone is related
to anabolic karma debt, which explains my irrational love of sauerkraut,

Morton Feldman, & my inexplicable temporary obsessions (appearing this week: Ankoku Buto, Caspar David Friedrich, De Sica films).

Chris

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519. **Tony Green**

Chook

Tue 15 Aug 1995

chhoks are chickens. They are in my order of merit: Nicolas Le Poussin and Foghorn Leghorn Chicken Little a distant third

Tony Green,

e-mail: [REDACTED]

post: Dept of Art History,

University of Auckland,

Private Bag 92019,

Auckland, New Zealand

Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]

Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

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520. **Marisa A Januzzi**

Re: furnished, remember?/no renga

Tue 15 Aug 1995

My stuff's in a bunch of straight-faced boxes and I'm about to mail my cats and drive x-c from NYC to Utah, where I expect to be camped for some time (at the U of U).... So....

1) Can anyone recommend anything poetic to see, besides that damn giant ball of twine? I'll be looping south through West Virginia (so I can see the Blue Ridge Mountains for real, instead of just in the Joan Baez song!) then heading west through St Louis etc. (etc., etc.).

-and- 2) Is anyone from Utah out there? Backchannel anecdotes are totally welcome.

I already reread the Padgett-Berrigan big travel dialogues.

If anyone's going to be passing through Salt Lake City, well, mi spare futon es su chrashpad.

Be back soon under cover of new institutional alias.

(Am I mistaken, or has the rengawave subsided?!)

---Marisa <[REDACTED]>

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521. **Tony Green**

Re: Rejected posting to [REDACTED] (fwd)

Tue 15 Aug 1995

manners poetiquette styles of address currents of concern bad language language all these I learned lately on the poetics list poetry doesn't propagate convictions as effectively as expedients listed who said it's like a bar (and it's usually happy hour?)

Tony Green,

e-mail: [REDACTED]

post: Dept of Art History,

University of Auckland,

Private Bag 92019,

Auckland, New Zealand

Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]

Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

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522. **David Kellogg**

Re: Larkin fucks again

Tue 15 Aug 1995

On Sun, 13 Aug 1995, Chris Stroffolino wrote:

Dear David kellogg--for one who has a quote from THOMAS KINSELLA (gag) I'm REAL CURIOUS why you'd call Larkin assinine--isn't that kinda like the little fish calling the big fish "poison" (if you're i mean you'll pardon my french)-----anne onymous....

I meant personally asinine. Kinsella, from my limited knowledge of him personally, keeps his animuses in reserve.

If you're referring to the poetry: De gustibus. So Kinsella makes you gag -- IMO, he's the best poet in Ireland. Which only means I like him the most. Poison, hmm -- "the other's poison"? -- if I read you right, you gag not only at Kinsella, but at others' liking him....?

Let's all correct each other's tastes.

Cheers,

David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

David Kellogg The moment is at hand.
University Writing Program Take one another
Duke University and eat.
Durham, NC 27708

█ --Thomas Kinsella

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523. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: you're fe/mail?

Tue 15 Aug 1995

Gwyn is a woman whose parents knew they had some Welsh ancestry but had not read *_How Green Was My Valley_* so didn't know it was a boy's name, unmitigated by any feathery suffix. It's like being named "Mike." It's kind of funny--at least the people who assume I'm a man spell the name right, as opposed to clerks and secretaries who know I'm a woman and therefore think it must be a typo for "Gwen."

g.

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524. **Rachel Loden**

Larkin fucks again

Tue 15 Aug 1995

Ira Lightman asks:

Why either Larkin or Language Poetry? Why not both?

Ira, I couldn't agree more. I happen to love some of Larkin (so tar and feather me). "Wretched" was meant as a term of endearment--what's a little wretchedness between friends?

Rachel Loden

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525. **Herb Levy**

Seattle readings - Bumbershoot

Tue 15 Aug 1995

Here's a list of readers at the upcoming Bumbershoot, Seattle's annual arts festival. It may not be worth a special trip (It's no BlaserCon), but there are still plenty of some of you folks in the area may want to come check it out.

Bumbershoot is a twenty-five year-old nightmare of a festival, held over Labor Day Weekend (which, I should explain, for the benefit of the many Canadian

folks on this list if for no one else, since they're close enough to consider coming down, is the SAME weekend as Labour Day Weekend). There are rock bands, dance performances, theater, visual art exhibitions, a book fair, food &/or craft booths, etc. all on the site of the 1962 World's Fair. (Admission to the Space Needle is extra.) It's like a very crowded county fair with (some) arty trappings, and little livestock.

Anyway, this year's literary readings include:

Friday: Sam Hamill, William Pitt Root. Marilyn Stablein, Craig Van Riper, Sharon Doubiago, Ed Sanders, Diane DiPrima.

Saturday: Sara Menafee, Jack Hirschman, Marnie Mueller. Robert Schuster, Joe Reiner, Sibyl James, Alan Chong Lau, Deborah Woodward, Bart Baxter, Rajaa Gharbi, David Scully.

Sunday: Natalie Jacobson, Emily White, Willie Smith, Jim Carroll, Patti Smith.

Monday: Nico Vassilakis, Tom Malone, Robert Mitterthal, Joseph Keppler, Lisa Robertson, Charles Bernstein. Roberto Valenza, Jane Taini, Mixhael Hureaux, Martha Linehan, Marion Kimes. & the readings all you mystery fans have waiting for, Steve Greenleaf, Mary Daheim, J A Jance, Ann Rule.

So if you're planning to come hear all those mystery writers on Monday, why not make a day of it & stop by the afternoon "show" too. You'll be glad you did.

Also, Seattle reading-wise, starting in late September, there'll be an ongoing, monthly series of readings which I'll post more about in another week or so. The name of the series will remain, at least for now, Subtext, so there's some continuity with the series' that some of you know a little about, but there's now a larger group of people involved to keep it going steadily over the year. There'll also be some sort of website with writing by past present & future readers in various Subtext events. Oh boy, huh?

Herb Levy



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526. **Herb Levy**

Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak

Tue 15 Aug 1995

When George Stanley came back from his stretch in the army, he kept using what I took to be a southern expression "Well, dog bite my pecker!"

George -

By "southern expression" I assume you mean from the US.

Herb Levy



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527. **Mark Roberts**

Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak

Tue 15 Aug 1995

I dont think anyone swears better than do the Australians. I like it when they call someone (even me) a "pisswit."

Dear George

You are a pisswit! Feeling better.

Actually that's the first time I've ever used pisswit. I prefer scumbag.

Mark

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528. **I.LIGHTMAN**

Re: you're fe/mail?

Tue 15 Aug 1995

Sorry to use the list in this way, but Chris Schiel I can't get through to your e-mail address! Can you backchannel me about the Rodefer books you want, and if you wanna swap for Carla Harryman's Animal Interests, or Lyn Hejinian's My Life (ie, if you've got these...)

A fellow Morton Feldman fan,

Ira



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529. **Loss Glazier**

Gloucester's Olson

Tue 15 Aug 1995

----- |
|| The Charles Olson Festival ||
|| Honoring the Life and Work of Charles Olson: || Poet,
Teacher, scholar & Community Activist ||
|| August 12, 1995 ||
|| Gloucester City Hall, Gloucester, Mass. ||
| -----

-- A Sketch --

by Loss Pequen~o Glazier

Note: I missed portions of some of these events since I also spent time talking with people and taking photos. If anyone else who attended wants to e-mail me directly any corrections, I'd be grateful. (By the way, it is my intention to create a photographic exhibit on a Web page at the EPC called "Gloucester's Olson" from these photos. Announcement forthcoming...)

i.

THIS FESTIVAL, which seemed to me to be under-advertised, certainly had no lack of attendance. The grand meeting room of the Gloucester City Hall was packed--main floor to balcony--despite nearly unbearable heat (and David McArdle pointed out that the heat was not inappropriate: Olson himself had stood in this same room to argue for the preservation of Gloucester on some equally sultry nights). Though many of the attendees had travelled some distance to the conference--getting there however possible--what struck me most about this one was its local presence.

Many of the persons attending were people from the community, many of them older; my thought was that there was at least a 50% attendance by the local community, probably considerably more. Some of these people I spoke to had shown up because they remembered Olson or they had seen the Festival announced in the local paper. One fisherman I spoke to just felt it was a kind of necessary civic act. Another woman came because "my son used to play with Charlie's son." Another man, dressed in work clothes and entering the hall just as Gerrit Lansing was reading from Olson's letters to The Gloucester Daily Times (Ten Pound Island) would say no more, when I asked, than, "It's respects I have to pay."

1.

MODEST IN SCALE BUT GRAND in sentiment, qualities of words, and the vista of Gloucester harbor from the stairway windows of City Hall, the Charles Olson Festival consisted of three events in one day to celebrate Olson's life and work twenty-five years after his death: an afternoon panel discussion, a reception at the library across the street, and a reading of Olson's works the same night.

The panel, consisting of Robert Creeley, Vincent Ferrini, Hettie Jones, Jean Kaiser, Ingeborg Lauterstein, Edward Sanders and ably and enthusiastically

moderated by Peter Anastas, undertook a number of appreciative recollections and questions in the spirit of a homage. The panelists all knew Olson personally, whether as student, friend, or peer. Following an opening welcome by David McArdle, director of the Gloucester library (a place where being "the librarian" resonates more than in most places), questions such as the panelists' impressions upon first meeting Olson, thoughts about his work as a teacher, activist, and political poet were entertained, with Anastas (who cited Olson's advice, "Just live, the writing will take care of itself" as having been crucial to him personally) raising questions and querying panelists one by one.

Creeley, generously offering much thoughtful information, spoke eloquently on many issues. Given his extensive written contact with Olson and the number of Olson's works he has edited, his insights added a specific literary and personal grounding to the event.

One important issue raised by the panel was the context of Olson as an activist. Ed Sanders, given his own very relevant activities in this area, was the first to elaborate on this issue. Creeley addressed the vast imagination of Olson's civic commitment (whether or not this could be considered "political" poetry was not investigated at length by the panel), noting Olson's distinction between "epicene poets--poets who do not enter the society" and the kind of poetic Olson engaged in Gloucester.

Vincent Ferrini, wearing a broad-brimmed hat and dark glasses, provided numerous engaging comments, quirky at times, opinionated, and a poem written for the occasion. He also noted good-naturedly his contention with Olson about "who had Gloucester" for poetry. Hettie Jones was warm, kind, and provided personal and valuable reflections about Olson and his engagement with *_Yugen_* (a distinctly supportive little magazine--with Hettie providing a crucial role--for Olson when most valuable to him).

And size, yes, about Olson's size. (The best comment on this point was Ferrini's, who stated quite succinctly, "he lived his body as a poem".)

Ingeborg Lauterstein, a successful novelist who started out as an artist at Black Mountain until she became one of Olson's students, and Jean Kaiser, the sister of Olson's late wife, Betty, both provided important details and recollections about Olson. Ed Sanders, who seemed hesitant at times about such a panel format, never lacked in eloquence or opinion when prompted. Somewhat thorny, though bypassed for the most part, was Olson's relation to women. Of course the context was personal here in large part, and in this regard, women on the panel spoke from their own interactions with Olson. The point probably was not any resolution but some tangible public fact. (It was similar when the issue of Olson's "readability" came up, especially given the local character of

his work. It was a question I had also asked of some Gloucester residents. Those that had tried had not had much success.)

What counted, in terms of the festival, were the contributions that Olson made. Though many of the ecologically important locations Olson argued for have now been paved over or filled in and covered with condos, his efforts were specific; he intensively argued issues crucial to Gloucester. Gloucester was his polis and he lived his commitment to it, both in writing and in action. The panel served to commemorate a remarkable contribution to this commitment. In Ed Sander's words, "He was imperfect but he was generous". It's safe to say, I think, that almost everyone there, panelists and audience (local and visiting), were motivated by that sense of generosity as detailed in the panel.

The question period was an event in itself and consisted of a number of unanticipated spontaneous individual testimonials about other personal (and life-changing) encounters with Olson.

The panel was followed by a reception at the library and included some film footage of Olson and greetings from the city by the Mayor, Bruce H. Tobey. (This was an event I was unable to attend.)

2.

THE HEAT ONLY SEEMED TO INTENSIFY BY EVENING but the main floor and balcony of City Hall were full again. The evening event, introduced by Schuyler Hoffman, was a reading of works by and about Olson, delivered by Gerrit Lansing, Hettie Jones, Robert Creeley, and Edward Sanders. Lansing read from Olson's letters to the *Gloucester Daily Times*, reflecting on Olson's method of working: that he might start writing a letter and it would turn into a poem, and end up an essay (or something to that effect). Indeed, the letters read by Lansing were so intensely poetic at times, they must be considered part of Olson's poetic oeuvre. Hettie Jones read sections from her memoirs reflecting on Olson's visit to her (and the then LeRoi Jones) and their household in New York. Her warm and deeply personal account of the visit included interesting observations about her production labors in trying to prepare Olson's manuscripts for *Yugen*.

Creeley read some of Olson's work he had selected for Olson's *Selected Poems* (California) with great acumen and feeling. With both Lansing and Creeley's readings, what was most emphasized were the words themselves, Olson's words, and in those cases there was a particular pleasure in hearing them in the venue of the Gloucester City Hall.

Ed Sanders concluded the evening with his own compositions, poems by Olson set to music by Sanders. Plucking a stringed instrument, the arrangement

alternated between sections of sung text, reminiscent to me of Ginsberg doing Blake (and in fact I believe it was Sanders who made a point of placing Olson's work on a scale with Blake's) and brief interludes or bridges of spoken words. This careful interpretation provided an apt and festive conclusion to what was perhaps the most articulate segment of the Festival, the word itself. A word still there.

3.

BACK OUTSIDE IN THE NIGHT, a few parting words, then groups of attendees began to disperse. Mostly to cars or just in directions that seemed natural for them. This was my first visit to Gloucester and as such continually offered a new sight around every literal corner. In fact, I had never even been to New England before. The event seemed unusual compared to a lot of literary events because of its strength of location and the people who lived there. And of course, for them, once it was over, they went home. Gloucester was home. For me, any direction would do--but I walked towards the harbor.

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530. **Tom Taylor**
Re: Shedding the Lurker Skin
Tue 15 Aug 1995

maybe it was always apocalypse; my own 1988 was fairly as bad as the others, years, that is, though my sense of its continuing may be an extension of my own psychotic episode which began somewhere around birth. But we do have postapocalyptic visions, say, in those moments between sentences, or when the toast is burnt, or when others tell us about theirs. all best

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531. **Hank Lazer**
Re: West Coast Line
Tue 15 Aug 1995

George Bowering:

Address, cost for current issue of West Coast Line? I'd like to get a copy. Am especially interested in the bpNichol material (having read all of the Martyrology this summer).

Hank Lazer

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532. **Jordan Davis.**

Gorton's Gloucester (supplement to Loss)

Tue 15 Aug 1995

Re part two, the library:

Wild blueberries from Dogtown in a bowl by the defunct card catalogs.

Shrimp cocktail (gone after seven minutes) behind a cooler of coke and pepsi.
Finger sandwiches of tuna and crab.

No one seemed to know exactly where the film was. The conversation seemed local, convivial.

Saintsbury's history of English Prosody can be requested by interlibrary loan from Danvers.

Lynn Swigart's photographs of Gloucester scenes were propped around.

(Important to remember how dominated by Gorton's Gloucester is. A contingent of JHS students were washing cars for free in the drive in front.)

Re part one, the panel in the lyceum: Robert Creeley would throw his hands and smile, his mouth open. He was totally cogent. Ed Sanders stared down as he answered. He remarked that he had a sort of "caper" relationship with Olson. Jean Kaiser was typed as the tough who talked back to Olson; the librarian at Buffalo who refused Fuck You a Magazine of the Arts space on the shelves was also called the one person who stood up to Olson. Vincent Ferrini's poem about Olson met warm applause. Hettie Jones and Ingeborg Lauterstein characterized Olson as extremely supportive. Peter Anastos smiled energetically and kept the panel moving.

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533. **Charles Watts**

Re: Gloucester's Olson

Tue 15 Aug 1995

Thanks, Loss. I'd like to have been there.

Were the panels or readings recorded? if so, who would be the person to ask about getting a copy of the recordings?

Charles Watts

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534. **Curt Anderson**

Re: Favorite swears, almost

Tue 15 Aug 1995

Regarding favorite movie lines, mine comes from the great Peter O'Toole movie, The Ruling Class, in which O'Toole plays an insane Earl who thinks he's Jesus Christ. When his relatives ask him why he thinks he's God, the O'Toole character replies: Because when I pray I seem to be talking to myself.

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535. **Maria Damon**

Re: Favorite swears, almost

Tue 15 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

> Regarding favorite movie lines, mine comes from the great Peter O'Toole
> movie, The Ruling Class, in which O'Toole plays an insane Earl who thinks
> he's Jesus Christ. When his relatives ask him why he thinks he's God, the
> O'Toole character replies: Because when I pray I seem to be talking to
> myself.

aha, so that's the name of that wonderful movie i saw so many years ago, where peter o'toole turns from jesus christ into jack the ripper. one of my favorite words, "insinuating," comes from that movie. thanks for the hot tip. speaking of local slangs, someone (brian?) mentioned calling someone a "gary." in ithaca new york in the late 60s it was a "gomer." i think the derivation of that is obvious. in mass. we used to call the liquor store the "package store," or the "packy" for short.--md

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536. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: Favorite swears, almost

Tue 15 Aug 1995

Since I have a lot of smart people on line, can anyone tell me the etymology of "nerd" and "bronco"? No reason. I would just like to sleep at night.

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537. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: Lurkin'

Tue 15 Aug 1995

don't have my books here beside me -- but as I recall, Larkin _was_ one of those people who talked snobby about popular music (couldn't seem to listen much past the stage favored by what the British jazz fans called "moldy figs") --

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538. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: faux mail

Tue 15 Aug 1995

Maria -- Yes, Chris is a man or a woman.

any news for us on the progress of Kaufman collecteds???

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539. **maria damon**

Re: faux kauf

Tue 15 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

> Maria -- Yes, Chris is a man or a woman.

>

> any news for us on the progress of Kaufman collecteds???

hey aldon. i've not heard much from coffeehouse press since i stepped down from the board, but lasaat i heard it wuz to be out in feb 96, but not the collected, just selected, including a reprint of golden sardine and a handful of previously uncollecteds, plus a sampling from solitudes and ancient rain...david henderson and i both wrote essays for the book, but only his is advertized in the latest chp catalogue, not quite sure what that means...--md (ps dig yr postpuns)

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540. **David Beaudoin**

Re: Gloucester's Olson

Tue 15 Aug 1995

Loss--

Thanks for the generous and detailed account--speaking of under-advertised, wisht I had known.

of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation

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542. **maria damon**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Wed 16 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion
group writes:

- > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
- > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
- > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
- > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
- > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
- > The caravan of windows to what they flee
- > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
- > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
- > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
- > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
- > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
- > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
- > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
- > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
- > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
- > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
- > (inspection
- > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
- > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
- > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
- > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
- > kook!"
- > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
- > warehouse, curls
- > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
- > cleaners
- > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
- > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
- > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore

- > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments to be
- > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were hooks.
- > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
- > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
- > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft fruit
- > of subject's object status, violent transformation
- la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback

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543. **Jordan Davis.**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Wed 16 Aug 1995

-
- > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
 - > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
 - > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
 - > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
 - > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
 - > The caravan of windows to what they flee
 - > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
 - > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
 - > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
 - > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
 - > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
 - > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
 - > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
 - > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
 - > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
 - > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
 - > (inspection
 - > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
 - > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
 - > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
 - > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
 - > kook!"
 - > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
 - > warehouse, curls
 - > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
 - > cleaners
 - > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
 - > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
 - > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore

> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments to be
> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were hooks.
> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft fruit
> of subject's object status, violent transformation
 la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding

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544. **Steve Carll**

Re: you're fe/mail?

Wed 16 Aug 1995

Lindz wrote:

It's kinda cool not knowing what someone is gender wise. But I always assumed that I pretty well betrayed myself by my responses and my language as being young and female.

Nope--not to me anyway. I thought you were an older male. (I hope this neither offends nor excessively surprises you.) This is what I meant not too long ago when I foolishly posted that "language seems to engender *itself*" or some such. What I meant was we read gender differently into a body of written or electronic text than we do into the human or animal body, but generally with the assumption that there's no difference between the gender we're reading into the text and the gender of the author of that text (that is, until Maria or someone starts to question this assumption and gets up the gumption to ask--thanks, Maria!) Makes for some interesting social situations. Try figuring out whether the narrator of Carla Harryman's "In The Mode Of" is male or female.

Steve

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545. **Steve Carll**

Too late to the renga

Wed 16 Aug 1995

>I get embarrassed whenever I try to change anyone's opinion.
I've come around to your way of thinking.

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546. **George Bowering**
Re: Favorite swears, almost
Wed 16 Aug 1995

In my daughter's highschool about 7 years ago they called them not Gary or Gomer, but Ned.

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547. **George Bowering**
Re: Chooks
Wed 16 Aug 1995

I think that my favourite chickens are those created by Daniel Pinkwater, especially the one under the guy's hat in *Lizard Music* and the giant one in *The Hoboken Chicken Emergency*.

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548. **George Bowering**
Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak
Wed 16 Aug 1995

No no, by "southern" I mean John Faulkner or Tobacco Road.

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549. **George Bowering**
Re: West Coast Line
Wed 16 Aug 1995

Several people have been asking me about the address and cost and back issues of West Coast Line, and I have been backchannelling them. Hoiw abt if I put the info on here?

Dont be put off by the academic address.

West Coast Line,
2027 East Academic Annex,
Simon Fraser University,
Burnaby, B.C., V5A 1S6,
Canada.

Subscription (3 issues) is \$20. Usually 150-250 pages. Lots of good back issues available, probably special rates.

The next issue, in about 3 months, will be the special Brit issue, edited by Peter Quartermain. Whew!

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550. **Jordan Davis.**
Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak
Wed 16 Aug 1995

I think you mean Erskine Atwood

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551. **George Bowering**
Re: Renga 11: Invasion from Mars
Wed 16 Aug 1995

I had a dream
& in the dream were books
& in the books were renga
& in the renga were advertisements
for Coke Classic.

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552. **Lindz Williamson**
Re: Renga 11: Invasion from Mars
Wed 16 Aug 1995

On Tue, 15 Aug 1995, George Bowering wrote:

*I had a dream
& in the dream were books
& in the books were renga
& in the renga were advertisements
for Coke Classic.*

George you're my hero, Lindz

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553. **George Bowering**
Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak
Wed 16 Aug 1995

No no, Erskin Atwood pitched for the Dodgers several decades back.

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554. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: Renga 11: Invasion from Mars

Wed 16 Aug 1995

I creamed. I came in nooks, in long songs.
I was heard, my birds were rooks.
I screamed. There were other looks
About to tear away the thongs.
Others longed to couple cords with books.
Others' supple hooks sucked rites from wrong.
I beamed, grew long.

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555. **W. Northcutt**

Re: Hambone

Wed 16 Aug 1995

Could someone please send me Hambone's address?

Thanks, William

██████████

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556. **Charles Alexander**

Re: furnished, remember?/no renga

Wed 16 Aug 1995

Congratulations on going to Utah. Having moved away from Arizona two years ago, I still miss the western skies & landscapes terribly. You're coming from the other direction, so you probably think I'm a flake when I say that this Minnesota place is truly farther east than I ever wanted to live (although I do like visiting those eastern urban places).

If you go through Ohio, stop at Mound City, near Chilicothe, one of the most interesting Native American mound sites I've seen.

If in southeastern Kansas, the Flint Hills are like some beautiful barren Martian landscape which I love to drive through. I don't know if there's much place to stop and walk or hike, but there probably is such a place there.

Jeff Moran may still be at Lindsborg College (or university?) in Lindsborg, Kansas, either just north or just south of Wichita (I forget). He was teaching bookmaking there, and has his own books which are marvelous inventions of words & materials. I don't have an address, but I knew Jeff (barely, but admired his books greatly) when I was learning bookmaking in Madison, Wisconsin, and

I am great friends with Penny McElroy, who preceded Jeff in teaching books at Lindsborg, but she's now at Univ. of Redlands in California.

Lots of Colorado is beautiful, of course, but in a more majestic, picture-postcard way. Although Mesa Verde down in 4 Corners land is poetic & amazing. Almost everything in New Mexico is worth seeing, but that's probably too far south for you.

Go through the smaller towns all the way if you can. You'll find more strange and marvelous things. My recent favorite was a small town in northern Oklahoma which had a house with literally hundreds of painted signs in front & on top & on the side, all about the coming acopalypse & other subjects.

Utah may be the strangest state in the west, depending on your religious sensibility. I thought Salt Lake City was the cleanest city I'd ever seen, in an eerie way. We camped once at Beaver Creek, in the Wasatch Mountains, not too far east of Salt Lake, & perhaps just a little south. Down the road from Beaver Creek (perhaps a national park site, or national forest site) campsite was Beaver Creek Nudist Colony, which I thought was pretty interesting to find in Utah -- we didn't go there, though.

Good luck & I hope I make it to Utah. We're currently considering moving back to Tucson, Arizona.

all best,
charles

charles alexander [=====^=====]
[<>]
chax press [maybe a <> pages]
[time <> letters]
phone & fax: [upon <> frames]
[once <> motion]
e-mail: [<>]
[=====vv=====]

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557. **Charles Alexander**
Re: furnished, remember?/no renga
Wed 16 Aug 1995

Oops, I hit reply by mistake & sent a message intended for Marisa to all poetics list. My apologies & embarassments.

charles

charles alexander [=====^=====]
[<>]
chax press [maybe a <> pages]
[time <> letters]
phone & fax: [upon <> frames]
[once <> motion]
e-mail: [<>]
[=====vv=====]

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558. **Fred E. Maus**

Re: furnished, remember?/no renga

Wed 16 Aug 1995

Wrote Charles Alexander:

>

> Oops, I hit reply by mistake & sent a message intended for Marisa to all
> poetics list. My apologies & embarassments.

>

Don't apologize. It was fascinating.

Better than many things that come to my mailbox, for sure.

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559. **maria damon**

Re: Too late to the renga

Wed 16 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group
writes:

> >I get embarrassed whenever I try to change anyone's opinion.

> I've come around to your way of thinking.

I've grown accustomed to your

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560. **maria damon**

Re: Favorite swears and Seventies-Speak

Wed 16 Aug 1995

george b writes:

> No no, by "southern" I mean John Faulkner or Tobacco Road.

who's john faulkner?--md

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561. **maria damon**

Re: Renga 11: Invasion from Mars

Wed 16 Aug 1995

sondheim writes:

- > I creamed. I came in nooks, in long songs.
- > I was heard, my birds were rooks.
- > I screamed. There were other looks
- > About to tear away the thongs.
- > Others longed to couple cords with books.
- > Others' supple hooks sucked rites from wrong.
- > I beamed, grew long.

bravo

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562. **Mark Roberts**

AWOL: THE FAMOUS REPORTER

Wed 16 Aug 1995

THE FAMOUS REPORTER

'Famous Reporter' is a biannual literary magazine which publishes short stories, poems, haiku, articles, interviews, reviews and news about writing events. Issue 12 is due for publication in December '95. New for issue 12 are one hundred word essays taking as their departure point a personal response to the opening line ("What am I worth?") of R.A. Simpson's poem 'find the saviour. The 'essays' may be in the form of prose or poetry, and need bear no relation to Simpson's poem apart from an individual response to the opening line. Contributions for publication will be selected by Victorian writer Lorraine Marwood.

Subscriptions to 'Famous Reporter' cost \$12 (within Australia) for two issues, from Walleah Press, PO Box 368, North Hobart, Tasmania 7002, Australia (overseas rates on application). The June '95 issue (# 11) features interviews with Sam Watson, Annie Warburton, articles essays and reviews by Bruce Roberts, Paul Bailey, Tim Thorne, David Owen, Elizabeth Dean, Henry Reynolds, Sherryl Clark and poetry, haiku and prose.

E-mail enquiries: [REDACTED]

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563. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: Renga 11: Invasion from Mars

Wed 16 Aug 1995

George and anyone available:

I had a dream
a song to sing
to help me through
most anything
if you see the wonder
in the fairy-tale...

--Abba

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564. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Wed 16 Aug 1995

>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>> (inspection
>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
>> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
>> kook!"
>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
>> warehouse, curls

>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
>> cleaners
>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments to be
>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were hooks.
>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft fruit
>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging

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565. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: you're fe/mail?

Wed 16 Aug 1995

Lindz wrote:

It's kinda cool not knowing what someone is gender wise. But I always assumed that I pretty well betrayed myself by my responses and my language as being young and female.

and Steve Carll wrote:

*Nope--not to me anyway. I thought you were an older male. (I hope this neither offends nor excessively surprises you.) This is what I meant not too long ago when I foolishly posted that "language seems to engender *itself*" or some such. What I meant was we read gender differently into a body of written or electronic text than we do into the human or animal body, but generally with the assumption that there's no difference between the gender we're reading into the text and the gender of the author of that text (that is, until Maria or someone starts to question this assumption and gets up the gumption to ask--thanks, Maria!) Makes for some interesting social situations. Try figuring out whether the narrator of Carla Harryman's "In The Mode Of" is male or female.*

I recently surprised myself when writing to a particular editor who went by initials, rather than by a (recognizable) first name. I thought the individual was one gender, and later learned that I was wrong. While there was nothing in my correspondence TO that person that was wrong or wildly non-neutral (!), I found that what was happened for me was a definite set of assumptions that did affect the way I spoke or wrote. It seemed more like working in different

(although certainly compatible) languages. Both were greatly pleasurable. Each was different.

I hope that what I'm saying (with readers of both genders in view) is conveyed as something more than a set of ditto marks after that Venus Mars business. Because I believe that for the most interestingly fluent people, the severity of divisions is usually reduced to a great degree. Minds talking to minds.

My surprise came in recognizing that although I feel, for the most part, like a mind talking to minds, there certainly are some things working that I'd not been so aware of.

Sheila

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566. **Bill Luoma**

Re: furnished, remember?/no renga

Wed 16 Aug 1995

Charles,

Oops, I hit reply by mistake & sent a message intended for Marisa to all poetics list. My apologies & embarrassments.

That was actually one of the best posts the list has ever seen.

Marissa,

I would recommend getting your hands on Baseball America's 1995 guide that lists minor and major league schedules, stadium directions, etc. It contains everything a scout needs to know to drive around the country to watch the up and coming.

I mean many small to midland towns that you'll be passing through have minor league ball teams. Evening games are usually mon-sat at around 7:30 pm, the perfect way to end a long drive.

The problem is the Baseball America guide is kind of hard to find. Usually MLB marketing professionals have them. The Yanks or the Mets front office might sell you one. I once bought one in Richmond, VA from the Braves triple-a front office staff.

Happy trails.

Bill Luoma

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567. **Louis Cabri**
A Poem By Ryan Knighton
Wed 16 Aug 1995

George and anyone available:

*I had a dream
a song to sing
to help me through
most anything
if you see the wonder
in the fairy-tale...*

--Abba

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568. **Louis Cabri**
hole mag fyi
Wed 16 Aug 1995

just out:

hole 5

New Poetry, including:

Bruce Andrews
Clint Burnham
Peter Culley
Stacy Doris
Gerry Gilbert
Harryette Mullen
Ted Pearson

forthcoming (Fall 1995):

hole 6

Poetics, Reviews, including:

Clint Burnham
Jeff Derksen
Nate Dorward
Susan Holbrook
Germaine Koh
Rob Manery
Nicole Markotic
Lisa Robertson
Johan de Wit

Fred Wah
& others

2 issues airmail for indivs.: CAD\$ 9.00 Canada
US\$ 9.00 USA
US\$ 11.00 elsewhere.

hole
magazine "with the most cake"

A n n o u n c i n g:
chapbooks

hole chapbook #1
Alan Davies: SEI SHONAGON
\$4.00 Can.
US\$ 4.00 USA
US\$ 5.00 elsewhere

hole 1-4 O.P.

a few provisory remarks after July (1995): old news for new
context & emphasis in _hole_ --
for Loss P. G.'s index & Joel K.'s mag

"Politics" in/of aesthetics, and as the most out-there horizon of "the aesthetic" in here - the everyday (insofar as "the aesthetic" still exists, and understood if only, then, by negative historical tracework): these remain for us crucial issues of poetics and poetry. "Politics," not only as how Robin Blaser brings it forward from Aristotle into modernism+ via Arendt - prose of means and ends, ethics of organizing goods and services to benefit the most meaning. Just as the question of the referent and the figure of outward has irrevocably altered for poetry, so too has the question of the phenomenological subject and the figure of inward. So it's from the latter that we also take "the political," and on equal terms with that ancient, fraught concept of "intention," an ethics of. These politics meet in language as language's motivated condition per se - which informs the level of the phoneme up through morpheme, word, phrase, etc., as socially constituted - & therefore contestable - givens. The rest of "the inward" -- its poetics of the spiritual, of subjectivity by ideological attrition -- and of "the outward" -- its poetics of intentionality by a rhetoric of the reductive -- signal for us only more of the prevailing return of borders (internal/external) of origin, most alarmingly macro being those of individual nations (however upset in their dialectic as trading block members, or however sublated warfare becomes as economic interest). We want to explore the paradoxical politics premised on twin interrogatives for formal innovation: of an irreferential language and an

aphenomenological subject. We think that historically, occasions when poesis has politicized its own formal machineries and contexts are exceptional enough that such disclosures of radical materialism, when & how they occur, are to be closely tended.

(Theory product warning: the relation of these remarks to the contents of each issue might be as ambiguous to discriminate as whatever relation exists between, for example, this poetics listserv and poetry. - On the phyrrie as impediment to "manifesto.")

Louis Cabri/Rob Manery, eds.

hole magazine

22-191 McLeod Street

Ottawa, Ontario

Canada K2P 0Z8

(Pls. make cheque out to Rob Manery. Thank you.)

██████ / ██████

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569. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: Too late to the renga

Wed 16 Aug 1995

On 16 Aug 95 at 8:49, maria damon wrote:

> In message <██████████> UB Poetics discussion group

> writes:

> > > I get embarrassed whenever I try to change anyone's opinion.

> > I've come around to your way of thinking.

> I've grown accustomed to your

Overgrowth, as tendril-words embrace the

-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----

|||/ Joseph Zitt ===== ██████████ ===== Human Systems \|||

||/ Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \||

|/ Online Representative, Austin International Poetry Festival \||

/ Joe Zitt's Home Page\

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570. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: JG others and us

Wed 16 Aug 1995

Maria, you are wonderful! So glad to see someone else anxiously scanning the lines to see if theirs are still clinging to the boat...! :-)

Gab.

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571. **maria damon**

Re: JG others and us

Wed 16 Aug 1995

gabrielle writes:

> Maria, you are wonderful! So glad to see someone else anxiously scanning
> the lines to see if theirs are still clinging to the boat...! :-)

>

> Gab.

hey listen, i'm so unbelievably shy about my "creative" writing as distinct from my "critical" writing (i almost cry when people ask, "do you write poetry yourself, as well as crit?" --or as my sister, a writer of light sonnets, so sensitively puts it, "and are you doing any of your *own* writing these days?") that i'm impressed that i'm participating at all. having said that, yes, i fanatically track "my" lines to see if they made the grade enough to further the renga, or whether i singlehandedly sank the ship. it's kinda fun to cast a line out there and see if it reels any more lines in...thanks everyone for just the right degree of anonymity and playfulness.--md

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572. **maria damon**

mumia signature

Wed 16 Aug 1995

hi folks sorry bout this but i deleted my mumia petition post after sending it out to everyone i knew, here's someone who replied to me rather than to the appropriate folks, so --i can't now remember who posted the mumia info, but cd you please forward the following forward to the right address? thanks--md

From: Paula Rabinowitz <[REDACTED]>

Date: Wed, 16 Aug 1995 21:17:17 -0500 (CDT)

To: maria damon <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Re: action alert-- Mumia petition

Please add my name to the list of academics in support of Mumia. Paula Rabinowitz--Associate Professor of english, american Studies and Women's studies University of Minnesota

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573. **Charles Alexander**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Wed 16 Aug 1995

On Wed, 16 Aug 1995 13:12:34 -0700,

Sheila E. Murphy <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>>> The caravan of windows to what they flee
>>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>>> (inspection
>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
>>> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
>>> kook!"
>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
>>> warehouse, curls
>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
>>> cleaners
>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments to be
>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were
hooks.
>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
>>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft fruit
>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation

>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
>>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised

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574. **Tony Green**

Re: Chooks

Wed 16 Aug 1995

Dear George, thanks for the additions to the chicken list, I'd appreciate a bit of description of each, since your chooks are unfamiliar.

Tony Green,
e-mail: [REDACTED]
post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand
Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]
Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

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575. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: Too late to the renga

Thu 17 Aug 1995

On Wed, 16 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:> In message <[REDACTED]> UB
Poetics discussion group> writes:

> > >I get embarrassed whenever I try to change anyone's opinion.
> > I've come around to your way of thinking.
> I've grown accustomed to your
> deodorant but not the nose hair

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576. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Thu 17 Aug 1995

On 8/16, Charles Alexander writes:

>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
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>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
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>>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
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>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
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>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
>>>> kook!"
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>>>> warehouse, curls
>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
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>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
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>>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were
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>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
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>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft fruit
>>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
>>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
>>>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
>>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep

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577. **Steve Carll**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Thu 17 Aug 1995

>On 8/16, Charles Alexander writes:

>

>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

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>>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

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>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's

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>>>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
>>>>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
>>>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
in brazen deliquescence, curled up in antinomy

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578. **George Bowering**

Re: Chooks

Thu 17 Aug 1995

Daniel Pinkwater. the great USAmerican kidsbooks author, is a little loony on chickens and dogs. In **Lizard Music** Dell paperback, 1976, there is a kid who has several friends on the street, including an old African-American guy who keeps a white chicken on his shoulder and sometimes his head. The chicken's name is Claudia and the man's name keeps changing. There is also a quintet of Lizards who play great music, and an attack of the pod people. The man and the chicken solve all the puzzles, or show the kid Victor how to do it. Almost as good as Pinkwater's two books about the Snarkout Boys.

The Hoboken Chicken Emergency features a 266-pound chicken at Thanksgiving. A horror story set in New Jersey; what more could you ask for? Pinkwater's drawings are as bad as Vonnegut's in that book about the arts festival.

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579. **cris cheek**

Re: desire / and the 39 steps

Thu 17 Aug 1995

in cool early dawn's light, under a microscope, his artificial grass appears slavishly vivid. the 'real thing' having dried back years before. beetles burning their hope there, memorials to the edge between that tended and that wild pumping valve.

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580. **Ron Silliman**

Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania

Thu 17 Aug 1995

Dear sad Cardinals fan

>

> That bare-handed line drive [caught by Kevin Mitchell], as I recall, was off the bat of Ozzie Smith. Didn't he also play for the Giants for a while?

No. He played with the San Diego Padres before being traded, one up, for shortstop Gary Templeton who was then presumed to be a better batter. When he was in San Diego, it was already apparent that Smith was the finest fielding shortstop ever to play the game. It's sad to see him now at 40, reduced to mere excellence. The Pods, by the way, later were to trade Kevin Mitchell for not so much in return. George is totally right about how his attitude drives "purists" wild.

(PS, if this seems redundant to some other messages, I'm still 250 messages behind, having spent a week in such places as Waco, TX, Southhaven, Mississippi, parts of Arkansas I never did figure out where I was and Memphis, Tennessee. Had not previously realized that the immediate next door neighbors of Mr. Presley were a series of funky little lube shops. That is not one of the better streets to have had a mansion on.) George, your cactus collection would fit right in.

Ron Silliman

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581. **Ron Silliman**

Re: "marketing strategies," CAP-L, & the gap (mind it or lose it)

Thu 17 Aug 1995

Herb Levy wrote:

>But note that forays onto CAP-L by folks from POETICS (at least those since last winter) have invariably ended when someone on CAP-L says "okay, you've made your point about what some of the problems with OUR stuff are, can you give an example of an inferior work in the "parallel tradition," so that we have some kind of idea of how YOUR aesthetics operate." So far no one from POETICS has been willing to say "yeah, here's something that was published in Origin (or Acts, or Aerial, or Alcheringa, or Avec, to go through some of the more recent journals on the shelf behind me) & it is really, really bad."

In one sense, I think that this is what Bob Perelman's *The Trouble with Genius* does and does admirably, going as it does after the biggest sacred cows we have. Certainly the section on Joyce's *Ulysses* as an accumulative text, with differing and conflicting goals at different stages of its development, is the most realistic assessment of that project as writing as we've had. And much of the Pound as well. Bob (who I think is still in the U.K. tho he may be back in the next week or so) goes as much at the critical traditions that have sprung up around Ez, Joyce, Gertrude and Louis (pronounced Louie -- and why, by the way, does everyone even today still pronounce it that way?) as he does the writers themselves, but he is very clear in bringing them down to size by desacralizing them through basic problems in/with their writing.

The book's weakness, it seems to me, is its reliance on the concept of genius itself, a frame that he drops very quickly after the intro to each chapter in favor of a more grounded reading.

Ron Silliman



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582. **David Kellogg**

Re: "marketing strategies," CAP-L, & the gap (mind it or lose it)

Thu 17 Aug 1995

On Thu, 17 Aug 1995, Ron Silliman wrote:

*In one sense, I think that this is what Bob Perelman's *The Trouble with Genius* does and does admirably, going as it does after the biggest sacred cows we have. Certainly the section on Joyce's *Ulysses* as an accumulative text, with differing and conflicting goals at different stages of its development, is the most realistic assessment of that project as writing as we've had. And much of the Pound as well. Bob (who I think is still in the U.K. tho he may be back in the next week or so) goes as much at the critical traditions that have sprung up around Ez, Joyce, Gertrude and Louis (pronounced Louie -- and why, by the way, does everyone even today still pronounce it that way?) as he does the writers themselves, but he is very clear in bringing them down to size by desacralizing them through basic problems in/with their writing.*

The book's weakness, it seems to me, is its reliance on the concept of genius itself, a frame that he drops very quickly after the intro to each chapter in favor of a more grounded reading.

Maybe, but the Wile E. Coyote reference toward the end brought it all back home for me. I whimsically imagine that was the initiating image for the project. To follow that up with a paper/scissors/rock description of the literary

scene was pretty bold, given the largely academic audience such a book's destined for. That description still haunts me -- I think it's the most fully *relational* representation of current writing institutions I've seen.

I don't see the Joyce chapter quite as strongly as you do -- but maybe that's because I was saturated with Joyce criticism a few years back.

Cheers,
David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

David Kellogg The moment is at hand.
University Writing Program Take one another
Duke University and eat.
Durham, NC 27708

██████████ --Thomas Kinsella

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583. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: "marketing strategies," CAP-L, & the gap (mind it or lose it)

Thu 17 Aug 1995

In response to ROn and David Kellogg's posts re Perelman and Genius--I was going to write a review of the book, but I am waiting for the SEQUEL--the marginalization of poetry--because what he does there is going to retrospectively confer meaning on this--- But, here's a question for people--- would you consider this book to be a DEBUNKING one, and what is the value of debunking books today---It is this question of "debunking" (which is weird--coz Stein, for instance has hardly been BUNKED) that interests me and it will be interesting to see if P just goes after the "modernists" so he can build up his contemporaries.....\ STAY TUNED (it's all so kitschy isn't it)...cs

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584. **Theresa Krystyna Smalec**

women's discourses of HIV and AIDS

Thu 17 Aug 1995

Dear Buffalo Poetics People,

Hi, my name's Theresa Smalec and i've just subscribed to this list. i wonder if anyone knows of and/or wants to talk about women's poetics of dis/ease. specifically, i'm interested in poetry that deals with HIV and AIDS, though

curious about other people's senses of what a discourse of dis/ease might entail.
any thoughts?

theresa smalec (████████)

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585. **David Kellogg**

Re: "marketing strategies," CAP-L, & the gap (mind it or lose it)

Thu 17 Aug 1995

On Thu, 17 Aug 1995, Chris Stroffolino wrote:

*In response to ROn and David Kellogg's posts re Perelman and
Genius--I was going to write a review of the book, but I am waiting
for the SEQUEL--the marginalization of poetry--because what he does
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But, here's a question for people---would you consider this book
to be a DEBUNKING one, and what is the value of debunking books
today---It is this question of "debunking" (which is weird--coz
Stein, for instance has hardly been BUNKED) that interests me
and it will be interesting to see if P just goes after the
"modernists" so he can build up his contemporaries.....*
STAY TUNED (it's all so kitschy isn't it)...cs

I see the book as a kind of sideways debunking, not directly debunking either
the writers or their reputation -- the opposite, in fact, since we're at the stage
now where contemporary experimental poetic practices are in need of a
genealogy for their own authorization (witness, at a far less engaged level,
books by Peter Baker and Christopher Beach). But rather a debunking of
critical myths the writers (to differing degrees) participated in. A
historicization in the sense of tracing a shaping concept -- genius as the
episteme of modernism? -- that no one person "shaped." So as not to read pre-
postmodernist writers like they "asked" to be read, but to get positive results
from reading them against themselves. A kind of productive debunking. That's
a quick 2cents.

Cheers,
David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

David Kellogg	The moment is at hand.
University Writing Program	Take one another
Duke University	and eat.
Durham, NC 27708	

████████ --Thomas Kinsella

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586. **George Bowering**

Re: Faulkner

Thu 17 Aug 1995

John Faulkner was a USAmerican novelist I read when I was a teenager. He writes a lot like Erskine Caldwell, and he was the brother of another novelist, William Faulkner. The Faulkners kept the names John and William going in every generation. They had a grandfather, I think it was, who was a novelist, too. His name was John Falkner. Wm Faulkner added the "u", if I remember aright.

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587. **George Bowering**

Re: Renga 11: Invasion from Mars

Thu 17 Aug 1995

Hey, Lindzed, I'm not a hero. Kevin Mitchell is a hero.

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588. **George Bowering**

Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania

Thu 17 Aug 1995

Yeah, I was just thinking a while ago about the way people like me look at ballplayers that are, in the real world, arseholes, like Kevin Mitchell or Jose Canseco, but how we kind of like them in the baseball world because they are not just the normal cliches. I really liked Dave Kingman, though I would have hated him outside of baseball. I never did much like Mickey Mantle.

I can't remember all the stuff Mitchell got in shit for. But I do remember that he and his brother were in the gangs in San Diego.

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589. **George Bowering**

Re: "marketing strategies"

Thu 17 Aug 1995

I am curious about these "new formalists" I have been hearing snippets about from US sources over the past few years. They have never, as far as I know, been heard of up here. Curious: in Canada the poets of the Allen anthology 30 years ago, quickly became for us the main US line of poetry, while the Iowa types were perhaps known by a few pros who probably came from Bucknell anyway. Are any of the "new formalists" famous? I have a feeling by "new" is probably meant old, and by "formalists" is probably meant conventional. But I

have never heard any of their poems, as far as I know. Are they a cohesive group, or is the term just used widely to refer to latter-day Iowa poets?

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590. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Thu 17 Aug 1995

On 17 Aug 95 at 22:45, Charles Alexander wrote:

> On Wed, 16 Aug 1995 22:19:47 -0700,
> Sheila E. Murphy <[REDACTED]> wrote:
>
> > On 8/16, Charles Alexander writes:
> >
> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > > > (inspection
> > > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > > > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > > > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > > > kook!"
> > > > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > > > warehouse, curls
> > > > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
> > > > cleaners
> > > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience

> >>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> >>>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
> >>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments
to be
> >>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were
hooks.
> >>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
> >>>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> >>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
> >>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
> >>>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> >>>> and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> >>> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> >> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
itself over us, slower than sound, yet mapping tone to color
-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----
|||/ Joseph Zitt ===== ██████████ ===== Human Systems \|||
||/ Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \||
|/ Online Representative, Austin International Poetry Festival \||
/ Joe Zitt's Home Page \

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591. **Ron Silliman**

Re: The List Itself

Thu 17 Aug 1995

One value of the list itself is the democratic way in which it introduces people to one another. I had a chance to experience this first hand in Dallas the other day when Joseph Zitt took me to a great restaurant, followed by a fine reading (Joe was one of the featured readers), a view into the Dallas lit scene I could have gotten no other way. Joe gave a terrific reading, by the way! Thanks!

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592. **Ron Silliman**

Re: Shedding the Lurker Skin

Thu 17 Aug 1995

Maria (she ends the poems) Damon wrote:

did u know that when robert duncan was adopted by the symmeses, they had

>an astrological chart drawn up for him that said, among other things, that he

>would witness the end of his own civilization during his lifetime? so the

>apocalypse must've happened before march 1988.

Just a smidgen under 20 years before, I'd say.

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593. **maria damon**

Re: The List Itself

Thu 17 Aug 1995

ron s writes:

> One value of the list itself is the democratic way in which it
> introduces people to one another. I had a chance to experience this
> first hand in Dallas the other day when Joseph Zitt took me to a great
> restaurant, followed by a fine reading (Joe was one of the featured
> readers), a view into the Dallas lit scene I could have gotten no other
> way. Joe gave a terrific reading, by the way! Thanks!

i like to hear this kind of thing, along with extended coverage of conferences, etc (thanks loss!). thanks ron. my kindred-spirit-in-every-port fantasy seems to be at least partially realizable.--md

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594. **Charles Alexander**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Thu 17 Aug 1995

On Wed, 16 Aug 1995 22:19:47 -0700,

Sheila E. Murphy <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>On 8/16, Charles Alexander writes:

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>>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
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>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
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>>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
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>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
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>>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
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>>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
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through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes

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595. **Charles Alexander**

Re: "marketing strategies," CAP-L, & the gap (mind it or lose it)

Fri 18 Aug 1995

David Kellogg writes of Perelman's book on genius, "I see the book as a kind of sideways debunking, not directly debunking either the writers or their reputation -- the opposite, in fact, since we're at the stage now where contemporary experimental poetic practices are in need of a genealogy for their own authorization."

Is this another way of saying a new canon building is needed, a contention with which I might have some problems, or do you have something else in mind. Could you explain why "contemporary experimental poetic practices are in need of a genealogy for their own authorization?" The genealogy I understand, as long as it is as unrestrictive as is possible. But I'm not certain why such works need "authorization" beyond their own making. But you may mean something quite specific by this term "authorization."

thanks,
charles

charles alexander [=====^=====]
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chax press [maybe a <> pages]
[time <> letters]
phone & fax: [upon <> frames]
[once <> motion]
e-mail: [<>]
[=====vv=====]

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596. **Charles Alexander**

Re: "marketing strategies"

Fri 18 Aug 1995

George, I don't know if I have a lot to say about these new formalists, but my sense is they are not so Iowa-connected, the Iowa line of writers (yes I know it's hardly a consistent line) being less strictly formal, rather more free verse narrativists. The new formalists are rather more interested in received forms of verse, renewing a tradition of poetry based on forms handed down over the last several centuries. Whether they succeed at such renewal is another question. At least one wing of these formalists has more connection to a Stanford tradition which includes such diverse figures as Yvor Winters and Donald Davie (Davie was teaching at Stanford when I was there in the early to mid-70's, and

while I am in debt to him for introducing me to serious study of Pound as well as quirky English poets such as Christopher Smart, I have very mixed feelings about him as a poet, and I found that, at Stanford, I generally had to get to San Francisco and Berkeley to experience contemporary writers whose work was meaningful to me). The key Stanford grad/writer (who went on to Harvard Business School and a career as a business executive) in the new formalist movement is Dana Gioia (who was, as a senior in college, a resident advisor in my freshman dormitory), but although Dana is perhaps one of the best known new formalists, I really am so unfamiliar with the group as not to know if he is truly central to their concerns.

I have a vague sense that some part of the new formalist movement comes out of various more southern USA writing traditions, but perhaps someone else could speak more about that.

all best,
charles

charles alexander [=====^=====]
[<>]
chax press [maybe a <> pages]
[time <> letters]
phone & fax: [upon <> frames]
[once <> motion]
e-mail: [<>]
[=====vv=====]

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597. **Ron Silliman**

Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania

Fri 18 Aug 1995

| *I cant remember all the stuff Mitchell got in shit for.*

One day, leaving Candlestick Park, the cops busted the person who was riding w/ Mitch on a homicide warrant. Bar fights occurred once or twice. And I think he may have pistol whipped a girlfriend (or am I confusing him with Bonds or Canseco here?). Like George says, not someone you would want to know "outside of" baseball. Not unlike lit in that regard. Never could imagine Spicer as a friend, nor Olson, nor Burroughs.

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598. **David Kellogg**

Re: "marketing strategies," CAP-L, & the gap (mind it or lose it)

Fri 18 Aug 1995

On Thu, 17 Aug 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

David Kellogg writes of Perelman's book on genius, "I see the book as a kind of sideways debunking, not directly debunking either the writers or their reputation -- the opposite, in fact, since we're at the stage now where contemporary experimental poetic practices are in need of a genealogy for their own authorization."

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Charles,

Thanks for your response. I suppose I shouldn't have used the term "in need," since I do NOT mean to suggest that this or that poetry "needs" anything for its own good -- I'm advocating nothing on that score, being a thoroughgoing relativist. And I am *certainly* not advocating anything like a new canon-building process. I was trying to speak (loosely) sociologically, in the sense of "what happens anyway." Enough people are reading, say, L-poetry for there to be a collective need to understand where it came from. Now this "where" is always built retroactively, both with L-poetry and with all other traditions. For a while the historical constructions were limited to the "internal" audience (viz. the variety of essays on/about/through Stein in language-associated publications). The need to construct a "tradition" is established structurally, not individually, as l-poetry gains and seeks a wider "outside" (read: academic?) audience.

I want to stress that I don't think this is a good or bad thing. It's just what happens.

I should say that my thoughts on this issue are heavily influenced by Bourdieu, and that I see l-poetry, as it becomes more established as a viable "position" in the poetic field (gaining what I've elsewhere called "positionality"), becoming firmly entrenched on the side of the field where rules what Bourdieu calls "restricted production: there value is determined through a reversal of the economic field, i.e., not sales but recognition.

Cheers,
David


~~~~~  
~~~~~  
David Kellogg The moment is at hand.
University Writing Program Take one another
Duke University and eat.
Durham, NC 27708

██████████ --Thomas Kinsella

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599. **Gwyn McVay**
Re: "marketing strategies"

Fri 18 Aug 1995

My sense of the "new formalists" is that there is a strong thread among them, Timothy Steele and Dana Gioia for example, that is interested in debunking the entire notion of "free verse," never mind composition by field. They seem stuck back a few decades ago, trying to debunk WCW's "Red Wheelbarrow," insisting that it has no prosody and is not a poem, et cetera. I believe there are other poets who use (and often abuse, cut up, lop off, etc.) received forms, like Molly Peacock, who don't subscribe to the Steeleian-Gioian mindset.

Gwyn McVay
██████████

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600. **Rachel Loden**
off the subject

Fri 18 Aug 1995

I know this is off-subject, but thought it might amuse:

.....

Here's the open letter published in an Australian newspaper that we told you about:

An open letter to M. Jacques Chirac:

Mon cher Jack

Je suis a bit fromaged off avec votre decision to blow up La Pacifique avec le Frog bombes nuclears. Je reckon vous must have un spot in La Belle France itself pour les explosions. Le Massive Central? Le Quay d'Orsay? Le Champs Elysees? Votre own back yard, peut etre?

Frappez le crows avec stones, Sport! La guerre cold est fini!
Votres forces militaire need la bombe atomique about as
beaucoup as poisson need les bicyclettes.

Un autre point, cobber. Votre histoire militaire isn't tres flash, consisting, n'est-ce pas, of batailles the likes of Crecy, Agincourt, Poitiers, Trafalgar, Borodino, Waterloo, Sedan, et Dien Bien Phu. Un bombe won't change le tradition. Je/mon pere/ mon grand pere/le cousing third avec ma grandmere/la plume de ma tante fought avec votre soldats against Le Boche in WWI (le Big One). Have vous forgotten?

Reconsider, mon ami, otherwise in le hotels et estaminets de l'Australie le
course anciens d'Angleterre - "Damnation to the French" - will be heard un
autre temps.

Votre chums don't want that.

Millo.

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601. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: "marketing strategies," CAP-L, & the gap (mind it or lose it)

Fri 18 Aug 1995

dear david kellogg--actually, one of the most intriguing things and positive things about THE TROUBLE WITH GENIUS is the part where Perelman seems to suggest (I'll find passage if people want) that the aesthetic of, say, Stevens is preferable to that of Pound and Zuk---There's a point at which he claims that the problem with the writers his book focusses on is that they MADE LARGER CLAIMS for their work than they could have achieved and at least Stevens and others didn't do this---I find this incredibly interesting--even if Perelman, I suppose for obvious reasons, doesn't make this CENTRAL to his book----Bests, chris Stroffolino (Ron and Maria--i too appreciate the democracy of this list and have met people to "usher" me places.....)

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602. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Fri 18 Aug 1995

The Inevitable REnga:

[illegible]

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

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[illegible]

605. **Jordan Davis.**
clean

Fri 18 Aug 1995

I've decided to take a few days to forget posts before I respond to them. Was it Alfred Corn or the whole hydra of Cap-L that proposed we choose a sacrificial experimental poet? Instead of "show us a bad experimental poet," why not ask us "what is good about good poetry in the experimental tradition" and advise us about what is good about good poetry in the conservative tradition. Then we can talk about the common properties of this good. Assuming there's any good poetry in either tradition.

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606. **Joseph Zitt**
Re: "marketing strategies"
Fri 18 Aug 1995

On 18 Aug 95 at 8:32, Gwyn McVay wrote:

debunking the entire notion of "free verse," never mind composition by field. They seem stuck back a few decades ago, trying to debunk WCW's

What is "composition by field"? -----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----
1----- |||/ Joseph Zitt ===== ██████████ ===== Human Systems \||| ||/
Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \|| |/
Online Representative, Austin International Poetry Festival \|| / Joe Zitt's Home Page\

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607. **Louis Cabri**
just frabjous
Fri 18 Aug 1995

I get embarrassed whenever I try to change anyone's opinion.
I've come around to your way of thinking.
Persons outside my ethnic group. Sorry for the confusion.

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608. **Curt Anderson**
Re: clean
Fri 18 Aug 1995

Jordan:

I think that what's good about experimental writing is the willingness to trust an instinct for what's interesting in verse, both within and without established forms and traditions -- for "experimental" writing merely codifies itself on a quicker cycle than more mainstream poetry. What moves me the most about "experimental" writing are those patches when I don't consciously know why I'm attentive. As for a sacrificial experimental writer, I can only hope that I am both obscure and recognized enough to be disposed of.

Curt Anderson

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609. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Fri 18 Aug 1995

>On Wed, 16 Aug 1995 22:19:47 -0700,

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>>On 8/16, Charles Alexander writes:

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>> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten

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610. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: Meet the New Formalists / Just like the Old Formalists

Fri 18 Aug 1995

but less well-read --

does the phrase "first time as tragedy, second time as farce" seem
appropriate here --

several books now out on the subject in USA, George, but look through a
few issues of *The Formalist* for a roundup --

what's most peculiar, to me, about this is that only practioners of *certain*
forms and certain rhetorical modes seem to qualify as formalists to this bunch
(by which I mean *that* bunch) -- part of their argument is that modernism
turned against "the very thing that makes verse verse," a statement that reveals
not only ignorance of much Pound (and certainly Eliot), but that seemingly
refuses to recognize other formal modes of organizing poems besides meter &
rhyme (odd, given the English poem's origins in alliterative verse) --

Moore & Niedecker remain two of my favorite formalists --

& Ron -- That's a *good* neighborhood to buld a mansion in if you have a fleet
of cadillacs to keep in running order! besides, it's ggod to know there's a cola
machine nearby when you're up all night shooting television sets in your living
room -- (good, as well as ggod)

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[illegible]

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612. **Louis Cabri**
Re: favourite care word: "you"
Sat 19 Aug 1995

> >On Wed, 16 Aug 1995 22:19:47 -0700,
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> >>>>> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> >>>>> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> >>>>> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
go ahead

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613. **David Kellogg**
Re: "marketing strategies"
Sat 19 Aug 1995

On Fri, 18 Aug 1995, Gwyn McVay wrote:

My sense of the "new formalists" is that there is a strong thread among them, Timothy Steele and Dana Gioia for example, that is interested in debunking the entire notion of "free verse," never mind composition by field. They seem stuck back a few decades ago, trying to debunk WCW's "Red Wheelbarrow," insisting that it has no prosody and is not a poem, et cetera. I believe there are other poets who use (and often abuse, cut up, lop off, etc.) received forms, like Molly Peacock, who don't subscribe to the Steeleian-Gioian mindset.

Certainly that describes Steele: if anybody else on the planet has read his "Missing Measures: Modern Poetry and the Revolt Against Meter," I have a dilemma that you could help me resolve:

- (a) obtuse or
(b) insane?

I can't make up my mind.

If Gioia is trying to debunk free verse now, then he's changed his mind of late; his much-cited essay "Notes on the New Formalism" makes much of the fact that he writes both free and traditionally metered verse. If only his exercises in either were any good....

Since somebody asked: a good critical essay on the NFs is by Alan Shapiro (who should be put in the Peacock camp, tho he seems even less of a fellow traveller) published in Critical Inquiry a few years back, and republished in his *In Praise of the Impure*. Shapiro resents being called a New Formalist, and he explains why pretty well.

Cheers,
David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

David Kellogg	The moment is at hand.
University Writing Program	Take one another
Duke University	and eat.
Durham, NC 27708	

 --Thomas Kinsella

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=====

===== Kenneth Goldsmith

<http://wfmusic.org/~kennyg/> [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

615. **Loss Glazier**
EPC.News.3
Sat 19 Aug 1995

ELECTRONIC POETRY CENTER
Annual Report
July 1995

408

Month	Transactions
1/95	7935
2/95	7940
3/95	10370
4/95	11994
5/95	13458

Counts only include directories having ten or more transactions per month.

II. POETICS

The EPC maintains resources related to the Poetics Program at Buffalo, SUNY Buffalo, including the Wednesdays at Four Plus calendar, and the archive of the Poetics discussion list. Also maintained are files of syllabi and other pedagogically relevant materials. At present, the Poetics archive comprises 24 files and a total of roughly 9.6 million bytes.

III. ITEMS "PUBLISHED"

The Electronic Poetry Center, comprised of roughly 640 files in 85 directories, accomplishes the bulk of its "publishing," in addition to its Poetics files and the publication of RIF/T magazine, in three main areas: the author library, electronic journals it distributes, and information on print small presses it provides. Following is information on these three areas.

1. Authors Presently Linked (35 authors)

- * Charles Alexander
- * John Ashbery
- * Charles Bernstein
- * Lee Ann Brown
- * Basil Bunting
- * John Cage
- * Andy Clausen
- * Larry Eigner
- * Benjamin Friedlander
- * Chris Funkhouser
- * Elena Garro
- * Lydia Gil
- * Loss Pequeno Glazier
- * Jorge Guitart
- * Matthew Huddleston
- * Michael Joyce

- * Robert Kelly
- * Judith Kerman
- * Richard Kostelanetz
- * Joel Kuszai
- * Hank Lazer
- * Jackson Mac Low
- * Nathaniel Mackey
- * Sheila E. Murphy
- * A.L. Nielsen
- * Charles Olson
- * Peter Quartermain
- * Joan Retallack
- * Jim Rosenberg
- * Jerome Rothenberg
- * Leslie Scalapino
- * Susan Schultz
- * Kenneth Sherwood
- * Martin Spinelli
- * Katie Yates

2. Journals Currently Distributed/Housed at the EPC (12 Journals; approx 88 issues / 402 files) Does not include journals to which links are provided (housed elsewhere)

The following selected electronic poetry journals are distributed by the Electronic Poetry Center. Unlike many Internet sites, these journals are provided in collaboration with their editors to provide texts that are as "authoritative" as possible.

- * Brink / Plymouth, Devon, UK
- * DIU / Albany
- * Experioggi(cyber)cist / Florence, AL
- * Inter\face / Albany
- * Passages: A Technopoetics Journal / Albany, NY
- * Poemata - Canadian Poetry Assoc. / London, Ontario
- * Juxta/Electronic / Charlottesville, VA
- * RIF/T: Electronic Space for New Poetry, Prose, & Poetics
- * Segue Foundation/Root Book News / New York
- * TREE: TapRoot Electronic Edition / Lakewood, Ohio
- * TREE: TapRoot Electronic Edition (Hypertext) / Lakewood, Ohio
- * We Magazine / Santa Cruz
- * Witz / Toluca Lake, CA

3. Listings of Print Small Presses (Approx. 70 files/items)

The EPC provides listings for print small press publications. In addition to information about sources of information about small presses, and lists published both in the U.S. and U.K. of experimental magazines, the following files are presently offered in the categories, mags, presses, and sources.

_Magazines____

antenym
chain
compound.eye
coppertales
elephant
first.intensity
impercipient
interruptions
kiosk
littlemagazine
meaning
na.ideophonics
olson.minutes
open.letter
pbriefs
poetry.ny
raddle
situation
skylab
southerly
tinfish

_Presses____

avenue.txt
avenue_b_list
bdeck.txt
generator
herisson
leave
meow
meow.spring_95
o_books
potes.txt
public.works.apr95
reality.street
roof.txt
segue-p.txt

st-hill.txt
story_line
sun_and_moon
tailspin
texture
viet
wellsweep

Prepared by Loss Pequen~o Glazier, Director, EPC, July 31, 1995 in cooperation with Ken Sherwood, Projects Director, and Charles Bernstein, Poetics Program, SUNY at Buffalo.

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616. **Loss Glazier**
NEW_URL_for_EPC
Sat 19 Aug 1995

Announcement: <http://writing.upenn.edu/epc>

ELECTRONIC POETRY CENTER
> C h a n g e o f U R L

Please make special note of the fact that the EPC will be moving to a new URL as of September 1, 1995. This move, which has taken many, many hours of work to effect, has been made for the purpose of having a much simpler address for "readers" and contributors to the Center. Instead of the old:

<http://writing.upenn.edu/internet/library/e-journals/ub/rift>

You will now find the EPC at:

<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc>

which we all think makes much better sense! I will continue to leave the old URL "open" for a while until people get used to the new site.

For those of you who have links to the EPC from other sites, please change your link to the new URL. There are new features and there will be more graphics, sound, and just plain (or html) poetry!

(PS. Please don't use the new URL until Sept. 1. Though the new location is much more prominent, I'm still stamping out the bugs)

See you at our new digs!

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617. **Ron Silliman**

Value in Poetry

Sat 19 Aug 1995

The question of a "bad" poet or poem in the "parallel tradition," to borrow Corn's vocabulary, really calls up the question of value, which is what I think Bob addresses in *Genius*. While Pound and Stein make pretty explicit claims for their genius (and Joyce was certainly willing to play the part, tho more cautious in his statements), Zukofsky seems to have been far more defensive about the issue, and ultimately does not stake his work on that. What I think Bob is after is a fresh rereading of all 4 that (1) reads them beyond the transcendentalist heuristics of their ardent fans, who see only glimmers of revealed knowledge (they're not alone in this sycophantic reaction: Spicer, Kerouac and others have all called it forth. Even Merwin gets it for heaven's sake) and (2) looks at what it may be in their own writing that calls forth such nonsense as Kenner, Davenport and Terrell have spewed forth. A very distinct critical problem from the one put forth, say, by the New Critics, who shunned that fawning stance in favor of ultraprofessionalism. Where Bob gets in trouble, and it's minor quibbling on my part to call it that (but to put on the title as much as anything), is in not being focused at all points on which is the target of a given reading. So in that sense he tries to do too much, which oddly replicates what all 4 of those poets do in their masterworks.

I don't, by the way, think Bob is announcing himself Pro-Stevens over any of those four (give me that cite, Chris!), tho if you look at the recent work (in *Raddle Moon* or the chapbook that Ben Friedman did, *_Chaim Soutine_*, the degree to which Bob is primarily a social satirist (as is Charles B) really comes to the fore. It's an interesting genre to see get such large play and worth noting that both Bob and Charles have generally stayed away from anything of "epic" proportions.

The problem of value for my generation is I think sticky. Certainly value exists, but it is not a fixed, transcendental term in my world and that relativism is what drives the Bob Doles of poetry (and the Ross Perots of poetry, too, like Ed Foster) around the bend. Any one of us could name a poet, or several, whose work we do not connect with, because it shares little in the way of our own values. In my case, it would be, say, Susan Howe, whose work seems to me always tepid on the page and appealing to values off the page for its interest. But those are my values and I'm conscious of that. I'm sure that I fit into this same role for other readers too, and that's how the world ends up with surplus values that cause slippage and surprises for us all. Which is why the poetry of 20 years from now won't look the way I expect (or hope or fear) it might, nor the way you imagine either.

But I do think that our parallel tradition (quote unquote) adheres and evolves in interesting, positive ways because there is a broader range of shared values, some Venn diagram of which would put myself, Susan Howe, John Taggart, Larry Fagin, Antler and Joy Harjo all into the same circle. And this is what makes discourse possible.

The problem is one of knowing where, at any given moment, to put the emphasis.

Ron Silliman

██████████

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618. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: delayed response

Sat 19 Aug 1995

Maria: that was the best renga yet, by far!

Since onbody else has responded to Corn's possibly rhetorical question -- yes, I have changed my mind as a result of reading posts on the poetics line -- one example -- I had thought, after reading *_A Call in the Midst of the Crowd_* that Alfred Corn must be a witty and thoughtful writer -- having had a few days to review his passed along post, I now see that I must have been badly mistaken.

(for "onbody" read "nobody" --- also read Joan retallack's *_Errata Suite_* for all you need to know about error)

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619. **Charles Alexander**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Sat 19 Aug 1995

On Fri, 18 Aug 1995 19:20:44 -0700,
Sheila E. Murphy <██████████> wrote:

>>On Wed, 16 Aug 1995 22:19:47 -0700,

>>Sheila E. Murphy <██████████> wrote:

>>

>>>On 8/16, Charles Alexander writes:

>>>

>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>>>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>>>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>>>>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>>>>>> The caravan of windows to what they flee
>>>>>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>>>>>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>>>>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>>>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>>>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>>>>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>>>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>>>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>>>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>>>>>> (inspection
>>>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
>>>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
>>>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>>>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
>>>>>> kook!"
>>>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
>>>>>> warehouse, curls
>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
>>>>>> cleaners
>>>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
>>>>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>>>>>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
>>>>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments
to be
>>>>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.
>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
>>>>>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
>>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
>>>>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
>>>>>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
>>>>>> and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
>>>>>> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>>>>>> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>>>>>> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>>>>>> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes

>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night

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620. **Charles Alexander**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Sat 19 Aug 1995

On Sat, 19 Aug 1995 01:18:02 MDT,
Louis Cabri <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>> >On Wed, 16 Aug 1995 22:19:47 -0700,

>> >Sheila E. Murphy <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>> >

>> >>On 8/16, Charles Alexander writes:

>> >>

>> >>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> >>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

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>> >>>>> The caravan of windows to what they flee

>> >>>>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>> >>>>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>> >>>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>> >>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

>> >>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

>> >>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

>> >>>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

>> >>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

>> >>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's

>> >>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance

>> >>>>> (inspection

>> >>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-
colonizing

>> >>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several

>> >>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango

>> >>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,

>> >>>>> kook!"

>> >>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco

>> >>>>> warehouse, curls

>> >>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry

>> >>>>>> cleaners
>> >>>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
>> >>>>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>> >>>>>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
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>> >>>>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
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>e
>> >>>>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
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>s.
>> >>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness
>> >>>>>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
>> >>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently
soft fruit
>> >>>>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
>> >>>>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
>> >>>>>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
>> >>>>>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>> >>>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>> >>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>> >through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
> go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes

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621. **Marjorie Perloff**
Re: troubles with genius
Sun 20 Aug 1995

Having been the reader for the Cal Press of Bob P's "Trouble with Genius," I'm reading some of the comments here with puzzlement. I think what Bob is doing is diagnosing modernism as a larger construct--not just the four writers in question. And I certainly don't think he prefers Stevens to Pound for being less ambitious (moreover, Stevens had exactly the same "genius" notions in his own way) but rather is showing the terrible dilemma--still ours today--of wanting on the one hand to write a difficult and complex culturally informed poetry and yet speak to a large audience. Do we think this problem has been solved? As for

Ron's comments on the silly things Kenner and Davenport say, what silly things?? I think Davenport is one of the most brilliant critics we have (also a terrific writer). And Kenner, whatever his limitations, can do rings around almost anyone writing on poetry today. Why do we really need to play these games?

Marjorie P.

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622. **George Bowering**
Re: troubles with genius

Sun 20 Aug 1995

Speaking as a Canadian reading USAmerican commentary, I have to agree with Marjorie this time. Plus this: Kenner (okay, he's a Canadian) and Davenport can WRITE. I will read them on subjects I don't otherwise much care about. I would add Gass to this short list, too.

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623. **George Bowering**
Re: "marketing strategies"

Sun 20 Aug 1995

I guess David Kellogg's message proves my point. I buy and otherwise acquire lots and lots of poetry books, mags etc, have done for years, and I have never heard of any of those "new formalist" poets he mentions. I guess they don't make it out of the US.

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624. **George Bowering**
Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania

Sun 20 Aug 1995

Ron S. is right again. And it ain't just lit and baseball. Can you imagine being Montgomery Clift's friend? Or James Dean?

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625. **George Bowering**
Re: "marketing strategies," CAP-L, & the gap (mind it or lose it)

Sun 20 Aug 1995

I'd like to say thanks to all those who helped fill me in on the "new formalists."

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626. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania

Sun 20 Aug 1995

On Sat, 19 Aug 1995, George Bowering wrote:

> Ron S. is right again. And it aint just lit and baseball. Can you

> imagine being Montgomery Clift's friend? Or James Dean?

>

Yeah, the latter -

Alan

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627. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: Value in Poetry

Sun 20 Aug 1995

Ron (and, by implication, everybody): The ghostly "presence" Stevens serves in this book (aside from a way to show Zukofsky's s 's fawning) uses him as a kind of "value" to question the book's own g stated guiding assumptions: He's first included in a list of other poets (ELIOT, Williams, HD, and Moore) who, according to Perelman "produced poems, rather than life-writing, There is a sense of finitness [as opposed to finitude] and social location that is not there in Pound and Stein, certainly." (page 3) This distinction is problematic, of course, and at first seems to be something that is NOT attractive to Perelman (as in Jed Rasula's WAX MUSEUM book)--they lacked a "project" (etc.). I'd want to argue this point and show that the distinction between life-writing and mere "poems" does not seem to apply to many of these poets. But, then I see that Perelman uses Stevens as an example (though, yes, he's not praising Stevens' work per se) of the value of "poems" over "life-writing" and credits him with "a clear, delicately elegaic presentation of the problem"(223)--this is pretty much the standard avant-garde line on him (see Don Byrd---certainly no L's poet's POETICS OF THE COMMON KNOWLEDGE), yet because Perelman is interested in showing what he considers to be the "trouble" with the ZUK, STEIN, POUND....his use of Stevens to 'affirm that there is something outside...' makes me question just what is meant by Perelman's assertion that Stevens work "fits within a socially well-defined sense of poetry." And this opens up the whole can of worms of what is SUBVERSION, of why we read....Do we really believe the canon-makers (or ourselves if we happen to be canon-makers) when they say "this is subverive; read it" any more than we believed the highschool teachers and their force-fed frost. Besides, the (start again).... I guess my question viz-a-viz "debunking" was this---If this

book explores (at times relying on the fallacy ad hominem to the point ?) the problematics of a certain kind of writing, and shows the weaknesses of it, the delusions, etc--why doesn't it even attempt to posit an alternative in Moore, HD, etc? Isn't it possible that poetry that DOESN'T ADVERTISE ITSELF as "social criticism" as much as some others do, may be at least as effective--- Presumably, Perelman doesn't find such "empowerment" in any of the modernists (the four he mentions being the CLOSEST they get)--we'll see, I guess, if the answer to marjorie's question--has the problem been solved---comes up when he discusses the work of the in some sense WILLFULLY MARGINALIZED L poets he discusses (though the early "separatist" stance is no doubt crumbling....)-- So, I guess I'm doing that De Man thing--- "the second you rebuke a previous writer for his blindness, you immediately replicate his gesture." -----well, enuf, chris

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628. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Sun 20 Aug 1995

>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>>>>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>>>>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>>>>>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>>>>>>> The caravan of windows to what they flee
>>>>>>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>>>>>>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>>>>>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>>>>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>>>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>>>>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>>>>>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>>>>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>>>>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>>>>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>>>>>>> (inspection
>>>>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-
colonizing
>>>>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
>>>>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>>>>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
>>>>>>> kook!"

>>>>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
>>>>>>> warehouse, curls
>>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry
>>>>>>> cleaners
>>>>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
>>>>>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>>>>>>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
>>>>>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments
to be
>>>>>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were
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>.
>>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
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>>>>>>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
>>>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently
soft fruit
>>>>>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
>>>>>>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
>>>>>>> and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
>>>>>>> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>>>>>>> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>>>>>>> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>>>>>>> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>>>>>>> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>>>>>>> other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
>>>>>>> with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto

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629. **Charles Alexander**
Re: favourite care word: "you"
Sun 20 Aug 1995

On Sun, 20 Aug 1995 07:59:38 -0700,
Sheila E. Murphy <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
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>>>>>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
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>>>>>>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
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>>>> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>>> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
> with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity

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630. **Keith Tuma**

Re: Value in Poetry

Sun 20 Aug 1995

Interesting to read Ron, Chris, and Marjorie on Bob P's book. I've only managed to get part way through it so far, so can't respond directly, BUT for me the most provocative prose I've read by Bob was the review-essay in *American Literary History* a year or so ago, where the project of Charles B gets juxtaposed to the project of Kamau Brathwaite. There it seems to me that Brathwaite comes out on top, gets the nod, whatever, which given the conversation Ron and Chris have been having is curious, no? For Brathwaite's project is surely epic (though not without elements of satire). At any rate it seems to offer--in that essay at least--the model of a politics of poetry Bob P can endorse. Perhaps the essay gets reworked or included in the forthcoming book. If I'm right about Bob P endorsing the Brathwaite model, the implications of that endorsement probably need some discussion. Anybody? The essay ("Write the Power") is in ALH 6.2 (Summer 1994).

Keith Tuma

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631. **maria damon**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Sun 20 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group
writes:

> >>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
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> >>>>>> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
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> >>>>>> other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
> with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
that sea anemone so like new associate professors clinging singlemindedly

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632. **maria damon**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Sun 20 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

> On Sun, 20 Aug 1995 07:59:38 -0700,
> Sheila E. Murphy <[REDACTED]> wrote:
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> >>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
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> >>>>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >>>>>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >>>>>>> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >>>>>>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >>>>>>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >>>>>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >>>>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> >>>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> >>>>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >>>>>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> >>>>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> >>>>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> >>>>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> >>>>>>> (inspection
> >>>>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-
colonizing

> >>>>>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> >>>>>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> >>>>>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias,
oh,ho,
> >>>>>>>> kook!"
> >>>>>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof"
Tobacco
> >>>>>>>> warehouse, curls
> >>>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at
the
> > dry
> >>>>>>>> cleaners
> >>>>>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
> >>>>>>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> >>>>>>>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter
chose
> > encore
> >>>>>>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments
> >to be
> >>>>>>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the
streams were
> >hooks
> >>.
> >>>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> > darkness
> >>>>>>>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> >>>>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently
soft
> > fruit
> >>>>>>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
> >>>>>>>> a la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> >>>>>>>>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
considered
> >>>>>>>>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> >>>>>>>>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> >>>>>>>>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> >>>>>>>>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> >>>>>>>>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> >>>>>>>>other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night

> >with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
> the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity

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633. **Charles Alexander**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Sun 20 Aug 1995

On Sun, 20 Aug 1995 13:35:31 -0500,
maria damon <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group
>writes:

>> >>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> >>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> >>>>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> >>>>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> >>>>>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> >>>>>>> The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> >>>>>>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> >>>>>>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> >>>>>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> >>>>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>> >>>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>> >>>>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> >>>>>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> >>>>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> >>>>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>> >>>>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>> >>>>>>> (inspection
>> >>>>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-
colonizing
>> >>>>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
>> >>>>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>> >>>>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias,
oh,ho,
>> >>>>>>> kook!"
>> >>>>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof"
Tobacco
>> >>>>>>> warehouse, curls
>> >>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at
the dry
>> >>>>>>> cleaners

>> >>>>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
>> >>>>>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
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chose
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>> >>>>>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments
>> to be
>> >>>>>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the
streams were
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>> >>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
>> > darkness
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>> >>>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently
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>> >>>>>>> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
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>> >>>>>>> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>> >>>>>>> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>> >>>>>>> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> >>>>>>> other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
>> with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
> that sea anemone so like new associate professors clinging singlemindedly
to tenuous promissory notes, one ear to thunder, fast over Tucson Mountains

[↑ Contents](#)

634. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: Value in Poetry

Sun 20 Aug 1995

Yes, Keith, Bob told me about this piece (which is one of the reasons I'm waiting for MARGINALIZATION to come out--for I haven't read it yet,) and it certainly would offer a different paradigm than what ROn calls "Bob and Charles's....social satire" (which I think is a reductive reading of even Bob's

earlier work, much less "chain sauttine"). I am also extremely curious of what Barrett Watten's recent work on Laura (Riding) Jackson consists. Can it be said to be an endorsement? Or would it be the kind of "right-handed endoresement" (I'm left handed) McGann gives. I am especially curious because there are tremendous affinities in the work of Carla Harryman (who Watten is married to--to do an "ad hominen" thing) and Laura Riding (especially "progress of stories") And I will quote in full a Laura Riding poem which can be read allegorically (I suppose) as a kinda law (or Lawn--a la Rosemarie Waldrop) of the excluded middle shown as one and the same with a "parthenogenesis" fantasy not unlike that "glaoumourized" (for academics) by LACAN as "entry into the masculine symbolic" (blah blah)--There is a battle of names here---SHE'S only a monomaniac because HE'S parthenogenetic!

THAT ANCIENT LINE

Old Mother Act and her child Fact-of-Act
Lived practically as one,
He so proud of his monomaniac mother,
She so proud of her parthenogenetic son.

After her death of course
With his looks and education
Lived on the formal compliments
That other phrases paid him;
And had, of his ceremony, one daughter
Who remarkably resembled
Her paternal and only grandmother.

Indeed, between Act and Matter-of-Fact
Was such consanguineous sympathy
That the disappearance of the matronymic
In the third generation of pure logic
Did not detract from the authority
Of this and later versions
Of the original progenitive argument.

Long flourished that estate
And never died that self-engendering line-out.
Scion followed after scion
Until that ancient blood ran nearly thin,
But Verily, In Truth and Beyond Doubt
Renewed the inheritance--and And So On.

There is a "he" absent from the fist line of the second stanza (maybe other erratua too)--I can see the reviewers now "Almost as good as Silliman's MICROSOFT BUYS CATHOLIC CHURCH piece"---I'm suprised no one has yet

come to Susan Howe's defense against Ron. On that point, I won't (or can't).
Chris Stroffolino

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635. **George Bowering**
Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania
Sun 20 Aug 1995

Hey, friend, want a ride in my Porsch Spyder?

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636. **Mark Roberts**
(no subject)
Sun 20 Aug 1995

Sybylla Feminist Press Collective 'She's Fantastical' Book launch

Sybylla is the oldest extant feminist press in Australia, run by a voluntary collective, and is committed to independent feminist publishing.

Sybylla's latest book, entitled 'She's Fantastical', is being launched on 27 August 1995, by Louise Adler, arts editor for 'The Age', at 5.30pm at Budinskis Theatre of Exile, 380 Lygon St, Carlton, Melbourne.

'She's Fantastical' will be the first anthology of Australian women's speculative fiction, fantasy and magical realism to be published in Australia. It is edited by Lucy Sussex and Judith Buckrich with a foreword written by Ursula K Le Guin. There will be readings at the launch by Ania Walwicz, berni m.janssen and Rosaleen Love.

'She's Fantastical' will retail for \$22.95 and is distributed by Manic Exposeur. For more inquiries regarding the launch please ring Lisa Fletcher on (03) 9481 0268. Inquiries regarding publicity and promotions should be directed to Sarah Endacott (03) 9853 2744 and Kathy Miner (03) [REDACTED].

email inquiries to Karen Porter - address: [REDACTED]

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637. **Shaunanne Tangney**
Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania
Mon 21 Aug 1995

On Sun, 20 Aug 1995, George Bowering wrote:

| Hey, friend, want a ride in my Porsch Spyder?

what if i said yes. . ?

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638. **maria damon**

Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania

Mon 21 Aug 1995

shaunanne writes:

> On Sun, 20 Aug 1995, George Bowering wrote:

>

> > Hey, friend, want a ride in my Porsch Spyder?

> >

>

> what if i said yes. . ?

so, forgive my costant questions, what's a Porsch Spyder?

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639. **H. T. KIRBY-SMITH**

New Formalism

Mon 21 Aug 1995

The New Formalism is pretty Old Hat. Here are a couple of paragraphs I wrote maybe two or three years ago:

Official participants in the New Formalism are harder to identify with certainty than those who constituted "The Movement" in England. New Formalism is perhaps best described as a diffused reaction on the part of poets who are separated geographically, by age, and by any number of other differences of background and intellectual conviction. Poets who perceive themselves as New Formalists are not necessarily admired by other poets who have--without seeking any such affiliation--been lumped into that category. Some actively resist being called New Formalists, feeling a disdain similar to that felt by Elizabeth Bishop towards those who identified her as a candidate for inclusion in collections of poems exclusively by women.

At this point I would like to insert a personal note. In the 1970s and early 1980s, The Greensboro Review, of which I was then editor, was printing--along with much else--work by poets who had trained themselves to handle the old meters with rare grace and to employ them in rendering contemporary subjects; three or four of these poets were former students of Yvor Winters. I did not imagine at the time that we might be running a stud farm for an identifiable breed of poetry, and I find it irritating to see the rapidity with which the livestock is being propagated, raised to marketable

size, and butchered; but as Randall Jarrell said long ago of the scholar/critic's opinion of the poet, "Pig! What do you know about bacon!" The magazine published some of the earliest poems by both Timothy Steele and Alan Shapiro, who have come to be identified, at least to some degree and in some contexts, perhaps with increasing discomfort at being so designated, as New Formalists; also appearing were hard-core Wintersians such as Kenneth Fields, Charles Gullans, and Raymond Oliver. But we printed poems, too, that did not fit any conventional form but which seemed to be aiming at organized patterns that were metrically satisfying, and many that were in no discernible pattern, such as one of Dave Smith's earliest and a poem or two by Charles Simic. Sharing the space in one number of the magazine published in 1975 were Steele and Fields, but the same issue included a highly experimental "Mondrian" poem by Amon Liner (who died soon after publication of that work) which I now recognize to be immediately anticipatory of "Language" poetry. I cannot think what label to apply to the poems there and in other issues which displayed a willingness to employ as-yet-unrecognized structural elements, such as those by May Swenson and some by Robert Morgan. "Reconstructive" has too many accidental associations, whether academic or regional, but "New Formalism," even if it were accurate, seems worse--because the label really has acquired a reactionary following and as T. S. Eliot (in "Little Gidding") put it: "We cannot revive old factions / We cannot restore old policies / Or follow an antique drum." Would "New Structuralism" seem anything but an alias? In any case, at the time that we were publishing these poems the word "formalist" never crossed my mind. But since then the New Formalist movement has congealed and has roused considerable opposition.

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640. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Mon 21 Aug 1995

Charles Alexander wrote:

>On Sun, 20 Aug 1995 07:59:38 -0700,

>Sheila E. Murphy <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>

>>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>>>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>>>>>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>>>>>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>>>>>>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>>>>>>>> The caravan of windows to what they flee

>>>>>>>>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>>>>>>>>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>>>>>>>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>>>>>>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>>>>>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>>>>>>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>>>>>>>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>>>>>>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>>>>>>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>>>>>>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>>>>>>>>> (inspection
>>>>>>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-
colonizing
>>>>>>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
>>>>>>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>>>>>>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias,
oh,ho,
>>>>>>>>> kook!"
>>>>>>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof"
Tobacco
>>>>>>>>> warehouse, curls
>>>>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at
the dry
>>>>>>>>> cleaners
>>>>>>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
>>>>>>>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>>>>>>>>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter
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encore
>>>>>>>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments
>>to be
>>>>>>>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were
>>hooks
>>>.
>>>>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness
>>>>>>>>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
>>>>>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently
soft

fruit

>>>>>>>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
>>>>>>>>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
>>>>>>>>>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
>>>>>>>>>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>>>>>>>>>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>>>>>>>>>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>>>>>>>>>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>>>>>>>>>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>>>>>>>>>other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
>>>>>>>>>with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
>>>>>>>>>the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity
>>>>>>>>>as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart

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641. **Shaunanne Tangney**
Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania
Mon 21 Aug 1995

On Mon, 21 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

shaunanne writes:

On Sun, 20 Aug 1995, George Bowering wrote:

Hey, friend, want a ride in my Porsch Spyder?

what if i said yes. . ?

so, forgive my costant questions, what's a Porsch Spyder?

the car james dean died in. . . evry rare. . . very cool. . . very spooky ST

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642. **Hank Lazer**
Re: favourite care word: "you"
Mon 21 Aug 1995

> >>>>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >>>>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >>>>>>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >>>>>>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >>>>>>>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >>>>>>>>> The caravan of windows to what they flee

> >>>>>>>>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >>>>>>>>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >>>>>>>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >>>>>>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> >>>>>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> >>>>>>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
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> >>>>>>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> >>>>>>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> >>>>>>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for
ignorance
> >>>>>>>>> (inspection
> >>>>>>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-
colonizing
> >>>>>>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially
several
> >>>>>>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> >>>>>>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias,
oh,ho,
> >>>>>>>>> kook!"
> >>>>>>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof"
Tobacco
> >>>>>>>>> warehouse, curls
> >>>>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at
the dry
> >>>>>>>>> cleaners
> >>>>>>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
> >>>>>>>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> >>>>>>>>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter
chose
> encore
> >>>>>>>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments
> >>to be
> >>>>>>>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the
streams were
> >>hooks
> >>>.
> >>>>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> darkness
> >>>>>>>>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.

Likewise

> >>>>>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
recently soft
> fruit
> >>>>>>>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
> >>>>>>>>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> >>>>>>>>>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
considered
> >>>>>>>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> >>>>>>>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> >>>>>>>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> >>>>>>>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> >>>>>>>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> >>>>other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
> >>>with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
> >the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity
> as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space

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643. **Lindz Williamson**

spyder

Mon 21 Aug 1995

On Mon, 21 Aug 1995, Shaunanne Tangney wrote:

On Mon, 21 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

shaunanne writes:

On Sun, 20 Aug 1995, George Bowering wrote:

Hey, friend, want a ride in my Porsch Spyder?

what if i said yes. . ?

so, forgive my costant questions, what's a Porsch Spyder?

the car james dean died in. . . evry rare. . . very cool. . . very spooky
ST

George drives a grey volvo, . . . very somber . . . very practical . . . very common.

Lindz (the burster of bubbles)

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644. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: spyder

Mon 21 Aug 1995

Hey Lindz, and everyone interested:

I only have sandals, but I can fly!

George could too, only he eats too many hashbrowns.

(I'm still hoping someone can answer my Blaser question. Pleeeez.)

On Mon, 21 Aug 1995, Shaunanne Tangney wrote:

On Mon, 21 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

shaunanne writes:

On Sun, 20 Aug 1995, George Bowering wrote:

Hey, friend, want a ride in my Porsch Spyder?

what if i said yes. . ?

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*the car james dean died in. . . evry rare. . . very cool. . . very spooky
ST*

*George drives a grey volvo, . . . very somber . . . very practical .
. . very common.*

Lindz (the burster of bubbles)

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645. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Mon 21 Aug 1995

On 21 Aug 95 at 13:36, Hank Lazer wrote:

> > >>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > >>>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine
morning
> > >>>>>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
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> > >>>>>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times
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> > >>>>>>>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were

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> > >>>>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of > > darkness

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Likewise

> > >>>>>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft

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> > >>>>>>>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation

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> > >the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity

> > as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart

> beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space

to blue print, graphic sheets of shadow

-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----

|||/ Joseph Zitt ==== ██████████ ===== Human Systems \|||

||/ Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \||

|/ Online Representative, Austin International Poetry Festival \|

/ Joe Zitt's Home Page\

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646. **Jordan Davis.**

favorite car word

Mon 21 Aug 1995

>>>>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>>>>>>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

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>>>>>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>>>>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>>>other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
>>with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
>the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity
as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
the tern hangs a little arc and drops, hard, up with

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647. **Wystan Curnow**

Re: New Formalism

Mon 21 Aug 1995

Dear H.T., Thanks for your paras on the New Formalism, which I've only recently learnt to distinguish from the Nude Formalism where my heart I have to say still lies. Be that as it may, your particulars are appreciated. Where might I find an official history, but? I know what you are saying, which in a sense is what they all say: well, we're all different you know and disagree with and resent being associated with one another, and the very idea of being referred to as A MOVEMENT makes us queasy, it's reifying and commodifying, and its all the camp followers who've produced it and anyway its Old Hat. OK. But maybe I have this wrong?

Wystan

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648. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Mon 21 Aug 1995

odd that how this goes on and on it looks pictorially more and more like substance, words fractured, arrows cutting through to the flesh of it, no

questioning ideological or political contents, are there any? effusion on the right-hand side matched by the arrows on the left, double-columns like glas, everything playing off the fissure, maybe words are permanently corrupted at this point, bytes bitten? this space the beginning or end of writing?

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649. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: Howe's Dfens

Mon 21 Aug 1995

I suppose, being a reader and all, I _am_ one of those things outside the text that Howe's poems are supposed by Ron to rely upon -- but ain't that just the way, here I am inside the text after all --

JM's ideas about radial reading may, I guess, be an argument for such poetry, but it appears to me that there is no good reason to believe that other poems, Ron's own for example, somehow do not have the effect of sending us to other texts, even if it's to another of Ron's books. -- there is always that polopony to track down --

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650. **Charles Alexander**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Tue 22 Aug 1995

On Mon, 21 Aug 1995 21:48:44 -0400,
Alan Sondheim <[REDACTED]> wrote:

odd that how this goes on and on it looks pictorially more and more like substance, words fractured, arrows cutting through to the flesh of it, no questioning ideological or political contents, are there any? effusion on the right-hand side matched by the arrows on the left, double-columns like glas, everything playing off the fissure, maybe words are permanently corrupted at this point, bytes bitten? this space the beginning or end of writing?

What does it mean for words to be corrupted, permanently or temporarily? I wonder, although I appreciate the qualifying "maybe," as well as the provisional nature of this entire statement/question. But I don't think of words as some ideal, corruptible -- rather as continually evolving matter.

charles alexander

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651. **Charles Alexander**
Re: favourite care word: "you"
Tue 22 Aug 1995

On Mon, 21 Aug 1995 13:36:22 CST6CDT,
Hank Lazer <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>> >>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
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>> >>>>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
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>> >>>>>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> >>>>>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>> >>>>>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for
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>> >>>>>>>> (inspection
>> >>>>>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-
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chose

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>> >>>>>>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments

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>> >>>>>>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the
streams were

>> >>hooks

>> >>>.

>> >>>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
>> darkness

>> >>>>>>>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.

Likewise

>> >>>>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
recently soft

>> fruit

>> >>>>>>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation

>> >>>>>>>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback

>> >>>>>>>>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
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>> >>>>>>>>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging

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>> >>with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto

>> >the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity

>> as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart

> beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
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652. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Tue 22 Aug 1995

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What does it mean for words to be corrupted, permanently or temporarily? I wonder, although I appreciate the qualifying "maybe," as well as the provisional nature of this entire statement/question. But I don't think of words as some ideal, corruptible -- rather as continually evolving matter.

Literally, that they're broken by the word-wrap; figuratively, that the renga has turned into a renga-machine perhaps, into a word-machine... What evolves when there are too many words, when words - could there be a political economy of words - lose their force/tethering within a culture - What about the renga-machine, say, and the production of on-line poetry - What if there is too much information (I don't like that word at the moment and here), one becoming flooding?

Alan

>

> charles alexander

>

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653. **Thomas Bell**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Tue 22 Aug 1995

[D

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> >>>>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
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Likewise
> >>>>>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and

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> >>>>>>>> and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles

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> >>>>>>>> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging

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> >>> other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night

> >> with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto

> > the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity

> as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart

> beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space

and silos yield rainbows. Combines circle the outlying

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654. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Tue 22 Aug 1995

On Mon, 21 Aug 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

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> > >the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity
> > as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
> > beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
> and silos yield rainbows. Combines circle the outlying
regions where tongues were cut, women raped, no one had the right to speak

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655. **Rod Smith**

Re: Value in Poetry

Tue 22 Aug 1995

Have to admit I was impressed by Bob's book-- the close reading of Pound especially-- & this may show how closely I (don't) read-- but my problem w/ it was the framing, i.e. genius vs. not a genius. To state it more clearly-- By objecting to their "genius claims" is Perelman valuing "normative discourse" over the trundlings of the four cited geniuses? & if so, why wld one want to do that. Is it a populist book? Seems to me the claims, or more accurately-- the enactment of authority, within normative discourse is much more problematic than any of those four *pointing out* their own genius. --Rod

PS- Is Ross Perot a genius?

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656. **Rae Armantrout**

Re: Howe's Dfens

Tue 22 Aug 1995

For me Susan's work is first of all an auditory experience. She has as good an ear as anyone ever has had. Beyond that I see her work as being about loss and temporal erosion. Those themes aren't just referred to; they're enacted within the unstable legibility of her pages. Since Ron framed his remarks as an example of personal taste, however, Susan doesn't really need a defense. No one should be scapegoated at Mr. Corn's request.

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657. **Lindz Williamson**

Thesen

Tue 22 Aug 1995

I'm reading Sharon thesen's Aurara right now and it is soooooo goood! I also just today picked up Bowering's Rocky Mountian Foot at a used book store on Broadway, I'll get back to you later on what I think, however the Bio is kind of funny.

About the Author

His Grandfather was a circuit rider who travelled south of Edmonton/ His father was born in the province. So George Bowering has ancestral connections with the Alberta he writes about so knowingly in Rocky Mountian Foot.

"I was all those things that other poets always are on the dust jackets before they became poets."

-George Bowering 1968.

Hee heee, Lindz

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658. **George Bowering**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Tue 22 Aug 1995

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flicka my best mare and the storm in the glass of water's
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pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several*

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as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
to tapioca, from brown space to hot chocolate, from Republican to

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659. **George Bowering**
Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania

Tue 22 Aug 1995

Actually, my favourite film of James Dean was an early TV program in which he played a petulant jilted teenage lover in a jukebox soda shop.

And my favourite photo of him was that one in *Evergreen Review* where he's wearing his striped shirt at a ballet class. I think he was there with Eartha Kitt. . . .

I may have a darg grey Volvo but it's got an Arthur Blythe tape in the deck.

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660. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Tue 22 Aug 1995

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661. **Sheila E. Murphy**

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Tue 22 Aug 1995

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[illegible]

>with guarded reluctance, waking the dream of eternal flight
to say something in a hoarse voice nearly breaking near its own
inurgency

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662. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Tue 22 Aug 1995

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663. **maria damon**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Tue 22 Aug 1995

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> > > as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
> > beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
> > to tapioca, from brown space to hot chocolate, from Republican to
angel steeped in angelology deeper than rilke's or blake's, by virtue of

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664. **maria damon**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Tue 22 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group
writes:

> > [D
> > >>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > >>>>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine
morning
> > >>>>>>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > >>>>>>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > >>>>>>>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > >>>>>>>>> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > >>>>>>>>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > >>>>>>>>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > >>>>>>>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > >>>>>>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times
blowing
> > >>>>>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against
the
> > >>>>>>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > >>>>>>>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> > >>>>>>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > >>>>>>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of
water's
> > >>>>>>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for
ignorance
> > >>>>>>>>> (inspection
> > >>>>>>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-

colonizing

> > >>>>>>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially
several

> > >>>>>>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango

> > >>>>>>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias,
oh,ho,

> > >>>>>>>>> kook!"

> > >>>>>>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof"
Tobacco

> > >>>>>>>>> warehouse, curls

> > >>>>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak
was at

> > > the

> > dry

> > >>>>>>>>> cleaners

> > >>>>>>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched
on

> > prescience

> > >>>>>>>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers

> > >>>>>>>>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo
daughter chose

> > > encore

> > >>>>>>>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity
for

> > moments

> > > to be

> > >>>>>>>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the
streams

> > were

> > > hooks

> > >> .

> > >>>>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
of

> > > darkness

> > >>>>>>>>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.

Likewise

> > >>>>>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
recently

> > > soft

> > > fruit

> > >>>>>>>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation

> > >>>>>>>>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu

switchback

> >> >>>>>>>>>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
considered

> >> >>>>>>>>>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging

> >> >>>>>>>>>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised

> >> >>>>>>>>>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep

> >> >>>>>>>>>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes

> >> >>>>>>>>>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten

> >> >>>>>>>>>other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night

> >> >>>>>>>>>with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto

> >> >>>>>>>>>the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity

> >> as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart

> >> beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space

> >and silos yield rainbows. Combines circle the outlying

> premises as substantive as crayons now confused with thought

whose rainbows rival cosmic immensities to the tune of

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665. **maria damon**

movies abt poetry

Tue 22 Aug 1995

just saw the postman last night, i mean the movie, not my local mail carrier,
and was very moved despite differences w/ the movie's conception of poetry as
(only) "metaphor," and despite a somewhat facile objection to the insistence on
Neruda's "wisdom," tho even that was skillfully undercut by the ending of the
movie, when he's clearly wondering if he did wrong by inciting the postman to
poetry/politics/death. what do you all think, in terms of it being a movie, like
dead poets' society (ugh!) that "makes a case" for poetry as centrally important
to people's wellbeing? others i shd know about? recommended? what do you
all think?--md

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666. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Tue 22 Aug 1995

On Tue, 22 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

*In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group
writes:*

[D

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at
the
dry
cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments
to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were
hooks
.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently
soft
fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging

*flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
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with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity
as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
and silos yield rainbows. Combines circle the outlying
premises as substantive as crayons now confused with thought
whose rainbows rival cosmic immensities to the tune of
attitude problems? Dust off the dark wood and make your choice*

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667. **Issa Clubb**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Tue 22 Aug 1995

Is it really a question of too many words? What I like about the renga form here is its extensibility, the way it displays words' continuation, & through multiplication can't be said to have a "writer"--the "force" that words have lost, maybe? and when absent, the language becomes a "machine"? The platitude often cited about digital technology is its infinite reproducibility, the fact that there is no loss in data from generation to generation. Which really means that the data *stays the same*. Words, of course, can be copied exactly, but they also tend to spin off in multiple directions, and change in almost imperceptible shifts. So maybe machinic instances of language are helpful, when these shifts of words (between people) can be made perceptible.

Also I would hesitate to call the renga on-line poetry because the line has already been broken and rejoined several times.

*Literally, that they're broken by the word-wrap; figuratively, that the
renga has turned into a renga-machine perhaps, into a word-machine...
What evolves when there are too many words, when words - could there be a
political economy of words - lose their force/tethering within a culture
- What about the renga-machine, say, and the production of on-line poetry
- What if there is too much information (I don't like that word at the
moment and here), one becoming flooding?*

Alan

Issa Clubb

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668. **Alan Golding**

Howe Now, Brown Formalist (and Bob Perelman too)

Tue 22 Aug 1995

Associate Professor of English, U. of Louisville

Phone: [REDACTED]; e-mail: [REDACTED]

One challenge of being hooked up to the Poetics Digest option involves trying to respond to six messages at once instead of just hitting the reply key. But here goes.

While I'm not sure that Susan Howe needs me to come to her defense as she lies there swooning on her fainting couch (poetry **is** like a swoon, y' know, with this difference . . . the Klupzy Girl said), but I don't mind doing so, because I love her work. But I also appreciate Ron going out on a limb with his original comment; the question came up of poets whom one does not especially warm to within one's own alleged tradition, and Ron was willing to name names. I find Susan's work very compelling in the very terms that Ron finds it tepid, on the page--that is, in terms of her wonderful ear and her visual design of a page--that is, I like it, among other reasons, for the aural and material values that Ron finds lacking, if I understand him right. The other point on which I diverge from you, Ron (and I'd like to hear more from you if you're willing/interested), has to do with your assertion that the value/interest of Howe's work lies in extra-textual concerns. ("Extra-paginal?" This also sounds oddly close to that old New Critical *bete noire*, the "extra-literary.") I'm surprised that someone who's always been so attuned to the social components of writing, reading, and reception as you have should use as the basis of your critique what sounds like a dismissal of or skepticism toward those same social components. Perhaps I'm misunderstanding something in your comments. Also, didn't you once tell me that Susan was the only writer in the Tree who made her own selections of her own work? Was that your choice because of your ambivalence about the work? At her insistence? Inquiring minds, etc. Or at least mine does.

The larger issue, though, has to do with the differences within a movement that underlie the public constructions (usually, though not always, by "outsiders") of that movement's homogeneity. To me this is more interesting than questions of who likes or doesn't like whose work. The value of Ron's post on Howe is that it points up the inevitable fissures within so-called "so-called Language writing," fissures that were probably always present but that tend to come to the surface later rather than sooner. This is one interesting and instructive part of Bob P's Language Writing and Literary History book, which I've read in manuscript: he discusses internal difference ("where the meanings are," remember) within LP, asking some very fundamental skeptical questions about some of the work of, say, Bruce Andrews and (in the essay that Keith Tuma mentioned) Charles B. So

I don't read Bob's book as a "bunking" of LP after some kind of Bloomian "debunking" of his modernist predecessors; it operates with a rather more complex sense of literary and personal history than that, so that while it's partly involved with bunking (I like that term, Chris), it's also attentive to points of difference, disagreement, and to the bringing together of strange bedfellows (O'Hara and Barthes). But enough on a book that is not yet a book, that no-one's read.

I have to agree with Marjorie on *The Trouble with Genius*. As I read it, the four writers engage Perelman precisely because of the conflicting impulses within their work; the internal contradictions are generative, not "problems" or "weaknesses." Just like the internal contradictions within a poetic "movement." And that connects (I hope!) with what Tom Kirby-Smith said about the New Formalists. Granted, Tom, that like any movement the NF is much less homogeneous than it might first appear. But remember too that this was not a label that some evil critic stuck on all these innocent diverse writers who were just sitting out doing their thing. This is a self-consciously self-constituted group; even though some people might resist the label, lack any sense of group identification, or have lost it later (as you suggest Tim Steele has), the fact is that a group of writers (predominantly male, as seems nearly always usual) with shared concerns agreed to present themselves as a group, a movement, and set out to produce polemics and manifestoes designed to represent and further their work and interests. In the mid-late '80s they even explicitly talked about themselves as an alternative avant-garde to LP. This is my sense of the history, anyway. Am I way off? Names associated with the movement in these formative stages would include Frederick Turner, Frederick Feirstein, Robert McDowell, Dick Allen, Dana Gioia, just to mention the main polemicists (editors of essay collections, editors of special issues of mags., writers of manifestoes). And from a pretty early stage, fellow travellers would include Robert McPhillips, Brad Leithauser, Mary Jo Salter, Molly Peacock, Timothy Steele, Charles Martin, Paul Lake, Mark Jarman, Gertrude Schnackenberg. A diverse group geographically, professionally, and in other ways, but they did constitute themselves in print as a group with identifiable (and self-identified) concerns. Differences--those too. I hear that Dana Gioia is putting together a NF anthology that does not include Dick Allen, a founder member. A bit like an LP anthology without Silliman, Bernstein, Watten, Andrews, or whomever.

One more thought on Susan Howe. I have no desire whatever to resurrect the soul/spirit thread: but surely ("surely") one reason that the Apex of the M-ers take Howe and John Taggart as models is that there's a strong sense of the spiritual (however unconventionally defined) in both writers, and that this is one point of difference between them and many so-called so-called so-called so-

called so-called Language writers. And no, I'm not going to try and define "spiritual."

David Bromige writes that the most charged points for him in reading even writers that he cares about are those points "where interest and disaffection war" in his reading. This seems to me a good summary of how Bob approaches the writers in Trouble with Genius.

Maria, everyone knows that a Porsche Spyder is one of those little creatures that builds yts web on the inside of your Porsche wyndeshield whyn you leave said Porsche to gather dyst in the garage too long.

Talking of too long . . .

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669. **Alan Golding**
Oh shit, it's him again

Tue 22 Aug 1995

Associate Professor of English, U. of Louisville

Phone: [REDACTED]; e-mail: [REDACTED]

This post is much shorter. Promise.

Just wanted to let you all know that the keynote speakers are in place for the Twentieth-Century Lit. Conference. The keynote creative speaker will be fiction writer Stephen Wright; the keynote critical (uncreative?) speaker will be Rachel Blau DuPlessis. Rachel will also do a poetry reading. We may also get be able to set up a talk by Patrick O'Donnell, editor of Modern Fiction Studies and a good writer on pomo. fiction, but that's not confirmed.

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670. **Alan Sondheim**
Re: favourite care word: "you"

Tue 22 Aug 1995

rev test > tast; sort tast > tost; rev tast > tyst
eliminate arrowed lines

> > > >>>>>>>>>> kook!"
> > > >>>>>>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
> > > > oh,ho,
> > > >>>>>>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
"Dias,
> > > >>>>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > > > prescienc

> > > >>>>>>>>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
considered
> > > >>>>>>>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > >>>>>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > >>>>>>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and
cloud
> e
> e
> > > >>to be
> > beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
> > > >>>>>>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for
ignorance
> > > >>>>>>>>> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > >>>>>>>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> > > > the
> > > >>>>>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against
the
> > > encore
> > > >>>>>>>>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > >>>>>>>>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
Likewise
> > > > chose
> > > >>>>>>>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
angel steeped in angelology deeper than rilke's or blake's, by virtue of
> > > >>>>>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
of
> > > >>>>>>>>>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > >>>>>>>>>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > >>>>>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine
morning
> > > >>>>>>>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times
blowing
> > > > neo-colonizing
> > > >>>>>>>>>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
switchback
> > > >>>>>>>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially
several
> > > >>>>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > >>>>>>>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched
on
> > > >>>>>>>>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > > >>>>>>>>>> (inspection

> > > >>>>>>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof"
Tobacco
> > > >>>>>>>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > >>>>>>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > to tapioca, from brown space to hot chocolate, from Republican to
> > > >>with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
> > > >>>>>>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > >>>>>>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> dr
> > > >>>>>>>>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo
daughter
> > > > wer
> > > >>>>>>>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity
for
> s
> > > >>>>>>>>> flicka my best mare and the storm in the glass of
water's
> > > >>>>>>>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > >>>>>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > >>hooks
> > > >>>>>>>>> warehouse, curls
> > > >>>>>>>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the
streams
> > > >>>>>>>>> cleaners
> > > >>>>>>>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > > darkness
> > > >>>>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak
was at
> > > > soft
> > > >>>other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
> > > fruit
> > > > moment
> > > as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
> > y
> > > >>>>>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
recently
> > > >the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity

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671. **H. T. KIRBY-SMITH**
Language Poetry and Music
Tue 22 Aug 1995

A lot of American poetry--poetry anywhere, for that matter--seems to grow out of music in some way or another. As everyone points out, Dickinson's poems are kin to the hymns she heard as a girl in Amherst; Whitman is regularly compared to biblical phrasing which itself was an effort at rendering in English qualities of Hebrew cantillation; and Langston Hughes used Blues and jazz as a basis for some poems. There's a whole book that argues that one can explain everything in Whitman in terms of opera.

Cage's methods seem too mechanical to me to have had much effect on other people's poetry (besides his own). I was wondering if there is any musical tradition, and composer, any kind of music that one can connect with Language Poetry.

I always think of Stravinsky when I read *The Waste Land*--Pound and Amy Lowell had been preaching Stravinsky as a model.

Any help on this?

Tom Kirby-Smith
English Department
UNC-Greensboro
Greensboro NC 27412

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672. **Gale Nelson**
Michael Hareper's Titles
Tue 22 Aug 1995

Michael Harper is a University Professor here at Brown, and lives in Providence. His most recent book of poems is *_Healing Song for the Inner Ear_*. Others include *_Images of Kin_* (for which he won the Melville-Cane Award); *_Dear John, Dear Coltrane_*; *_History is Your Own Heartbeat_* (winner of the 1978 Black Academy of Arts and Letters Award); *_Nightmare Begins Responsibility_*; and *_Debridement_*. A new collection seems to be in the works. I have to confess to finding *_Debridement_* the most remarkable of the texts -- the role of history seeps in in disturbing, challenging ways.

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673. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: Language Poetry and Music

Tue 22 Aug 1995

Well, my roommate and I went to a local spot called the Glass Slipper for what was to be a Telepoetics hookup with Toronto. ONE of the readers was Catriona Strang, a local language poet, and she performed a few pieces of her alphabet with musical accompaniment. It was piano, clarinet and stand-up bass which was either used as a tonal context or punctuation. I think her husband was the clarinet player, known for playing two at once. I'm still not too sure what I think of it, though. A lot of the time it seemed to be music miming the delivery of words. Angular jarring tires me after a while. But, then again, this is a simplification.

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674. **Jordan Davis.**

favorite moities in moire

Tue 22 Aug 1995

> >>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >>>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >>>>>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >>>>>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >>>>>>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >>>>>>>> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >>>>>>>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >>>>>>>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >>>>>>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >>>>>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> >>>>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> >>>>>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >>>>>>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> >>>>>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> >>>>>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> >>>>>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for
ignorance
> >>>>>>>> (inspection
> >>>>>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-
colonizing
> >>>>>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially
several
> >>>>>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> >>>>>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias,

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> >>>>>>>>> kook!"
> >>>>>>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof"
Tobacco
> >>>>>>>>> warehouse, curls
> >>>>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at
the
dry
> >>>>>>>>> cleaners
> >>>>>>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
> >>>>>>>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
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streams
were
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> >>>.
> >>>>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> darkness
> >>>>>>>>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
Likewise
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> >>>>>>>>>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
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> >>>>>>>>>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> >>>>>>>>>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> >>>>>>>>>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> >>>other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
> >>with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
> >the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity

> as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
> beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
and silos yield rainbows. Combines circle the outlying
and rigging it, as we drop the clipboards and come running

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675. **Jordan Davis.**
mormon in the armoire
Tue 22 Aug 1995

>> >>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> >>>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine
morning
>> >>>>>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
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>> >>>>>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof"
Tobacco
>> >>>>>>>> warehouse, curls
>> >>>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was

[illegible]

676. **Jordan Davis.**
Padgett's Definition

Tue 22 Aug 1995

>> >>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
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>were
>> >>hooks
>> >>>.
>> >>>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
>> darkness
>> >>>>>>>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
Likewise
>> >>>>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
recently
soft
>> fruit
>> >>>>>>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
>> >>>>>>>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
>> >>>>>>>>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
considered
>> >>>>>>>>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>> >>>>>>>>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>> >>>>>>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>> >>>>>>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>> >>>>>>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> >>>>other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
>> >>with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
>> >the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity
>> as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
>> beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
>and silos yield rainbows. Combines circle the outlying
premises as substantive as crayons now confused with thought
balloons rising prominently from the ears of giraffes

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677. **Jordan Davis.**

Re: troubles with genius/floors of congress

Tue 22 Aug 1995

Mr Silliman Could you speak to the stickiness, for your generation, of value? Had there been previously a kind of exchange value in the poetry business? I'll trade you a mint Eliot for two Yvor Winters and a Robert Silliman Hillyer? -- What makes discourse possible is exclusion from the venn diagram?

Prof Perloff

re: games

What is there besides critical assessment (offhand or otherwise)? Is there some transhistorical solution to the problem of a poetry of complexity for everybody? Yes. Also, I'm going to end the war in Vietnam.

List at large

Is there really an avantgarde tradition in North America totally unaware of Wallace Stevens?

Willa J

How do I sign up for the Bernadette Mayer fanclub?

Your fan

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678. **Charles Alexander**

How Hear Howe?

Tue 22 Aug 1995

For Rae & Alan

I must admit to going back and forth a bit in my admiration of Susan Howe's work. But it has been the visual, spiritual (I don't want to define that either, Alan), and historical elements in her work which have attracted me most deeply, although at times have attracted some argument as well. The sound of the work, however, has always been problematic to me. I would find it impossible to defend your statement, Rae, that "She has as good an ear as anyone ever has had." So if you or Alan might comment on how you hear her, how that ear shows itself, what informs her ear, I would love to hear (sorry) such discussion. And, to somewhat contradict what I've just said, I do admit that there are some marvelously sounded pages in *Articulation of Sound Forms in Time* (I'm thinking particularly of the four pages beginning with "rest chondriacal lunacy / velc cello viable toil / quench conch uncannunc / drumm amonoosuck ythian", but in general it is still not the sound of Howe which makes me read her work, as it is with any number of other writers, including you, Rae.

all best,

charles alexander [=====^=====]
[<>]
chax press [maybe a <> pages]
[time <> letters]
phone & fax: [upon <> frames]
[once <> motion]
e-mail: [<>]
[=====vv=====]

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679. **Charles Alexander**
Re: favourite care word: "you"
Tue 22 Aug 1995

On Tue, 22 Aug 1995 09:26:46 -0500,
maria damon <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group
>writes:

>> > [D

>> >> >>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> >> >>>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine
morning

>> >> >>>>>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> >> >>>>>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and
cloud

>> >> >>>>>>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>> >> >>>>>>>> The caravan of windows to what they flee

>> >> >>>>>>>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>> >> >>>>>>>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>> >> >>>>>>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>> >> >>>>>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times
blowing

>> >> >>>>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against
the

>> >> >>>>>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

>> >> >>>>>>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

>> >> >>>>>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

>> >> >>>>>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of

water's

>> >> >>>>>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for

ignorance

>> >> >>>>>>>>>> (inspection

>> >> >>>>>>>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
neo-colonizing

>> >> >>>>>>>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially
several

>> >> >>>>>>>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango

>> >> >>>>>>>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said,

"Dias, oh,ho,

>> >> >>>>>>>>>> kook!"

>> >> >>>>>>>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof"
Tobacco

>> >> >>>>>>>>>> warehouse, curls

>> >> >>>>>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak
was at

>> > > the

>> >dry

>> >> >>>>>>>>>> cleaners

>> >> >>>>>>>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched
on

>> >prescience

>> >> >>>>>>>>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers

>> >> >>>>>>>>>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo

daughter chose

>> >> encore

>> >> >>>>>>>>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity
for

>> >moments

>> >> >>to be

>> >> >>>>>>>>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the
streams

>> >were

>> >> >>hooks

>> >> >>.

>> >> >>>>>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
of

>> >> darkness

>> >> >>>>>>>>>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.

Likewise

>> >> >>>>>>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
recently

>> > > soft

>> >> fruit
>> >> >>>>>>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
>> >> >>>>>>>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
switchback
>> >> >>>>>>>>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
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>> >> >>>>>>>>other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
>> >> >>>>>>>>with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
>> >> >>>>>>>>the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity
>> >> as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
>> >> beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
>> >>and silos yield rainbows. Combines circle the outlying
>> premises as substantive as crayons now confused with thought
>>whose rainbows rival cosmic immensities to the tune of
I'm not biting on this, Maria, no matter how you sing it

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680. **Louis Cabri**
same post, attempt #3
Tue 22 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
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These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance

(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
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and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom

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681. **Robert Drake**
Re: movies abt poetry
Tue 22 Aug 1995

| others i shd know about? recommended?

am always happy to recommend chris mann's "poetry in motion"-- the long angelic closeup of bp nichol at th end of the 4 horsemen piece is worth th price of admission, as also baraka's "wailers"...

luigi

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682. **Rae Armantrout**
Re: How Hear Howe?
Tue 22 Aug 1995

Dear Charles,

Yours is a difficult - probably impossible - question for me to answer well (given that I'm not going to take the time to get one of her books and analyze its sound patterns). All I can say is that when I see one of her poems I delight in reading it out loud to myself. I'm sure this involves the usual suspects: assonance, consonance, cadence, etc. Of course, I'm interested in the historical contexts her work invokes. As everyone knows, she's interested in historical elisions and effacements. Somehow the look and sound of her poems not only suits but dramatizes these issues (for me). This is what happens on the page (to get back to the point Ron raised). I feel like everything I'm saying is a cliché. Form fitting content, etc. And, apart from that, I can't believe we're being asked by these Formalists (old or new) to prove that "free verse" is poetry. Are we caught in some sort of time warp here? Do we really have anything to prove to these Cap-L people? Well, I'm getting long-winded. Gotta go.

Rae

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683. **Sheila E. Murphy**
Re: favourite care word: "you"
Tue 22 Aug 1995

>On Tue, 22 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

>

>> In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics
discussion gro

>up

>> writes:
>> > > [D
>> > >> >>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were
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>> > >> >>>>>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times
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>> > >> >>>>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing
against the
>> > >> >>>>>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> > >> >>>>>>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as
she
>> > >> >>>>>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape
of
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water's
>> > >> >>>>>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for
ignorance
>> > >> >>>>>>>> (inspection
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neo-colonizin
>g
>> > >> >>>>>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house
sequentially
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>> > >> >>>>>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>> > >> >>>>>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
"Dias,
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>,
>> > >> >>>>>>>> kook!"
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Roof" Tobacco

>> > >> >>>>>>>>> warehouse, curls
>> > >> >>>>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak
was at
>> > > > the
>> > > > dry
>> > >> >>>>>>>>> cleaners
>> > >> >>>>>>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted,
perched on
>> > > > prescience
>> > >> >>>>>>>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>> > >> >>>>>>>>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo
daughter
chos
>e
>> > >> encore
>> > >> >>>>>>>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
eternity for
>> > > > moments
>> > >> >> to be
>> > >> >>>>>>>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in
the streams
>> > > > were
>> > >> >> hooks
>> > >> >>>.
>> > >> >>>>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel
seeds of
>> > >> darkness
>> > >> >>>>>>>>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
Likewise
>> > >> >>>>>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments
and recently
>> > > > soft
>> > >> fruit
>> > >> >>>>>>>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
>> > >> >>>>>>>>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
switchback
>> > >> >>>>>>>>> and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
considered
>> > >> >>>>>>>>> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>> > >> >>>>>>>>> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>> > >> >>>>>>>>> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>> > >> >>>>>>>>> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes

>> > >> >>>>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> > >> >>>other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
>> > >> >>with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
>> > >> >the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity
>> > >> as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
>> > >> beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
>> > >>and silos yield rainbows. Combines circle the outlying
>> > premises as substantive as crayons now confused with thought
>> whose rainbows rival cosmic immensities to the tune of
>> attitude problems? Dust off the dark wood and make your choice
between the glove and a beneathive place where tiny places mood themselves

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684. **Louis Cabri**

favourite bar word: jug

Tue 22 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
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The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
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but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best mare and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
 (inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
 kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
 warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the

dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
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sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
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through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity
as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
to tapioca, from brown space to hot chocolate, from Republican to
ranchland desserts fried in fat. Thus "abstract" art & poetry
became increasingly

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685. **Louis Cabri**

Re: combines

Tue 22 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
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other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity
as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
and silos yield rainbows. Combines circle the outlying
regions where tongues were cut, women raped, no one had the right
to speak
that side of the Thomson-owned newspaper - which ripped as the
ring-pierced tongue pushed through to

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686. **Rod Smith**
Re: How Hear Howe?

Tue 22 Aug 1995

I've had a thought to write something for some time called "Hearing Oppen Reading Howe"-- early on in my poetry (self)educaytion I had a tape of Oppen but no books by him, & a copy of _Pythagorean Silence_ which I heard as I read in Oppen's cadence-- it still seems to me to flow that way. "That way" being the way Oppen read his post-Numerous work. I don't hear SH's other work that way-- seems to me she has a fine ear & the best way to decide if you think so is to hear her read. Anyone have tapes? I've heard her once, wonderful music & very theatrical as well. --Rod

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687. **Rod Smith**
Re: Language Poetry and Music

Tue 22 Aug 1995

This info. is likely known to many on the list tho certainly not all-- a few direct connections to music re l.p.-- The Rova Saxophone Quartet (let's call it "new music")-- Lyn Hejinian is wed to a member, Larry Ochs. Carla Harryman was their manager (or something like that) for many years. Strongly recommend a recent recording of theirs called _Pipe Dreams_. Also, Bruce Andrews' significant one is dancer Sally Silvers, they have worked together w/ many newmusic sorts including John Zorn, Bruce often composes music for Sally's company. L.H. knows Zorn well, as does Tom Mandel I believe. I once asked Lyn what music she listened to when she writes, she sd she doesn't, which surprised me, as I almost always do-- the Benedetti tapes of Bird are a favorite.

Also, just to say, to characterize Cage as "mechanical" seems to me to show a lack of knowledge of his work-- which is fine, but I felt a necessity to say that. The number of questions he had to ask for any given piece as well as the artistic skill he brought to the act of composing were anything but "mechanical." Also, Ashbery, O'Hara, Berrigan, others I'm sure, have stated the importance of his music to their work. --Rod

H.T.Kirby-Smith wrote:

>Cage's methods seem too mechanical to me to have had much effect on
>other people's poetry (besides his own). I was wondering if there is
>any musical tradition, and composer, any kind of music that one can
>connect with Language Poetry.

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688. **Maria Damon**

Re: mormon in the armoire

Tue 22 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion
group writes:

> > >>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > >>>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine
morning

> > >>>>>>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > >>>>>>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > >>>>>>>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > >>>>>>>>> The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > >>>>>>>>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > >>>>>>>>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> > >>>>>>>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> > >>>>>>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times

blowing

> > >>>>>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against
the

> > >>>>>>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

> > >>>>>>>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

> > >>>>>>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

> > >>>>>>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of

water's

> > >>>>>>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for
ignorance

> > >>>>>>>>> (inspection

> > >>>>>>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-

colonizing

> > >>>>>>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially
several

> > >>>>>>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango

> > >>>>>>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias,
oh,ho,

> > >>>>>>>>> kook!"

> > >>>>>>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof"
Tobacco

> > >>>>>>>>> warehouse, curls

> > >>>>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak
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> > >>>>>>>>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
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> > >>>>>>>>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
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> > >>>>>>>>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
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> > >>>>>>>>with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
> > >>>>>>>>the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity
> > >>>>>>>>as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
> > beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
> to a purer white described without even a thought and carried to another
> plasm, another phone call from the regional director
of miasmal blankness, white to the core of whiteness only

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689. **Maria Damon**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Tue 22 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

> On Tue, 22 Aug 1995 09:26:46 -0500,

> maria damon <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>

> >In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion

> > grou

> > p

> >writes:

> > > [D

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> > > >>>>>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house
sequentially
> > > > several
> > > >>>>>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > > >>>>>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
"Dias,
> > > > oh,ho,
> > > >>>>>>>> kook!"
> > > >>>>>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
Roof" Tobacco
> > > >>>>>>>> warehouse, curls
> > > >>>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak
was at
> > > > the
> > > dry
> > > >>>>>>>> cleaners
> > > >>>>>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted,
perched on
> > > prescience
> > > >>>>>>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > > >>>>>>>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo
daughter
> > > > chose
> > > > encore
> > > >>>>>>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout

eternity for
> > > moments
> > > > to be
> > > > > > > > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in
the
> > > streams
> > > were
> > > > hooks
> > > > .
> > > > > > > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel
seeds
> > > > of
> > > > darkness
> > > > > > > > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
> > > > Likewise
> > > > > > > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments
and recently
> > > > soft
> > > > fruit
> > > > > > > > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > > > > > > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
switchback
> > > > > > > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
considered
> > > > > > > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > > > > > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > > > > > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > > > > > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > > > > > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > > > > > > other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
> > > > > > > > with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
> > > > > > > > the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity
> > > > > > > > as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
> > > > > > > > beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
> > > > > > > > and silos yield rainbows. Combines circle the outlying
> > > > > > > > premises as substantive as crayons now confused with thought
> > > > > > > > whose rainbows rival cosmic immensities to the tune of
> > > > > > > > I'm not biting on this, Maria, no matter how you sing it
oy, i get reprimanded in public for my lines, my worst POETICS nightmare

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690. **Susan E. Dunn**

pardon my formalism

Tue 22 Aug 1995

Ryan Knighton's **Inevitable Renga** (and Maria Damon's additions) is the first piece I've seen in my relatively recent time on the list that has played with the medium of the screen - the first cyberrenga. I don't read the rengas because, I don't have the time (I vote for a separate renga discussion list to spare those of us with limited time in cyberspace) and I find their aura of competitive cleverness anxiety producing. But I'm the nervous sort. Plus the rengas are practically unreadable on my grad-school-vintage-late-eighties 286 pc with a teeny tiny black&white screen. I did see the rengas once on a lovely 17-inch color Sun Microsystems Monitor and the added lines were lighted up in green and it seemed really nifty. So in some ways they are rather technologically/economically privileged poems -- after all, they are for those who have access to this technology not to mention Spiders and Volvos however ironically alluded to. Anyways, the renga content (or what I've skimmed of them) seems to have a rather hard-copy understanding of form. Seems funny that, paradoxically, the net gives us a wider access to a narrower audience and--as the technology stands today--the net provides us with a medium that both expands the page and (visually and economically) contracts its readability.

Which brings me to Susan Howe, whose poetry is hardly tepid on the page (for me) as the Awede edition of *Articulation of Sound Forms* is one example of powerful use of typography and visual poetics. Despite the purported bravery of "naming names" I have to question this desire to prove ourselves as critics by flexing our critical muscles and citing examples of what we consider to be **inferior** poetry. I agree with Chris S that there is the question of whether we are "debunking what has yet to be bunked". While I am not a "Creative Writing 101 it's good if you think it's good" relativist, I do have to question this adversarial model (so fashionable in academia) in which we show our intellectual prowess by saying something is weak (I like to think of this as the Beavis and Butthead **this sucks/this rules** model of criticism.) This seems part of the same school that believes that the purpose of having a discussion is to change someone's mind (I'm right/you're wrong). It's not that we can't talk about **quality** per se its just that coughing up an example of a **bad** experimental writer does not seem to be an especially interesting way to illustrate that we are discerning critics. After all, being dismissive of a critic/poet/**name** says more about one's position of power than it says about one's critical faculties. It's a kind of jostling for position. That's the game, isn't it? Or maybe I'm just pissy after having to trod through too many renga posts.

I can't help but think, however, that Susan Howe would be amused at her role in this discussion as the Anne Hutchinsonesque sacrificial **text** -- the

monstrous body that disconnects/relies on powers beyond the confines of accepted references -- that is held up as a scapegoat for Corn-as-Puritan-father demanding that we eject our demons and name names.

Susan E. Dunn [REDACTED] "The chief and primary cause of this rapid increase in nervousness is *Modern Civilization* which is distinguished from the ancient by these five characteristics: the steam engine, the telegraph, the sciences, the periodical press, and the mental activity of women." - George Beard *American Nervousness* 1881

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691. **Brian McHale**

Re: Michael Hareper's Titles

Tue 22 Aug 1995

How exciting to read Gale Nelson's good words for Harper's "Debridement"! an undervalued & underread book. I thought I was its only devotee. Especially its title sequence, which (in my eyes at least) looks stronger & stronger as the years pass.

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692. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: mormon in the armoire

Wed 23 Aug 1995

>In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion

>group writes:

>> >> >>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> >> >>>>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>> >> >>>>>>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> >> >>>>>>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>> >> >>>>>>>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>> >> >>>>>>>>> The caravan of windows to what they flee

>> >> >>>>>>>>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>> >> >>>>>>>>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>> >> >>>>>>>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>> >> >>>>>>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

>> >> >>>>>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

>> >> >>>>>>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

>> >> >>>>>>>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> >> >>>>>>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> >> >>>>>>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of
water's
>> >> >>>>>>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for
ignorance
>> >> >>>>>>>>> (inspection
>> >> >>>>>>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
neo-colonizing
>> >> >>>>>>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially
several
>> >> >>>>>>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>> >> >>>>>>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
"Dias, oh,ho,
>> >> >>>>>>>>> kook!"
>> >> >>>>>>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof"
Tobacco
>> >> >>>>>>>>> warehouse, curls
>> >> >>>>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak
was at
>> the dr
>> >y
>> >> >>>>>>>>> cleaners
>> >> >>>>>>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched
on
>> prescience
>> >> >>>>>>>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>> >> >>>>>>>>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo
daughter chose
>> >> encore
>> >> >>>>>>>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity
for
>> moments
>> >> >>to be
>> >> >>>>>>>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the
streams
>> were
>> >> >>hooks
>> >> >>>.
>> >> >>>>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
of
>> >> darkness

>> >> >>>>>>>>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
Likewise
>> >> >>>>>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
recently
>> soft
>> >> fruit
>> >> >>>>>>>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
>> >> >>>>>>>>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
switchback
>> >> >>>>>>>>>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
considered
>> >> >>>>>>>>>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>> >> >>>>>>>>>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>> >> >>>>>>>>>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>> >> >>>>>>>>>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>> >> >>>>>>>>>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> >> >>>>>>>>>other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
>> >> >>>>>>>>>with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
>> >> >>>>>>>>>the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity
>> >> as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
>> > beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
>> to a purer white described without even a thought and carried to another
>> plasm, another phone call from the regional director
>of miasmal blankness, white to the core of whiteness only
wafts to the color in principio which self erases

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693. **Thomas Bell**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Wed 23 Aug 1995

Alan Sondheim wrote

On Mon, 21 Aug 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

> [D
> > >>>>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > >>>>>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine
morning
> > >>>>>>>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > >>>>>>>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > >>>>>>>>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > >>>>>>>>>> The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > >>>>>>>>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > >>>>>>>>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > >>>>>>>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > >>>>>>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times
blowing
> > >>>>>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > >>>>>>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > >>>>>>>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> > >>>>>>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > >>>>>>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > >>>>>>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for
ignorance
> > >>>>>>>>> (inspection
> > >>>>>>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
neo-colonizing
> > >>>>>>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially
several
> > >>>>>>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > >>>>>>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias,
oh,ho,
> > >>>>>>>>> kook!"
> > >>>>>>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof"
Tobacco
> > >>>>>>>>> warehouse, curls
> > >>>>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was
at
the
> dry
> > >>>>>>>>> cleaners
> > >>>>>>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> prescience
> > >>>>>>>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > >>>>>>>>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter
chose
> > encore
> > >>>>>>>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> moments
> > >>to be
> > >>>>>>>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the
streams
> were
> > >>hooks

> > >>>.
> > >>>>>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> > darkness
> > >>>>>>>>>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
Likewise
> > >>>>>>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
recently
soft
> > fruit
> > >>>>>>>>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > >>>>>>>>>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > >>>>>>>>>>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
considered
> > >>>>>>>>>>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > >>>>>>>>>>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > >>>>>>>>>>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > >>>>>>>>>>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > >>>>>>>>>>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > >>>>>>>>>>other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
> > >>>>>>>>>>with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
> > >>>>>>>>>>the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity
> > as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
> > beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
>> and silos yield rainbows. Combines circle the outlying
>regions where tongues were cut, women raped, no one had the right to speak
up or right downtown what they saw beyond the edge of the off
icial facing the end or the impetus toward a new renga about

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694. **Louis Cabri**

favourite critical word: poetry

Wed 23 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
 (inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias,
 oh,ho, kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
 warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
 dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
 prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
 encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
 moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
 were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
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sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently
 soft fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity

as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
and silos yield rainbows. Combines circle the outlying
premises as substantive as crayons now confused with thought
whose rainbows rival cosmic immensities to the tune of
I'm not biting on this, Maria, no matter how you sing it
oy, i get reprimanded in public for my lines, my worst POETICS
nightmare
for critic to talk to critic must first triangulate the poem as
overly rich or plain it's

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695. **George Bowering**

Re: combines

Wed 23 Aug 1995

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
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Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
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Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her coffee breaks as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
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Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers*

*the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness
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other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity
as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
and silos yield rainbows. Combines circle the outlying
regions where tongues were cut, women raped, no one had the right
to speak
that side of the Thomson-owned newspaper - which ripped as the
ring-pierced tongue pushed through to
the box scores, Kevin Mitchell went three for four against*

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696. **George Bowering**
Re: Language Poetry and Music

Wed 23 Aug 1995

The reed player that Ryan was referring to at the Catriona Strang reading was Francois Houle, who does some amazing things with clarinet and saxes. You should hear his sax quartet blasting fast for a 1.5 hour set in a bar some time.

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697. **George Bowering**
Re: Language Poetry and Music
Wed 23 Aug 1995

It would seem to make sense that language poetry (some) in its refusal or reluctance to refer, would be akin to music, which looks more naturally to that freedom. But then language poetry's wordiness is not, to the ear that ascribes "music" to the lyric, very musical at all.

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698. **George Bowering**
Re: favourite care word: "you"
Wed 23 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

>

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
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The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical sacks, landscape of
flicka my best mare and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias,
oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at
the
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cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescienc
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the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter
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encore
Flaubert because we're waiting throughout eternity for
moment
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to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
wer
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hooks
.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently
soft
fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity
as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
to tapioca, from brown space to hot chocolate, from Republican to
angel steeped in angelology deeper than rilke's or blake's, by virtue of
Donald Turnipseed's decision to pull out onto that highway just then and

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699. **Ron Silliman**

Re: Language Poetry and Music

Wed 23 Aug 1995

Tom Kirby-Smith writes:

I was wondering if there is
>any musical tradition, and composer, any kind of music that one can
>connect with Language Poetry.
>

Speaking only for myself, the world music scene (most notably balinese gamelan and the group choral Ketjak), early Reich (the tape loops through Drumming--absolutely not the later ornamentation), Steve Lacy, Anthony Braxton, ROVA, Woodie Guthrie, Delta blues, and Bob Dylan (I've heard both Barrett Watten and Charles Bernstein, who in general agree on very little, make passionate arguments for the formative influence of Dylan on themselves and generally on many of the LPs). Romeo Void used to come to readings out in SF and folks like John Zorn have actively influenced Bruce Andrews. Bernstein as I recall has a great collection of Brecht/Weill recordings....(And I would dearly love to get an LP or cassette again of any Harry Partch, especially the hobo tunes--Partch's instrumentation has always seemed a real model for me on how to proceed).

Ron Silliman

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700. **Ron Silliman**

Re: Howe Now, Brown Formalist (and Bob Perelman too)

Wed 23 Aug 1995

Alan Golding wrote, in one of the best posts I've ever had the pleasure to read:

I'm surprised that someone who's always been so attuned to the social components of writing, reading, and reception as you have should use as the basis of your critique what sounds like a dismissal of or skepticism toward those same social components. Perhaps I'm misunderstanding something in your comments. Also, didn't you once tell me that Susan was the only writer in the Tree who made her own selections of her own work? Was that your choice because of your ambivalence about the work? At her insistence? Inquiring minds, etc. Or at least mine does.

>

My sense is that Susan "uses" the spiritual the way certain identarian poets use their identity (and the way some of the doggeral Stalinists of the 30s, viz Cary Nelson's tome, used their class roots), which I in general tend to see as antithetical to the way I would want poetry to engage the world, not leading us to it but rather fending off a deeper questioning.

Several people have mentioned her ear. I must be deaf.

Susan was not the only one to largely or completely dictate their selection in the Tree, tho maybe the only one that I didn't make any counter suggestions to, in good part because I was/am aware that I lack the sympathy to engage a deeper reading. Later she accused me of deliberately sabotaging her in "my" selections. Now that's the Susan I know and love.

Ron Silliman
[REDACTED]

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701. **Ron Silliman**
Re: Poetry and Music
Wed 23 Aug 1995

Since Rod brought up the influence of Cage on Berrigan, lets remember that terrific list at the end of Padgett's memoir Ted, a complete account of TB's Tulsa record collection still in a sister's attic somewhere. Key figures:

Tommy Dorsey
Andre Previn
Shorty Rogers
Arthur Godfrey
Perry Como
Sarah Vaughan
Vic Damone & Percy Faith
Al Jolson
Frank Sinatra & Nelson Riddle
George Shearing
Nina Simone
The Platters
Marian McPartland
Patti Page

Ron Silliman
[REDACTED]

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702. **Charles Alexander**
Re: favourite care word: "you"
Wed 23 Aug 1995

On Tue, 22 Aug 1995 20:26:46 -0500,
Maria Damon <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:
>> On Tue, 22 Aug 1995 09:26:46 -0500,
>> maria damon <[REDACTED]> wrote:
>>
>> >In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion
>> > grou
>> p
>> >writes:
>> >> > [D
>> >> >> >>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were
books.
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and
fine morning
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and
cloud
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage,
more
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years
ago
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times
blowing
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing
against the
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as
she
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks,
landscape of
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of
water's
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for
ignorance
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> (inspection
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant)
&
>> > > > neo-colonizing
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house
sequentially

>> > > > several
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big
tango
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
"Dias,
>> > > > oh,ho,
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> kook!"
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
Roof" Tobacco
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> warehouse, curls
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to
speak was at
>> >> > > the
>> >> >dry
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> cleaners
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted,
perched on
>> >> >prescience
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo
daughter
>> > > > chose
>> >> >> encore
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
eternity for
>> >> >moments
>> >> >> >>to be
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in
the
>> > > > streams
>> >> >were
>> >> >> >>hooks
>> >> >> >>>.
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel
seeds
>> > > > of
>> >> >> darkness
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> falling like a counterirritant around the
manchineel.
>> > > > Likewise
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments
and recently

>> >> > > soft
>> >> >> fruit
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
>> >> >> >>>>>>>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
switchback
>> >> >> >>>>>>>>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
considered
>> >> >> >>>>>>>>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>> >> >> >>>>>>>>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>> >> >> >>>>>>>>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>> >> >> >>>>>>>>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>> >> >> >>>>>>>>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> >> >> >>>>>>>>other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
>> >> >> >>with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
>> >> >> >the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity
>> >> >> as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
>> >> >> beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
>> >> >and silos yield rainbows. Combines circle the outlying
>> >> premises as substantive as crayons now confused with thought
>> >whose rainbows rival cosmic immensities to the tune of
>> I'm not biting on this, Maria, no matter how you sing it
>oy, i get reprimanded in public for my lines, my worst POETICS nightmare
is on hold, would you care to dance while we're waiting, save me

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703. **Charles Alexander**

Re: Howe Now, Brown Formalist (and Bob Perelman too)

Wed 23 Aug 1995

"Several people have mentioned her ear. I must be deaf." -- says Ron.

As I read you, and your comments on others, Ron, I think that there's no possibility of your being deaf. That doesn't mean, however, that any of us can hear all musics.

charles alexander

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704. **Michael Boughn**

Re: Howe Now, Brown Formalist (and Bob Perelman too)

Wed 23 Aug 1995

Well, there is this Susan Howe:

Hear earth born old
hush
no name or mane but nick
in time
and clock
a foil for future
marching
Marching
to Pale
with face for fool
thrumming
'Hollow hollow holds all'
Faintly the scene is played
softly
snow spread on sound
skin pebbles in secret also

You may not like this music, but how get around the fact of it?

As for the criticism of her so-called "spirituality", this seems to me little more than the expression of difference from those whose "politcality" equally could be seen to constitutue an obfuscation of an approach to "the world." A chaque son gout . . .

Best,
Mike



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705. **maria damon**

Re: Howe Now, Brown Formalist (and Bob Perelman too)

Wed 23 Aug 1995

ron s writes:

> >

>

> My sense is that Susan "uses" the spiritual the way certain identarian
> poets use their identity (and the way some of the doggeral Stalinists
> of the 30s, viz Cary Nelson's tome, used their class roots), which I in
> general tend to see as antithetical to the way I would want poetry to
> engage the world, not leading us to it but rather fending off a deeper

> questioning.

>

ouch. while i like the idea of poetry leading us to a deeper questioning beyond first identitarian blush, the phrase "doggerel stalinists" is so contemptuous that i feel my own work indicted. personally, i love doggerel, as did g stein (i'm not putting myself on her level, but citing her for legitimacy). i find it touching. how do you know that those writers of "inferior verse" (as the dictionary defines d.) don't experience themselves to be struggling, searching, saying something that has never been said, engaged in a deeper questioning...--md

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706. **maria damon**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Wed 23 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

> On Tue, 22 Aug 1995 20:26:46 -0500,

> Maria Damon <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>

> >In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group

> > writes:

> > > On Tue, 22 Aug 1995 09:26:46 -0500,

> > > maria damon <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> > >

> > > >In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics

> > > discussion

> > > > grou

> > > p

> > > >writes:

> > > > [D

> > > > >>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > > > >>>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine

> > > > > morning

> > > > >>>>>>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > > > >>>>>>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > > > >>>>>>>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > > > >>>>>>>>> The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > > > >>>>>>>>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> >> >> >> >>>>>>>>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and
pebbling
> >> >> >> >>>>>>>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years
ago
> >> >> >> >>>>>>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the
Times blowing
> >> >> >> >>>>>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing
against the
> >> >> >> >>>>>>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >> >> >> >>>>>>>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts
as she
> >> >> >> >>>>>>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks,
landscape of
> >> >> >> >>>>>>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass
of
> > > > > water's
> >> >> >> >>>>>>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe
for
> > > > > ignorance
> >> >> >> >>>>>>>>> (inspection
> >> >> >> >>>>>>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was
meant) &
> >> > > > neo-colonizing
> >> >> >> >>>>>>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house
sequentially
> >> > > > several
> >> >> >> >>>>>>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big
tango
> >> >> >> >>>>>>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales
said, "Dias,
> >> > > > oh,ho,
> >> >> >> >>>>>>>>> kook!"
> >> >> >> >>>>>>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
Roof"
> > > > > Tobacco
> >> >> >> >>>>>>>>> warehouse, curls
> >> >> >> >>>>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to
speak was
> > > > > at
> >> >> > > the
> >> >> >dry
> >> >> >> >>>>>>>>> cleaners

> > > > > > > > > > > > > > > > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted,
perched on
> > > > > prescience
> > > > > > > > > > > > > > > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles'
livers
> > > > > > > > > > > > > > > > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo
daughter
> > > > > chose
> > > > > encore
> > > > > > > > > > > > > > > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
eternity
> > > > > for
> > > > > moments
> > > > > > to be
> > > > > > > > > > > > > > > > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and
in the
> > > > > streams
> > > > > were
> > > > > > hooks
> > > > > > .
> > > > > > > > > > > > > > > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel
> > > > > seeds
> > > > > of
> > > > > darkness
> > > > > > > > > > > > > > > > falling like a counterirritant around the
manchineel.
> > > > > Likewise
> > > > > > > > > > > > > > > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned
instruments and
> > > > > recently
> > > > > soft
> > > > > fruit
> > > > > > > > > > > > > > > > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > > > > > > > > > > > > > > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
switchback
> > > > > > > > > > > > > > > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding
angles
> > > > > considered
> > > > > > > > > > > > > > > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > > > > > > > > > > > > > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > > > > > > > > > > > > > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to
sleep

> >> >> >> >>>>>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> >> >> >> >>>>>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> >> >> >> >>>>>other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
> >> >> >> >>>>>with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens
onto
> >> >> >> >the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity
> >> >> >> as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
> >> >> >> beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
> >> >> >and silos yield rainbows. Combines circle the outlying
> >> >> premises as substantive as crayons now confused with thought
> >> >whose rainbows rival cosmic immensities to the tune of
> >> I'm not biting on this, Maria, no matter how you sing it
> >oy, i get reprimanded in public for my lines, my worst POETICS nightmare
> is on hold, would you care to dance while we're waiting, save me
that last sonnet please, of forgotten wisteria sestina forsythia

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707. **Herb Levy**
Seattle readings Fall '95
Wed 23 Aug 1995

Here's the schedule for the new, now monthly, Subtext reading series.

September 21

Stacey Levine & Peter Culley

October 19

John Olson & Stacy Doris

November 16

Joseph Donahue & Melissa Wolsak

December 14

Ezra Mark & Deanna Ferguson

All readings are Thursdays, at 7:30 pm. The Speakeasy Cafe is at 2304 2nd Avenue, in Seattle's Belltown district, just north of the Public Market.

The Speakeasy is an internet cafe <<http://speakeasy.org>>. Soon Subtext'll have a website hanging off of the homepage there, with writing by past, present, and future subtext readers, etc. When the website is set up, I'll post the URL to the list.

As some of you know, Subtext has been presenting short series of (primarily Northwest) writers in the, uh, "experimental" tradition, for a few years. It's been re-organized, with a few more people involved, and the plan is to continue

readings on a monthly basis. The series above was primarily curated by Robert Mittenhal.

Some time after Sept 1, we'll start scheduling readings for January through April of 1996. The lead curator for this next series will be Ezra Mark.

If there are any writers on the list who are or will be in the area during this time who are looking for a reading, please let me know via email or at POB 95744, Seattle, WA 98145. Our budget is _very_ modest (but we do have one now), so if someone needs a fill-in date out west, something might work out.

It's unlikely to be enough of a (financial) incentive for anyone from more than a couple of hundred miles or so to make a special trip to Seattle, but hey, isn't every trip to Seattle special?

Or something.

Bests

Herb Levy



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708. **Herb Levy**

Value/genius in/with trouble/Poetry

Wed 23 Aug 1995

Marjorie Perloff is, to a large extent, right that Bob Perelman's TwG deals with

the terrible dilemma--still ours today--of wanting on the one hand to write a difficult and complex culturally informed poetry and yet speak to a large audience

but Ron Silliman's assessment of the book as a challenge to taking modernist writers at face value is also right.

Perelman's book is an all-too-rare example of looking at the work and at the writers and not turning into either a apologetic fan or a knee-jerk critic.

Yeah, Kenner & (especially) Davenport are good writers. & yeah, they know more than I ever will about Anglo-American modernist writers or many other things. But they don't seem to have found a satisfactory way to distinguish between the glorious modernist project and the flawed people who wrote the flawed works in the service of this project.

The modernists weren't heroes, their works aren't "masterpieces." They were perhaps the first writers to be "great" because of their ongoing, perhaps incompleteable, projects, rather than their products. If nothing else, their

"failures" at completing their grand projects have made it possible for whatever it is that's going on now (someone else can call it postmodern if they want).

Even most of the more mainstream poets, including some who may still be interested in heroics, seem largely to have given on the idea of a big, big masterpiece.

So when Perloff continues:

> Do we think this problem has been solved?

The answer can only be "Of course not & that's the point."

which is one reason why Perelman's take on "Marginalization of Poetry" is such an appealing idea.

Bests

Herb Levy



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709. **Herb Levy**
Kenner & CanLit

Wed 23 Aug 1995

So George (or anyone),

Now that Kenner's written books about British, American, & Irish modernist & late modernist writers is he going to do a Can Lit volume?

Or what's the story?

Herb Levy



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710. **Herb Levy**
Re: Language Poetry and Music

Wed 23 Aug 1995

Cage's methods seem too mechanical to me to have had much effect on other people's poetry (besides his own). I was wondering if there is any musical tradition, and composer, any kind of music that one can connect with Language Poetry.

Actually, some of Cage's compositional processes do make sense in terms of Language Poetry. I'd compare at least some of Ron Silliman's structures for sentences with Cage's late middle pieces (Music for Changes is an example) in which particular time units are filled with sound events with no regard for

musical continuity. This seems to be a rather exact analog of some of the Alphabet sections written a sentence a day or, say, the 21 x 21 grid of Garfield.

Cage's later "time-bracket" pieces, in which a score indicates a larger time frame in which shorter events can occur (for example, a 90-second "bracket" during which a 20-second pitch or chord can be played at any time), give a kind of loose ensemble feel that relates in my mind to Leslie Scalapino's never quite exactly repeating structures.

I've heard people try to make a case for the influence of repetitive pattern music (Reich & Glass) on John Taggart, but to me the repetition in Taggart's work seems more like the use of recurring song form in standard jazz improvisation: the structure is constant but the content shifts.

Several very specific Jackson Mac Low poems (those which converge through various means toward a smaller and smaller vocabulary, ending with the same word filling all the spots) have the same feel of inevitable closure as some of Steve Reich's early phase-shifting pieces, though they are formally quite different.

Clark Coolidge clarifies some of the connections between jazz and the music (especially the long works from the last ten years) of Morton Feldman. All three keep going, at great length, in the face of a very real possibility of failure, and very often are most successful when they include sections in which not much really happens and are, in fact, kind of dull. (One of the most liberating things about jazz is that it's okay to be boring while on the way to something else. Unfortunately, it doesn't always get to that something else, which is why so many people find jazz boring.)

There are "obvious" (& social) correspondences between the collage-style work of Bruce Andrews and John Zorn, not least because they both use often recognizable source types & have cultivated "bad-boy" images. (I don't know if Zorn's voluminous record collection is sorted by the color of the album cover, though.)

There are others, but I'll shut up for now. Years ago, Charles Watts suggested that I write something about connections between new music & new writing that I never got around to. But as I mentioned to him at BlaserCon, I've (obviously) been thinking about it more lately.

Herb Levy



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711. **Mark Roberts**

AWOL: Five Islands Press Launch

Wed 23 Aug 1995

FIVE ISLANDS PRESS IN ASSOCIATION WITH SCARP MAGAZINE

invites you to the

NEW POETS SERIES 3 BOOK LAUNCH

Saturday 26 August 'Varuna' Katoomba 2pm. To be launched by Peter Bishop, Varuna Writers' Centre

Thursday 31 August Gleebooks, Glebe Point Road, Glebe 7.30pm. To be launched by Neil James, NSW Ministry for the Arts.

Saturday 2 September Victorian Writers' Centre 6pm. To be launched by Ron Pretty Five Island Press.

The books in New Poets Series 3 are: Karen Attard - Whisper Dark, MTC Cronin - Zoetrope, Lisa Jacobson - Hair & Skin & Teeth, Peter Minter - Rhythm in a Dorsal Fin, Sue L Nicholls - Ultimately Female, Mark Reid - Bitter Suite.

Each book costs \$7.50, all six books cost \$35.00. A bound volume containing all six books costs \$20.00. (All prices Australian dollars).

For further information contact Five Island Press PO Box U34 Wollongong University NSW 2500 Australia.

***** Australian Writing OnLine is a publicity and distribution service for Australian writers and publishers. For further information please email us at [REDACTED], write to AWOL PO Box 333 Concord NSW 2137 Australia, phone (02) [REDACTED] or fax (02) [REDACTED].

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712. **Herb Levy**

Re: Language Poetry and Music

Wed 23 Aug 1995

George Bowering sez:

It would seem to make sense that language poetry (some) in its refusal or reluctance to refer, would be akin to music, which looks more naturally to that freedom. But then language poetry's wordiness is not, to the ear that ascribes "music" to the lyric, vert musical at all.

But then what often has been described as "musical" in verse has simply been lines that don't have any harsh sounds & there's certainly plenty that's literally musical that has those.

Herb Levy



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713. **David Kellogg**
Perelman's forthcoming and recent
Wed 23 Aug 1995

Bob Perelman does seem to be prolific these days! Can anybody provide publication information on his forthcoming critical book(s)? Are there one or two?

As for **The Trouble With Genius**, I want to rephrase -- possibly recast -- some of what I've said earlier. I certainly agree with Marjorie that what's being analyzed is "modernism as a cultural construct" -- but it's also being constructed, too, and at the same time. The question is: whose modernism (now)? The effects of combining Pound/Joyce/Stein/Zukofsky in the manner in which it's undertaken are several.

One effect is what might be called spatial: the book raises the stock, if you will, of Zuk, by making him part of **that** construct rather than another. Of course he's long been linked with Pound, but his overall critical reputation is nowhere near that of Joyce and Pound (if you measure it empirically, by, say, production of critical commentary). (To a lesser degree, it does the same with Stein). By the same token, it lowers the stock of Joyce, by framing him **within** this construct and thus detracting from his often-touted originality. (Ron alluded to this in his slam on Kenner, but I think it's more a function of the book's organization than its particular readings; a different sort of cultural construct is created than the one in **The Pound Era**, where cultural influences are synthesized and transcended by Pound's -- ta da! -- genius.) So the book evens out reputations, as historicizing arguments tend to do. Which is not to say its individual readings aren't pretty amazing.

The temporal effect is somewhat different. The organization of the book **from** Pound **to** Zuk begins to construct a trajectory that will lead, inevitably yet problematically, to language poetry. This is what I was alluding to earlier with comments on LP gaining a pedigree and a certain amount of cultural authority. Therefore the issues are **not** limited to "modernism as a cultural construct" but are deeply contemporary, affecting important conceptions of the authority of current writing practices. This is the first time that I've seen LP linked to Joyce, whose critical stock remains as high as anybody's. (The trajectory to LP is clear in one of the final notes in the book, and also in the opening of the Zukofsky chapter.)

One might say, well, this isn't what Bob's doing, he doesn't care about critical reputations among professors: but I doubt that can hold water. Why publish TTWG with a major university press with a big stake in the New American Poetry and, until Hopkins picked up the ball, Zukofsky as well? A major audience for this book will be academics, many of them modernist scholars. Another will be people interested in contemporary poetry, both in and out of the university. That both of these audiences are desired is apparent on every page of the book, as far as I'm concerned -- and I'm perfectly happy with that.

(BTW, there is at least one other critical book that links Joyce and Zukofsky -- *Writing Joyce: A Semiotics of the Joyce System*, by Lorraine Weir (Indiana UP, 1989). I'm rather surprised this is nowhere cited in TTWG. Not an historical argument, but still...)

Cheers,
David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

David Kellogg	The moment is at hand.
University Writing Program	Take one another
Duke University	and eat.
Durham, NC 27708	

██████ --Thomas Kinsella

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714. **Rachel Loden**
code of silence

Wed 23 Aug 1995

Susan E. Dunn writes:

*I can't help but think, however, that Susan Howe would be amused at her role in this discussion as the Anne Hutchinsonesque sacraficial *text* -- the monstrous body that disconnects/relies on powers beyond the confines of accepted references -- that is held up as a scapegoat for Corn-as-Puritan-father demanding that we eject our demons and name names.*

Seems to me that Alfred Corn is cutting quite a mythological figure these days. It was Herb Levy, not Alfred Corn, who ticked off a list of magazines on the shelf behind him and suggested highlighting something "really bad" in one of them. He went on to make a larger point (let me know if I'm misreading you Herb) about the airlessness of certain POETICS discussions or non-discussions (agreements to agree, or pretend to agree).

Why must the consideration of a body of work be reduced to a simpleminded bunking or debunking? I didn't sense that that was what either Ron Silliman or Alan Golding had in mind, and I'm grateful for their posts. But if we're all entirely sure of what sucks and what rules, let's swear loyalty oaths and impose a gag order.

Rachel Loden

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715. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: Language Poetry and Music

Wed 23 Aug 1995

How exactly do these people connect with language poetry, beyond the fact that perhaps you like their work?

Alan

On Wed, 23 Aug 1995, Ron Silliman wrote:

Tom Kirby-Smith writes:

I was wondering if there is any musical tradition, and composer, any kind of music that one can connect with Language Poetry.

Speaking only for myself, the world music scene (most notably balinese gamelan and the group choral Ketjak), early Reich (the tape loops through Drumming--absolutely not the later ornamentation), Steve Lacy, Anthony Braxton, ROVA, Woodie Guthrie, Delta blues, and Bob Dylan (I've heard both Barrett Watten and Charles Bernstein, who in general agree on very little, make passionate arguments for the formative influence of Dylan on themselves and generally on many of the LPs). Romeo Void used to come to readings out in SF and folks like John Zorn have actively influenced Bruce Andrews. Bernstein as I recall has a great collection of Brecht/Weill recordings....(And I would dearly love to get an LP or cassette again of any Harry Partch, especially the hobo tunes--Partch's instrumentation has always seemed a real model for me on how to proceed).

Ron Silliman

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716. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: Perelman's forthcoming and recent

Wed 23 Aug 1995

Well, David kellogg--what about Beckett---I mean the difference between Joyce and Beckett... It seems that what lately has been called LP (when ron first said it-- "both charles and bob cop to the influence of dylan on many of the lps "---i thought he was referring to the pre CD era) has more affinities with beckett than with Joyce----cs

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717. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: Language Poetry and Music

Wed 23 Aug 1995

alan sondheim raises a good point----The L poets are roughly contemporaries of bob dylan (minus 4 or 5 years as " "median" age?) but isn't DYLAN more of those GENIUSES they have TROUBLE with--you know, the self-dramatizing "hero" type replete with personal pathos and visionary fervor (though certainly a better singer than GINSBERG) and even, gasp, a willingness to deal with heterosexuality in a more than merely theoretical way than most of, say, the MALE LP's (i mean langpo's)---so maybe there is a question of consistency here-- unless of course we simply disclaim the whole issue by saying Bob Dylan is NOT a poet--therefore the standards one would use to judge susAn howe, etc--are not applicable and so it's okay if he's a "genius" or, worse " a hero"-----chris stroffolino

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718. **Alan Sondheim**

Text

Wed 23 Aug 1995

If anyone is interested in the work I have been writing on virtual subjectivity/literature/Internet/etc. it is available at

http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html

and there are numerous accompanying images as

<http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/>

Alan

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719. **Jordan Davis.**

Re: Howe Now, Brown Formalist (and Bob Perelman too)

Wed 23 Aug 1995

Well, yes, but what about "nick/ in time"--since we're discussing the music--the familiar phrase--but I love "a foil for future"--I love the sound of "marching/Marching" but the capitalization (which is for the eye, yes) is what pleases me about this more than say Clark Coolidge's "trilobite/trilobites"--as far as getting around the fact of it Mr Boughn that sounds like Olson coming through you. There are no facts in poetry.

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720. **Gale Nelson**

Re: How Hear Howe?

Wed 23 Aug 1995

I have heard Susan Howe read on three occasions -- all within the last eight years. Each reading was electrifying. The cadence, the attention to syllable, the fevering (and unfevering) of pitch, diction, the point where the prosaic lines appropriated from (among others) Charles Dickens bleeds into the fragmentary / visually arranged materials -- all of this is spell-binding in memory (and anticipation of another hearing).

Having had the extraordinary pleasure of having worked as editor for Susan's *_A Bibliography of the King's Book; or, Eikon Basilike_*, I feel a privileged sense of Susan's attention to detail. My trying to duplicate the "look" of her typewritten pages on a typeset-spaced computer system provided us with the challenge of finding *_how_* her work could be articulated in a variant of the original that was true to her vision. Trade-offs (what letters must overlap, what angles could shift and to what degree) were discussed, and, finally approved. I cannot read Susan's work without hearing it; and I cannot hear it without envisioning its pagedness. As I have suggested elsewhere, language itself seems refreshed after reading Susan's work.

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721. **Susan Schultz**

(no subject)

Wed 23 Aug 1995

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Wed, 23 Aug 1995 02:57:20 -1000

From: Indepen <[REDACTED]>

To: Susan Schultz <[REDACTED]>

Subject: response

I already belong to two discussion lists, and don't have the space for another, but Susan Schultz has forwarded recent posts about good and not-good LP writing, which I was going simply to read without answering. I guess I'll have to say something in order to clear up some misunderstandings. CAP-L is not a discussion list for New Formalists. It is a discussion of contemporary American poetry of whatever stamp. Language poets may subscribe and post. They have before and continue to. I am not a New Formalist, nor would several of those listed in recent posts describe themselves as such. The terms "form" or "forma;" shouldn't be restricted to the use of meter and rhyme, since every poem has form of some kind or another. I have written more poems without meter and rhyme than with; meter and rhyme to me are techniques, useful or not, depending on the poem in question. They are not a faith. Meanwhile, poetry written in meter and rhyme has been written in every decade of this century by important poets--Adrienne Rich, John Ashbery, et al. It isn't new, or for that matter old. I am neither a Puritan nor a father. I did not ask that anyone be sacrificed, let alone Susan Howe, whose poetry I haven't read. Susan Dunn objects to an alleged scapegoating, but in doing so scapegoats CAP-L in general and me in particular. I was interested to hear Ron Silliman's views on Howe, though I wish he had been fuller in his comments; "tepid" doesn't convey much to me, and citing particular texts would have been more useful. I also can't believe that she is the only (*if* she is) bad Language poet. Are there others? And which ones are the very best--and *why*? When Ron Silliman began posting about LP on CAP-L, I and others raised the question of how it was evaluated, what criteria were brought to it in order to decide what was good and what was bad. If we can't be told that, we can never learn what conventions govern the poetry and can never become competent readers of it. If LP is interested in a wider audience, I don't see the point of neglecting to explain its criteria. Some of you are teachers, and if you're good ones, you know that sneering and scapegoating aren't effective as teaching methods. Calm, undefensive, cogent (and exciting) exposition is what works.

Alfred Corn

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722. **Tim Waples**

Notes of a renga lurker

Wed 23 Aug 1995

Thanks, Susan Dunn, for your comments on Susan Howe's work, and her moment in our critical spotlight, and especially for your thoughts on the renga...which to my ear sounds more like a dance than a poem. It's time to confess, I'm a renga lurker. The lace curtains are still more mollycoddled than aware, and the attorney general and Sir Duke are forever linked in my thoughts. This despite the fact that I'm peering into the renga on a system as backward ("Hey, it still word processes") as Susan's. But I too am finding that the renga is making me think about technology and audience. If I were receiving messages individually from this list, my delete trigger might now be as finely tuned as George Bowering's. But I'm on DIGEST, to save time? More precisely, to avoid the need to log in every four hours to clear my mailbox. The DIGEST, however, does not allow rapid deletings; it actually allows less digesting! As a result, I have to chew my renga 32 times to get to the end and find out if Maria will be okay. (I hope so!) A simpleminded suggestion led to another thought; would the renga-ers be happy with only copying the immediately preceding 3 or 4 lines before adding to the dance? Or could there be some ideology of "wholeness" within the renga -- or within the technology that invites our replies to the list -- that inclines to copying the entire thing each time? I'd prefer to think not, but then again, I'd prefer to be re-acquainted with Ste. Therese a little less frequently. It occurs to me that no bulletin board discussion ever strays too far from the issue of "audience." Perhaps that's only because I prefer the company of people who spend a lot of time thinking about trying to be democratic, or self-conscious, or both. But I am wondering what to make of "audience" and "renga" together.

Tim

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723. **Brian W Horihan**

Re: Language Poetry and Music

Wed 23 Aug 1995

On Wed, 23 Aug 1995, George Bowering wrote:

- > It would seem to make sense that language poetry (some) in its
- > refusal or reluctance to refer, would be akin to music, which looks
- > more naturally to that freedom. But then language poetry's wordiness
- > is not, to the ear that ascribes "music" to the lyric, vert musical
- > at all.
- >

This is an idea i wanted to talk about a couple months ago with a post that didnt quite stick. As for music that is non-lyric, "non-musical" to the ear George means, what about comparisons to 50s era serialist music (e.g. Babbit, Stockhausen) which is often very academic, too? --brian

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724. **H. T. KIRBY-SMITH**

N_w F_____m

Wed 23 Aug 1995

I believe that I said, "the movement really has acquired a reactionary following."

I had hoped that before I died that "The Psalm of Life" would disappear from important anthologies of American poetry; one of the untoward effects of N_w F_____m may be that it stays. One of these false hopes, such as wanting outlive Elvis's reputation.

One of the most remarkable things to me about this thing is its usually unacknowledged descent from Yvor Winters and from Winters's closest disciples. Sort of like the Children of Israel fearing to mention the name of Jaweh.

I have never known anyone personally who called itself a N_w F_____t. I have been told of one, but I wouldn't want to libel anyone. I have never seen a copy of that magazine called "The Formalist"--only heard about it the other day, actually.

I wonder if all these people who feel so virtuous writing Villanelles realize that villanelle-writing was really just a continuation of Romantic balladeering, moving on to the Troubadors --just another Gothic Revival medievalizing trend in the late nineteenth century. Nothing classical at all about it. Also, the best villanelles have been written by unabashed Romantics.

Excessive intricacy of form has always been a sign of decadence.

As the Roman Empire fell apart, poet after poet had a fling at either doing one more great thing in the hexameters borrowed from Greek, or else did something really fancy that no one had ever bothered to do before. The great poems of the period are the early hymns, where the language settled back into the vernacular Latin and became accentual. N_w F_____m seems to me somewhat like fifth-century A. D. poetry that went on trying to revive the grandeur of Virgil and Ovid, Horace and Catullus.

Tom Kirby-Smith
English Department
UNC-Greensboro
Greensboro NC 27412

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725. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: Language Poetry and Music

Wed 23 Aug 1995

Or can we say that Dylan seems to have been overtly culturally and politically engaged for most of his life, with a kind of rawness that at least seems antithetical to L?

Alan

On Wed, 23 Aug 1995, Chris Stroffolino wrote:

alan sondheim raises a good point---The L poets are roughly contemporaries of bob dylan (minus 4 or 5 years as "median" age?) but isn't DYLAN more of those GENIUSES they have TROUBLE with--you know, the self-dramatizing "hero" type replete with personal pathos and visionary fervor (though certainly a better singer than GINSBERG) and even, gasp, a willingness to deal with heterosexuality in a more than merely theoretical way than most of, say, the MALE LP's (i mean langpo's)---so maybe there is a question of consistency here--unless of course we simply disclaim the whole issue by saying Bob Dylan is NOT a poet--therefore the standards one would use to judge susAn howe, etc--are not applicable and so it's okay if he's a "genius" or, worse " a hero"-----chris stroffolino

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726. **David Kellogg**

Re: Perelman's forthcoming and recent

Wed 23 Aug 1995

On Wed, 23 Aug 1995, Chris Stroffolino wrote:

*Well, David kellogg--what about Beckett---I mean the difference between Joyce and Beckett...
It seems that what lately has been called LP (when ron first said it--
"both charles and bob cop to the influence of dylan on many of the lps
---i thought he was referring to the pre CD era) has more affinities
with beckett than with Joyce----cs*

I'm not sure I understand your post. I have no particular desire to link LP with Joyce; neither does Perelman in a direct sense I think -- but to read Joyce with

Zuk and then connect Zuk with LP (natch!) performs a critical and evaluative function which I think is interesting. I don't really care whether it's right, or who's closer. That was never my point.

Cheers,
David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

David Kellogg The moment is at hand.
University Writing Program Take one another
Duke University and eat.
Durham, NC 27708

█ --Thomas Kinsella

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727. **David Kellogg**

Re: your mail

Wed 23 Aug 1995

On Wed, 23 Aug 1995, Susan Schultz (Alfred Corn?) wrote:

*I was interested to hear Ron Silliman's views on Howe, though I wish he had been fuller in his comments; "tepid" doesn't convey much to me, and citing particular texts would have been more useful. I also can't believe that she is the only (*if* she is) bad Language poet. Are there others? And which ones are the very best--and *why*?*

When Ron Silliman began posting about LP on CAP-L, I and others raised the question of how it was evaluated, what criteria were brought to it in order to decide what was good and what was bad. If we can't be told that, we can never learn what conventions govern the poetry and can never become competent readers of it. If LP is interested in a wider audience, I don't see the point of neglecting to explain its criteria. Some of you are teachers, and if you're good ones, you know that sneering and scapegoating aren't effective as teaching methods. Calm, undefensive, cogent (and exciting) exposition is what works.

Dear Alfred,

I'm afraid I didn't read the post that started this, but your response here raises some issues that I think are worth addressing. Ron's comment about Susan Howe has been much discussed, and while I don't need to defend him, it was clear from his post that he was referring to questions of personal taste, not to Howe's "goodness" or "badness" as a poet. In fact, I took his whole post as explaining (pretty well) a relativist view of poetry in which the question of "which ones are the very best -- and why?" is not really meaningful.

Perhaps more seriously, I'm a bit surprised by this part of your post:

how it was evaluated, what criteria were brought to it in order to decide what was good and what was bad. If we can't be told that, we can never learn what conventions govern the poetry and can never become competent readers of it.

I find this amazing, and must say: speak for yourself. Do you really mean that you can't become a competent reader of a poetry that seems strange to you without somebody telling you "what criteria were brought to it in order to decide what was good and what was bad"? You lose the potential to encounter a lot of interesting work this way. I came to language poetry from "outside," too, and found that the best solution to my own "incompetence" was to read a lot of it. Do you really need to settle on an accepted criteria of excellence *before* you read? I prefer to find out as I go.

A more generous reading of your statement is possible, one that basically translates into, if language poetry has no set standards, then no standards are possible. Is there any poetry with such standards, such a "criteria"? I doubt it. Within language poetry, as outside it, such criteria are *contested*, not established. That's in the nature of experimental writing, and also -- I would argue -- with virtually everything in culture. The criteria that do emerge, here and there, are not so unfamiliar: freshness, surprise, intelligence, interesting sounds, intellectual engagement, dialogue with history, subject matter, -- and yes, who you know, friendliness with the editor, etc.

Don't mean to be harsh with you, friend, but I think you're either being disingenuous or didn't think your post through. There are no set criteria. Nowhere, nohow. Never were.

Cheers,
David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

David Kellogg	The moment is at hand.
University Writing Program	Take one another
Duke University	and eat.
Durham, NC 27708	

█ --Thomas Kinsella

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728. **Michael Boughn**

Re: Howe Now, Brown Formalist (and Bob Perelman too)

Wed 23 Aug 1995

Well, yes, but what about "nick/ in time"--since we're discussing the music--the familiar phrase--but I love "a foil for future"--I love the sound of "marching/Marching" but the capitalization (which is for the eye, yes) is what pleases me about this more than say Clark Coolidge's "trilobite/trilobites"--as far as getting around the fact of it Mr Boughn that sounds like Olson coming through you. There are no facts in poetry.

Well, Mr. Davis (lordy lordy we're getting pretty formal around here--the creeping effects of all this formalist discussion?) what is language if it ain't a fact? (and what a trip to have a little Olson come through . . . wow

Mike

████████

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729. **maria damon**

(no subject)

Wed 23 Aug 1995

In message <████████> UB

Poetics discussion group writes:

> ----- Forwarded message -----

> Date: Wed, 23 Aug 1995 02:57:20 -1000

> From: Indepen <████████>

> To: Susan Schultz <████████>

> Subject: response

>

>

> I already belong to two discussion lists, and don't have the space
> for another, but Susan Schultz has forwarded recent posts about good and
> not-good LP writing, which I was going simply to read without answering.
> I guess I'll have to say something in order to clear up some
> misunderstandings.

> CAP-L is not a discussion list for New Formalists. It is a
> discussion of contemporary American poetry of whatever stamp. Language
> poets may subscribe and post. They have before and continue to.

> I am not a New Formalist, nor would several of those listed in
> recent posts describe themselves as such. The terms "form" or "forma;"
> shouldn't be restricted to the use of meter and rhyme, since every poem
> has form of some kind or another. I have written more poems without meter
> and rhyme than with; meter and rhyme to me are techniques, useful or not,

> depending on the poem in question. They are not a faith. Meanwhile,
> poetry written in meter and rhyme has been written in every decade of this
> century by important poets--Adrienne Rich, John Ashbery, et al. It isn't
> new, or for that matter old.

> I am neither a Puritan nor a father. I did not ask that anyone be
> sacrificed, let alone Susan Howe, whose poetry I haven't read. Susan Dunn
> objects to an alleged scapegoating, but in doing so scapegoats CAP-L in
> general and me in particular. I was interested to hear Ron Silliman's
> views on Howe, though I wish he had been fuller in his comments; "tepid"
> doesn't convey much to me, and citing particular texts would have been
> more useful. I also can't believe that she is the only (*if* she is) bad
> Language poet. Are there others? And which ones are the very best--and
> *why*?

> When Ron Silliman began posting about LP on CAP-L, I and others
> raised the question of how it was evaluated, what criteria were brought to
> it in order to decide what was good and what was bad. If we can't be told
> that, we can never learn what conventions govern the poetry and can never
> become competent readers of it. If LP is interested in a wider audience,
> I don't see the point of neglecting to explain its criteria. Some of you
> are teachers, and if you're good ones, you know that sneering and
> scapegoating aren't effective as teaching methods. Calm, undefensive,
cogent

> (and exciting) exposition is what works.

>

> Alfred Corn

hello alfred corn --i've posted several times to poetics to the effect that i take fairly seriously Robert Duncan's dictum that there are no good or bad poems. this i hold true for just about every "school" of poetry. i wd not teach a class in poetry by offering, for example, a "good" and "bad" example from each "school." it's an intriguing idea, but it's simply never crossed my mind. even after thinking it over, it strikes me that to learn to evaluate a product is somewhat like backing into a process backasswards as it were, no disrespect intended, but to start from a position of judgment is not, i think, the most effective way to open someone's mind. it shuts down process, and leaps to a critical appraisal of product --how intimidating to someone trying to learn to read or practice. maybe i'm a sentimental patsy, but openness, to me, is always a better approach to learning. rather than asking for an example of a "bad" language poet, why not ask us how, for instance, we would "read" a given text? too bad you missed gary sullivan --he posted some stunning close readings of initially opaque texts that were useful paradidms for learning to read. and they didn't

involve ranking poetry, poems and poets in a meritocratic economy.
respectfully--md

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730. **Jordan Davis.**

non music anon

Wed 23 Aug 1995

I'm not surprised to see "their" idea of musical

But then what often has been described as "musical" in verse has simply been lines that don't have any harsh sounds & there's certainly plenty that's literally musical that has those.

privileged here. I think a discussion of John Taggart/Susan Howe/Bruce Andrews/Ron Padgett is in order, in re music of the line. Taggart it seems plays off repetition as musicality, Zorn is Andrews' ideal, Padgett approves of cleanliness of syntax and vocabulary, and Howe goes for the glorious combinations. OR, those are the commonplaces about those authors. Music is never commonplace. Nor is it ONLY the articulation of sound forms in time. As long as there is an audience (renga=audience) there are emotional characterizations and attributions from that audience. What I like most about "our" poetry is the music (when it's there). I certainly don't care about anybody's "meanings" except insofar as they add to or detract from the music. I'm not looking for limits, thanks. Dr & Mrs Corn suggest (in reverse) an interesting topic: what it is we like about "our" poetries. Philosophy and poetics should be (I think) free of bad feelings. Originators of exclusion beware! I would love to see more frequent cogent praises of musics (and I apologize for the music of that request).

Your humble admirer
Jordan

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731. **Jordan Davis.**

now words/cognitive dissonance

Wed 23 Aug 1995

what is
language if it ain't a fact?
language is words
and language is talking
and something else

But don't confuse me with the facts

Jordan

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732. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: nadir of the W

Wed 23 Aug 1995

I'm more than a little puzzled by the reluctance to define the word "spirituality" combined with an insistent usage of that word.

Perhaps that is the defining instance of the spiritual???

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733. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: the renga that took the place of itself

Wed 23 Aug 1995

also puzzled by some of our reactions to the renga in progress (including my own) -- that is, a sort of impatience that differs in interesting respects from our readings of printed volumes seems to be at work -- we (by which I mean me) read much longer, and far worse, printed texts without grouching, but the iterated and reitrated form seems to play a part in the impatience of some on the list -- that is, maybe _Cantos_ would be more disturbing yet if, instead of constantly interrupting itself, it constantly interrupted whatever otehr communication acts we were involved in at the time -- (as it does to those of us who have read it)

-- & the composer I invariably think of while reading language poetry is Louis Armstrong -- but I'm tight like that --

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734. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: mormon in the armoire

Wed 23 Aug 1995

On 22 Aug 95 at 21:06, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion

> >group writes:

> >> >> >>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> >> >> >>>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > > >>>>>>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > >>>>>>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and
cloud
> > > >>>>>>>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > >>>>>>>>> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > >>>>>>>>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > >>>>>>>>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > >>>>>>>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > >>>>>>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times
blowing
> > > >>>>>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing
against the
> > > >>>>>>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > >>>>>>>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as
she
> > > >>>>>>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape
of
> > > >>>>>>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of
water's
> > > >>>>>>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for
ignorance
> > > >>>>>>>>> (inspection
> > > >>>>>>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
neo-colonizing
> > > >>>>>>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house
sequentially several
> > > >>>>>>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > > >>>>>>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
"Dias, oh,ho,
> > > >>>>>>>>> kook!"
> > > >>>>>>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
Roof" Tobacco
> > > >>>>>>>>> warehouse, curls
> > > >>>>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak
was at
> > the dr
> > >y
> > > >>>>>>>>> cleaners
> > > >>>>>>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted,
perched on
> > prescience
> > > >>>>>>>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers

> > > >>>>>>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo
daughter chose
> > > encore
> > > >>>>>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
eternity for
> > moments
> > > >>to be
> > > >>>>>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in
the streams
> > were
> > > >>hooks
> > > >>.
> > > >>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel
seeds of
> > > darkness
> > > >>>>>>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
Likewise
> > > >>>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments
and recently
> > soft
> > > fruit
> > > >>>>>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > > >>>>>>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
switchback
> > > >>>>>>>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
considered
> > > >>>>>>>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > >>>>>>>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > >>>>>>>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > >>>>>>>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > >>>>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > >>>other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night
> > > >>with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens onto
> > > >the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity
> > > as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
> > > beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
> > to a purer white described without even a thought and carried to another
> > plasm, another phone call from the regional director
> >of miasmal blankness, white to the core of whiteness only
> wafts to the color in principio which self erases
golden sections of no-mind shining
-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----

		/ Joseph Zitt ==== ██████████ ===== Human Systems \|	
	/ Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \|		
	/ Online Representative, Austin International Poetry Festival \|		
/ Joe Zitt's Home Page\

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735. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: Value/genius in/with trouble/Poetry

Wed 23 Aug 1995

On 23 Aug 95 at 7:37, Herb Levy wrote:

Even most of the more mainstream poets, including some who may still be interested in heroics, seem largely to have given on the idea of a big, big masterpiece.

Do you mean that people have stopped doing huge pieces, or that an equation of the hugeness of a piece with its value which once existed has gone away? Some of us are still working on big, big pieces -- I've got one in progress that will run 668 pages (I know this ahead of time due to the chance operations that pre-structured it), and Ron's still in the midst of his "The Alphabet" (I don't know what others are up to on the big projects front -- is Armand Schwerner still writing Tablets?).

-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1----- |||/ Joseph Zitt ==== ██████████
===== Human Systems \||| ||/ Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage
Mailing List \|| ||/ Online Representative, Austin International Poetry
Festival \|| / Joe Zitt's Home
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736. **Keith Tuma**

Re: your mail

Wed 23 Aug 1995

I was prepared to contest the premises of Alfred Corn's questions regarding criteria and evaluation--just as some earlier (myself included) had seen fit to question a rhetorical model where one post can "change a mind" and perhaps also the idea that metaphors are "revealing." But I think that David Kellogg and Maria Damon have already done that--and on the contested nature of criteria one might refer to Barbara H. Smith's *The Contingencies of Value*. If Corn has recently become a kind of ghost on this list, he seems to me a friendly ghost, and I want to say a few things in his defense. It seems to me that there is a need in the "experimental" poetry community for direct and detailed statements of "personal"--if you will--value and preferences, tastes (not that these need be

singular or static). Perhaps because of the way langpo emerged and the climate it emerged in, much langpo prose has been given over to the criticism of other prevailing modes of poetry--the so-called "mainstream"--or to a kind of blanket advocacy where the names of the elect are rehearsed. Or, in some cases, for political and "theoretical" reasons, evaluation is itself questioned or rejected--Charles B, for one, sometimes seems to me given to listing rather than explaining his preferences, and I don't doubt for a second that he has reasons. But there has been comparatively little critical prose by langpo writers not directed primarily at "others"--at least until recently, as the case of Bob Perelman's book(s) demonstrates, along with Ron Silliman's recent remark about Susan Howe. This makes perfect sense to me: one must first clear a little space, no? (This was part of Alan Golding's point.) Were things any different in, say, Robert Pinsky's *The Situation of Poetry*, where he worked to clear space for Frank Bidart, Jim McMichael and others? But it seems to me that now IS the time for the langpo crowd to begin working on their own *A Test of Poetry* and, ideally, the range of their attention will be at least as expansive as Zukofsky's. This is not just a matter of expanding an audience but of clarifying what might be meant by surprise, striking sound patterns, engagement with history--etc etc (Kellogg's list could of course be expanded a good deal)--in a proliferation of examples arranged in provovative juxtaposition. Such examples need not be ranked good and bad and--if it's possible to be open-minded at least a little--the commentary might follow the examples. Of course finding publishers for such books--there should be a good number of them--will be difficult, which probably brings us back to the point where what used to be--perhaps--a "movement" (langpo) started.

On another note, I'm hoping that Silliman's remarks won't be enough to keep Alfred Corn from reading Susan Howe.

Keith Tuma

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737. **Gwyn McVay**
Re: How Hear Howe?

Wed 23 Aug 1995

Gale, I was interested in your comments about the difficulty of typesetting Susan Howe's work from typescript. When she was a visiting writer at my university about a year ago, one of the most seminal (ovarian?) things, to me, that she stressed, was the notion of older poets' giving younger ones a kind of permission. Could the proliferation of typesetting programs like Quark XPress lead to a greater sense of possibility for the rest of us in regard to some of Howe's visual techniques like superimposed and rotated lines? I'm thinking of

Eikon Basilike probably more than, say, _Articulation of Sound Forms in Time._

Gwyn

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738. **Charles Bernstein**

ACLA Call for Papers on Lit. betw. Phil & Cultural Studies

Wed 23 Aug 1995

ACLA '96

CALL FOR PAPERS

LITERATURE BETWEEN PHILOSOPHY AND CULTURAL STUDIES

American Comparative Literature Association

University of Notre Dame

April 11-13, 1996

Keynote Speakers

Rodolphe Gasche, Elizabeth Grosz, David Lloyd

Poetry Reading

Lyn Hejinian, John Matthias

While cultural studies and continental philosophy/poststructuralism might be regarded as two mutually exclusive paradigms, this conference will explore how the intersections between them can open new productive possibilities for literary and comparative studies. Toward this end we propose to interrogate the following set of issues:

Rethinking Modernity: Literature/Philosophy/Culture * Cultural Significance of Poststructuralist Theory: Derrida, Irigaray, Lyotard * Feminism: Between Philosophy and Cultural Studies * Sexualities, "Racial" Identities, and Queer Theory * Cultural and Ethical Figures of Otherness * Post Enlightenment Philosophies, Pre-Enlightenment Literatures * National Identities/Comparative Literatures/Postcolonial Studies * History/Event/Practice: Nietzsche, Heidegger, Foucault * Models of Culture in Cultural Studies and Deconstruction * Cultural Studies: Without Philosophy? * Psychoanalysis, Film, and Contemporary Philosophy * Philosophers Reading Poets/Poets Reading Philosophers *

Papers and panels on other topics related to the theme of the conference are welcome. Papers should be no longer than 3000 words; paper proposals approximately 250 words. Panel proposals must include: title, chairperson, the proposal of 250 words for the panel and a complete set of papers or proposals. Deadline for submissions: October 15, 1995.

Address submissions and inquiries to:

Krzysztof Ziarek

Department of English

356 O'Shaughnessy Hall

University of Notre Dame

Notre Dame, IN 46556-5639

tel. [REDACTED]

fax [REDACTED]

or by email to: [REDACTED]

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739. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: favourite care word: "you"

Wed 23 Aug 1995

Charles Alexander wrote:

>On Tue, 22 Aug 1995 20:26:46 -0500,

>Maria Damon <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>

>>In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group writes:

>>> On Tue, 22 Aug 1995 09:26:46 -0500,

>>> maria damon <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>>>

>>> >In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion

>>> > grou

>>> p

>>> >writes:

>>> >> > [D

>>> >> >> >>>>>>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>> The caravan of windows to what they flee

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years

ago
>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the
Times blowing
>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing
against the
>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts
as she
>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks,
landscape of
>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of
water's
>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe
for
ignorance
>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>> (inspection
>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant)
&
>>> > > > neo-colonizing
>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>> pockets in small furniture intended house
sequentially
>>> > > > several
>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big
tango
>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>> when the attorney general came, selah hales
said, "Dias,
>>> > > > oh,ho,
>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>> kook!"
>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
Roof"
Tobacco
>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>> warehouse, curls
>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to
speak
was at
>>> >> > > the
>>> >> >dry
>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>> cleaners
>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted,
perched on
>>> >> >prescience
>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles'

livers

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo
daughter

>>> > > > chose

>>> >> >> encore

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
eternity for

>>> >> >moments

>>> >> >> >>to be

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and
in the

>>> > > > streams

>>> >> >were

>>> >> >> >>hooks

>>> >> >> >>>.

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel
seeds

>>> > > > of

>>> >> >> darkness

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>> falling like a counterirritant around the
manchineel.

>>> > > > Likewise

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments
and recently

>>> >> > > soft

>>> >> >> fruit

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>> of subject's object status, violent transformation

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
switchback

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding
angles

considered

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised

>>> >> >> >>>>>>>>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to
sleep

>>> >> >> >>>>>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes

>>> >> >> >>>>>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten

>>> >> >> >>>other than prints, trace free of cloth, slow memory night

>>> >> >> >>with customs planted in them to retract what almost fastens
onto

>>> >> >> >the unhinged wing of night's stern and contracted falsity

>>> >> >> as blessed glass retracts whatever mule the heart
>>> >> >> beats. In the ensuing silence, her eyes turn from white space
>>> >> >and silos yield rainbows. Combines circle the outlying
>>> >> premises as substantive as crayons now confused with thought
>>> >whose rainbows rival cosmic immensities to the tune of
>>> I'm not biting on this, Maria, no matter how you sing it
>>oy, i get reprimanded in public for my lines, my worst POETICS nightmare
>is on hold, would you care to dance while we're waiting, save me
the friction of a cushion to inflate, support, revere

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740. **Tony Green**

Re: the renga that took the place of itself

Wed 23 Aug 1995

irritant renga -- yes scanning the fairly familiar yards of it until down , holding mouse button, to the unfmilair, the new line. Gee all the way through this text again and again like a partridge in a pear-tree building and building. It's the time it takes. It's that time in which the programme runs so long that you don't know what's happened to the ads. I like it.

Tony Green,

e-mail: [REDACTED]

post: Dept of Art History,

University of Auckland,

Private Bag 92019,

Auckland, New Zealand

Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]

Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

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741. **Steve Carll**

Re: Wallace who?

Thu 24 Aug 1995

Jordan asks:

>List at large

>Is there really an avantgarde tradition in North America totally unaware of

>Wallace Stevens?

Yes, but by strange coincidence (OR IS IT?!) the movement calls itself "The Emporers of Ice Cream" and its logo is a clam playing an accordian.

Steve

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742. **Lindz Williamson**

Re: the renga that took the place of itself

Thu 24 Aug 1995

On Thu, 24 Aug 1995, Tony Green wrote:

irritant renga -- yes scanning the fairly familiar yards of it until down , holding mouse button, to the unfmilair, the new line. Gee all the way through this text again and again like a partridge in a pear-tree building and building. It's the time it takes. It's that time in which the programme runs so long that you don't know what's happened to the ads. I like it.

Yes, it is the time, and some of us can only afford so much of it. I only receive ten hours of net time a month. Three quarters of it is spent doing email reading, replying and deleting. I like this list because I'm always learning new stuff. I'm being introduced to worlds of poetics I'd never experienced, but renga is not one that I am enjoying. It was fun for awhile, but it's like beating a dead horse (to use a cliché). However I know other people still like it so could we come up with a code word as a heading for rengas so I don't have to look at them. I always find myself becoming intrigued by interesting titles and then cursing as I find out it's renga. For those of you who use the digest mode, you have my condolences.

Lindz

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743. **Tenney Nathanson**

Re: POETICS Digest - 22 Aug 1995 to 23 Aug 1995

Thu 24 Aug 1995

*Date: Wed, 23 Aug 1995 11:36:54 -0400
From: David Kellogg <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Perelman's forthcoming and recent*

Bob Perelman does seem to be prolific these days! Can anybody provide publication information on his forthcoming critical book(s)? Are there one or two?

: I think there's just one critical book coming out, on LangPo from Princeton. Meanwhile a chunk of it (the fairly harsh essay on Andrews mentioned a couple days ago by someone) can be read in a recent (number provided if desired) issue of Arizona Quarterly.

Another recent issue, btw, offers hardcopy version of the Bernstein piece on "mainstream" poetry vs. the (e)mag world of "alternative" journals and books--the essay that's also downloadable via EPC.

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744. **beard**

Howe Now Brown ... / writer or written?

Thu 24 Aug 1995

how do you know that those writers of "inferior verse" (as the dictionary defines d.) don't experience themselves to be struggling, searching, saying something that has never been said, engaged in a deeper questioning...--md

I suppose we can't know. The question is - do we care?

One's evaluation of a poem comes from one's own encounter with the text, not from an assumption of the writer's experiences. A banal fragment of writing might interact with my experiences, my concerns, and the context within which I find it, and hence become meaningful and evocative. On the other hand, a sincere piece of writing from someone who believes that he or she is really "engaged in a deeper questioning" can bore me senseless if it doesn't provoke me to "struggling, searching" or whatever.

I'm not coming at this from a theoretical perspective of "The Death of the Author", but simply from a reader's viewpoint. Wearing my critic's hat, I might be willing to give a writer "marks for effort", but as a reader, a "consumer", of poetry, I want something more. I want stimulation, challenge, enjoyment, sensuality, wit and intelligence. Above all, I want excellence.

It doesn't matter whether a piece of writing was written by a "great poet", a struggling poetaster, a cynically manipulative ad agency or a computer program. What matters is the poem, and what that poem triggers off in the reader. If enough readers find that a poem triggers no response with them, or in other words, fails to make the readers "experience themselves to be struggling, searching, saying something that has never been said, engaged in a deeper questioning," then those readers call that poem "doggerel".

If this sounds selfish, then it is. Readers are selfish - they've paid \$19.95 or whatever for a 30-page volume of poems, and they want something back. Unless one is paid to read poetry (which I guess a few people here are ...), then one doesn't want to waste one's time reading doggerel.

Tom Beard.

I/am a background/process, shrunk to an icon. | Tom Beard I am/a dark place.

| [REDACTED] I am less/than the sum of my parts... | Auckland, New Zealand I
am necessary/but not sufficient, | <http://metcon.met.co.nz/> and I shall
teach the stars to fall | nwfc/beard/www/hallway.html

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745. **George Bowering**

Re: your mail

Thu 24 Aug 1995

It was interesting to read that strange letter from Corn. (Is he a well-known poet in the US?) I mean to hear language that comes out of assumptions that are so much different from the ones one has been assuming all these years. For example, the use of the word "rhyme"--Mr Corn seems to use the word to mean some kind of end-rime, which I must admit I have heard elsewhere, but not from a poet, as far as I know. As to "meter"--I was unaware that that term, which I have always heard used to discuss poems by Milton, say, or Shakespeare, was used by or about poets this half-century at least. One must have noticed his asking about the "conventions that govern" contemporary poetry. Is he really of a mind to support those two terms, especially the verb? The idea of governing poetry is as odd as the idea of "mastering" words, it seems to me. But it is an eye-opener to hear that there are poets (if Corn is representative of some larger order) who think that way. The crossing of the BuffNet and that (is it) CAP-L list might be really interesting. What does CAP-L (I mean the title) stand for?

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746. **George Bowering**

Re: Language Poetry and Music

Thu 24 Aug 1995

I was certainly hoping that Herb & others knew that when I referred to those who equate music with lyric poetry, I was distancing myself from them All my life my mother and sister and wife and dogs and friends have been listening to my records and claiming that what was coming out was not music.

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747. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: Wallace who?

Thu 24 Aug 1995

Steve Carll--thanks for the Stevens reference to surrealism (to make a clam play accordion is to invent and not discover), yet I wonder if Stevens' problem with surrealism wasn't also its CONVULSIVE BEAUTY-- its chance meeting,

and in this sense Dickinson can be said to be more like Surrealism than Stevens (though Stevens has "the sound of two words that clash" sic?)---For instance, Stevens: It is not every day the world arranges itself into a poem. vs. Dickinson: A word made flesh is seldom and tremblingly partook--- and to what extent does TONE matter more than meaning? the tone of tone? cs

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748. **Ron Silliman**

Re: Howe Now, Brown Formalist (and Bob Perelman too)

Thu 24 Aug 1995

Maria,

to your question re

"doggerel stalinists" is so contemptuous

>that i feel my own work indicted. personally, i love doggerel,

Me too, as I think my work in several places makes quite clear, particularly if one includes childhood rhymes, tho I would be as apt to cite Duncan as Stein for that influence (not to mention Seuss and P.D. Eastman and Carroll)

how do you know that those writers of "inferior verse" (as the dictionary defines d.) don't experience themselves to be struggling, searching, saying something that has never been said, engaged in a deeper questioning...--md

>

I don't. The great value of Cary's book--for my money the single best critical volume on 20th C. poetry that exists--is that he begins deliberately with the "most despised" of all genres and from that point builds a description of poetry as community that extends outward in all directions to include pretty much everything that was written. Thus he can discuss how Pound's work found itself in socialist newspapers of the 1930s (at a point when EP himself had already begun his fascination with Il Duce).

Ron

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749. **Ron Silliman**

Re: Language Poetry and Music

Thu 24 Aug 1995

Alan writes:

>

>How exactly do these people connect with language poetry, beyond the

fact that perhaps you like their work?

>

I don't want to make any large claims (and "liking their work" seems fine to me), but I do think that virtually all pose either formal (gamelan, Reich, Partch, ROVA) and/or social (Guthrie, ROVA again, Partch again, Brecht) models for relating their work to the world that have had powerful impacts on me.

One might make any kind of systematic correlation I suppose, or build a model on some such idea as "mode of liner note," alternating between such options as "early Dylan faux poetry" or "dense Braxton scientific jargon"-- but that's the attraction that models always hold. The world itself is more complex.

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750. **Ron Silliman**

Re: your mail

Thu 24 Aug 1995

it was clear from his post that he was referring to questions
>of personal taste, not to Howe's "goodness" or "badness" as a poet.

Amen!

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751. **Ron Silliman**

Re: your mail

Thu 24 Aug 1995

Alfred Corn has quite a few books, going back to 1976 (he was born in '43, which places him mid-G1 in Steve Evans' old model), teaches at Columbia, sometimes writes on homosexuality for The Nation, has won the Blumenthal and Levinson prizes from Poetry Magazine and a prize from the American Academy.

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752. **Michael Boughn**

Re: nadir of the W

Thu 24 Aug 1995

*I'm more than a little puzzled by the reluctance to define the word
"spirituality" combined with an insistent usage of that word.*

Perhaps that is the defining instance of the spiritual???

As used in the recent context here, I think of it more in the terms William Blake proposed when he argued someone can be simultaneously your corporeal friend and your spiritual enemy.

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753. **Michael Boughn**

Re: now words/cognitive dissonance

Thu 24 Aug 1995

*what is
language if it ain't a fact?*

language is words

and language is talking

and something else

But don't confuse me with the facts

Jordan

But my habitation is precisely a confusion of facts irritably reaching after a fine isolated verisimilitude caught from the penetralium of mystery. I think. Or was that Coleridge? Or Olson? Anyway, we definitely had lunch on Thursday.

Best,
Mike

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754. **Jordan Davis.**

tone of tone

Thu 24 Aug 1995

to what extent does TONE matter more than meaning? the tone of tone? asks cs well you catch tone (or what you think is the tone) before you catch the meaning? as in, everybody under the age of 30 interviewed on NPR ends declarative statements with a rising inflection? so you think nobody born after 1965 is sure of anything?

Jordan

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755. **Gale Nelson**
Re: How Hear Howe?
Thu 24 Aug 1995

Gwyn,

Had Quark Xpress existed (or had I known of it were it to have existed) when we were working on "A Bibliography..." I probably would have tried to use it (and may have had good results). As it was, I used a system called Script, which was available via a mainframe computer. To raise and lower letters, I had to precede them with commands that looked something like &S'. (to raise) and &s'. (to lower). These commands were intended for the creation of foot notes in scholarly papers. So, on screen the descending "steps" on the page would have looked something like:

```
.il 3
&S's.t&s'e
.il 4
&S'p.s
```

To get overlapping text, I pasted up two separate sheets that were then made into a composite by the printer (yes, reviewing the blue lines was a crucial process -- Thomson-Shore did a wonderful job).

Having completed this job, I did feel liberated by having lived within (or, more to the point, nearly within) Susan's text world. Since that time, I have done some spatial playing, most commonly by combining text and copier "effects." While Susan's book is clearly not the first one to explore visual elements in remarkable ways, hers was vital for me because of my extended contact with it.

When going over the page galleys, Susan was passionate about how the book would look because the questions of spacing were relevant to what information the reader would gain (or lose) depending on presentation. As many know, she has thought long and hard about what Emily Dickinson's work could/should look like in print. She also spoke of having seen first editions of Wallace Stevens' books -- and how he used space in them was revelatory to her. I'm just back from a quick trip to London, and while there, her comments about Stevens resonated. I saw (but could not afford) first edition William Carlos Williams' books -- the poems looked and sounded even more remarkable, simply because of the presentation.

I hope that we (a generation growing up with poets like Susan Howe as north stars for the potential within experimentation) can feel liberated.

Cheers,

Gale

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756. **maria damon**
Re: How Hear Howe?

Thu 24 Aug 1995

gwyn the girl writes:
>... seminal (ovarian?) ...
>
> Gwyn
how 'bout germinal?

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757. **maria damon**
Re: the renga that took the place of itself

Thu 24 Aug 1995

lindz the girl writes:
> ... could we come up with a code
> word as a heading for renga so I don't have to look at them.
>
> Lindz
good idea: how 'bout Renga?--md

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758. **maria damon**
Re: Language Poetry and Music

Thu 24 Aug 1995

george b writes:
> I was certainly hoping that Herb & others knew that when I referred
> to those who equate music with lyric poetry, I was distancing myself
> from them
> All my life my mother and sister and wife and dogs and friends have
> been listening to my records and claiming that what was coming out
> was not music.
really? all your female relatives? none of your male relatives? can you explain
this phenomenon?--md

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759. **maria damon**

Re: Howe Now, Brown Formalist (and Bob Perelman too)

Thu 24 Aug 1995

ron s writes:

> Maria,
>
> to your question re
> "doggerel stalinists" is so contemptuous
> >that i feel my own work indicted. personally, i love doggerel,
>
> Me too, as I think my work in several places makes quite clear,
> particularly if one includes childhood rhymes, tho I would be as apt to
> cite Duncan as Stein for that influence (not to mention Seuss and P.D.
> Eastman and Carroll)
>
> how do you know that those writers of "inferior verse" (as the
> >dictionary defines d.) don't experience themselves to be struggling,
> searching, saying something that has never been said, engaged in a
> deeper questioning...--md
> >
> I don't. The great value of Cary's book--for my money the single best
> critical volume on 20th C. poetry that exists--is that he begins
> deliberately with the "most despised" of all genres and from that point
> builds a description of poetry as community that extends outward in all
> directions to include pretty much everything that was written. Thus he
> can discuss how Pound's work found itself in socialist newspapers of
> the 1930s (at a point when EP himself had already begun his fascination
> with Il Duce).
>
> Ron

thanks for the clarification. i too like cary's project, tho i think the book claims too much for itself as paradigm-breaking (a typical academic pitfall), and, in fact, is primarily a rich bibliography. --md

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760. **maria damon**

Re: commercial e-mail accounts

Thu 24 Aug 1995

I have a general and pragmatic question. as of sept 1, i'll be on the cape, as i sd, on sabbatical, and am looking for the "best" (ie cheapest for most time)

commercial e-mail account i can find, since it's impractical (ie unnecessarily expensive) to stay on my umn account for the yr. It seems that people here write on a variety of commercial accounts; can you give me the benefit of your research and experience and advise me which you recommend? or, alternately, (esp chris funk) does anyone know of any cape-based systems (WHOI, MBL) i could join?

thanks in advance,
md

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761. **Gwyn McVay**
Re: How Hear Howe?

Thu 24 Aug 1995

Gale,

One of the other very interesting/revelatory parts of having Howe in workshop (one of the 19,778 interesting parts!) was learning that she had started her creative career as a visual artist. Rereading *_Eikon Basilike_* or *_Defenestration of Prague_* with that knowledge, it was enlightening to see how that visual style informed the presentation of her work. I think when you read Howe, your eyes are like a laser, simultaneously scanning and imprinting. Or maybe I've just been sitting behind a Macintosh too long.

Quark XPress makes it easy to flip, rotate, angle, skew, superimpose, and otherwise deform/inform text--a boon to the experimenter.

Gwyn

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762. **Susan Schultz**
Criteria (fwd)

Thu 24 Aug 1995

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Thu, 24 Aug 1995 07:39:29 -1000 (HST)

From: Susan Schultz <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Criteria (fwd)

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Thu, 24 Aug 1995 03:09:21 -1000

From: Indepen <[REDACTED]>

To: Susan Schultz <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Criteria

To the POETICS List:

I know that individual posts do not necessarily reflect the views of all subscribers or represent a fair sampling of the thinking of LANGUAGE poets in general. So I'm going to continue on with an open mind and assume that answers to the questions I asked could be better put than some of those posted these past few days. Keith Tuma made sense; he thought about what he was writing before just lashing out. There are no doubt others who can do this, which I'll continue believing until evidence proves otherwise. To begin with, one small point: I didn't say posts were designed to change people's minds but instead their thinking. Why be a LANGUAGE, or any sort of poet if you're not sensitive to language? And if you have no interest in changing someone's thinking, why not just send the post to yourself and enjoy the sound of your own voice?

On the possibility or impossibility of evaluating poetry: The idea that all poems are of equal interest, that no poem is either good or bad, can be believed by some people, obviously, but not by most readers. Check your own experience: when you sit down with a new magazine of poetry, do you really begin at the beginning and in perfect calm read each poem with equal interest, enjoying, learning and feeling in equal measure on every page, regardless of what happens there? If you do, you will be an Editor's Delight, the ideal subscriber, who will never dislike any of the offerings. Is this actually how you read? Or do you not abandon some poems in entire boredom, go on to others, reread some with pleasure and fascination, dismiss others with a chuckle, etc.? Be honest.

By the same token, if evaluation is as contingent as some of the posts say it is, how is LP able to dismiss "mainstream" poetry as dull or retrograde or clunky or whatever? Isn't that an evaluation? If it is, on what basis is the dismissal made? What are your standards? When David Kellogg cites all the usual criteria that have been applied to the evaluation of poetry since Day One, I have to ask him why he doesn't read the "mainstream" poetry that has those qualities in abundance. Obviously there are other restrictions he is bringing to his evaluation that he doesn't mention--like (I'm just guessing) "communication forms drawn from ordinary conversational practice or logical discourse are excluded," or something like that. Whatever they are, these *extra* criteria, the ones that distinguish LP from "mainstream," ought to be describable, and that's what I'd like to hear, provided the describer can communicate clearly.

My own experience: I have read in LP magazines and didn't get anything out them. I also read some essays in a collection about the movement. They didn't sound convincing. It's only because of Ron Silliman's postings on CAP-L that I looked into the question again. In an interesting post made some six months ago, he asserted that the LP movement was in the

process of splintering into multiple sub-groups who no longer shared the same aesthetic bases, and that, in effect, these groups could no longer "read" each other. I would be curious to hear whether other Langpoets agree that this is true; and, if so, what are the differences that make it impossible to care about the writings of other splinter groups? I hope that no one is going to say it is altogether impossible to discuss the ideas on which poetry or poetries are based. If so, why subscribe to a discussion group, and why claim a place in the universe of discourse? On the question of "music," shouldn't we admit that the sound techniques of actual music and verbal texts are too far removed from each other to make this metaphor at all useful? And if pure sound is all that matters in poetry, why hasn't the movement hailed Dame Edith Sitwell as one of its heroes? A final question: are Laura Riding, Dylan Thomas, John Ashbery, Michael Palmer, Ann Lauterbach, and Jorie Graham LANGUAGE poets. On what basis do you determine whether someone is writing LP?

Alfred C.

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763. **Lindz Williamson**
THEN USE IT!

Thu 24 Aug 1995

On Thu, 24 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

*lindz the girl writes:
... could we come up with a code
word as a heading for rengas so I don't have to look at them.*

Lindz

good idea: how 'bout RENGAs?--md

WOW, never would have thought of that myself, probably because apparently if you're born after 1965 you don't know nuttin'. So renga-ers no more flashy titles that spark my interest (eg mormon in the armoire) unless you include the word RENGAs. Phew it will be such a relief, I was really stressing over finding just the right word, Thanks Maria.

The GIRL, Lindz

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764. **Gale Nelson**

Re: Criteria (fwd)

Thu 24 Aug 1995

The difficulty, sir, that I have in specifying criteria for "good poetry" is, at least in part, related to a recognition of the pioneering critical work undertaken so many decades ago by Victor Shklovsky and his Russian Formalist colleagues.

...A work may be (1) intended as prosaic and accepted as poetic, or (2) intended as poetic and accepted as prosaic. This suggests that the artistry attributed to a given work results from the way we perceive it. By "works of art," in the sense, we mean works created by special techniques designed to make the works as obviously artistic as possible. V. Shklovsky, "Art as Technique," *Russian Formalist Criticism*, translated by Lemon and Reis, p. 8

Poetic imagery is a means of creating the strongest possible impression. As a method it is, depending upon its purpose, neither more nor less effective than other poetic techniques; it is neither more nor less effective than ordinary or negative parallelism, comparison, repetition, balanced structure, hyperbole, the commonly accepted rhetorical figures, and all those methods which emphasize the emotional effect of an expression (including words or even articulated sounds). *ibid.*, pp. 8-9

And so life is reckoned as nothing. Habitualization devours works, clothes, furniture, one's wife, and the fear of war. "If the whole complex lives of many people go on unconsciously, then such lives are as if they had never been." And art exists that one may recover the sensation of life; it exists to make one feel things, to make the stone *stony*. The purpose of art is to impart the sensation of things as they are perceived and not as they are known. The technique of art is to make objects "unfamiliar," to make forms difficult, to increase the difficulty and length of perception because the process of perception is an aesthetic end in itself and must be prolonged. *Art is a way of experiencing the artfulness of an object; the object itself is not important.* [*italics in the original*] *ibid.*, p. 12

In studying poetic speech in its phonetic and lexical structure as well as its characteristic distribution of words and in the characteristic thought structures compounded from the words, we find everywhere the artistic trademark -- that is, we find material obviously created to remove the automatisms of perception; the author's purpose is to create the vision which results from that deautomatized perception. A work is created "artistically" so that its perception is impeded and the greatest possible effect is produced through the slowness of its perception. As a result of this lingering, the object is perceived not in its extension in space, but, so to speak, in its continuity.

Thus "poetic language" gives satisfaction. According to Aristotle, poetic language must appear strange and wonderful; and, in fact, it is often actually foreign: the Sumerian used by the Assyrians, the Latin of Europe during the Middle Ages, the Arabisms of the Persians, the Old Bulgarian of Russian literature, or the elevated, almost literary language of folk songs. *ibid.*, pp. 21-22.

In light of these developments we can define poetry as
-attenuated, tortuous speech. Poetic speech is formed speech.
Prose is ordinary speech -- economical, easy, proper, the
goddess of prose [dea prosae] is a goddess of the accurate,
facile type, or the "direct" expression of a child. I shall discuss
roughened form and retardation as the general law of art at
greater length in an article on plot construction.

ibid., p. 23

There is "order" in art, yet not a single column of a Greek temple stands exactly in its proper order; poetic rhythm is similarly disordered rhythm. Attempts to systematize the irregularities have been made, and such attempts are part of the current problem in the theory of rhythm. It is obvious that the systematization will not work, for in reality the problem is not one of complicating the rhythm but of disordering the rhythm -- a disordering which cannot be predicted. Should the disordering rhythm become a convention, it would be ineffective as a device for the roughening of language. *ibid.*, p. 24

If we take Shklovsky to heart (which I have done, with much thanks to playwright Paula Vogel for introducing me to his work), we recognize that criteria for "good poetry" is always shifting. A work may be written in "traditional form" in such a way that it defamiliarizes the reader's response to that form, or disrupts the reader's expectations in relation to the content. A work may also use any device (or technique if you prefer) to make the poem poetic -- to remind us of the stone... Vernacular speech, word fragments, discursive structure, random word combinations, spatial arrangement, repetition, etc., can all be used to make the reader take notice of the work at hand. So too collage, cut-up, etc., etc. Queneau's 10 to the 14th power of sonnets is most assuredly defamiliarizing in the most joyous possible ways. We live in a time when we can take joy in the possibility that vertical criteria can be swept aside -- that each work may astonish us on its own basis.

With perhaps too much zeal,

Gale Nelson

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765. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: Criteria (fwd)

Thu 24 Aug 1995

I just wanted to reply to one point in Alfred Corn's latest points (and I do think Keith Tuma is right that Corn is a friendly ghost-- also there is intelligence and concern in his willingness to dialogue) In particular the assumption that this POETICS list is a LANGUAGE POETRY list. I'm bringing this up because I've received other notes (mostly backchannel) from people claiming fear of being stifled or making enemies etc by going against the LANG PO orthodoxy (or orthodoxies) ---To beg the question of whether there IS a LANG-PO orthodoxy for now , I first want to say that when i was told about this list, though I was told Charles (Bernstein) was running it, etc, that it was not billed to me as a LANG.PO list and there have been many OLSONION--BLACK MOUNTAIN threads as well, and even some NEW YORK SCHOOL ones (though these "factions" overlap and are not highly defined), there was even discussion on LEONARD COHEN. If there is a sense that the debates on this list are debates WITHIN the language community (to people like Corn) then either Bernstein and Andrews are better marketers than I give them credit for or this assumption needs to be exploded (probably both---the "eithor/or" construction of the last sentence is not the best way to say it--but it's too late now....) Chris Stroffolino

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766. **David Kellogg**

Re: Criteria (LONG)

Thu 24 Aug 1995

Dear Alfred Corn,

Since you single out Keith Tuma as the one person who thought about what he was writing before lashing out, I'll assume that I'm one of the dunderheaded lashers who disappoint (DLWD). Nevertheless, I persist.

For everybody's sake, I'll only respond to the part of this post that addressed me, or that I think were more or less addressed to questions I've fielded before.

On the possibility or impossibility of evaluating poetry: The idea that all poems are of equal interest, that no poem is either good or bad, can be believed by some people, obviously, but not by most readers.

Yes. And *nobody* on this list said otherwise, not even maria; when she said that she agreed with Duncan about there being no good or bad poems that was NOT a refusal of evaluation, nor was it an "anything-goes" kind of policy.

Certainly nobody has said that all poems are of equal interest. "Interest" is precisely what is at issue, in the sense that our evaluations of poems are "interested" (read: contingent) and thus *different*. I am interested in some poetry because I like it; I'm interested in other poetry because I don't. I find boredom interesting, but boredom is usually thought of as "bad."

*By the same token, if evaluation is as contingent as some of the posts say it is, how is LP able to dismiss "mainstream" poetry as dull or retrograde or clunky or whatever? Isn't that an evaluation? If it is, on what basis is the dismissal made? What are your standards? When David Kellogg cites all the usual criteria that have been applied to the evaluation of poetry since Day One, I have to ask him why he doesn't read the "mainstream" poetry that has those qualities in abundance. Obviously there are other restrictions he is bringing to his evaluation that he doesn't mention--like (I'm just guessing) "communication forms drawn from ordinary conversational practice or logical discourse are excluded," or something like that. Whatever they are, these *extra* criteria, the ones that distinguish LP from "mainstream," ought to be describable, and that's what I'd like to hear, provided the describer can communicate clearly.*

I guess I have to respond here, since my name's mentioned, but let me state that I have NEVER done any of the following:

- a) dismissed mainstream poetry (tho I dismissed Tim Steele's prose--would you care to defend it, or describe him as "mainstream"?);
- b) said I don't read mainstream poetry (I do, in fact, even the occasional Alfred Corn, even Philip Larkin, tho I once called the latter "asinine");
- c) excluded any of the things he mentioned from my likings (ordinary conversational practice etc.)

In fact, poetry popularly described as LP (I won't quibble about terms here, about who is or isn't LP, I have no interest in that game, my own recent poetry learns from it but probably wouldn't be described as such) uses all of those things: ordinary conversational practice, logical discourse, etc. Sometimes its critical discourse has seemed to dismiss such elements, but that's the difference between the blanket of theory and the field of practice.

As for the dismissal of mainstream poetry by some language poets, I don't think it's more surprising than other critiques by excluded groups in other contexts, and a lot of times it's right. Just to take your own post for an example, one thing that pisses people off is the concept of a "mainstream" in the first place -- something that, for most people who believe in the term, is best eaten reified. When, just to take an almost arbitrary example, J.D. McClatchy begins his Vintage book of contemporary American poetry by arguing that no camps need form because everybody already knows who the big ones are and then begins

the book *out* of chronological order with LOWELL and BISHOP, pushing Olson for example about ten poets down the line and representing him with a single poem -- well, that's disgusting. There are I'm sure lots of specific examples of exclusion from the movement's early days that others on this list could tell you about.

However, it seems to me that the anger from LPs about mainstream poetry has toned down in recent years, and why? Partly because exclusionary tactics like McClatchy's are more recognizable for the strongarming they are, and partly because some wrongs are being righted (the new Norton postmodern etc.). The breakup that Ron mentioned I think is partly due to the fact individual language poets are getting recognized, and that group identification is less attractive to leaders who are recognizable individually. (I'm not necessarily speaking of you, Ron; I'm thinking sociologically now.) Certainly Ron has advocated precisely the kind of more pluralistic reading that you seem to think language poetry excludes (see his "Canons and Institutions").

From my point of view it's you, and not me, who describe any liking of language poetry in exclusionary terms, like the way you assume that I don't read what you call "mainstream" poetry -- a pretty galling and arrogant assumption, not to mention 100% wrong. I don't need to exclude anybody to describe my tastes. For example, my favorite poets among the language group are Ron Silliman, Lyn Hejinian, and Leslie Scalapino (tho she's maybe not defined as "in" the group by everybody). These poets make use of prose, which I find interesting, and they've opened for me ways of thinking about the poetic process (or better, procedure?) that are pretty fresh for me. With Ron there's a sense of immediacy in the project at hand, something to be done, and a willingness *not to exclude* the seemingly anomalous or "ugly" material. So some stuff gets left seemingly hanging, but not "wasted," -- or "waste" is reconceived in the process of the poem. My response to Hejinian is I guess pretty typical -- *My Life* was a pivotal book for me, the work that made me think, hey, there's something going on here -- and its virtues are more apparent each time I read it. Since everything I say about her has been said better somewhere else, I'll refrain. With Scalapino for me it's again a question of process, repetition, and -- in her case especially -- perspective. How a subject gets talked around, through, wrung out. Her work is exhausting, and saying "it's not for everybody" does not degrade its value *for me* and for many others.

My reasons for reading each of these poets is often different from my reasons for liking them, and may include political or research interests: these can be transpersonal, and I may find the work satisfying in these respects and worth promoting to others. I may even critique other poets as not meeting such needs (politically indifferent, not worth writing a paper on, not likely to interest students). This is all due to my situatedness as an academic, my *contingent*

(as an adjunct, highly ;-) contingent) position in the university and, beyond that, the world. I may also read other poets for other reasons. Who's to say? Me.

See? None of my reasons for liking any of these poets is based on an exclusion of conversation, logical discourse, etc. I'd appreciate it if you didn't assume wrong things about somebody you don't know for no reason other than his presence on a mailing list.

Cheers,
David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

David Kellogg The moment is at hand.
University Writing Program Take one another
Duke University and eat.
Durham, NC 27708

█ --Thomas Kinsella

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767. **Mark Roberts**

AWOL: Association for the Study of Australian Literature

Thu 24 Aug 1995

ASAL: Association for the Study of Australian Literature
Incorporating the Australian Literature Society (established Melbourne 1899)
Patrons: Jack Davis, AD Hope, Thomas Keneally, Judith Wright.

The Association for the Study of Australian Literature sees a lively literary culture as essential to the intellectual life of Australia. To this end it promotes the study, discussion and creation of Australian writing. It also seeks to increase the awareness of Australian writing in the wider community and throughout the world. ASAL's members include writers and publishers, undergraduates and postgraduates, academics and teachers and anybody interested in Australian literature.

Members of ASAL meet each year at an annual conference, usually in July. Discussion ranges across broad historical, cultural, critical and theoretical contexts, always with some consideration of recent writing. As well as providing the most important national showcase for current research and critical debate on Australian literary culture, the conference always invites several Australian writers to read and mix with delegates. It also serves as a meeting place for publishers and authors. Recent conferences have been at such diverse locations as Canberra, Perth, Ballarat, Wagga Wagga, Launceston and Brisbane. ASAL conferences are renowned for their relaxed social atmosphere, with highlights

such as a parody night and the Frank Moorhouse Perpetual Trophy for Ballroom dancing.

ASAL's newsletter, Notes & Furphies, is posted twice a year to members, and provides information about current research, and bibliographic, historical and critical notes useful for anybody interested in Australian writing.

ASAL also makes three annual literary awards: the Gold Medal of the Australian Literature Society for an outstanding literary work; the Walter McRae Russell award for the best work of literary scholarship; and the Mary Gilmore award for the best first book of poetry. The AA Philips Prize is an occasional award that marks as especially noteworthy or longstanding contribution to Australian Literature.

As well as these major activities, ASAL runs one-day conferences and seminars, and has developed a publishing program contributing to such books as The Oxford Literary Guide to Australia, The Penguin New Literary History of Australia, and the study of individual authors.

Membership of ASAL costs	\$30 for individuals (\$75 for 3 year membership)
	\$40 for institutions
(\$100 for 3 year membership)	
	\$15 concession
(student/unwaged).	
	Overseas membership add
\$5 to cover additional postage	
	of Notes & Furphies.
(Australian dollars).	

Application forms are available from:

Ron Blaber
The Treasurer, ASAL
Communications and Cultural Studies
Curtain University
Bentley WA 6102.

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768. **Jordan Davis.**

Re: Criteria (fwd)

Thu 24 Aug 1995

Dear Alfred C

Actually I think the important word in our posts (or my posts, I _love_ my voice) was "try". That is, a congenital dislike for wilfulness opposes our need to oppose what we see as travesties of the language, and what we say seems like an awkward "lashing out". I don't think you'll get very far with the false argument that we're trying to be insensitive to language. We are passionate, meaning cold when necessary, but we're not insensitive. As for the evaluation of "mainstream" poetry, I'm not agin it. Let's have a preamble to the discussion, from the pages of Poets & Writers 25th Anniversary issue (which takes the form of reflections on "25" from ... oh well, 21 writers). David Lehman quite rightly (if in a characteristically extreme way) remarks that "There are still people who think that our general cultural blight can be summed up in the word _workshop_ (as in "we workshopped my sestina today"), just as Hitler thought that the popular dance called the shimmy was the perfect metonymy for all the idiocy of America." From the same issue, and in the preface to Dana Gioia's list of 25 love poems by modern English-language poets which "deal with sexual love--_eros_ not _agape_--expressed in every possible way", come these sentences:

The only pleasure some romances provide in retrospect is their bittersweet absurdity. My only regret is that I could not list another 25 favorites. I shall have to delay that pleasure for Poets & Writers' 50th anniversary.

I realize that you are not the author of either of these passages, and I won't ask you to explain the comparison of people who distrust "workshops" to Hitler.

And now I see Mr Nelson has posted Shklovsky and Mr Tuma has sent a list of names (are catalog poems of interest?) and they are more affirmative and passionate and I'll stop.

Jordan

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769. **Keith Tuma**

Re: Criteria (fwd)

Thu 24 Aug 1995

Well, the conversation is getting interesting and, damn, just when I have a thousand things to do--seminars to prepare, deadlines, self-imposed deadlines. So I'm not going to write the world's longest post on why I like to read poems by, uh, Bernadette Mayer, Ron Silliman, Jerome Rothenberg, Lorine Niedecker,

Basil Bunting, Charles Bernstein, Michael Palmer, Cole Swensen, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Frank Bidart, Thomas Campion, Baudelaire, Villon, Catullus, Nathaniel Mackey, Nathaniel Tarn, Will Alexander, Robert Creeley, Leslie Scalapino, Elizabeth Bishop, Thom Gunn, Dr. Suess, Turner Cassity, Firdosi, Cid Corman, John Taggart, Clayton Eshleman, Homer, Horace, Dickinson, Susan Howe, John Skelton, Mina Loy, Amiri Baraka, Larry Eigner, Roy Fisher, Allen Fisher, Catherine Walsh, Maurice Scully, Gael Turnbull, Peter Redgrove, David Dabydeen, H. D., Wallace Stevens, Laura Riding, William Bronk, Paul Celan, Vallejo, Dante, Hugh Macdiarmid, Tom Raworth, Sappho, William Northcutt. . oh I'm already running out of gas. It's a big and glorious world: also crowded. And I don't think of myself as much of a poet, which may make a difference.

BUT, in the spirit of friendly dialogue, I would like to ask Alfred Corn--yes I've read two of the books too, *_A Various Light_* and the book about NY--a question. Just don't seem fair that you get to ask all the questions. You mention that you have looked at langpo magazines and not been impressed and read a book of essays on langpo and not been convinced. I'm wondering what magazines and what critical book those were? And what put you off or didn't convince? That would clarify some things. One final point: you seem to suggest that the only alternative to the model of discourse-as-persuasion is solipsistic blather. Can't agree.

--Keith Tuma (who was going to stop but now blathers on. . .

It may be obvious, but who knows? So I'll say that just because a name isn't on that list above doesn't mean I don't read him/her with pleasure and just because it is doesn't mean I read all of his/her work with pleasure. Must be cautious with a ghost around and--hell--we also don't want to wake up all the lurkers.

Oh, and one more thing: Michael Palmer doesn't for the most part think of himself as a language poet, though the issue is complicated. See the interview Lee Bartlett did with Palmer in the New Mexico book *_Talking Poetry_*. MP can speak for himself there.

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770. **maria damon**

Re: Criteria (fwd)

Thu 24 Aug 1995

Dear Alfred Corn:

a coupla points

i never intended any of my responses to your queries to be vituperative or dismissive. i'm not "lashing out;" if i seem to be, that's my "style," as others on the list can attest; it has nothing to do with the topic.

i have never written on language poetry nor have a particular stake in its thriving or wilting. i'm on the list because i met charles bernstein at a conference and he offered to sign me up. i sd sure, great. i'd never been on a list before. i didn't know about the cap-l list, tho' as i've said, it's closely associated with some members of my department. so, in my particular case, the people who "reached out" to me are the people whose list i joined. i've felt welcome, though it's been clear during some interactions that i'm coming from a different place. i try to take to heart robert duncan's "no good or bad poetry," perhaps because as a fellow-traveler and sometime participant in all kinds of schools that stress relativity, from the pop-psych insistence on "I statements" ("I like this" rather than "this is good") to cultural studies's underlying ethos of cultural relativity (for inst., i prefer montaigne to most of his contemporaries, etc.)

anyway, those who are of the "personal experience is a bore, personal anecdotes are narcissistic and self-indulgent" persuasion (which cuts across ideological orientation, i've found) are probably dozing off by now, but i wanted to clarify one person's history w/ the POETICS list and reflections on your latest forward. come on down! (you can always use the DIGEST option)--maria d

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771. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: Criteriaria

Thu 24 Aug 1995

I'm still a fairly recent and novice reader of langpo and would like to throw my two-bits out, for all they're worth.

I find langpo to be closer to its poetics than most other "schools" insofar as it reads to me as theory. In it's "refusal to refer", as George put it (I think), I find myself anchored in this clause and its dynamics as referent itself. Moreover, in the reading I have done, I find it to be more historical (erudite?) than Eliot insofar as what is not being done as before or what is being resisted (i.e. formal, syntactical, political expectations [desires?]) is its momentum. What is absent, in other words, informs what is present by virtue of negation: a system of difference, I suppose. In any case, I can enjoy the clatter of words as I can enjoy O'Hara's lunch hour--I love skimming the surface--but for some reason I am left feeling uncomfortable when the within is a without. Maybe that is good, though. And I suppose the reason I say all this is because Language Poetry, when it was taught/introduced to me, was accessible through its relationships to other "schools" we played with. Maybe that is good, too.

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772. **George Bowering**
Re: Language Poetry and Music
Thu 24 Aug 1995

At the time I wrote about my female relatives complaining about my favorite music, I wondered whether someone would jerk a knee about the fact that I mentioned female relatives. I did not mention "all" my female relatives. It happens that I have just one wife and one kid, who is my daughter, and had no father to listen to my record player. In fact my first dog liked Charles Parker and could not abide Coltrane. When I reared two of his sons (male) they didn't mind Coltrane, but ran out of the room into the basement when I played Giuseppe Logan or John Chicaï or however you spell it. My cats now live outside the house, and my daughter digs alternative garage bands. My wife Angela likes early Coltrane.

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773. **George Bowering**
Re: the renga that took the place of itself
Thu 24 Aug 1995

Yeah, but what will we do if some wag titles her message Renga and then makes an interesting point about Nicole Brossard instead?

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774. **Ryan Knighton**
Re: Language Poetry and Music
Thu 24 Aug 1995

Actually George's daughter is my roommate and she likes Chet Baker. George just plays everything too loud, including during classes.

But this discussion raises an interesting question, for me anyway. I was raised on pop music and find a lot of jazz elusive, even annoying, because I haven't a sense of its tradition, its lineage and evolution. Is it me or is this required to HEAR what's going on. Or, conversely, is this required to HEAR pop songs (does one need to know that Liverpool band in order to get the irony of the Manchester scene, for ex.)

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775. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: the renga that took the place of itself

Thu 24 Aug 1995

Then we'll have to mire that interesting point amongst a litany of disfunctional renga lines.

GB wrote:

Yeah, but what will we do if some wag titles her message Renga and then makes an interesting point about Nicole Brossard instead?

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776. **David Kellogg**

Re: Criteria (short)

Thu 24 Aug 1995

Sorry for inflicting a rather long post on everybody. But if I could just say two things more, forms of agreement really:

1) Chris is right that this is NOT a langpo list, and that a variety of perspectives get articulated here;

2) what maria said about style goes for me as well. A list is a conversational forum; a lot of what gets said may seem rather blunt. (Tho looking back at my post dismissed with others as lashing out, there's nothing of substance I'd really change).

Cheers,

David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

David Kellogg

University Writing Program

Duke University

Durham, NC 27708



The moment is at hand.

Take one another

and eat.

--Thomas Kinsella

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777. **Susan E. Dunn**

(no subject)

Thu 24 Aug 1995

A. Corn writes:

I am neither a Puritan nor a father. I did not ask that anyone be sacrificed, let alone Susan Howe, whose poetry I haven't read. Susan Dunn objects to an alleged scapegoating, but in doing so scapegoats CAP-L in general and me in particular"

My puritan narrative was not meant to be taken literally. It was meant as an ironic absurdity. There was no intention of slander. I am truly mortified that it was taken as such.

Susan Dunn

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778. **David Kellogg**

Re: Criteria (fwd)

Thu 24 Aug 1995

A final question: are Laura Riding, Dylan Thomas, John Ashbery, Michael Palmer, Ann Lauterbach, and Jorie Graham LANGUAGE poets.

yes, no, yes, yes, yes, no. Three more and you can have the poetry Hollywood Squares. I nominate Corn, Silliman, and Susan Howe.

XXXXXOOOOO,

David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

David Kellogg

The moment is at hand.

University Writing Program

Take one another

Duke University

and eat.

Durham, NC 27708

--Thomas Kinsella

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779. **Rod Smith**

Re: Criteria (fwd)

Thu 24 Aug 1995

I seem to be the only one but I'll say matter of factly that I don't read "mainstream poetry" -- closest I would get is Ashbery, or maybe Joy Harjo, only one or two things of hers I like-- but I REALLY like them. The epithet "mainstream" and the critical evaluation "boring" are pretty much synonymous in my critical vocabulary. I subscribe to APR & do try to find things on occasion that surprise-- actually Eileen Myles had a great piece there -- mainstream? no. I don't have time to read everything, so I don't read what I can be pretty sure shares assumptions I find uninteresting, assumptions, even at times supportive of social values I find threatening. I don't think any one way of writing is

correct, & I don't think the mainstream can be easily characterized-- but you can often look at the publisher of a book & know whether what's inside is gonna be drek or not. I work in a bookstore & confirm this to myself daily.

It is sociological I think. I come almost entirely out of New American Poetry through that to l.p.-- & have recently been hired to teach just that-- from me thy're gonna get O'Hara, Mayer, Armantrout, Shapiro, Bernstein, etc. The "splintering" Ron referred to is a result of two things I believe-- the increase in audience for New American/l.p. & economic circumstances. Many excellent writers my age are scrounging for \$200 to publish a chapbook-- their audience becomes local. --Rod

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780. **Rod Smith**
new & forthcoming

Thu 24 Aug 1995

"Bookstore guy" here to mention a few things forthcoming & new: Carla Harryman's long-awaited City Lights book *_There Never Was A Rose Without A Thorn_* is out!

*_Asia & Haiti_* by Will Alexander is just out from Sun & Moon.

U. Iowa published a book worth reading: *_Voices Cast Out To Talk Us In_* by Ed Roberson.

Forthcoming Sept. *_Walter Benjamin: A Biography_* by Momme Broderson. Apparently this is THE biography, translated by Malcolm Green. Verso hardcover 30 dollars.

What else. . . new Ashbery from FSG in the fall. Selected Watten from Sun & Moon, "Forthcoming" as they say. Alferi trans Swenson just out Sun & Moon. Still haven't seen the Celan from Sun & Moon. Candidate for title of the fall *_The Missionary Position: The Ideology of Mother Teresa_* by Hitchens, also Verso. Sun & Moon reprints *_The Crystal Text_*. BIG Olson book by Ralph Maud \$45 hardcover from Southern Illinois, fall sometime. Feb. brings Mina Loy bio & reprint of Baedeker by FSG, suspect Marissa has opinions on these. Big drama anthology from Sun & Moon. Collected Padgett from Godine. Retallack's conversations with Cage from Wesleyan in Oct. Rothenberg/Joris anthology. Kerouac *_Book of Blues_*. Gym class, oceans to warn by, & truth. . . (didn't feel like scrolling to the end of the renga) --Rod PS-- NYC recently lost 3 independent stores to the chains. Is that "great selection" at Barnes & Noble still gonna be there after they're all gone?

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781. **Susan Schultz**

Re: Criteria (fwd)

Thu 24 Aug 1995

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Thu, 24 Aug 1995 15:22:24 -1000

From: Indepen <[REDACTED]>

To: Susan Schultz <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Re: Criteria (fwd)

To Keith Tuma:

The magazine's name was, no, there were two of them. But I can't remember their names. It's been ten years. The anthology of critical prose was titled L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E. Was Charles Bernstein the editor? Can't remember. Are there better collections of essays on the movement than this one? And what are regarded as the best magazines? From your list of favorite poets, Keith, it seems to me that you don't restrict your tastes to the new movement. Which means it isn't an orthodoxy for you, but simply one of the places you find interesting writing--is that a fair summary of what you are saying? Is this typical of the subscribers to POETICS, or, on the other hand, do most of the subscribers hew closer to the line on what is legit and what not?

Alfred Corn

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782. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: new & forthcoming

Fri 25 Aug 1995

Maybe I'll add, since we're pluggin good stuff, George Stanley's new book is due in September. I think it's Gentle Northern Summer or thereabouts.

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783. **Lindz Williamson**

who is this guy?

Fri 25 Aug 1995

Corn wrote:

"Is this typical of the subscribers to POETICS, or, on the other hand, do most of the subscribers hew closer to the line on what is legit and what not?"

Why are we being attacked? I find this whole discussion very confusing as I too am new to the concept of language poets and "mainstream" poets. I don't really consider anytype of poetry mainstream as it still focuses on a certain

section of the masses, but i suppose within the community there has to be a norm. But howw is our discussion typical of anything? Everyone here is so vocal in expressing themsleves, we never seem to agree on anything and I like it. The dicussion is always good when things get hot. But who is this guy who's trying to define us, and (oh god) make generalizations about us. He's worse than a lurker as he isn't even part of the list.

Lindz

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784. **Tony Green**

Re: Criteria (fwd)

Fri 25 Aug 1995

I've been noticing ever since I've been on the list, the absence of a lot of writers associated with L=, and friends less clearly so included too whose writings I've read and enjoyed. No Gottlieb, or Seaton, or Tom Beckett-- no Johanna Drucker -- no Grenier or Eigner, Susan Howe, Jackson Mac Low, Hannah Weiner. I don't see why anyone would call this a L= . Is there some particular U.DS. academic politics here that I'm not "getting"?

Tony Green,
e-mail: [REDACTED]
post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand
Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]
Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

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785. **Tony Green**

Re: Mitchellmania, Harpermania

Fri 25 Aug 1995

Sure, will it tow my Ford Laser while I ride with you?

Tony Green,
e-mail: [REDACTED]
post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand

Fax: 64 9-
Telephone: 64 9 ext. 8981 or 7276

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786. **Louis Cabri**
poetry/prose thinking
Fri 25 Aug 1995

The temporal axis of engagement on this listserv virtually guarantees that its corpus - the prose as much as the poetry - is collaboratively written, whether acknowledged, and to what degree, or not. I for one have purposely listened-up for that in posting to the poem. In fact I'd say that a lot of the poem has to do with how to reflexively acknowledge the collaborative nature of the listserv itself (and its concerns, and the reading horizons of its various non/participants, etc). So I am surprised at the unthinking tilt against the listserv's recent development, to wit: the ongoing, collaboratively written poem.

Up til now I've tried to engage with these prosaic prods by means of adding lines to versions of the poem. But how can this persistent antagonism toward the poetry be explained? What does it say about 'who' we are when we read, how we read/think, and what we are reading for (and all this in specific relation to the communal, processual address permitted by the listserv?)? Is it really - it seems endemic to computer technology, complaints of how slow it is - the repeated lines that are irksome as some have politely said, or questions of lack of time, or is it more like a judgement on the quality of the 'slowed perception' that the lines require?

These questions are for the poetry contributors as well. What does this decision mean: of when and what to contribute to the poem, and what and when to contribute to the prose instead? The semantic content of the prose (e.g. reaching for facts about...) is in some ways accountable to/by the institutional/pedagogical context that implicitly lurks 'beneath' the listserv (viz. university addresses appended to contributor names).

Some of these questions, the way I've quickly sketched em, may seem to demand of contributors a 'self-inquiring' kind of response, but I do mean them to be read in more of an objective sense than that.

For subjectively speaking, I could evilly say more than the following about how I find the prose posts at their worst to be irredeemably complacent, inertial, phatic, self-regarding, vapidly 'spontaneous', substitute television - just as some of you no doubt could and have said and implied as much about your reading experience of the poetry. So in other words: this kind of judgement on quality ain't an interesting pursuit on these terms - and there seems to be a general consensus on this. In any event, to go on as I have just done wouldn't explain

why this antagonism exists in the first place, nor how to theorize it in a reflexive way as a means toward interpreting the nature of this listserv practice, and the potentials for both its poetry and its prose. As we know blah blah blah, the history of prose, in all its forms - and this evidently is no exception - is one of positioning itself as the natural communicative ideology, in comparison to poetry. This seems the case recently regardless of medium - so that, for instance, the poetry on the listserv is criticized for being "hard-copy," whereas there is no reflexive critique at all of the listserv prose as being equally - if not more - so. That's just one recent example of the agonism between the genres. Now there is a preference for debate across the boundary of the listerv itself (with a non-member) *_in prose_*, rather than beginning one between the thinking in prose and in poetry on the listserv itself. Expansionism, always the way. How can people interested in poetry not be interested in thinking in poetry especially in this listserv format? The common denominator prevails: its the most conservative articulation that gets the attention: so there's a collective rallying of 'explaining to do' when the listserv is challenged by someone 'from outside'. While the listserv's decentred centre, the poem itself, performs its own variety of common excesses. This too long, but hey, only the letters in these words have repeated (some might find comfort in saying).

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787. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: Language Poetry

Fri 25 Aug 1995

I don't understand these classifications, emphases on definitions, taxonomies, generations. Is this the point of poetry, to be slotted? Is it only for other poets? If language poetry is a framework for a movement, does one *_belong_* or not?

Taxonomy's the death of it. Again, if Kristeva found a revolution in poetic language, classification will kill it.

Who are we writing for?

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788. **beard**

Re: Language Poetry and Music

Fri 25 Aug 1995

Would you count the libretto to *_Einstein on the Beach_* as LangPo? For example, Christopher Knowles's text, "These are the days", with its repetitions, strange juxtapositions and fragmentations of words?

Or, moving towards "popular" music, how about the lyrics to Underworld's _dubnobasswithmyheadman_ album? They certainly rely upon tone and fragmentary images more than any structured exposition - "30000ft above the earth, Elvis, fresh meat and a little whipped cream" - although they tend towards the Avant- Pop a la Mark Leyner. The liner notes form an interesting visual/textual piece, and as the design group _Tomato_ they published a book called _mm, skyscraper, I love you_ using the same techniques.

Or, come to think of it, does scat singing count as sound poetry?

just a few ramblings,

Tom.

I/am a background/process, shrunk to an icon. | Tom Beard I am/a dark place.
| █████ I am less/than the sum of my parts... | Auckland, New Zealand I
am necessary/but not sufficient, | http://metcon.met.co.nz/ and I shall
teach the stars to fall | nwfc/beard/www/hallway.html

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789. **Michael Boughn**

Corn pone

Fri 25 Aug 1995

From your list of favorite poets, Keith, it seems to me that you don't restrict your tastes to the new movement. WHICH means it isn't an orthodoxy for you, but simply one of the places you find interesting writing--is that a fair summary of what you are saying? Is this typical of the subscribers to POETICS, or, on the other hand, do most of the subscribers hew closer to the line on what is legit and what not?

Alfred Corn

I think what's most amusing about this whole exchange for me is the way Professor Corn so clumsily masks his own rare sectarianism behind accusations of sectarianism.

Do you think we should let him see the loyalty oath we have to sign before Papa Charlie let's us on the list?

Mike



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790. **beard**
27 - a reading
Fri 25 Aug 1995

I hope this doesn't sound like advertising ...

but I've just completed a hypertext poem, one that invites the reader to construct her or his own reading, and I'd like to mention the URL of the site in the hope that people here could email or post their readings, so that I can include these readings with the poem on my website.

The poem is called "27 - a reading", and is a tentative investigation of the first 27 years of my life (as of tomorrow) in the form of fragments from journals, letters, stories and notes. Both the highly structured nature of the sequence (an attempt to deflect my tendency to jump to conclusions) and the idea of "an autobiography in which I refuse to tell the story of my life" were suggested by Alan Loney's book *The Erasure Tapes*.

The URL is "<http://metcon.met.co.nz/nwfc/beard/www/notes27.html>". The poem's multi-dimensional structure has eluded my attempts to put it onto paper without "flattening" it, so I've had to put it into hypertext. I'd also love to see some "active readings" from list members with WWW access.

Here are a few readings that I've constructed:

a common thread, my old letters
began to fall

no psionic ability, oysters
 7 days,
a murmuring, whisper

take your poems, tastefully
covered up
 learn to see

landscape, rivers,
 mountains,
a new light, rains

of fire - you are
dangerous flowers, unfrozen lakes

I stopped
 dancing, began
to fall,
 brilliant & lucid, it

wasn't easy.

I blindly continued by
careful nurturing the final choice.

Like unpredictable
 electricity, the
stoical scheme,
 the final choice
to the ceiling. Don't play
games, the stoical scheme of
reasoning power, tomorrow
like today.

I look forward to your readings.

Tom Beard.

I/am a background/process, shrunk to an icon. | Tom Beard I am/a dark place.
| █████ I am less/than the sum of my parts... | Auckland, New Zealand I
am necessary/but not sufficient, | http://metcon.met.co.nz/ and I shall
teach the stars to fall | nwfc/beard/www/hallway.html

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791. **Michael Boughn**

Renga free

Fri 25 Aug 1995

Just to note the first renga-free morning since the virus hit. Hallelujia. Maybe
we'll survive after all.

Mike

█████

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792. **Jonathan A Levin**

Re: new & forthcoming

Fri 25 Aug 1995

Readers all--

Just a point of clarification, since Marisa's on the long road to the mormon in
the armoire-- the FSG Loy, edited again by Roger Conover, will not be a reprint
of Last Lunar... but will instead be a new Selected. Also, am reading the new
Sun & Moon Celan, the 1967 Breathturn, as translated/introduced by none

other than Pierre Joris--a tremendous volume, done up really well here. For your pleasure:

THE WRITTEN hollows itself, the
spoken, seagreen,
burns in the bays,

in the liquified names
the dolphins dart,

in the eternalized Nowhere, here,
in the memory of the over-
loud bells in--where only?

who
pants
in this
shadow-quadrat, who
from beneath it
shimmers, shimmers, shimmers?

Back to the shadows--

Jonathan Levin
NYC

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793. **H. T. KIRBY-SMITH**

music and poetry

Fri 25 Aug 1995

Oh blah.

If the sound techniques of music and poetry are too far removed from each other for this issue to make sense, then perhaps there is a problem with both.

Too recapitulate briefly: Greek poetry was never anything but involved with music; it did not exist apart from music. This is true of epics, dramas, lyrics, and odes. Latin Poetry did not use music but used the Greek musical meters. Early Christian poetry used melodies from synagogues and popular melodies in its hymns and chanting. What about troubadours, trouveres, minnesingers and meistersingers? Why did Thomas Wyatt begin his poem, "my lute, awake?" Why did Donne title poems "song." Milton was passionate about music. Dryden wrote pieces to be set to music.

In another post I mentioned Dickinson and Whitman. One sang hymns and the other sang operas. The poems of both owe a great deal to music as an analogical form.

Indeed, almost the only good poetry that approaches the assumption in the statement I began with was eighteenth-century closed couplets. Even there, the pentameter was a remote descendant of the decasyllables of the the Chansons de Gestes, which were sung.

Most of Robert Burns's poetry goes to music. The Romantics revived songs and ballads. It's true that Tennyson's and Browning's poetry departed into a sort of self-sustaining range of verbal effects rather remote from music itself, but at the same time Troubadour forms were being revived by others.

Why did T. S. Eliot use titles such as love-song, prelude, rhapsody, not to speak of the Four Quartets? Try to tell Langston Hughes that music and poetry were unrelated. Listen to Ginsberg fusing Buddhist and Jewish chanting.

Poetry and music do go their own ways and can never fuse again as *_mousike_*, the combination of dance, word, and melody, except in surviving ceremonies such as I once saw some Hopis perform.

Most people who resist linking poetry and music are bothered by the idea that poetry should try to BE music, along the lines of Walter Pater, or else are still stuck in some Imagist outlook that wants to make poetry into a static iconograph.

I guess if you are willing to throw out Pound and Eliot--the one telling us to "compose in the sequence of the musical phrase" and the other informing us that his poems usually began with a sort of impalpable musical impulse--and stick to Pope, Tennyson, Browning (all of whom I enjoy reading) and a lot of extremely dull contemporary poets (none of which I enjoy reading) then you can safely ignore the relation of poetry to music. But you have to overlook an awful lot of poetry to do this. And to do that, you have to remain uninformed about the origins of poetry.

Oh I forgot Poe. And Longfellow. Horrible examples of what happens when poetry tries too hard to make its own music.

To lighten up: I just remembered a Punch cartoon of years ago. An old American Indian is speaking to a young Indian, saying: "Now, Hiawatha, you are a man. Now you must learn to use trochaic tetrameters."

Tom Kirby-Smith
English Department
UNC-Greensboro
Greensboro NC 27412

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794. **Herb Levy**

Size vs Use

Fri 25 Aug 1995

On Wed, 23 Aug 1995 23:54:31 +0000 Joseph Zitt sent:

On 23 Aug 95 at 7:37, Herb Levy wrote:

Even most of the more mainstream poets, including some who may still be interested in heroics, seem largely to have given on the idea of a big, big masterpiece.

Do you mean that people have stopped doing huge pieces, or that an equation of the hugeness of a piece with its value which once existed has gone away? Some of us are still working on big, big pieces -- I've got one in progress that will run 668 pages (I know this ahead of time due to the chance operations that pre-structured it), and Ron's still in the midst of his "The Alphabet" (I don't know what others are up to on the big projects front -- is Armand Schwerner still writing Tablets?).

Obviously there are huge, ongoing, potentially unfinishable, long poems still being written, but they aren't like the modernist epics.

I can't find the exact quote right now, but the composer Morton Feldman says somewhere that when he began writing very large works (lasting 1-4 or more hours long) he had to severely limit his materials, because so many of the mammoth post-Wagnerian gesamtekunstwerks were massive failures. I hope that this idea helps.

A major difference is that long poems today don't need to (& the useful ones flat out don't) try to encompass, remake, or "save" the world (you _will_ only make matters worse).

Bests

Herb Levy



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795. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: Criteria (fwd)

Fri 25 Aug 1995

On defining lang-po or not lang-po: It's interesting to me that Susan Howe's is one of the first names that comes up when people try to define lang-po, but if you ask *her* if she is one, she slams her fist on her book and says "No!!" I

wonder how that works with the notions someone mentioned that the artistic character/genre of a work depends on how we perceive it.

Gwyn

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796. **Peter Zukowski**
introduction

Fri 25 Aug 1995

For the past few months I've been a "voyeur" to the list and feel it's time I reveal myself and join in the discussion.

Actually, I want to respond to Rod Smith's "new and forthcoming" note of 8/24/95 with the statement "Still haven't seen the Celan from Sun & Moon." I've just read *Breathturn* by Paul Celan, just out from Sun & Moon and wanted to let you know it's one of the most beautiful, puzzling, and significant books of poetry I've acquired over the past several years. It's bilingual, which I'm enjoying, having studied German for six years. I must say that Pierre Joris's translation is nothing short of brilliant, not to mention his introduction.

And since I'm introducing myself to the list, I feel I must put in a plug for *Private Arts*--a Chicago-based journal of fiction, art, and poetry, for which I am one of the co-managing editors. I'll try not to make it sound too much like a sales pitch, although I boast about it constantly.

Our last issue, a sort of rebirth double-issue, (8 and 9) was a smash success when it was released last November. It has poetry by Hilda Morley, Keith Waldrop, John Ashbery, Theodore Enslin, August Kleinzahler, Ann Lauterbach and a "verbal improvisation" by Robert Duncan. Fiction contributors include Ewa Kuryluk, Raymond Federman, and Andrew Allegretti.

Among the visual are a beautifully illustrated and designed memoir by artist Roger Brown and "pasteups" by Jess.

We are outdoing ourselves with *Private Arts 10*, due out this fall.

Poetry by Norma Cole, Douglas Messerli, Leslie Scalapino, Lyn Hejinian, (our friend and guardian) Charles Bernstein, Larry Eigner, Rosemarie Waldrop, Keith Waldrop, Rosanne Wasserman, as well as some impressive first-time-published locals.

Fiction by Curtis White, David Foster Wallace, Christopher Sorrentino, Ursule Molinaro, John Knoepfle, as well as a

few of my favorite subversive locals--Maureen Daley, Dagfinn von Bretzel, and Jeff Allan.

Essays and reviews include a prosaic/poetic essay "about" Language Poetry by one of our contributing editors, Michael Barrett, Richard Kostelanetz on Fluxus participants Dick Higgins and George Maciunas, and an interview with, and essay about the work of Lyn Hejinian and Leslie Scalapino.

Lastly, the issue seems to have a paradoxically/viscerally stunning visual aesthetic which includes a new (and large) collection of painters and an incredible collaboration between John Yau and Ed Paschke.

Look for William Gass, Carol Maso, Francesco Clemente, and John Matthias in _Private Arts 11_.

At the risk of having overdone the "plug" for _Private Arts_, I'll just say thanks for reading and feel free to contact me personally if you would like to know more. I can be reached at:



Next week I'll post an order form to purchase 8 and 9 and reserve a copy of issue 10.

Maybe my next e-mail note can actually be a statement about some sort of poetics.

It's nice to be corresponding with all of you.

Regards,

Peter Zukowski

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797. **Keith Tuma**

Re: Criteria (fwd)

Fri 25 Aug 1995

Dear Alfred Corn,

Probably if I had to name just two essays that might serve as a primer for someone coming late to the game they would be the title essay in Silliman's _The New Sentence_ and Bernstein's "Artifice of Absorption" in _A Poetics_--neither of these really "about" langpo so much as concerned with elements and issues relevant to it. And there's CB's _Content's Dream_ too, Perelman's edited collection _Writing/Talks_, Steve McCaffery's _North of Intention_, many of the essays in _Poetics Journal_, the now-defunct _Temblor_, Bernstein's

collection *The Politics of Poetic Form*, books by Watten, Perloff, too many others really to mention with a lunch appointment in an hour. One partly skeptical but useful and too little known essay is Nathaniel Tarn's "Regarding the Issue of New Forms" in *Views From The Weaving Mountain*. Then there's near-famous exchanges between E. Weinberger and Michael Davidson in *Sulfur*, one of the journals I'd recommend, though by no means devoted to langpo, and between Charles Altieri and Jerome McGann in *Critical Inquiry*, which also once published an introductory essay by Lee Bartlett. That's just a start though.

Don't know if there are journals exclusively devoted to langpo--too diverse anymore to be worth characterizing--but a few of the journals I read where some might be found at times (and there are many I won't name--see the SPD catalog) are *Avec*, the defunct *O-blek*, Nate Mackey's *Hambone*, *O.ARS*, *Acts*. *The Difficulties* and *Temblor* had great runs and one should look at newer, not-necessarily and in some cases hostile-to-langpo journals such as *Apex of the M*, *Five Fingers review*, *lingo*, etc etc. Maybe somebody with more time than I have today can offer a fuller list, or perhaps refer you to some of the lists available on-line or elsewhere.

Yes, it's true that langpo is one of the places where I (sometimes) find interesting writing. But then what writing can ever really be isolated from other writing anyway? Surely not langpo, which sometimes has a parasitic/punning/ironic relationship to other writing. What would Mr. Silliman do, for instance, without the first line of Pound's *Cantos*?

If anything, I'm sorry to be so limited (short, brief) in the lists I'm making here, and the one I offered yesterday.

Gotta run.

Best, Keith Tuma

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798. **Herb Levy**
Hello Alfred Corn
Fri 25 Aug 1995

Hello Alfred Corn -

I'm posting this directly to you & to POETICS too, so there's no delay.

I'm sorry if this post seems blunt, but I'm more sorry that it's a bit repetitive, I don't have time to edit it further.

Apparently no one has ever discussed the etiquette of news groups and mail lists with you. You're acting like a twit. Maybe you're a nice guy & don't mean to be such an asshole, so let me explain some things to you.

When you start reading a newsgroup or mail list, you're supposed to shut up and read for a few weeks (at least), so you have a sense of the common discourse, what areas of the topic have already been covered, who's around the group, etc. This is called lurking. Try it, you might be very good at it. When you have an idea of how things work, what shared suppositions the group has, THEN you can start responding to some of the threads, maybe taking the opportunity to introduce yourself, maybe just responding, that doesn't much matter.

You don't just barge in to a mail list, ask a lot of questions and expect everyone to stop what they're doing and explain their lives to you. POETICS is a lot different than CAP-L, in terms of style & subject matter. If you want to know how it differs, you should spend some time reading the list before you start asking questions.

Not only is it more polite to lurk for a while til you get the feel of things, you'll also look a lot less ignorant when you start asking question. There's really no excuse for you to not know how few so-called language poets are on the list or how diverse the aesthetic interests of the people who regularly post here are. No excuse, except you didn't lurk before posting.

People have been relatively nice to you cause this is a friendly mail list and you've raised some interesting issues, but that doesn't mean it's okay to keep acting like a jerk. The main question your posts have raised is "who the hell is this guy?"

If you really want to find out what POETICS is about, subscribe to the list and shut up for a month or so. You need to learn how things work here, the rhythms, the jokes, etc. Read it all, even the rengas (if there are any more).

POETICS isn't like CAP-L where a few people polish their prose & check their citations for a week or two before posting an inquiry. It's more crowded, livelier, and for better or for worse, much chattier. People (with some notable exceptions) tend to respond & then clarify as needed.

(To put the degree of activity on the two lists into perspective for those people reading this who are only on POETICS list: I don't read email every day, but this morning was the first time in about a month that I received more than one message from CAP-L. In the last two or three weeks I've received a total of six messages from CAP-L. Four comprised an inquiry, responses & thanks regarding an Anne Sexton film, two were about other films of poets of the same "school." No dumb jokes, no endless renga, (hey where do I sign up?). At it's

busiest, CAP-L might generate as many messages in a week as POETICS does on a busy day. At it's deadiest, CAP-L can go weeks without a message. I was not kidding when I wrote that CAP-L is so quiet that I forget to unsubscribe to it.)

Alfred, your first post to POETICS was pretty clever: a quasi-avant garde appropriation of a multi-phasic personality test about how one should best attempt to change someone else's thinking. Arty, a little indirect, but funny. Perhaps you didn't mean it to be read that way. In any case, it (rightly) received a lot of puzzled responses, mostly from people who couldn't tell what you were responding to or whether you were serious.

After that, it's been downhill. You've been obtuse, pushy, abusive, whiny, and just wrongheaded.

Great, you've made a big noise. Now, stop acting like you're writing a childrens' encyclopedia article about language poetry and chill out. Subscribe to POETICS and lurk til you understand it or don't bother to post to the list. You can find out what you need to know in a library or via email. This ploy of just getting the "relevant" POETICS articles forwarded to you is bullshit.

And anyway, you're missing all of the secret mesostic messages about you in the "innocent" posts.

Bests

Herb Levy



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799. **Anmarie Trimble**

Re: who is this guy?

Fri 25 Aug 1995

He's worse than a lurker as
>he isn't even part of the list.

>

>> Lindz

A word from the closet. I'm reaching out beyond the hangers and garment bags to ask: what's so horrible about being a lurker? I assume lurkers are those of us who don't jump into the conversation but instead sit on the sidelines and listen/read. Are we vile eavesdroppers? I didn't know there were any rules for subscribing to this list. I'm here to learn. So I'm shy and lurkively learning for now. When I signed on a couple weeks ago, I didn't have a clue about what anyone was talking about, but I quickly found myself running to bookstores to

read some of the poets discussed on this list. This lurker is very happy to lurk for now.

Since I wrote this, am I still a lurker?

-Anmarie Trimble

PS Everytime I see Corn posted the word *cornpone* pops into my head. corn chip corn doger cornuto our people call it maize

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800. **maria damon**

Re: who is this guy?

Fri 25 Aug 1995

anmarie trimble writes:

> He's worse than a lurker as
> >he isn't even part of the list.

> >

> >> Lindz

>

> A word from the closet. I'm reaching out beyond the hangers and garment
> bags to ask: what's so horrible about being a lurker? I assume lurkers are
> those of us who don't jump into the conversation but instead sit on the
> sidelines and listen/read. Are we vile eavesdroppers? I didn't know there
> were any rules for subscribing to this list. I'm here to learn. So I'm
> shy and lurkively learning for now. When I signed on a couple weeks ago, I
> didn't have a clue about what anyone was talking about, but I quickly found
> myself running to bookstores to read some of the poets discussed on this
> list. This lurker is very happy to lurk for now.

>

> Since I wrote this, am I still a lurker?

>

>

> -Anmarie Trimble

>

> PS Everytime I see Corn posted the word *cornpone* pops into my head.
> corn chip corn doger cornuto our people call it maize

hey, i wish i had the self-discipline to be a lurker. i bet a lot of others on the lists wish so too. these cornposts are indeed very peculiar --a number of us have responded that we are taken aback at the assumption that we are hostile. i'm willing to believe ac is approaching "us" (who'e we, kimo sabe?) in good faith, as keith t and chris s say --i'd like also to believe that he accords the same openness to us. those of you who are on other lists --are we unusually feisty or

exclusionary? what's the typical list-protocol and how do we conform/deviate?
just curious.--md

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801. **Daniel Bouchard/College/hmco**

Re: who is this guy?

Fri 25 Aug 1995

way to be, Anmarie. I've only been reading the list since yesterday, and intend to listen and learn for a while. Just want to offer my support, altho I don't believe "Lindz" meant the remark to be nasty.

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802. **Lindz Williamson**

Re: who is this guy?

Fri 25 Aug 1995

Dear -Anmarie Trimble

I was making punches to cause reactions. That's what I do, if you lurk for long enough you'll see that, but hey you spoke so welcome aboard.

About this music/poetry thing I don't know what to think. I agreee with someone who said that music and poetry can't merge back into the original form used by the classics. It seems that popular music has become this overpowering demon is "mainstream" society and poetry is on the outside. Awhile ago I was at the Grunt GALLERY viewing a friend of a friend's Art Opening. After the show she and her band put on a show, a "performance piece" that appeared to be a reading with some jazz in the background. But she didn't want to be called poet since she is an artist and everything she produces is art.

Along the same lines I've really been into Morphine lately (the band , not the drug) and they have a couple songs that seem to me to be more poetry than music. When I saw an interview with Mark Sandman (vocalist and writer for Morphine)He claimed to be doing research in the origins and language and experimenting with phonetics, word formations and constructions. NOW is he a poet or a songwriter, or does it even matter?

Lindz

Ps Evveryone should pick up MORphine's latest disc "YEs", It's GOOOOOOD.

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803. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: Language Poetry

Fri 25 Aug 1995

I don't know if I agree taxonomy is the death of poetry. It doesn't seem to do anything to the poems but make them move more. Animals are still wild within their species and genus'. It's just an *attempt* to create a stable language for them and, in the attempt succeeding with some, failing with others, stubborn features are foregrounded for grabs. I don't think Adam's task was about mastery.

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804. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: Language Poetry

Fri 25 Aug 1995

By Adam, the biblical? I must disagree with you; animals are not wild at this point; they are managed, accounted-for, and this accounting is taxonomic. With animals, there can be no turning-back if extinction is to be avoided, but the taxonomic is the first stage of encapsulation.

With poetry, why should there be a stable language? Isn't instability perhaps one of the conditions of poetry? At least some poetry?

Which for me is where for example Coolidge's Flag Flutter & US Electric fit in - half in the measure towards, have back there, at the time instability throughout, and liberating in the moment

Alan

On Fri, 25 Aug 1995, Ryan Knighton wrote:

*I don't know if I agree taxonomy is the death of poetry. It doesn't seem to do anything to the poems but make them move more. Animals are still wild within their species and genus'. It's just an *attempt* to create a stable language for them and, in the attempt succeeding with some, failing with others, stubborn features are foregrounded for grabs. I don't think Adam's task was about mastery.*

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805. **Patrick Phillips**

Re: Corn

Fri 25 Aug 1995

Though I too found Corn's thing more than a little beyond the pale, I think the "sit and wait a while til youre savvy" thing is almost as stilted. Societies are

metted out in stochastic time i.e., we all are to be broadsided as part of the discourse. So to prescribe a function at this social junction is tantamount to elitism. There is no need to embrace, but certainly _personal_ rejection speaks more of a will to protect the "status" (or privileged drift) of this "venue." It seems to me that this kind of ordained determinism is almost as naive.

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806. **maria damon**

Re: Language Poetry

Fri 25 Aug 1995

ryan knighton writes:

> I don't know if I agree taxonomy is the death of poetry. It doesn't
> seem to do anything to the poems but make them move more. Animals
> are still wild within their species and genus'. It's just an *attempt*
> to create a stable language for them and, in the attempt succeeding
> with some, failing with others, stubborn features are foregrounded for grabs.
> I don't think Adam's task was about mastery.

this is really interesting. i always thought that was exactly what adam's task was all about --language aquisition inseparable from mastery --both in the sense of self-empowerment --a feeling of accomplishment --and of a feeling of power over.--md

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807. **Susan Schultz**

More Forwards (fwd)

Fri 25 Aug 1995

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Fri, 25 Aug 1995 04:54:04 -1000

From: Indepen <[REDACTED]>

To: Susan Schultz <[REDACTED]>

Subject: More Forwards

To the POETICS list: To answer the question "Who the hell is this guy?" I guess I'm not quite satisfied with Ron Silliman's thumbnail biography. I've published six books of poetry and one book of criticism with Viking Penguin. The poetic line I belong to, insofar as it can be separated out from the general Western tradition begins with Whitman, goes through Crane and Stevens, on up through the poets discussed in David Kalstone's book about autobiographical poetry, titled --Five Temperaments--. The ones he talked about were Lowell, Bishop, Ashbery, Merrill, and Rich. I met Kalstone when I was just beginning to publish and he shaped my ideas about what poetry could do. I'd like to think I'd added

something of my own to this poetic line, but it isn't my job to say whether I have. Silliman says I sometimes write about homosexuality for --The Nation--. I have no idea what he means unless he's referring to a review of the stories of Edmund White (a gay fiction writer) that is in the current issue. A few prizes have come to me for my poetry, but as the posts on this list amply demonstrate, I'm not especially well known, certainly less well known than, say, Lyn Hejinian. I teach as an adjunct in the Columbia MFA Program, but have done visiting stints at other places as well--UCLA, Yale, the U. of Cincinnati. Will this do as an intro?

To David Kellogg: No putdown intended. We were speaking at cross purposes. I thought you understood that what I was asking for was the aesthetic of LP, what makes it different from other approaches to writing poetry. The criteria you gave overlap with the ones I apply, so I felt frustrated in the wish to get a general introduction to the movement. Yes, I could just plunge in by myself, but I did that before and got nowhere. A critical guide can save years of wasted effort. Meanwhile I see that LP is only one kind of poetry that interests you, not *the* only. That sounds reasonable to me. What I had been bothered by was the foundational "exclusionary" line of argument I had heard elsewhere: that LP is the "real" poetry of our time and the future; in fact, one of the recent posts takes this position, dismissing the other approach as predictable and boring. (I had used the term "mainstream" before because some of POETICS's posters did.) It begins to sound like the POETICS list is quite varied, with perhaps only a few subscribers exclusively L= poets. So I'd been given the wrong sense of what the list was. I begin to wonder, too, whether the big division proclaimed between the LP movement and the rest of poetry is really useful. Some of the recent posts suggest that it isn't. For after all, poetry using unfamiliar methods of communication goes back at least to Rimbaud (1870) and Mallarmé (1880-1890). Everybody knows about Dada, Modernism, Surrealism, and Black Mountain. Plus various unclassifiabes like Gertrude Stein, Laura Riding, Bunting and Ashbery. And the Naropa Institute. So I'm not yet certain that LP has introduced anything that wasn't already there. If writing non-representationally is the key, we have to acknowledge that almost none of Wallace Stevens is representational. If disjunctiveness is the key, then no one could be more disjunctive than Ashbery. If collage is it, then the Surrealists did it long ago--ditto for automatic writing. Meanwhile the other poetry, the one based on narrative, on representing sensory impressions verbally, or providing philosophical or meditative discourse, was always attentive to experimentation and used some of the new techniques a well. Just maybe the same situation obtains today, with some poets fusing the two approaches. My own impression of Hejinian was that --My Life-- was an autobiographical narrative and therefore at some level representational; plus a constant intrusion of cognitive

"interference," words used like (metaphor) paint--a kind of alogical interruption to transparent narrative. Isn't this a fusion of the two? To use a comparison from music, "classical" music of this century has again and again borrowed from jazz--but then so has jazz borrowed from "classical" music over and over again. There's no Stravinsky without jazz and there's no Mingus without Stravinsky. Maybe LANGUAGE poetry really isn't a separate movement at all, but instead is just --poetry--, multisourced and not really describable in simple terms as truly distinct from the other poetry? As for signing on to POETICS, I'll think about it, Maria, it's just that there are demands on my time and a mailbox already overloaded with messages from two other groups.

Alfred Corn

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808. **Issa Clubb**

Re: new & forthcoming

Fri 25 Aug 1995

*Also, am reading the new Sun & Moon Celan, the 1967
Breathturn, as translated/introduced by none other than Pierre Joris--a
tremendous volume, done up really well here.*

*Jonathan Levin
NYC*

yeah, it's fantastic--I've been setting poems side by side with the older Hamburger translations, which highlights the consistent moves by Joris towards an English that is both hyper-literal and free to sound *made* rather than spoken. The notes are also extensive & extremely helpful for those of us without a lick of German.

Pierre, since the introduction mentions that other later Celan volumes have been translated, does this mean they'll also be coming out soon?

Also does anyone know the info for Rosmarie Waldrop's translation of Celan's prose?

Issa Clubb

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809. **Lindz Williamson**

Re: Hello Alfred Corn

Fri 25 Aug 1995

Way to go Herb! That was very tactful, I wish I had the composure to be so bold yet eloquent. Unfortunately, I'm just a loud mouth. And I didn't mean to

offend lurkers. I just like to know who's out there, personally I feel weird lurking, like a poetic pervert or something, it's my own hangup and i'm dealing with it.

I was wondering again about this whole song/ poem thing. Who defines me as a poet?

I say I'm a poet therefore I am. I write therefore I'm a writer? Or is publication the mode of defining. I exist on the page so I must be valuable? Or I've read on a stage, so I'm worth hearing. If my voice is sweet then am I musical? If I read with a piano or flute accompanying me is that a song. Does anyone remember the opening to the last night of the Blaser readings where someone did a cute Blake peice, something about a Robin, was he singing a poem, or reading a song.

Lindz

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810. **maria damon**

Re: who is this guy?

Fri 25 Aug 1995

lindz writes

When I saw an interview with Mark Sandman (vocalist and writer for Morphine)He claimed to be doing research in the origins and language and experimenting with phonetics, word formations and constructions. NOW is he a poet or a songwriter, or does it even matter?

>

like the question about scat singing as sound poetry, i'd vote it doesn't matter. some people, i guess, use the word "poet" to confer dignity (as in, "some songwriters are poets, some aren't," meaning some songwriters rise above the lowly term sw., or "so & so's not a songwriter, s/he's a POET" meaning the same thing) but i think those are connotative rather than denotative uses of the word. for my \$, smokey robinson is one of the cleverest lyricists around, though he's not experimental --cd one call him a new formalist? and talk about deterritorialization --ella fitzG coulda coined the term. --md

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811. **Theresa Krystyna Smalec**

Re: the renga that took the place of itself

Fri 25 Aug 1995

>

> Yeah, but what will we do if some wag titles her message Renga and
> then makes an interesting point about Nicole Brossard instead?

>

well, you know how dearly we all value the referent. shouldn't
it go without saying that Renga means Renga and not Nicole
Brossard or mandarins or morning orange splintered grey?
shouldn't it go without saying that if you're going to write a
renga, then you can't make interesting points about anything
which falls outside the semantic jurisdiction of Renga? come on,
based on all this recent discussion of CRITERIA, it seems we know
and unquestionably trust the rules of language 'governing' this list...
theresa smalec

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812. **Jordan Davis.**

in this self-regard

Fri 25 Aug 1995

Juliana Spahr where are you?
As I recall your posts were in
a broken format that was pleasant
to read. Pleasant for lurkers and
others are the archived files of the
poetics discussion in which Marc
Nasdor can be seen turning into me
and Joe Amato Steve Evans Kali Tal
and many many others shine

Bill Luoma where are you?
You almost never send us poems
any more and it's true Jorge does
but I want his and yours both
in this my only newspaper Charles
Bernstein's piece "The Only Utopia
Is In a Now" btw Alfred Corn was
what carried me over the threshold
to respect for the writing of
the people on this mailing list

and a lot of people who mumble
"luddite" when I bring up the net

What do you want to happen
on this list? or how do you want
this discussion to go?

Jordan

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813. **Steve Evans**
Re: new & forthcoming
Fri 25 Aug 1995

Hi Issa,

Having just finished doing an entry on Rosmarie for the Dictionary of Literary Biography, I find that I have surplus knowledge on her career.

The publication info is

Manchester, England: Carcanet, 1986

Riverdale-on-Hudson, NY: Sheep Meadow, 1990.

Whether the book is still in print is something I haven't checked, but a few calls on your part would settle that.

It's been a long time since I've heard news of you, tho I did catch a glimpse of you strolling around the lower east side back in late winter/early spring. Hope all is well!

Yours,

Steve

been translated, does this mean they'll also be coming out soon?

Also does anyone know the info for Rosmarie Waldrop's translation of Celan's prose?

Issa Clubb

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814. **maria damon**
Re: More Forwards (fwd)
Fri 25 Aug 1995

alfred c writes:

To the POETICS list:

>

>

> To David Kellogg: No putdown intended. We were speaking at
> cross purposes. I thought you understood that what I was asking for was
> the aesthetic of LP, what makes it different from other approaches to
> writing poetry. The criteria you gave overlap with the ones I apply, so
> I felt frustrated in the wish to get a general introduction to the
> movement. Yes, I could just plunge in by myself, but I did that before
> and got nowhere. A critical guide can save years of wasted effort.
> Meanwhile I see that LP is only one kind of poetry that interests you,
> not *the* only. That sounds reasonable to me. What I had been bothered by
> was the foundational "exclusionary" line of argument I had heard
> elsewhere: that LP is the "real" poetry of our time and the future; in
> fact, one of the recent posts takes this position, dismissing the other
> approach as predictable and boring. (I had used the term "mainstream"
> before because some of POETICS's posters did.)

> It begins to sound like the POETICS list is quite varied, with
> perhaps only a few subscribers exclusively L= poets. So I'd been given
> the wrong sense of what the list was.

> I begin to wonder, too, whether the big division proclaimed
> between the LP movement and the rest of poetry is really useful. Some of
> the recent posts suggest that it isn't. For after all, poetry using
> unfamiliar methods of communication goes back at least to Rimbaud (1870)
> and Mallarme' (1880-1890). Everybody knows about Dada, Modernism,
> Surrealism, and Black Mountain. Plus various unclassifiabes like
> Gertrude Stein, Laura Riding, Bunting and Ashbery. And the Naropa
> Institute. So I'm not yet certain that LP has introduced anything that
> wasn't already there. If writing non-representationally is the key, we
> have to acknowledge that almost none of Wallace Stevens is
> representational. If disjunctiveness is the key, then no one could be
> more disjunctive than Ashbery. If collage is it, then the Surrealists did
> it long ago--ditto for automatic writing. Meanwhile the other poetry, the
> one based on narrative, on representing sensory impressions verbally, or
> providing philosophical or meditative discourse, was always attentive to
> experimentation and used some of the new techniques a well. Just maybe
> the same situation obtains today, with some poets fusing the two
> approaches. My own impression of Hejinian was that --My Life-- was an
> autobiographical narrative and therefore at some level representational;
> plus a constant intrusion of cognitive "interference," words used like
> (metaphor) paint--a kind of alogical interruption to transparent
> narrative. Isn't this a fusion of the two? To use a comparison from

> music, "classical" music of this century has again and again borrowed from
> jazz--but then so has jazz borrowed from "classical" music over and again.
> There's no Stravinsky without jazz and there's no Mingus without
> Stravinsky.

> Maybe LANGUAGE poetry really isn't a separate movement at all,
> but instead is just --poetry--, multisourced and not really describable in
> simple terms as truly distinct from the other poetry?

> As for signing on to POETICS, I'll think about it, Maria, it's
> just that there are demands on my time and a mailbox already overloaded
> with messages from two other groups.

>

> Alfred Corn

cool. NOW i see the beginnings of what i'd call dialogue...(probly just seeing my own name in print did it for me) --i tend to think along somewhat similar lines, though i've been drifting toward langpo more these days --i'm an old naropa-ite, Beat-version-of-rimbaud affiliated poete manquee/monkee turned cultural studies student, hired to teach contemporary poetry and poetics, so have gotten back into it in the last few yrs, withering on the vine here in Minensota surrounded by people who won't touch me w/ a 10ft pole cuz of what they think i "stand for", until the NuYoricans came to town a coupla yrs ago and i had that Anne Sexton feeling --these are my people, they speak language. had some language to live for again. the reason i urge u to join the list is that it's fun in an anthropological participant/observer way --i myself have flipped from observer to participant i guess --if herb is right, cap-l's volume isn't prohibitive -- u cd just join for a week or two, as an ethnographer, make friends and probably not influence people but have a good time trying. cheers, brother --md

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815. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: Language Poetry

Fri 25 Aug 1995

re Alan's reply (sorry my editor won't copy):

If classifying poetry isn't possible, being alive and various, then how can classifying or the attempt to do so be the "death" of it. It seems to me to be a vital step: one of many catalysts which set poetry off. The imperfections of any taxonomy help articulate what is chaotic, unique and important to a variety of agonistic processes. Don't get me wrong, I don't think this is the *only* way one can access works, of course. But the failure of classification is another reminder that poetry, like language itself, is bigger than us , older than us and, if anything, having us (thank you Mr. Blaser). What it is that prevents its

naming is the critical detail. And I don't see an apocalypse in trying to understand.

Best

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816. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: More Forwards (fwd)

Fri 25 Aug 1995

Something i was thinkin bout was raised here. I'm not sure if LP is just refusal to refer or resisting representation. In Howe's case, there seems to be a distinct political condition which manifests itself in this kind of writing (misrepresentation? disrepresentation?) This is why I say I find LP closer to theory than most other schools. But, being unfamiliar with others, or less familiar with, say, Andrews, I'm curious what other conditions or contexts yield LPoetry, or if there is indeed something constant other than "refusal".

--Ryan

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817. **Chris Scheil**

Re: Language Poetry (& the morning Corn report)

Fri 25 Aug 1995

On Fri, 25 Aug 1995, Ryan Knighton wrote:

*I don't know if I agree taxonomy is the death of poetry. It doesn't seem to do anything to the poems but make them move more. Animals are still wild within their species and genus'. It's just an *attempt* to create a stable language for them and, in the attempt succeeding with some, failing with others, stubborn features are foregrounded for grabs. I don't think Adam's task was about mastery.*

Been thinking about the discussion of taxonomy here & some of what I perceive as Alfred Corn's underlying assumptions in regard to his questions about "good," "bad," Langpoets & their "lineage," "influences," & "predecessors." Is it just me, or does anyone else detect a sort historiographic imperative underlying his ad-hoc exploration of this list's attributes (who we (statistically speaking) like, dislike, who we agree or disagree are influences, whose literary stock we value, who we'd be willing to sell short, ect.)? I'd like to think that most of us tend to privilege the idea of direct, contextual (in human hours, days, & minutes) encounters with poems over a sort of mannered, "lets see your certified bloodline before I buy yr ass" theory of reading. I know I do, and consequently it's a bit off-putting to think that we should be scrambling to defend our preferences & justify whatever prejudices we might possess; after

all, as far as I know, no one has been over to CAP_L, saying "why do you all like such boring work?," or "what's with the maniacal autobiographical impulse in most of yr work--are you egoists or just narcissistic?"

If you want to know this lists "character (if it can be said to have one)," Mr. Corn, ask for a reading list (which Mr. Tuuma has already provided for you) or subscribe. We never asked for your poetic lineage, & as far as I can tell (having been subscribed here for about 9 months), POETICS is both too diverse & too contentious to ever agree on a definitive one anyways.

To everyone else: sorry this is such a polemical mess, quite out of character (ironic hyperconformity in the face this list's mist-elegant swirl...)

Chris

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818. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: who is this guy?

Fri 25 Aug 1995

I'd like to think scat is sound poetry, sharing the improv impetus etc. I'd also like to think Tom Waits could be considered new old Formalist, tampering with the structure and noise of ballads, pop songs, etc. and playing the discourse of a time and place like a keyboard of collocations. Lovely stuff.

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819. **Steve Evans**

Corn

Fri 25 Aug 1995

Having stumbled back into this forum with a little note meant for Issa but sent to everyone, I may as well take a moment more to mark, with bemusement, Alfred Corn's latest contribution to our discussion. I brightened up when the following sentences appeared in his post:

"For after all, poetry using unfamiliar methods of communication goes back at least to Rimbaud (1870) and Mallarme' (1880-1890). Everybody knows about Dada, Modernism, Surrealism, and Black Mountain. Plus various unclassifiabes like Gertrude Stein, Laura Riding, Bunting and Ashbery. And the Naropa Institute."

Terrific, until:

"So I'm not yet certain that LP has introduced anything that wasn't already there."

Evidently, were Alfred Corn to recur in history (as recur I somehow suspect he will), he would extend his list to include language-centered writing, while reserving the final sentence for whatever persons happened to be challenging his assumptions at *that* time.

Moreover, he conveniently (and typically) overlooks the way that such past formations live in a dialectic with present ones; that, in other words, subtracting the action of present avant-garde writers & readers, past ones fall into atrophy, are forgotten, are--put most simply--rendered irrelevant. The domestication of international (including American) modernism after WWII is one case in point, familiar to participants on both POETICS and CAP-L.

And more to record the pleasure of the coincidence than because it sheds any great light on the central questions at hand, Vernon Shetley mentions Alfred Corn once in his chapter on Language poetry / New Formalism in *After the Death of Poetry* (1993):

"In practice, the appeal of New Formalism seems closely linked to the humanist pieties that generally form the ultimate horizon of justification for its enthusiasts and practitioners (it's worth remarking in this regard a modest revival of Christian thematics among certain younger formalist poets, most notably Alfred Corn and Gjertrud Schnackenberg)." [160]

Finally, since this discussion ultimately pertains to provincialism, let me say (confess?) that the best laugh out of the many I had during a recent reading of Heine's essay on the Romantic School (recall by the way that Lacoue-Labarthe and Nancy, at least, consider the German romantics the first avant-garde) came when Heine wickedly described people in the French country-side as bearing on their foreheads sign-posts indicating their distance from Paris. Get my drift...?

With warm regards to all,

Steve

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820. **Joseph Zitt** ***Re: who is this guy?***

Fri 25 Aug 1995

On 24 Aug 95 at 22:31, Lindz Williamson wrote:

poets. I don't really consider anytype of poetry mainstream as it still focuses on a certain section of the masses, but i suppose within the community there has to be a norm. But howw is our discussion

Funny thing: in my head, I think of the poets that get discussed here as a mainstream, mostly because this is the only place I hear poetry discussed.

(Other than, that is, at the usual open mikes, where the only poets people seem to talk about are Marge Piercy, Sharon Olds, and Charles Bukowski (who would probably all feel a bit odd being seen in a sentence together).) When I bring up a poet I think of as an established master -- Jackson MacLow, for example -- all I get is blank stares from the fellow openmikers. Oh, to wander back into academe :-)... -----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1----- |||/ Joseph Zitt
====  ===== Human Systems \||| ||/ Organizer, SILENCE: The
John Cage Mailing List \|| / Online Representative, Austin International
Poetry Festival \|| / Joe Zitt's
Home Page\

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821. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: Renga free

Fri 25 Aug 1995

On 25 Aug 95 at 8:12, Michael Boughn wrote:

> Just to note the first renga-free morning since the virus hit.

> Hallellujia. Maybe we'll survive after all.

All in passing. (Ebolangpo) after the avalanche of

:-) -----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1----- |||/ Joseph Zitt =====
 [REDACTED] ===== Human Systems \||| ||/ Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage
 Mailing List \|| / Online Representative, Austin International Poetry
 Festival \ / Joe Zitt's Home
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822. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: Size vs Use

Fri 25 Aug 1995

On 25 Aug 95 at 7:40, Herb Levy wrote:

I can't find the exact quote right now, but the composer Morton Feldman says somewhere that when he began writing very large works (lasting 1-4 or more hours long) he had to severely limit his materials, because so many of the mammoth post-Wagnerian gesamtekunstwerks were massive failures. I hope that this idea helps.

Ah, good point. OK, I grok the difference (I think).

As luck would have it, I'm listening to some Feldman as I write this. I haven't heard any of his hyperlong pieces though, mostly due to the prohibitive cost of 4-CD sets. -----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1----- |||/ Joseph Zitt

==== [REDACTED] ===== Human Systems \\\| \|/ Organizer, SILENCE: The
John Cage Mailing List \\\| \|/ Online Representative, Austin International
Poetry Festival \\\| / Joe Zitt's
Home Page\

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823. **Susan Schultz**

Re: Criteria (fwd)

Fri 25 Aug 1995

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Fri, 25 Aug 1995 14:32:30 -1000

From: Indepen <[REDACTED]>

To: Susan Schultz <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Re: Criteria (fwd)

To Keith Tuma:

The articles and reviews you sent I've copied out and will look for. Thanks for taking the trouble.

To Maria Damon: The volume on CAP-L (Contemporary American Poetry-List) is low now because of August vacations, but it will step up after Labor Day and also if I get back to it (where so many on POETICS tell me I belong) and stop neglecting to send things while I post here. I get bored with people lashing out, not because I can't take it but because it isn't stimulating but instead stultifying. But you're obviously a likable and reasonable person, so I look forward to hearing what you say on the other list.

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824. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: who is this guy?

Fri 25 Aug 1995

maria---right on about smokey, bob dylan (that "faux-poet" according to silliman!) also called smokey one of the best poets of his generation or something...

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825. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: Criteria (fwd)

Fri 25 Aug 1995

In a flurry of activity I seem to have deleted Louis Cabri's interesting (and so far ignored---well, at least in this forum) post about the renga vs. the polemics--If I remember correctly Cabri raised some important points about how polemics often institutionally circulated to (i mean circulateS) ghettoize poetry---but that may not actually be the case---Just because poetry often generates response in the form of poetry and polemics generates response in the form of polemics doesn't mean that one is necessarily privileged over the other---although I do not wish to appear naive, I once had a conversation with a poet who expressed concern that her boyfriend (a "critic" and/or "theorist") is taken more seriously because he's a male and she a female, but though I don't wish to trivialize the implications of gender, it seemed that what she was complaining about was quite similar to what Cabri was: that theory is taken more seriously than poetry---and though I am also (as MD said) someone who wished I could avoid the temptation not to be a lurker here more than i do, it seems the segregation (separate but equal?--I hope not) between poetry and polemics, or the co-existence here on the list of the two forms, need not be antagonistic towards each other. And it seems, in partial response to Corn's question, that one of the major things that distinguishes Ashbery from, say, Perelman (or Stevens from Pound) is that the former does not engage in polemics as much OUTSIDE THE FORUM OF THE POEM---this idea that somehow theory is needed as a kind of supplement to the poem, to rid it of its "abject object" status, seems something that is more prevalent on the POETICS than the CAP-L list and can at times actually "get in the way" of the poem and (if i read cabri right) actually make the poem(s) into even more of an object than it would be without theory to guard over and protect it-- Of course, it can also be a way to "kill the down time" between poems, but I still think our poems often know more than our polemics do (however "essentialist" a position that may appear)....Just some loose thoughts, chris s.

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826. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: new & forthcoming

Fri 25 Aug 1995

Yes, just sat down with pierre's CELAN--looks like the long awaited HAMBURGER HELPER has arrived----cs.

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827. **Louis Cabri**
ceci n'est pas un poeme
Fri 25 Aug 1995

Cell Line to My Parisian Lineage

Sign their foreheads
exist on a page read

on a stage
to refer.

Ordained determinism!
Be wild with your species

genome patent.
Great, you've made a big noise.

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828. **Thomas Bell**
Re: poetry/prose thinking
Sat 26 Aug 1995

Louis Cabri writes:

>The temporal axis of engagement on this listserv virtually
>guarantees that its corpus - the prose as much as the poetry
...> While the listserv's decentred centre, the poem itself,
>performs its own variety of common excesses. This too long,
but hey, only the letters in these words have repeated (some
might find comfort in saying

Are you trying to say that prose drives out poetry?
That does seem to be what is happening.

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829. **George Bowering**
Re: More Forwards (fwd)
Sat 26 Aug 1995

Something has been puzzling me here, lately. In Corn's messages he implies that Ashbery is one of "their" poets, a sort of exemplar of the conventional or whatever. When did that happen? I know he was one of those academic press new poet winners at first, but then he was in the Allen anthology, etc. Uh, I have always found him satisfyingly difficult to read, a kind of unhip O'Hara or less chummy Schuyler. I was not aware that he had been taken over by the

cubes. But I do remember that after Lowell died, the popmags like *Time*, who still think there is a canon, tried to make him the bigdeal US poet. They tried that in fiction too, trying to entomb, for instance, the guy that wrote *Herzog* as the successor to the dead masters. Well, I still like (and hate) reading Ashbery, and that is not important; but I still think that he is formally interesting, and that does.

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830. **Marjorie Perloff**

Re: Joris's Celan and Corn on L poetry - 24 Aug 1995 to 25 Aug 1995

Sat 26 Aug 1995

I'm so glad, Jonathan, that you mentioned Pierre Joris's new translation of Celan. It is STUNNING. Pierre's command of German, French, English is incomparable and he's a poet who really has a feel for Celan. This is, for me, a major poetry event.

But I must confess to being very discouraged by the Alfred Corn conversation that's been going on on this net for the last few days. This Poetics Discussion Group was, after all, founded at Buffalo by, yes, Language poets and although I myself feel the term language poetry has outlived its usefulness (like any school), and although it's true that the so-called L poets are often very different from one another (and obviously some are much better than others--again, as in any movement), the fact remains that L poetry has made an enormous difference in the poetics of the 80s and 90s and that, on the other hand, poets like Alfred Corn and J. D. McClatchy and any of their poet friends at Yale Review and similar places have vigorously opposed it or, at best, ignored it.

Corn is being just a little bit disingenuous: he and his friends win all the prizes (Guggenheims, MacArthurs etc), are reviewed in the NYT Book Review (unlike Clark Coolidge or Lyn Hejinian or Charles Bernstein) and are very successful. LYn H. and Susan H. have yet to win a Guggenheim--which boggles the mind (my mind), but that's the way it is. And again the plain f fact is that the Director of the Guggenheim, Joel Conarroe, is a staunch advocate of Corn's and McClatchy's (with the father figure of James Merrill in the background), and that in this particular circle trashing language poetries, the Objectivists, and most Concrete poetries is de rigueur. When the big and exciting conference on Visual Poetics was held by the dept of spanish-Portugese last spring (starring the deCampos brothers and including, among many others, Steve McCaffery, Johanna Drucker, and Charles Bernstein), not one faculty member from the English dept. showed up.

So why are so many people on this net like Keith Tuma suddenly so pleased and grateful that--gee!--Alfred Corn is actually willing to participate in discussion

with members about Language poetry! And why is Maria saying that she never writes about language poetry anyway. . Maria, that's just not true. You do write about language poetry (as in Stein, Duncan, other precursors, yes?) in the larger sense of the term, and respecting the rights of others can turn into capitulation, no? .

Alfred says of Lyn Hejinian's MY LIFE that being autobiographical, it does have representational elements. Well of course. Many of us have said this in print. The old chestnut that "language poetry" doesn't "say" anything has finally been laid to rest. And as a new generation of students arrives on the scene, I've learned that they have no problems with the "meanings," in, say, Lyn's OXOTA, which my theory class at Stanford read last year and loved. There were a number of Russians in the class and they were especially pleased by their "shock of recognition." Their finding the persons and places they know well in this book.

As for Rimbaud's "dereglement de tous les sens," I'd say that it's very different from the projects of the L poets even as it is from Corn's own poetry. The point of comparison has to be not a great poet of the 19th C (Blake, Rimbaud etc.) whom we can all agree on but what is happening NOW. And here there's just no use saying that there are no differences.

I'm sorry to sound like an old grouch on this one. But I feel that as an outsider (i.e. not a poet) I can say some of these things: to wit, that until the system of prize-giving and award-giving changes appreciably, there is no use pretending that the Establishment Doesn't Exist.

Marjorie Perloff

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831. **Sheila E. Murphy**
Re: poetry/prose thinking

Sat 26 Aug 1995

I like your perspective, Louis.

Sheila M.

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832. **George Bowering**
Re: poetry/prose thinking

Sat 26 Aug 1995

OOps.

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833. **Anmarie Trimble**

Re: who is this guy?

Sat 26 Aug 1995

hey, i wish i had the self-discipline to be a lurker. i bet a lot of others on the lists wish so too. these cornposts are indeed very peculiar --a number of us have responded that we are taken aback at the assumption that we are hostile.

i'm willing to believe ac is approaching "us" (who'e we, kimo sabe?) in good faith, as keith t and chris s say --i'd like also to believe that he accords the same openness to us. those of you who are on other lists --are we unusually feisty or exclusionary? what's the typical list-protocol and how do we conform/deviate? just curious.--md

I didn't think Lindz's statement hostile. I just thought it a bit strange that there's been three or four lurker slams here in the past two weeks.

Maria- As for the tone of this group, uh, it's feister than the, say, the WAC list? (I think I just gave my age away?) I haven't checked out many lists, but those I have frequented are more reserved, with a friendly, business meeting-like atmosphere, or they're so academic and theoretical I want to yawn. Maybe it's just the ones I've tried. I don't know. I only know that, with poetry, I want spirit, not religion. So the passion and fluency here are a refreshing change, but y'all certainly took me aback, especially considering I didn't know a new Formalist or LP from a hole in the ground.

And someone mentioned that lurking made him/her feel like a pervert. I grew up thinking people who love poetry must be slightly twisted. And since I write the damned stuff, I must be an all out drooling, panting, greasy-haired, masturbating poet.

I will speak no more of lurking, which, by the way, has more to do with exhaustion, shyness, and laziness than self-discipline. blah blah blah -A.T.

How's this for an affirmation of the day:

"Live as if you were living for the second time and had acted as wrongly the first time as you are about to act now." -Viktor Frankel

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834. **Rod Smith**

Re: Joris's Celan and Corn on L poetry - 24 Aug 1995 to 25 Aug 1995

Sat 26 Aug 1995

Marjorie's right.

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835. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Criteria (fwd)

Sat 26 Aug 1995

Chris S., You make wonderful points about the meshing of two "ways." Frankly, it is the overdoing of either that likely "gets to" those more predisposed toward the other mode. The list seems generally favorable toward stranded discussion, often of a somewhat analytical drift. Interestingly, the number of first (generative) statements is considerably lower than the fan-out of responses. (As in life--people spend most of their time reacting to something someone else started up...one can only hope that the thing started by the other is what the masses would have wanted...Let's just hope so) If I had time, I'd like to have done a quantitative mapping of original strands and the numeric responsorial follow-up. (That's just not where I can or will invest. But the idea intrigues.) Obviously, we'd have branches and branches. And this might show a lot of things.

None of that satisfies my other hunger (for sound; new language), though. The volleying of line toss can be genuinely interesting (John M. Bennett and I keep a pretty constant volley going via snail mail. It's engaging - I'd say perky, if that didn't sound too Gidgety or something.)

What Louis terms the antagonism toward this thing mislabeled renga (or very loosely named such) is something to think about, as he suggests. Humor's probably the thing to rejuvenate!

Tired after a week that could've used a bit more bounce!

Sheila

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836. **Rod Smith**

Renga

Sat 26 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
 (inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
 kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
 warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
 dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
 prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
 encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
 moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
 were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
 darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
 fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
 go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes

out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power

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837. **Patrick Phillips**

Re: Joris's Celan and Corn on L poetry - 24 Aug 1995 to 25 Aug 1995

Sat 26 Aug 1995

I also agree whole heartedly with Marjorie and want to thank you.

I would like to bring up something that was obliquely gestured toward in one of the paragraphs:

>

>....the fact remains that L poetry has made an enormous difference in the

>poetics of the 80s and 90s and that, on the other hand, poets like Alfred

>Corn and J. D. McClatchy and any of their poet friends at Yale Review

>and similar places have vigorously opposed it or, at best, ignored it.

The first part of this sentence, that L poetry has made an enormous difference, could also be followed with, Corn and J. D. McClatchy and any of their poet friends at Yale Review and similar places have made little if any difference in the poetics of the 80s and 90s. This is very much a part of the discussion and of course is hit home by the last line:

| *there is no use pretending that the Establishment Doesn't Exist.*

Though this is obvious to us most of the time, it is the course and purpose of the establishment to deny difference, and certainly not to make a difference, in order to preserve state (as per Ron's note), or status - thanks again Marjorie for bringing it back to the forefront. There is "use" in knowing, and reiterating, that the Establishment Does Exist.

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838. **Rachel Loden**

poems & polemics

Sat 26 Aug 1995

Chris Stroffolino wrote:

"...but I still think our poems often know more than our polemics do..."

Which is probably why we turn to polemics with such happy ferocity. We're dumber than our poems, which makes us uncomfortable. Or perhaps we should just trade poetry baseball cards, which I'm told are being offered in *_Poets & Writers_*...

Rachel Loden

839. **Ron Silliman**

Fwd: (Fwd) Pound, Dylan, LZ, Whitman

Sat 26 Aug 1995

To Herb Levy's

>

>> Even most of the more mainstream poets, including some who may still be interested in heroics, seem largely to have given on the idea of a big, big masterpiece.

>

Joe Zitt commented, aptly

| *ome of us are still working on big, big pieces --*

To which I would add the following. A characteristic of the INTENT (rather than the accomplishment) of three of the authors Bob P tars w/ the brush of genius is the assumption of a massive (or master) work that is defined by its sense of closure. Stein really is the exception there. But then Pound and Zukofsky both have their problems at that level, as has everyone who ever tried such a thing (Dorn, like Pound, just sort of peters out).

But if I think of Ronald Johnson's Ark, Bev Dahlen's "A Reading," Rachel Blau DuPlessis' Drafts, bp nichol's Martyrology, Duncan's lifework, etc, it seems to me that there are large numbers of poets still involved in sizeable writing projects. Then there are all the poets who have done booklength poems outside of that construct, like Robert Kelly (Songs, Axon Dendron Tree), Don Byrd's Dime Store saga, Watten's Progress, James Sherry's Our Nuclear Heritage, Lee Hickman's Tiresius IB: Great Slave Suite, many of the books of Bernadette Mayer, Jerry Rothenberg's Poland, Creeley's Pieces and A Day Book. On top of which I'd add those writers whose works seem to link one into the other

into a larger if wholly informal web of connections, like Eigner, Ginsberg and Grenier.

The real distinction here--the heroic claim for genius, in Bob's terms--has I think to do with a sense that one can impose closure (teleology) on any project of such scope. Whitman and Duncan have always seemed to me to offer much more attractive approaches than the perfect circle or Pound's "ball of light." LZ has, after "A" 6, a sense

of the distinctness of each stage in "A"'s progress that is entirely different from what we find in Pound. And I have yet to see a good analysis that identifies what changes as we move from "A" to "An" in LZ's book.

Someone mentioned (rightly I think) the idea that an attraction of Dylan fell into the same genius trap (or at least that Dylan himself did, at one point in his life). Having once hitchhiked 3,000 miles in the express hope of meeting Dylan, that seems/feels like a proper critique. When I did meet him on that trip (at a party in Newport, RI), he was all of 23 (six years older than I) and showed me xerox copy (on "thermal paper" as I recall) of a song he was working on--Tambourine Man. It seems odd in retrospect to realize that we were both such juveniles at the time. I think it was very difficult for him (or anyone who paid much attention to him at that point in the early 60s) to separate out what he was doing to the use of metaphor in song from the deliberate myth that was being spun in order to free him from the reality of being a suburban middle-class kid who'd belonged to a fraternity only a few years earlier. After the drug rehab (which was termed a "motorcycle accident" at the time), I think he looked at what he was doing and the myth of genius in/for himself pretty much shattered. The use of wild metaphor in his songs declined sharply and never really returned. Tho he still uses the "genius" as schtick (viz. the 30th anniv. concert a few years back). What I think he accomplished was--very briefly--an American surrealism that felt authentic rather than borrowed and precious (viz. Mr. Bly, Mr. Edson and several NY School poets). And that I suspect is what carried forward as an influence amid my friends, the langpo connection.

((special thanks to Joe Zitt, to whom I inadvertantly posted this first, for saving and getting the errant missive back to me))

Ron Silliman

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840. **Ron Silliman**
Re: Anmarie Trimble
Sat 26 Aug 1995

Anmarie wrote:

>

>Since I wrote this, am I still a lurker?

>

>

No, you're a Post-Lurker. As in Post-Lurkerism.

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841. **Ron Silliman**

Re: Criteria (fwd)

Sat 26 Aug 1995

| *Silliman do, for instance, without the first line of Pound's _Cantos_?*

I'd probably go down to the ship, set keel to breaker, forth on the godly sea....

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842. **Ron Silliman**

Marjorie's Post

Sat 26 Aug 1995

Marjorie,

That was a WONDERFUL post. Thank you.

As to your comment:

>there is no use pretending that the Establishment Doesn't Exist.

Well that, of course, is one of its founding principles (and not just this establishment either, viz. Hilton Kramer or even Pat Buchanan).

Ron

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843. **Ron Silliman**

Revenge of the Renga

Sat 26 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's

halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
 (inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
 kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
 warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
 dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
 prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
 encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
 moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
 were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
 darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
 fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
 go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
of pretending you have no power ("Mistah Corn, he....

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844. **maria damon**

Re: who is this guy?

Sat 26 Aug 1995

anmarie t writes:>

> Maria-

> As for the tone of this group, uh, it's feister than the, say, the WAC

> list? (I think I just gave my age away?)

what's wac and how can i claim youth by joining?--md

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845. **maria damon**

Re: poems & polemics

Sat 26 Aug 1995

rachel l writes:

.. perhaps

> we should just trade poetry baseball cards, which I'm told are being

> offered in _Poets & Writers_...

>

> Rachel Loden

okay, sister, as a popcult stalwart i must come to the defense of poetry baseball cards which i think is a swell concept. (even tho it reifies authorship blah blah blah...it does so in a playful way). just y-day i came across some rabbi cards, if u can believe it, in my desk drawer, from a time when i was more seriously into Jewish cultural studies and not spending all my time fending off post corn flakes on the POETICS list. selon moi, these rabbi cards (the full series is named "Torah Personalities") are a hoot --absolutely darling. i've got "series 3: featuring pre-war photos!" "enjoy inspiring stories of learning mini-series," etc. Pictures of frail old guys w/ beards reading books. apparently (my friend who procured them for me sd) they're traded very seriously by little boys in Brooklyn etc, mostly i think Hasidim. anyway, our erstwhile comrade Gary Sullivan is currently making poet-cards (i unloaded 7 years' worth of Poetry Flashes on him for this very purpose). hey if poets and writers is ready to exhibit a sense of humor about themselves maybe we are on the verge of a paradigm shift in poetics, age of aquarius, whatever. by the way, i;d love to get hold of that city lights book, Major League Poets, which is out of print. any leads? i think its by someone named something like michael horowitz or something--md

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846. **Charles Alexander**

Re: poems & polemics

Sat 26 Aug 1995

On Sat, 26 Aug 1995 06:12:40 EDT,
Rachel Loden <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>Chris Stroffolino wrote:

>

>"...but I still think our poems often know more than our polemics do..."

>

>Which is probably why we turn to polemics with such happy ferocity.

>We're dumber than our poems, which makes us uncomfortable. Or perhaps

>we should just trade poetry baseball cards, which I'm told are being

>offered in _Poets & Writers_...

>

>Rachel Loden

>

>

Bravo, Rachel! I think it's brave to say we're dumber than our poems (& not true all of the time -- there are some dumb poems, too), and generally correct.

charles alexander

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847. **Charles Alexander**

Re: who is this guy?

Sat 26 Aug 1995

>anmarie t writes:>

>> Maria-

>> As for the tone of this group, uh, it's feister than the, say, the WAC

>> list? (I think I just gave my age away?)

>

>what's wac and how can i claim youth by joining?--md

>

>

When I was a boy growing up as child of an Air Force father, until age 11, WAC was Women's Air Corps. So I don't know if WAC shows one's age as youthful or ageful. Yes, what's WAC? --ca

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848. **maria damon**

Re: Fwd: (Fwd) Pound, Dylan, LZ, Whitman

Sat 26 Aug 1995

ron s writes:

>

> Someone mentioned (rightly I think) the idea that an attraction of
> Dylan fell into the same genius trap (or at least that Dylan himself
> did, at one point in his life). Having once hitchhiked 3,000 miles in
> the express hope of meeting Dylan, that seems/feels like a proper
> critique. When I did meet him on that trip (at a party in Newport, RI),
> he was all of 23 (six years older than I) and showed me xerox copy (on
> "thermal paper" as I recall) of a song he was working on--Tambourine
> Man. It seems odd in retrospect to realize that we were both such
> juveniles at the time. I think it was very difficult for him (or anyone
> who paid much attention to him at that point in the early 60s) to
> separate out what he was doing to the use of metaphor in song from the
> deliberate myth that was being spun in order to free him from the
> reality of being a suburban middle-class kid who'd belonged to a
> fraternity only a few years earlier. After the drug rehab (which was
> termed a "motorcycle accident" at the time), I think he looked at what
> he was doing and the myth of genius in/for himself pretty much
> shattered. The use of wild metaphor in his songs declined sharply and
> never really returned. Tho he still uses the "genius" as schtick (viz.
> the 30th anniv. concert a few years back).
> Ron Silliman

having lived in the twin cities for 7 yrs now, i find it entirely believable that dylan, as a Jew growing up in one of the bleakest, most Jew-less and joyless places in the country (Hibbing, a far-north "Iron Range" town wasting away in post-industrial era) would feel completely out of place and wd occasionally revert to clinging to the term "genius" to make sense out of his life. you simply can't imagine...i never would have believed it until i got here...some of my *graduate* students have never heard the word jew except as a verb... and as for the fraternity business, i thot his frat experience was a miserable failure whose emotional residue is recorded in "Positively 4th street" (4th st. is fraternity row here at U of MN)...so, middleclass he might have been, but there are other indices of Otherness that might result in a genius shtick...md

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849. **H. T. KIRBY-SMITH**

CAP-L List

Sat 26 Aug 1995

I wouldn't really advocate this, but I wonder what would happen if everyone on this list all at once signed up, en masse, to the CAP-L list.

I was on that list for a couple of weeks and found myself drawn into conflict with the most whiny and irritating sort of special pleading for an attenuated and exhausted poetics.

There is nothing quite so unpleasant as a failed neo-formalist. I have run into several in various contexts and they are like disinherited nobility. I would also compare them to the clothes police at the Vatican, who turn away a lovely sixteen-year-old in a long skirt because the edge of her shoulders shows beyond her blouse, while letting in some aging harriidan in a lowcut dress with half her boobs hanging out.

Not all neoformalists seem failures to me. A while back there was this discussion of Larkin that seemed to center on his naughty liberated poems -- though nobody quoted my favorite of those,

Sexual intercourse began

In 1963

Between the end of the Chatterly ban

And the Beatles' first LP--

But just too late for me.

But few poets since 1950 have written anything to equal "Church Going" in which Larkin is true to his own bored and comically cynical nature, while compassionate and understanding about the need many people feel for faith of some sort. Also, when not too self-conscious, Timothy Steele has written some lovely poems. And I think of Anne Sexton as a remarkable formalist in a lot of her work.

For really funny parodies of the sort of writing some New Formalists would like us to go back to, look at Phoebe Cary's entries in John Hollander's *Library of America Nineteenth Century American Poetry*-- her versions of Poe and Tennyson, especially.

Funny thing about neoformalist poetics is that it claims great historical authority yet usually stops looking backward with the early English Renaissance. As someone recently pointed out, the genuine English meter was the old Germanic alliterative stress meter. Not this overlay of French syllabics.

But is serialization or aleatory poetics the only answer? To me, the Rengamania that broke out here was very promising. Among other things, I never knew what

a renga was. And it wasn't any trouble to skip over the rengas in my daily compilation if I got tired of them.

Tom Kirby-Smith
English Department
UNC-Greensboro
Greensboro NC 27412

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850. **maria damon**

Re: Joris's Celan and Corn on L poetry - 24 Aug 1995 to 25 Aug

Sat 26 Aug 1995

marjorie p writes:

.
>

Corn is being just a little bit disingenuous...

of course he is. i think some folks here are adopting the strategy (w/ debatable success) of reading him at face value in order to sidestep the defensiveness and passive-aggression that characterize his posts, and get to the issues.

When

> the big and exciting conference on Visual Poetics was held by the dept of
> spanish-Portugese last spring (starring the deCampos brothers and including,
> among many others, Steve McCaffery, Johanna Drucker, and Charles
> Bernstein), not one faculty member from the English dept. showed up.

yup, that's the stanford english department i know and ... s&p is always ahead of the game...

>

Maria, that's just not true. You do write about language poetry (as in Stein, Duncan, other precursors, yes?) in the larger sense of the term,

wow, thanks, marjorie, yr. right. i hadn't intended, as u know, to write on stein duncan spicer as precursors to LPs, in fact, i was always wary of the possible charge that i was "reducing" complex language-centered writing to crude partisan politics based on (gasp) biographical data. but now that i know more abt LP, i'm happy to be considered a fellow-traveler.

and respecting the rights of others can turn into capitulation, no?

nah, i guess we differ here. i don't see myself capitulating, tho i resisted a strong urge to respond w/ irrational hostility to the patronizing assessment of myself as a "reasonable and likeable person." this is his method, to accept a

few well-deserving interlocutors (Keith, etc) out of the rabble, and make a great show of carrying on a pained and painstakingly "objective" conversation about poetics, and generally play the martyr, tho it's all happening through forwards etc.--highly mediated and distant. still, i'm willing to give him the benefit of treating him at face value for several reasons: 1) my sister is a writer of light verse in a formalist mode; i want to support her creative efforts and not engage publically in debates that might result in our being pitted against each other 2) what if AC genuinely thinks he is asking questions in good faith, and just can't help his tone of aggrieved righteousness; telling him off, as others have done eloquently, won't help any putative conversation between LP and Formalists 3) i really don't have anything against Merrill's, Bishop's and Lowell's poetry, and resent being perceived (as i am in my department, tho paradoxically, i'm the only person that teaches these poets, and i do so quite sympathetically, as anyone who's read my work wd know) as a wild-eyed ignoramus unaware of "tradition" etc... so if AC sees himself as a representative of the aforementioned poets i'd like to welcome him w/ respect, tho his intentions may turn out to be as nefarious as you claim...isn't this funny, i'm feeling like an indigenous 15th century dignitary trying to decide how to receive a could-be conquistador... AC might be disingenuous, but by assuming so, don't we make him so, and thus pre-empt any possibility of conversation?

of course i know all this will be forwarded to him and i'll forfeit my standing as a nice person...JUST KIDDING ALFRED, i know you can rise above it...

there is no use pretending that the Establishment Doesn't Exist.

true, but on the other hand, isn't there sometimes dialogue between establishment and anti-establishment, or is that too naive of me.

>

md

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851. **Linda Lane Reinfeld**
Language Poetry: Writing As Rescue

Sat 26 Aug 1995

For Alfred Corn and all those generous enough to help him in his explorations of Language Poetry: let me recommend my book, *Language Poetry: Writing As Rescue* (LSU Press, 1992). I provide an introduction to the social and intellectual background of what is generally referred to as Language Poetry, close readings of poems by Charles Bernstein, Michael Palmer, and Susan Howe, and good bibliographies--especially in the intro and chapter one. Of course the book is not "up to date," but it's not out of date either. Reviews are still coming out... the most recent from the British *Year's Work in English*

Studies_ in which Marjorie Perloff's _Radical Artifice: Writing Poetry in the Age of Media_ and my _Writing As Rescue_ are appreciatively discussed.

Linda Reinfeld

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852. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga

Sat 26 Aug 1995

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>The caravan of windows to what they flee
>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> (inspection
>denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
>pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
>mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> kook!"
>Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> warehouse, curls
>no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> dry cleaners
>piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> prescience
>the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> encore
>Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> moments to be

>of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> were hooks.
>All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> darkness
>falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
>sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> fruit
>of subject's object status, violent transformation
>la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
> go ahead
>and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum

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853. **Sheila E. Murphy**
Re: Revenge of the Renga

Sat 26 Aug 1995

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>The caravan of windows to what they flee
>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's

>halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> (inspection
>denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
>pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
>mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> kook!"
>Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> warehouse, curls
>no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> dry cleaners
>pipin hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> prescience
>the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> encore
>Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> moments to be
>of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> were hooks.
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>alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
> go ahead
>and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>of pretending you have no power ("Mistah Corn, he....
plunked steeping into post-shrill yawn of the long tea

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854. **Keith Tuma**

Re: Joris's Celan and Corn on L poetry - 24 Aug 1995 to 25 Aug 1995

Sat 26 Aug 1995

Yo Marjorie,

Neither "grateful" nor "pleased"--just courteous, for once in my life. No need to blast away always, especially when others are doing it, and i've at least a little hope that, with texts in hand, some of the conversation may improve.

And there are other "awards" besides those you mention, quite rightly, as dominated by the so-called "establishment." Such awards have never defined (exclusively) the prestige and cultural capital so important to poets, and you as historian and critic should know it. I suppose that Charles B and Ron S and others would like such awards, but as far as I know they're interested in capturing bigger fish and would probably have to readjust subject positions in a flash were they to win a MacArthur.

I guess though that you've earned the right--and have the credentials--to light the torches of polemic, so do what you want, yes? I'll save my bile for the moments I think it's most needed--otherwise I get tired of pissing everybody off.

--keith

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855. **David Kellogg**

Re: More Forwards (fwd)

Sat 26 Aug 1995

On Fri, 25 Aug 1995, George Bowering wrote:

Something has been puzzling me here, lately. In Corn's messages he implies that Ashbery is one of "their" poets, a sort of exemplar of the conventional or whatever. When did that happen? I know he was one of those academic press new poet winners at first, but then he was in the Allen anthology, etc.

I don't know when it happend. But here's some evidence for it. In Vernon Shetley's **After the Death of Poetry**, Ashbery, Bishop, and Merrill are constructed as a "mainstream." And Shetley goes out of his way to say that Ashbery **doesn't** appear in Allen! Can you believe it? He's been mainstreamed enough (I like that word, makes JA sound like a kid who's been going to a "special" school) so that folks like Shetley can either LIE or just forget, and nobody who reads the book for the press (Vendler blurbed it, she must have read the ms) caught the error! (If you haven't red the book, the statement that Ashbery doesn't appear in the Allen NAP is not incidental, but part of the book's major argument that Ashbery "transcends" "mere" camps.)

I'm really sorry I never finished writing my scathing review of that book -- I suppose it would be outdated now....

Cheers,
David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

David Kellogg The moment is at hand.
University Writing Program Take one another
Duke University and eat.
Durham, NC 27708

██████████ --Thomas Kinsella

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856. **Jorge Guitart**

perloff v. corn

Sat 26 Aug 1995

Many thanks to Marjorie Perloff for telling it like it is once more.
---0--- I think we should have a discussion about taste: The Taste of the
Establishment, is it yours?

I find I have the same taste as, say, the editors of the 1981 special issue on
American Poetry (l'Espace Amerique) of the Paris literary journal Change (one
whole section was about Poesie Langage USA) but not the same taste as, say,
Helen Vendler as displayed in the Harvard Book of Contemporary American
Poetry (1984).* What about you, friends?

*See M. Perloff's Poetic License, Chapter 3.

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857. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga

Sat 26 Aug 1995

On Sat, 26 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago*

Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
of boys talking on their feet and men talking to their hands

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858. **Ron Silliman**
Cage/Cunningham
Sat 26 Aug 1995

The cable TV channel Bravo will run a two-hour show tonight (Sat., Aug. 26) at 7:00 PM Eastern Time on John Cage and Merce Cunningham.

Usually Bravo, like most of the Cable channels, reruns programs 4 or 5 times in the month after the original showing.

Probably better than watching Bill Moyers fawning over whomever (even when it's a poet I like, I cringe to watch Moyers at work)...

Listening to Charles Shere's Symphony in Three Movements as I write. It's wonderful, Charles.

Ron Silliman


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859. **Anmarie Trimble**
Big Mac Wac Pac
Sat 26 Aug 1995

anmarie t writes:>

Maria-

As for the tone of this group, uh, it's feister than the, say, the WAC list? (I think I just gave my age away?)

what's wac and how can i claim youth by joining?--md

That's what I get for trying to write past my bedtime. Sorry. WAC is Writing Across the Curriculum. Not very interesting, and not poetic. I'm trying to start a WAC program at my college, so it was the first thing that came to mind. The ending of sentences with a question mark is the youth marker. I was born after '65. Barely.

I'm off to the mountains for a couple days. Will meditate for renga epiphany. - A.T.

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860. **Sheila E. Murphy**
Re: Renga
Sat 26 Aug 1995

>On Sat, 26 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:
>

>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
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>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>> (inspection
>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
>> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
>> kook!"
>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
>> warehouse, curls
>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
>> dry cleaners
>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
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>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
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>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
>> moments to be
>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
>> were hooks.
>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
>> darkness
>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
>> fruit
>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback

>> and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
>> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
>> go ahead
>> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>> of boys talking on their feet and men talking to their hands
in whispers conducive to disrobing weaponry

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861. **Eryque Gleason**
trading cards and WAC

Sat 26 Aug 1995

I've got the Philosopher All Stars trading cards, anybody want to trade for my Ghandi, or maybe even Simpson (Bart)?

anmarie t writes:>

Maria-

As for the tone of this group, uh, it's feister than the, say, the WAC list? (I think I just gave my age away?)

what's wac and how can i claim youth by joining?--md

When I was a boy growing up as child of an Air Force father, until age 11, WAC was Women's Air Corps. So I don't know if WAC shows one's age as youthful or ageful. Yes, what's WAC? --ca

Charles, was there a WAC as well as WASP?

-eryque

Eryque "Just call me Eric" Gleason
71 E. 32nd St. Box 949
Chicago, IL 60616



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862. **Louis Cabri**

place genre heading here & behead

Sat 26 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
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Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
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falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise

sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
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petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
of pretending you have no power ("Mistah Corn, he....
plunked steeping into post-shrill yawn of the long tea
thinking for Christ's sake, Kevin, the god needs a job, and if it
weren't for the Vatican police

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863. **David Kellogg**

Re: More Forwards (fwd)

Sat 26 Aug 1995

On Fri, 25 Aug 1995, Alfred Corn wrote:

To David Kellogg: No putdown intended. We were speaking at cross purposes. I thought you understood that what I was asking for was the aesthetic of LP, what makes it different from other approaches to writing poetry. The criteria you gave overlap with the ones I apply, so I felt frustrated in the wish to get a general introduction to the movement. Yes, I could just plunge in by myself, but I did that before and got nowhere. A critical guide can save years of wasted effort.

Dear Alfred,

How to respond?: first, apology accepted.

Second, as for a guide to save effort. . . . Hmm. Remember Stuart Gilbert? Joyce commentator, born without a sense of humor? An expert, and a good guide, but he ruined Ulysses for many readers who saw him as a shortcut. (Pound makes up for Gilbert's lack of humor by having "Jim the Comedian" appear in the Pisan Cantos).

Third, sometimes a guide won't help; here's where there may be some fundamental incommensurability, having to do with our respective backgrounds, temperments, etc., what we're willing to accept or how we receive our pleasures. My dying grandfather, bless him, says rock music is "noise" -- and when I grew up I stopped trying to change his mind. Tho if I had to pick a contextualization, I'd pick something indirect, like Marnie Parsons's *Touch Monkeys: Nonsense Strategies for Reading Twentieth-Century Poetry*. Or Bernstein's "Artifice of Absorption" (though I have plenty of problems with that, and actually see it as a Romantic document -- how's that, Charles B? (by the bye, CB, the paper you asked for's in the mail)).

*Meanwhile I see that LP is only one kind of poetry that interests you, not *the* only. That sounds reasonable to me. What I had been bothered by was the foundational "exclusionary" line of argument I had heard elsewhere: that LP is the "real" poetry of our time and the future; in fact, one of the recent posts takes this position, dismissing the other approach as predictable and boring. (I had used the term "mainstream" before because some of POETICS's posters did.)*

There are simple reasons why Rod doesn't read "mainstream" poetry: it's not worth it to him. Just like language poetry is not worth it to you. Either neither is exclusionary, or both are. (Just for the record, I tend to think that neither practice is exclusionary, but both rhetorics of explanation can be.)

I begin to wonder, too, whether the big division proclaimed between the LP movement and the rest of poetry is really useful. Some of the recent posts suggest that it isn't. For after all, poetry using unfamiliar methods of communication goes back at least to Rimbaud (1870) and Mallarme' (1880-1890). Everybody knows about Dada, Modernism, Surrealism, and Black Mountain. Plus various unclassifiables like Gertrude Stein, Laura Riding, Bunting and Ashbery. And the Naropa Institute. So I'm not yet certain that LP has introduced anything that wasn't already there.

You'll forgive me if I remind you of what William James said about the reception of the new. Somebody correct me if I'm wrong (guess I'm reminding myself, too) but it goes something like this.

First, the response is: Ugh! It's awful. I don't understand.

Then, the response is: I did it first!

Finally, the response is: That's how it's been all along. Everybody's always done it that way.

I see we're at stage three now (having I believe skipped stage two or assimilated it into stage three). But that's to be expected. And here's where Marjorie's comment about the "establishment" becomes relevant, to which I'll put my own Foucault/Bourdieu spin: within the poetic field, some have a

greater stake in conservation (stability) and some have a greater stake in innovation (change). Usually the latter feel (often rightly) that they are excluded from access to symbolic capital (recognition) and the former feel that they have that capital because of the inherent worth of their own work. They tend to see the exclusion of the innovators as a part of the natural course of things, not to be worried about, and when they feel threatened by the innovators they tend to translate radical innovation into traditional terms. That's what I see you doing. By the same token, of course, the innovators tend to overplay the revolutionary potential of their own practice -- and possibly their own exclusion. Which may be one thing that turned you off.

Cheers,
David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

David Kellogg	The moment is at hand.
University Writing Program	Take one another
Duke University	and eat.
Durham, NC 27708	

██████████ --Thomas Kinsella

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864. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: reply reply reply

Sat 26 Aug 1995

Maria -- if there's anyone on the cape with a university account who's willing to let you use it, you can simply telnet to your own account -- that's what I do when I'm away from San Jose State, since I can't afford a separate account or long-distance fees -- but I'm in L.A. & there might not be so many willing accomplices where you're headed -- maybe an inquiry on one of these listservs will surface a volunteer??

As to the proceedings of Mr. Corns (whose books I have read, thank you) -- First he asks KT if he's one of the few here who doesn't "hew" to the line, then he carps about people "lashing" out in reponse to his posts -- confirming that I was right to have changed my mind about him in reponse to his posts (& how the hell one changes one's mind apart from changing one's thinking is beyond little ole me -- guess he thought he saw quotation marks around the word "mind" and grew offended --poem I read once:

Certainly a revolution hardens.
That it should have become a museum piece,
Like this tavern, troubles.

tell me it ain't so, Alfred

And in response to a question about jazz from someone -- no, no knowledge of lineage required in advance, else who ever would have listened? But, as with poetry, it certainly helps you identify all those quotations. The Smithsonian Collection of Classic Jazz is actually a pretty good place to start a self-education pleausrably -- much better than you might have expected from that source --

by the way, everybody, several of the old Smithsonian recordings of poetry are now out on CD -- There's a really good selection of Sterling Brown recorded across decades -- check out their catalogue --

Maria again,,, if you go off the list while on leave, be sure to give me an address so we can keep in touch about this 'n that --

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865. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: Revenge of the Renga

Sat 26 Aug 1995

On 26 Aug 95 at 5:01, Ron Silliman wrote:

- > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
- > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
- > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
- > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
- > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
- > The caravan of windows to what they flee
- > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
- > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
- > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
- > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
- > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
- > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
- > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
- > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
- > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
- > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
- > (inspection
- > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
- > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
- > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
- > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
- > kook!"
- > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco

> warehouse, curls
> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> dry cleaners
> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> prescience
> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
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> moments to be
> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> were hooks.
> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> darkness
> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> fruit
> of subject's object status, violent transformation
> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
> go ahead
> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> of pretending you have no power ("Mistah Corn, he....
frosted tiger scholls as water breaks like wind aloud
-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----
|||/ Joseph Zitt ==== ██████████ ===== Human Systems \||
||/ Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \||
|/ Online Representative, Austin International Poetry Festival \||
/ Joe Zitt's Home Page\

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866. **Joseph Zitt**
Re: poems & polemics
Sat 26 Aug 1995

On 26 Aug 95 at 8:33, maria damon wrote:

*okay, sister, as a popcult stalwart i must come to the defense of poetry
baseball cards which i think is a swell concept. (even tho it reifies authorship
blah blah blah...it does so in a playful way). just y-day i came across some
rabbi cards, if u can believe it, in my desk drawer, from a time when i was more
seriously into Jewish cultural studies and not spending all my time fending off*

Yow! I'd love to see these. The Fringeware store carries Saint cards, which I got for some of my Catholics friends for Ch* presents last year. (This year, I know already that I'm getting most of my Jewish friends and family copies of Rothenberg's "Exiled in the Word", which is *wonderful*! The local Half-Price Books just got in a heap of them, and I think they're going to go fast.)

Hey, I can trade you a Ron Silliman and a Theresa of Avila for a Nachman of Bratzlav, a Keith Mitchell, and an unnamed draft of "Howl". -----1-----
1-----1-----1-----1-----1----- |||/ Joseph Zitt ==== [REDACTED] ====
Human Systems \\\| \\\| Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List
\| \\\| Online Representative, Austin International Poetry Festival \\\| / Joe Zitt's Home Page\

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867. **Eryque Gleason**
Re: More Forwards (fwd)
Sat 26 Aug 1995

David Kellog wrote:

Second, as for a guide to save effort. . . . Hmm. Remember Stuart Gilbert? Joyce commentator, born without a sense of humor? An expert, and a good guide, but he ruined Ulysses for many readers who saw him as a shortcut. (Pound makes up for Gilbert's lack of humor by having "Jim the Comedian" appear in the Pisan Cantos).

Third, sometimes a guide won't help; here's where there may be some fundamental incommensurability, having to do with our respective backgrounds, temperments, etc., what we're willing to accept or how we receive our pleasures. My dying grandfather, bless him, says rock music is "noise" -- and when I grew up I stopped trying to change his mind.

David, I empathize with Alfred's request for a guide, and I agree that sometimes a guide won't help a bit. The trick is to find a guide that helps, and the results of their instruction aren't often evident until the guide isn't necessary anymore--assuming that the lost soul has some affinity for the subject. Looking back on

my flight instruction, I realize that my instructor actually taught me very little, he was mostly along to keep me from crashing. My best guide was my father who hadn't flown at all for thirteen years before I started. Of course, at that time I was seventeen and not talking to him. The question really comes down to how badly a guide is required. I've found simple advice to be invaluable (such as a suggestion to read *Tender Buttons* aloud), where involved discussions can often take a large portion of the enjoyment and flush it.

Eryque

P.S. My grandmother and I agree that she doesn't pretend to find any value in John Lennon, and the same goes for me about the Lennon Sisters

Eryque "Just call me Eric" Gleason
71 E. 32nd St. Box 949
Chicago, IL 60616



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868. **Charles Alexander**
Re: trading cards and WAC

Sat 26 Aug 1995

On Sat, 26 Aug 1995 15:27:18 -0500,
Eryque Gleason <> wrote:

Charles, was there a WAC as well as WASP?

-eryque

Eryque, I know WASP only in the more familiar "white anglo saxon protestant" way -- but I'm not certain what you're referring to. There was certainly a WAC, at least in the 1960's, although I'm not certain when it began, when it ended, or if it still exists. What's your WASP?

all best,
charles

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869. **Charles Alexander**

Re: More Forwards (fwd)

Sat 26 Aug 1995

I keep reading the phrase, first from Corn, then repeated by others quoting him, about "poetry using unfamiliar methods of communication" at least since Rimbaud & Mallarme. Every time I hear that it just grates. Perhaps because I don't buy it, unless it comes with a more thorough discussion concerning "unfamiliar to whom," "why unfamiliar," etc. Maybe it's because I think of poetry as the most welcoming form of communication I know. Yes, I know, techniques of "defamiliarization" have been common since a long time before Rimbaud or Mallarme. And "defamiliarization" relates to "deterritorialization" rather nicely, whether that deterritorialization is encompassed by Ella Fitzgerald or Deleuze & Guattari.

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charles alexander      [=====^=====]
                        [    <>    ]
chax press             [ maybe a <> pages ]
                        [ time <> letters ]
phone & fax: [REDACTED] [ upon <> frames ]
                        [ once <> motion ]
e-mail: [REDACTED] [    <>    ]
                        [=====vv=====]
```

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870. **Charles Alexander**

Re: More Forwards (fwd)

Sat 26 Aug 1995

(I hit "send" by accident, so here repeat a post I already sent, but here with its continuation)

I keep reading the phrase, first from Corn, then repeated by others quoting him, about "poetry using unfamiliar methods of communication" at least since Rimbaud & Mallarme. Every time I hear that it just grates. Perhaps because I don't buy it, unless it comes with a more thorough discussion concerning "unfamiliar to whom," "why unfamiliar," etc. Maybe it's because I think of poetry as the most welcoming form of communication I know. Yes, I know, techniques of "defamiliarization" have been common since a long time before Rimbaud or Mallarme. And "defamiliarization" relates to "deterritorialization" rather nicely, whether that deterritorialization is encompassed by Ella Fitzgerald or Deleuze & Guattari.

But perhaps what I don't like about this phrase, as much as its specific form, is how easily Corn tosses it off, as though, because it is old hat to do something "unfamiliar" (or innovative? or building on other's innovations?), it is therefore not very interesting or valuable. I mean, Dada did it, Modernism did it, even "various unclassifiables" (this too sounds like some kind of put down) like Gertrude Stein & Laura Riding did it, so let's not claim that any strategy of experimentation or innovation is the least bit exciting.

I really think that stinks. And that "unfamiliar methods of communication" sounds like using a toilet bowl as a telephone.

```
charles alexander      [=====^=====]
                        [   <>   ]
chax press             [ maybe a <> pages ]
                        [ time <> letters ]
phone & fax: [REDACTED] [ upon <> frames ]
                        [ once <> motion ]
e-mail: [REDACTED] [   <>   ]
                        [=====vv=====]
```

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871. **Chris Stroffolino**
Re: trading cards and WAC

Sat 26 Aug 1995

"before we married mommy served in the WACS in the philippines"--
WOMAN AIR CORPS---cheap trick, 1979

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872. **maria damon**
Re: Renga

Sat 26 Aug 1995

In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group
writes:

```
> >On Sat, 26 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:
> >
> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
```

> > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > > (inspection
> > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > > kook!"
> > > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > > warehouse, curls
> > > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> > > dry cleaners
> > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> > > prescience
> > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> > > encore
> > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> > > moments to be
> > > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> > > were hooks.
> > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> > > darkness
> > > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> > > fruit
> > > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to

> >> go ahead
> >> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> >> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> >> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> >> of boys talking on their feet and men talking to their hands
> in whispers conducive to disrobing weaponry
down where dead men tell no lies and misdemeanors

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873. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: Renga

Sat 26 Aug 1995

On Fri, 25 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> (inspection
> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> kook!"
> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> warehouse, curls
> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> dry cleaners
> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> prescience

> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> encore
> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> moments to be
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> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
> go ahead
> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
on for another night--rabbit rabbit rabbit rabbit

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874. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Revenge of the Renga II

Sat 26 Aug 1995

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
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> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
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> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> (inspection
> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> kook!"
> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> warehouse, curls
> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> dry cleaners
> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
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> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
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> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
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> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
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> of subject's object status, violent transformation
> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
> go ahead
> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom

> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> of pretending you have no power ("Mistah Corn, he....
fed on grans, Im savin dis penny for anodder neo dude"

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875. **Charles Alexander**

Re: Renga

Sat 26 Aug 1995

On Sat, 26 Aug 1995 17:17:24 -1000,
Gabrielle Welford <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>On Fri, 25 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

>

>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> The caravan of windows to what they flee
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>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
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>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
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>> dry cleaners
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>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
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>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
>> moments to be
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>> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
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>> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
>> go ahead
>> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>on for another night--rabbit rabbit rabbit rabbit
runs rings round rare rutabagas, reason rumbles recessions

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876. **Chris Stroffolino**

place genre heading here and behead

Sat 26 Aug 1995

I was reading Perloff's O'Hara book and like what she says about O'Hara's poem "the critic" in which O'Hara famously refers to the critic (and the critic "inside himself" too, if you will) as the assassin of [his] orchards--- And Perloff certainly has helped advance the stock of more writers I respect than Corn has, but that doesn't mean (Rod S, Steve E. and Patrick P--to name a few) that she shouldn't be questioned--if only insofar as I believe that poets MUST question critical paradigms-- even critical paradigms that flatter and/or justify them viz-a-viz what WCW would call the "bastards out there" (and I am NOT naming namesat present)--- There do seem to be, however, implicit accusations: (and they circulate): "if you don't "come

together right now over M(arjori)e" and Ron in every instance to present a unified front you are therefore and independent (and isn't that Corn's code name) and thus a bourgeois self closer to corn that looks like it's climbing clear up to the sky poking a hole in the ozone of an undivided LEFTist community (aside:-in which some pigs are more equal than others, or to quote the renga "the power of pretending you have no power"...). FOR we all know what INDEPENDENCE DAY means, and community (which Bernstein, to his credit, recently problematized---oops, I'm stepping out of part-scratch that) is a flag you can't burn because it allows poetic freedom, poetic license, radical artifice." Oy, ye jealous gawds, and to think I gave up being a catholic to party in your ranks..... (this goes on, but it gets "less public"--I mean the topical side of the myth gets refigured in more "subtle" terms that may be mistaken as "universalist" and "ahistorical" to some)... chris s.

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877. **Chris Stroffolino**

dylan

Sat 26 Aug 1995

Ron--thanks for the story about meeting dylan. He once said that he tried to write another Mr Tambourine man and that that was a mistake-- I was just recently listening (with michael Gizzi) to the outtakes from the basement tapes---a five CD bootleg set (which if anybody has I'd send you money for cassette copies of--since I don't have a CD player) and the major change in his style which you refer to is there evident (typo-style)--as is the "dropping out" of the pop-music scene at the height of the career, etc---Yet, I don't know if one can make a mere pre-and-post 1966 distinction---especially by focusing it around the notions of "metaphor" and "genius"---His language got plainer to be sure, but the myth of genius returns. Of course, even in earlier works like "HIWAY 61" we see the "roving gambler" (which may be a self-portrait, but it is certainly a harsh, ironized one, a la 1983's "MAN OF PEACE") and so it seems hard to script dylan's development so easily---For he changed album to album. Now on one level all the masks (country-star, christian rocker, recluse, etc.) can be read as but a marketing scheme, but it also seems that committing himself absolutely to a particular paradigm (or schtick, if you must) also fulfilled some psychological need (as if one must argue "authenticity" on this list for credibility) ---Whatever, the point is that one of the attractive things about Dylan (like say Yeats) was his ability to go through different "phases" in a way I find severely lacking in say Bruce Andrews---though that just shows you how retro I am.....we'll meet on edges soon, chris

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878. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: Renga

Sat 26 Aug 1995

On Sat, 26 Aug 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

On Sat, 26 Aug 1995 17:17:24 -1000,
Gabrielle Welford <[REDACTED]> wrote:

On Fri, 25 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
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& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
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flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
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denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness*

*falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
on for another night--rabbit rabbit rabbit rabbit
runs rings round rare rutabagas, reason rumbles recessions
occasionally pointed but not Pointer, no it's always*

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879. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga

Sun 27 Aug 1995

> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
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> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> >flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> >halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
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> >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
> > go ahead
> >and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> >out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why

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880. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Revenge of the Renga

Sun 27 Aug 1995

On Sat, 26 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
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> >Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> >& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
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> >out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> >of pretending you have no power ("Mistah Corn, he....
> plunked steeping into post-shrill yawn of the long tea
never recovering for the lascivious, he not from these parts"

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881. **Robert Drake**

Re: More Forwards (fwd)

Sun 27 Aug 1995

all--

this post praps applies to several current threads...

got messerli's _gertrude stein awards in innovative american poetry_ anthology
th other day--anthology of work that's appeared in magazines over the previous
year. i'd recommend this to mr. corn as a source for current work in the langpo
vane(s)--many of these authors appeared in either _in the american tree_ or
ganick's followup _art of practice--much to be said for a collection of work still
in current circulation, not yet nailed down... still open to fresh readings, rather
than waiting for the approved interpretation.

for corn, too, might be useful to see the variety of veins being mined, rather
than a single langpo party line... contrarywise, i was a little disappointed to see
many of the "usual suspects", both in terms of authors & magazines... brings
up the friendly question of is there some ossification or complacency in the LP
tendency--i mean, a parallel or alternative canon is still a cannon (sic)--is there
a sense in which langpo creates its own "claustrophobic constraints" for
younger poets who're largely identified w/ it? is that a problem? is there a
solution?

likewise concerned w/ the concentration on a few periodical titles (tho all those
included certainly deserve...). the impercipient, black bread come to mind
quick as fitting well within the scope as laid out--what others would any of you
recommend?

& more interestingly, to me: what publications might you recommend that might expand the scope of this project? Lost & Found Times, Juxta, again come quick to my mind--recommends from y'all?

coming soon: addresses for these mags--my most pointed complaint about the collection is the lack of addresses--these things deserve more readers/subscribers...

asever

luigi

featured magazines & authors:

6ix (bill tuttle)

abacus (bruce andrews)

arshile (2) (lydia davis, william fuller)

avec (11) (a.l. nielsen, andrew levy, fiona templeton, jessica grim, joe ross, karen mac cormack, kim rosenfield, myung mi kim, nathaniel tarn, robert crosson, tom mandel)

big allis (paul vangelisti)

conjunctions (2) (martine bellen, rachel blau duplessis)

exquisite corpse (steve mcaffery)

grand street (4) (craig watson, dennis phillips, jeff vetock, pam rehm)

green z (2) (drew gardner, kimberley lyons)

hundred flowers, a (will alexander)

lingo (5) (elizabeth burns, elizabeth willis, lisa robertson, martha ronk, peter inman)

long news in short century (2) (michael davidson, peter gizzi)

lower limit speech (6) (buck downs, deanna ferguson, elizabeth robinson, liz waldner, nathaniel mackey, peter ganick)

lyric& (2) (jean day, mark wallace)

mirage (jennifer moxley)

o.ars (3) (darid de stefano, larry eigner, robert creeley)

object (joan retallack)

oblek (12) (cole swensen, daniel davidson, douglas messerli, elaine equi, john perlman, kathryn macleod, laynie brown, norma cole, phillip foss, rae armantrout, robert fitterman, susan smith nash)

poetry project newsletter (charles north)

raddle moon (5) (albert mobilio, charles bernstein, ray dipalma, rod smith, shelia murphy)

re*map (brett evans)

ribot (3) (aaron shurin, jeff conant, juliana spahr)

situation (4) (george albon, marjorie welish, roberto tejada, tan lin)

sulfer (2) (mei-mei berssenbrugge, michael ledly)

talisman (3) (catriona strang, forrest gander, gilbert sorrentino)

texture (michael palmer)

that (janet gray)

to (5) (abigail child, david bromige, jeff derksen, mary angeline, susan schultz)

washington review (lyn hejinian)

witz (2) (barbara guest, nick piombino)

the world (5) (clark coolidge, john mcnelly, kenward elmslie, kit robinson, stephen ratcliffe)

(apologies in advance for typos...)

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882. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga

Sun 27 Aug 1995

On Sat, 26 Aug 1995, maria damon wrote:

> In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group

> writes:

> > > On Sat, 26 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

> > >

> > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > >> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > >> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > >> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> > >> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > >> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > >> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > >> (inspection
> > >> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > >> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > >> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > >> when the attorney general came, selah haes said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > >> kook!"
> > >> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > >> warehouse, curls
> > >> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> > >> dry cleaners
> > >> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> > >> prescience
> > >> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > >> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> > >> encore
> > >> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> > >> moments to be
> > >> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> > >> were hooks.
> > >> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> > >> darkness
> > >> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > >> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> > >> fruit
> > >> of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > >> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > >> and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > >> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > >> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > >> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > >> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes

> > >> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > >> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
> > >> go ahead
> > >> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > >> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > >> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > >> of boys talking on their feet and men talking to their hands
> > in whispers conducive to disrobing weaponry
> down where dead men tell no lies and misdemeanors
but do cavort in the mind of Angelo's mom

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883. **Eryque Gleason**

WASP

Sun 27 Aug 1995

Charles, WASP was the Women's Air Service Pilots, or something very much like that. It was a corp of female aviators during WWII (I don't know how long after the end of the war the WASPs were used) that mostly ferried airplanes for the Army, although a few were test pilots as well. And most were White Anglo Saxon Protestants anyway. I'm guessing that WASP was the predecessor of WAC.

eryque

Eryque "Just call me Eric" Gleason

71 E. 32nd St. Box 949

Chicago, IL 60616



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884. **Susan Schultz**

Corn talk

Sun 27 Aug 1995

This time I'm writing, not forwarding (and forwarding again). Corn tells me he's through, after I urged him to get on the list for real, especially since I seemed to be spending a lot of time simply bouncing messages around. It was a strange experience, all around. I've had this notion for a long time that different groups of poets and audiences for poetry should talk to each other more, rather than staying within their lists, as it were. The inter-action on the CAP-L list, between Corn and Silliman, though brief, was a highlight; important ideas emerged out of the dialogue which might not have done otherwise. Once

I got into the forwarding business on this list, however, I got very uncomfortable. I thought it a bit funny that Corn was expressing opinions on poets he hadn't read; I found it appalling some of the responses to him, or to the idea of him as "mainstream" or "New Formalist" or "whatever." We all got locked in so quickly to the differences between "mainstream" and "avant-garde" or "Language writing" that real conversation had to be found between the shouts. The truth is that Corn is a serious writer and thinker about poetry; my allegiance to him has been as much personal as professional, since I rather prefer poets on the "Language" side of whatever divide we're talking about. But I've learned a lot from reading poets who are not on this list, among them Corn--and Walcott and, yes, James Merrill, whose facility with the language is a joy to behold, even as one gasps at his stone age politics. Should say "was," I guess. And there's Rich, etc. etc. I see no harm in thinking about these poets, in reading them. Hell, I for one love Stevens.

I guess my sense is that the experiment, while it yielded a few nuggets, didn't really work. But I do hope that this list will continue to discuss its own differences from itself, perhaps even from others not on the list, in substantive fashion. And I think I'll stop forwarding (and backwarding) anything for a long while.

Best wishes,

Susan Schultz

PS After I forward this one, of course.

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885. **Thomas Bell**

Re: Renga

Sun 27 Aug 1995

Sheila E. Murphy wrote

>On Sat, 26 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

>

>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>> The caravan of windows to what they flee

>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>> (inspection
>> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
>> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
>> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
>> kook!"
>> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
>> warehouse, curls
>> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
>> dry cleaners
>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
>> prescience
>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
>> encore
>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
>> moments to be
>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
>> were hooks.
>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
>> darkness
>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
>> fruit
>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
>> and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
>> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
>> go ahead
>> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes

>> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>> of boys talking on their feet and men talking to their hands
>> in whispers conducive to disrobing weaponry
armaments sano in corporate corridors to
hold back the Eatern Horde renga take to horse
.

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886. **Rod Smith**

Macaronic

Sun 27 Aug 1995

Now, Chris, my agreeing w/ Marjorie on this point does not mean I wld agree with her on many others, just seems to me, in general terms, she was & is, quite right on this one.

--Rod

Chris S wrote:

>[Perloff] certainly has helped advance the stock of more writers I respect than Corn has, but that doesn't mean (Rod S, Steve E. >and Patrick P--to name a few) that she shouldn't be >questioned--if only insofar as I believe that poets MUST question critical >paradigms--

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887. **Gabrielle Welford**

protesting executions in S.Arabia (fwd)

Sun 27 Aug 1995

Forwarding this to you guys because I know you won't wag a finger at me for irrelevancy. I lived in Turkey as a kid and am sad about this happening. I've written to Ismet. He's doing a study that sounds like similar studies done in the States of why fewer Kurds succeed in school than other citizens of Turkey. Gab.

----- Dear Netters, I am sending this message to inform you about the executions of four Turkish truck drivers by cutting their heads apart by a sword for the sake of ALLAH (as they claim) in Saudi Arabia recently. As a muslim person and as a citizen of a country in which 90% of the population is muslim, I know that there is no such word of ALLAH which orders such punishment for such a crime (carrying some medicine which have narcotic effects). This punishment is only their way of understanding "Kur-an".

**** I am protesting the cruelty and inhumanity of such punishment and the King who approves it. ****

You may find the message irrelevant for your list but as a member of the civilized world, I feel myself responsible to protest that barbarism using any means of communication. If you agree with the brutality of such punishment and feel a piece of sorrow in your hearts for those drivers, please distribute this message adding your point of view to your friends and other lists you may reach.

I wish you peace,happiness, and justice in the world forever.

Ismet Sahin

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888. **Steve Carll**
Re: Marjorie's Post

Sun 27 Aug 1995

Or, more specifically, Marjorie's rhetorical question, "respecting the rights of others can turn into capitulation, no?" Of course it can. Anything positive can turn into anything negative. Does that mean we shouldn't respect the rights of others, just on the off chance that something bad might happen if we do, like, god (or whoever) forbid, dialogue with "the enemy"? Demonizing the people in "the Establishment" hasn't been very effective in making it go away, either. Ask Tim McVeigh.

If Lyn Hejinian gets a Guggenheim, *then* can we talk to Alfred Corn without our loyalty being questioned? Asking him questions about the issues Marjorie brought up in her post wouldn't be a bad idea; ignoring him (and being shocked that everyone else isn't) seems to me a way of trying to pretend "the Establishment doesn't exist."

Kinda miffed,

Steve

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889. **George Bowering**
Re: Renga

Sun 27 Aug 1995

f

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890. **George Bowering**

Re: Renga

Sun 27 Aug 1995

On Fri, 25 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka the mother of Thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.
All melded like striated film theorists in the pastel seeds of
darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation*

*la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
on for another night--rabbit rabbit rabbit rabbit
and ten dull words oft creep in one slow line*

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891. **Ron Silliman**
Children of the Corn
Sun 27 Aug 1995

Chax writes (rightly),

>

>I keep reading the phrase, first from Corn, then repeated by others quoting him, about "poetry using unfamiliar methods of communication" at least since Rimbaud & Mallarme. Every time I hear that it just grates.... But perhaps what I don't like about this phrase, as much as its specific form, is how easily Corn tosses it off, as though, because it is old hat to do something "unfamiliar" (or innovative? or building on other's innovations?), it is therefore not very interesting or valuable.... "various unclassifiabiles" (this too sounds like some kind of put down)

There is, I think, in both phrases an anxiety of categorization at work. And it is just as easy (and limiting) to counter with one's own tossed-off groupings of a "non-unfamiliar" poetics (we could even develop a list and exfoliate a la the renga brigades).

But what I'm interested in here is what the need for the category itself here might represent, an arms-length methodology for containment, an attempt to explain something (dare I say) unfamiliar without disturbing a fixed map of one's sense of the world.

One of the worst things about the term langpo (esp. in its most virulent form with the = signs betwixt every capitalized letter) is how it then excuses the children of the Corn to dismiss the writing itself as somehow irrelevant to their own "ordinary" or "mainstream" or "traditional" poetics. That dismissal of

course is precisely what Alan Soldofsky had in mind when he first used the phrase in Poultry Flush back in 1979. And it's been remarkably effective as a strategy.

Corn prefers the more global (and seemingly more neutral) term Parallel Tradition ((which could be interpreted as that poetry in America which does not assume itself to be a tributary or descendant of British poetry, what C Bernstein refers to as "the island poets")), but it accomplishes much the same thing--to set aside that which challenges one's own assumptions. And it is those assumptions that are precisely the issue.

That's what always has bedeviled me about the poetry in, say, The Nation, an ostensibly left journal that has (ever since Levertov left as poetry editor 30 years ago just as her own work was veering to the right) continually focused on a poetics of the most conservative assumptions. How those assumptions do NOT fit into a larger framework of conservatism/patriarchy I just don't get. It's what I've generally thought of as the "Marilyn Hacker Problem" (probably because she does it well, so it deserves to be looked at critically in her work) of writing unquestioningly in forms that institutionalize a world in which her gender and sexual orientation have historically (and not accidentally) oppressed and suppressed.

And in a sense this is very similar to the discomfort I feel at Bill Moyers' conception of literature, the purpose of which is to put us in touch with "timeless, shared" values that in fact are the imposition of historically developed frameworks that, like Marjorie's Establishment, start by denying their own existence. Universalism is always already a white male heterosexual point of view from a particular class, so if you do not want to reinforce it, why seek it out?

Ron Silliman



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892. **Louis Cabri**

goof me up! tweettweet!

Sun 27 Aug 1995

thomas, maybe prose did drive poetry out of town - oh Lisa, how pasturale - and maybe it's a roundtrip.

last time _poetry_ had a vehicle the tenors went on strike. with corn flecks in my soda pop _i'd_ be pissed off too. driven out

sure - but driven. let's say

"thank you."

personally, i metaphor after three o'clock only, fearful of any symbol's crash. no original jokes allowed! (the corn factor...

except those might not be hands i'm looking at now - my ontogeny is showing - is

is that ok?! derrido it if
derri duh it's

just louis "hail me a" cabri quick - [cabris. fr. goat] "let him eat our hats"
and away, thou motley humourist!
Whalen away

i
metaphysical object

& screamed.
always-indeterminate

listserved condition of "post depression"
with that post-lurker FEED ME savoir fare - as a proseur

object to it, since the...
how can there be poetry without prose?

the object i've
the objective al

ive
there too - tickets all round!

(take _back_
the pop

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893. **maria damon**

Re: Revenge of the Renga II

Sun 27 Aug 1995

jg writes:

>

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > (inspection
> > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > kook!"
> > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > warehouse, curls
> > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> > dry cleaners
> > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> > prescience
> > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> > encore
> > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> > moments to be
> > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> > were hooks.
> > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> > darkness
> > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> > fruit
> > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to

> > go ahead
> > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > in seams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > of pretending you have no power ("Mistah Corn, he....
> fed on grans, Im savin dis penny for anodder neo dude"
jorge's back and yr gonna be sorry, hey lawdy lawd

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894. **maria damon**

Re: joriscelan

Sun 27 Aug 1995

just picked up breathturns, joris's celan, and i hafta add my voices to the chorus of consensus here: wowie kazowie. multiple groove factor and yay!--md

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895. **Kevin Killian**

George Stanley

Sun 27 Aug 1995

Thanks Ryan for alerting us all of George Stanley's new book "Gentle Northern Summer." For all of you who want to order it here's the info

New Star Books Ltd.
2504 York Avenue
Vancouver, BC V6K 1E3
CANADA
[REDACTED]

As Ryan has stated, it is "good stuff." Thanks everyone!--Kevin Killian

Maybe I'll add, since we're pluggin good stuff, George Stanley's new book is due in September. I think it's _Gentle Northern Summer_ or thereabouts.

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896. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga

Sun 27 Aug 1995

>In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion group
>writes:
>> >On Sat, 26 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

>> >
>> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>> >> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>> >> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> >> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> >> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> >> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>> >> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>> >> (inspection
>> >> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
>> >> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
>> >> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>> >> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
>> >> kook!"
>> >> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
>> >> warehouse, curls
>> >> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
>> >> dry cleaners
>> >> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
>> >> prescience
>> >> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>> >> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
>> >> encore
>> >> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
>> >> moments to be
>> >> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
>> >> were hooks.
>> >> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
>> >> darkness
>> >> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
>> >> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
>> >> fruit
>> >> of subject's object status, violent transformation

>> >> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
>> >> and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
>> >> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>> >> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>> >> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>> >> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>> >> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> >> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
>> >> go ahead
>> >> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>> >> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>> >> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>> >> of boys talking on their feet and men talking to their hands
>> in whispers conducive to disrobing weaponry
>down where dead men tell no lies and misdemeanors
whisper the lies of sleep to form small scented chapters

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897. **Patrick Phillips**

Re: place genre heading here and behead

Sun 27 Aug 1995

Well Chris, you shake that tree and, here, something falls out.

Me thinks you've lumpened a real need to critique all established modes (Perloff's and Silliman's included) with a more personal interpretation of events. I.e., what arises as lines are drawn are sometimes less clear lines.

But the fundamental issue is something not so open to interpretation. As I'm sure you follow, the New (Neo is better) Formalists clearly represent a Gingrichian front of popular anachrony. What I've read of their criticism is almost all poor attempts at some cheap structuralist paradigm which is more a thinly veiled self promotion. The bile that rises at the ruse of "expansive" (versus emaciated) poetry Creeley's work proclaimed as a thin, weak emaciated trickery of line break is one thing, but to couple this impoverishment of "criticism" with the fact these politicians have received numerous Guggenheims, NEA grants and other prizes for their work... (speechless)...next thing you know, Wyatt Prunty will be president Gingrich's press secretary.

Surely the fact that these pundits are applauded and praised is not the point. And in fact Marjorie's lament of the poetry world's prize structure struck me as a less determining, though somewhat curious, factor in shaking out the lines of poets, than is the function of her note in general delineation. (I should say,

there will never be an established prize structure for experimentalists as someone has pointed out on this list, significant prizes are a means of pulling the errant into the fold.) But, as I think your pointing out, De-Lineation (as opposed to sidleing up) is different and it is through a process of de-lineation that we can sharpen our definition of "the established" no matter who they may be.

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898. **H. T. KIRBY-SMITH**

rough as a corn cob

Sun 27 Aug 1995

I have only just now begun to get a fix on what seems to have happened with this Corn thing, and would enjoy hearing more about how it all got started. All I noticed at first was the tone of communications descending ex cathedra, as if broadcast from the roof of St. John the Divine, "To the Thessalonians...I mean, the Poetics List, greetings, with sorrowful apprehensions that you may have slipped into some Eastern heresy." His Eminence's emissaries were dispatched, his Eminence remaining aloof on said roof. Evidently this is One of those to whom one makes visits, nay is granted audiences, but who does not return visits. Maybe not the Holy Father himself, but surely, to judge from tone of the messages, among the more powerful Cardinals.

I did recognize the tone. I once addressed a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, using all the proper honorifics, asking that George Herbert's vicarage at Bemerton not be sold off but be kept as a museum. I got a letter from a high-up underling that was even snottier than those things from Corn.

Oh and I do hope that Ron Silliman has memorized a vastly expanded and enriched bio-bib of Corn to be rattled off next time it's needed. We wouldn't want to offend him again.

Tom Kirby-Smith
English Department
UNC-Greensboro
Greensboro NC 27412

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899. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: Another Death in the Family

Sun 27 Aug 1995

Just heard on the radio last night that John Gilmore had died recently. John was one of the greatest tenor saxophone players of our era, a major influence on

Coltrane, and another great freind of poets throughout the world. -- One of those musicians who actually thought about the poem he was creating music to accompany -- not sure if any of that ever got recorded, though -- Since John never had the musical equivalent of Ashbery's grand slam (Nat'l book award, pulitzer & nat'l book critics' circle award all in one gulp), the establishment (I liked it in the 60s when we used the even vaguer term "the system") never felt compelled to appropriate him.

("friend" for "freind" above)

If you've ever heard John once, you'll never forget his work -- and he was one of the most generous and open-minded people I ever met --

If you don't know his work, *_Sun Ra Live at Montreaux_* is a good place to hear him.

Speaking of Ashbery, his "case" presents an interesting opportunity for reception studies -- compare the Bloom Ashbery to the David Lehman Ashbery to the Silliman Ashbery to the Ashbery as he is taught to college senior English majors from the Norton Anth -- a real study in contrasts -- and the work to be done by us critic types (often the same people who appear on other pages as poet types) is to account for the ways that those varied reading spring from the same texts (though, as with Williams, it's often the case that readers choose the Ashbery texts that seem most fitted to their own aesthetic, which explains the nearly universal rejection of *_Tennis Court Oath_* along the Bloom-Vendler-you name it route))) --

got to drive to San Jose State in the morning to start a new semester -- see y'all when I get there.

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900. **Wystan Curnow**

Re: Joris's Celan and Corn on L poetry - 24 Aug 1995 to 25

Sun 27 Aug 1995

Dear marjorie and fellow Poetics discussants:

thank you, Marjorie, for the straight talking on this subject. Just so long as the Alfred Corns continue to regard poetry in the way that they do, I suspect it really is best they continue to believe in 'the big division between the LP movement and the rest of poetry'.

A poetic, be it LP or any other, is not determined by 'features' of the kind Corn lists (nor for that matter is the 'quality' of a poem, which issue Corn approaches in the same fashion), let alone some 'key' characteristic, or 'special feature' by means of which position in the marketplace, or value, can be established. If

Poetics is the theory of practice, then it is characterized by its purposes. What begins to take shape as a poetic are practices which implicitly and or explicitly take issue in a similar way with existing writing practices (within poetry and without it). Another way to say this I guess is that the differences in poetics that matter are ideological not stylistic. As are differences in taste. Well, I don't mean to lay down the law, but I did feel the issue, if you'll excuse the figure, was being skirted.

best,
wystan

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901. **Herb Levy**

Re: Size vs Use

Sun 27 Aug 1995

Joseph Zitt wrote (some time last week):

On 25 Aug 95 at 7:40, Herb Levy wrote:

I can't find the exact quote right now, but the composer Morton Feldman says somewhere that when he began writing very large works (lasting 1-4 or more hours long) he had to severely limit his materials, because so many of the mammoth post-Wagnerian gesamtekunstwerks were massive failures. I hope that this idea helps.

Ah, good point. OK, I grok the difference (I think).

As luck would have it, I'm listening to some Feldman as I write this. I haven't heard any of his hyperlong pieces though, mostly due to the prohibitive cost of 4-CD sets.

I wish I could recommend that you request that the local radio station play "For Phillip Guston" or such, but that's a little unlikely. Perhaps a library (public or, more likely, academic) can be cajoled into purchasing something.

Still there are good single CD recordings of "Piano & String Quartet," "Piano, Violin, Viola, Cello," "For Bunita Marcus," & "3 Voices." These are all lovely & idiomatically similar to the 2-4.5 hour pieces though they are also relatively short (less than the 80 minute time-limit for CDs, anyway).

For those who didn't get my point here, Feldman's pieces are quiet, intimate, personal, gorgeous, pieces that simply don't not to obey the usual standards of length for modern music.

Ron Silliman's take on countering the modernist imposition of "closure (teleology) on any project of such scope" rings true to me, both in terms of the

long poems he, Joseph Zitt & I have referred to in this context & in terms of Feldman's music.

Herb Levy



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902. **Rod Smith**
Re: Marjorie's Post
Sun 27 Aug 1995

The characterization by Tom Kirby-Smith of Corn "speaking from on high" seems to me more accurate than the characterization of "lines being drawn" around Marjorie's post-- did anybody say "If you don't agree w/ M.P. you have faltered into the nether-realm of cozzening disguises"? NO. My guess is L.H. will get a major award one of these days, which wld be very good, but it won't, unfortunately, substantially alter the terrain M.P. descibed. Also, I think Mr. Corn was anything but ignored on the list. & finally, I'd like to *slightly* correct the mad new american mongrel picture I presented of myself with the observation that I rather like Stevens & still think The Wasteland a satisfying orchestral pastiche.

It seems some are hearing "the institution speaking" in Perloff, others in Corn, personally, I've been beating my carpet for 3 days AND ITS STILL THERE.

'Do the people wish to continue war under such circumstances?' It is a chinese signal.

The mud, the duckboards, published,
then lost
& become a figurehead "he said"
to protect their realms.

--Rod

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903. **Jorge Guitart**
Re: Renga
Mon 28 Aug 1995

On Sun, 27 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >In message <> UB Poetics discussion
> group
> >writes:
> >> >On Sat, 26 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

> >> >
> >> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >> >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >> >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >> >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> >> >> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> >> >> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >> >> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> >> >> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> >> >> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> >> >> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> >> >> (inspection
> >> >> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> >> >> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> >> >> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> >> >> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> >> >> kook!"
> >> >> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> >> >> warehouse, curls
> >> >> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> >> >> dry cleaners
> >> >> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> >> >> prescience
> >> >> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> >> >> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> >> >> encore
> >> >> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> >> >> moments to be
> >> >> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> >> >> were hooks.
> >> >> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> >> >> darkness
> >> >> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> >> >> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> >> >> fruit
> >> >> of subject's object status, violent transformation

> > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
> > > go ahead
> > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > of boys talking on their feet and men talking to their hands
> > in whispers conducive to disrobing weaponry
> > down where dead men tell no lies and misdemeanors
> whisper the lies of sleep to form small scented chapters
each with its own erotic carnival and lack of ruin

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904. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Revenge of the Renga II

Mon 28 Aug 1995

md writes

> jg writes:

> >

> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

> > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

> > > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's

> > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance

> > > (inspection
> > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > > kook!"
> > > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > > warehouse, curls
> > > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> > > dry cleaners
> > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> > > prescience
> > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> > > encore
> > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> > > moments to be
> > > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> > > were hooks.
> > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
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> > > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> > > fruit
> > > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
> > > go ahead
> > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > of pretending you have no power ("Mistah Corn, he....
> > fed on grans, Im savin dis penny for anodder neo dude"
> jorge's back and yr gonna be sorry, hey lawdy lawd
> & beware of Airam the Nomad rising from ten thousand lakes

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905. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: bedside reading late late summer

Mon 28 Aug 1995

bedside reading yr book & learning a lot from it.

:-*

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906. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga

Mon 28 Aug 1995

On Sun, 27 Aug 1995, George Bowering wrote:

> >

> > On Fri, 25 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

> >

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> > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

> > > flicka the mother of Thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water's

> > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance

> > > (inspection

> > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing

> > > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several

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> > > All melded like striated film theorists in the pastel seeds of
> > > darkness
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> > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
> > > go ahead
> > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > on for another night--rabbit rabbit rabbit rabbit
> > and ten dull words oft creep in one slow line
 b.n.i.m.m (but not in my mirror) i dig gaby's bunnies

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907. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga

Mon 28 Aug 1995

On Sat, 26 Aug 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

> Sheila E. Murphy wrote

>

> > On Sat, 26 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

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> armaments sano in corporate corridors to
> hold back the Eastern Horde renga take to horse
play & violent stump time air just as i wanted to be some orb
>

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908. **Steve Carll**
Re: Children of the Corn

Mon 28 Aug 1995

Ron Silliman writes:

That's what always has bedeviled me about the poetry in, say, The Nation, an ostensibly left journal that has (ever since Levertov left as poetry editor 30 years ago just as her own work was veering to the right) continually focused on a poetics of the most conservative assumptions. How those assumptions do NOT fit into a larger framework of conservatism/patriarchy I just don't get. It's what I've generally thought of as the "Marilyn Hacker Problem" (probably because she does it well, so it deserves to be looked at critically in her work) of writing unquestioningly in forms that institutionalize a world in which her gender and sexual orientation have historically (and not accidentally) oppressed and suppressed.

I'm wondering about the word "unquestioningly" here. It's always seemed to me that Hacker's "sonnet novel" *Love, Death, and the Changing of the Seasons* was precisely a serious questioning and even deconstruction of the historical assumptions of that form from the perspective afforded by her gender and sexual orientation. And, perhaps more importantly, I think she succeeds to a great extent in de-institutionalizing the sonnet, turning it back into something resembling an empty shell which she then reconfigures as a vessel for what she wants to put in it (although this is, of course, an oversimplification, as no form is as fluid as its content.)

I'd love to hear you (or anyone else, for that matter) expand on this, actually. Can any form be "retrieved"? We recently had a discussion on this list about borrowing forms from other cultures and, either with no knowledge of how they operate in that culture, or by willfully ignoring how they operate in that culture, creating amazing work in the form. Can this be done from *within* the culture in which the form operates, or can we, even while creating, not get far enough outside our cultural assumptions (and if we can't, then does it matter what forms we work in?)

Steve

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909. **Thomas Bell**

Re: Renga

Mon 28 Aug 1995

Jorge Guitart wrote:

| *On Sat, 26 Aug 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:*

> Sheila E. Murphy wrote

>

> > On Sat, 26 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

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> hold back the Eatern Horde renga take to horse
play & violent stump time air just as i wanted to be some orb
>
itally pivots and throwss with his gloved hand to get him at first.
We all wanted to play in the bigs and keeps of Arthurian woe

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910. **Louis Cabri**

surfacing

Mon 28 Aug 1995

I offer that last post of mine as "my head" sent-up for once - the utterly pathetic artifice of its style - in return, as poetic justice, for those heads I may have taken with seeming "predatory intent" since first posting. Fortunately there is a precedent to draw from "in Canada" of self-embarrassment as closure - in for example the saint figures of bpNichol's early work (and elsewhere too).
Anyhow, best to everyone.

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911. **George Bowering**

Re: WASP

Mon 28 Aug 1995

In the Canadian military services during the WWII, a WAC (sometimes CWAC) was a woman in the army, a WREN was a woman in the air force, and a WAVE was a woman in the navy. I know that the terms were used long after the war, but I haven't heard them used much lately. I think I remember that WACs were army women in the US, too.

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912. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga

Mon 28 Aug 1995

>On Sun, 27 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>

>> >In message <[REDACTED]> UB Poetics discussion

>> group

>> >writes:

>> >> >On Sat, 26 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

>> >> >

>> >> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> >> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>> >> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> >> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>> >> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>> >> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee

>> >> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>> >> >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>> >> >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>> >> >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>> >> >> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>> >> >> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> >> >> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> >> >> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> >> >> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>> >> >> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>> >> >> (inspection
>> >> >> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
>> >> >> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
>> >> >> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>> >> >> when the attorney general came, selah haes said, "Dias, oh,ho,
>> >> >> kook!"
>> >> >> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
>> >> >> warehouse, curls
>> >> >> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
>> >> >> dry cleaners
>> >> >> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
>> >> >> prescience
>> >> >> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>> >> >> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
>> >> >> encore
>> >> >> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
>> >> >> moments to be
>> >> >> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
>> >> >> were hooks.
>> >> >> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
>> >> >> darkness
>> >> >> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
>> >> >> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
>> >> >> fruit
>> >> >> of subject's object status, violent transformation
>> >> >> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
>> >> >> and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
>> >> >> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>> >> >> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>> >> >> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>> >> >> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>> >> >> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> >> >> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
>> >> >> go ahead
>> >> >> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes

>> >> >> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>> >> >> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>> >> >> of boys talking on their feet and men talking to their hands
>> >> in whispers conducive to disrobing weaponry
>> >down where dead men tell no lies and misdemeanors
>> whisper the lies of sleep to form small scented chapters
> each with its own erotic carnival and lack of ruin,
plenty of stalagmites seeming to protect whatever we redeem within and of

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913. **beard**

Re: Hello Alfred Corn

Mon 28 Aug 1995

Herb wrote to Alfred Corn:

Apparently no one has ever discussed the etiquette of news groups and mail lists with you. You're acting like a twit. Maybe you're a nice guy & don't mean to be such an asshole, so let me explain some things to you.

When you start reading a newsgroup or mail list, you're supposed to shut up and read for a few weeks (at least), so you have a sense of the common discourse, what areas of the topic have already been covered, who's around the group, etc.

Alfred's posts do have a quality of challenge about them, a challenge to what he sees as the assumptions of this list, and there was a hint of rudeness there. But words like "twit" and "asshole" can only escalate the flamewar, and seem to go beyond the response that a mere breach of netiquette would justify. Perhaps on comp.unix.nerds or whatever, where the net.gods take delight in proving their superiority over ignorant newbies; but not on a list such as this where respect and tolerance might be expected to be the norm.

Instead it seems that Alfred Corn has touched a nerve here, one more closely related to poetics than to listserv etiquette.

You don't just barge in to a mail list, ask a lot of questions and expect everyone to stop what they're doing and explain their lives to you.

In a sense, I'm glad that Alfred did barge in and ask them - some of these are questions that had been niggling in my mind since I joined the list several months ago. Questions such as What is LangPo?, Is this a LangPo list?, How broad are people's interests on this list?, To what extent does this list represent contemporary American poetry? and How does one read or judge LangPo?. Through a lack of courage exacerbated by a surfeit of tact (although I am aware that the latter has not always been in evidence in my posts ;-)) I have never got around to asking these questions. Corn's posts, while dripping

with sarcasm at times, have nevertheless provoked a series of intriguing and occasionally even enlightening replies, whereas a more mildly-worded set of questions might have been ignored.

In addition, the injunction not to "expect everyone to stop what they're doing and explain" would be more appropriate if this list had a FAQ. What usually irritates people about newbies' questions is that everyone asks them - what's interesting in this case is that Alfred's questions were central to what this list is about, but they appear to be very infrequently asked. It appears that most of the posters to this list are highly conversant with LangPo and its practitioners, whereas an outsider, whether geographical (such as myself) or stylistic (such as A.C.), might be forgiven a feeling of bewilderment. I'm not going to say that this list is homogeneous or insular, but it sometimes takes an outsider, whether in innocent curiosity or in snide animosity, to make people question the axioms that seem transparently true to them.

There's really no excuse for you to not know how few so-called language poets are on the list or how diverse the aesthetic interests of the people who regularly post here are.

Well, one could be on this list for weeks, reading and deleting messages about soul, baseball players, US vs Canada, John Cage, Zen and Hole, and still not know whether (for instance) Ron Silliman is a "Language Poet", or find out what "Language Poetry" is. I'm not objecting to the chat on the list (I like chatty lists). I'm just pointing out that it can feel like a private club, where everyone knows everyone else and is in on the joke. For someone like me on the other side of the globe, without access to university resources, and who has to pay \$60 and wait 3 months to order Olson's *Selected*, it would be nice to see some discussion of the *work* of Ron S, Lyn H, Charles B and others.

I'm enjoying this list, and the (slow) process of learning about the kinds of poetry that people here enjoy. While I don't particularly agree with Corn's viewpoints, I must admit to gaining a kind of perverse pleasure at watching people's reactions to the little hand grenades that he's tossed into our midst from the other side of the ramparts.

Tom Beard

I/am a background/process, shrunk to an icon. | Tom Beard I am/a dark place.
| [REDACTED] I am less/than the sum of my parts... | Auckland, New Zealand I
am necessary/but not sufficient, | <http://metcon.met.co.nz/> and I shall
teach the stars to fall | nwfc/beard/www/hallway.html

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914. **Michael Boughn**

Re: Corn talk

Mon 28 Aug 1995

We all got locked in so quickly to the differences between "mainstream" and "avant-garde" or "Language writing" that real conversation had to be found between the shouts. The truth is that Corn is a serious writer and thinker about poetry;

Dear Susan Schultz:

I don't think the "problem" had to do with getting locked into these differences. The problem was that Professor Corn's attitude was insufferably pompous, judgemental, and pretentious, and that every time he posted here, the post contained some veiled or not so veiled accusation, insult, or demand. Well, fuck him.

Given the huge differences on this list between various philosophical and poetic outlooks (some of which I would venture are at least as massive as those between Silliman and Corn), I have never encountered anyone here not open to real conversation. Frankly, I don't think any of this had to do with differences between approaches to poetry, or having a real conversation. I read or have read all the people on Professor Cornpone's pedigree, frequently with pleasure, always with interest, and a number of other people here expressed the same attitude. No, the problem here had to do with Cornpone's profound, unapologetic, and aggressive ignorance. How can anyone, in 1995, be a "serious thinker about poetry" and know nothing about alternative traditions to their own? And then have the arrogance, the gall, to accuse those others of being sectarian? What a dickhead.

The biggest problem with this e-space is you can't pick up a knife off the table and chase that asshole around the room with it. (Although Herb did pretty good, given the limitations.)

Mike


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915. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: Children of the Corn

Mon 28 Aug 1995

If you want to take issue with Corn's notion that "unfamiliar methods of communication" are actually old hat because the French Symbolists used them--and I do want to take issue with that notion--you could point out that the hallowed Emily Dickinson used grammatical and syntactic ambiguity, ellipsis,

obliquity--as one critic pointed out, "unrecoverable deletion." (The source is Emily Dickinson: A Poet's Grammar; I'm spacing on the critic's name right now.) Or see Howe on E.D., who may have been a little more subversive than some of her staunch defenders give her credit for.

Gwyn

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916. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga

Mon 28 Aug 1995

On Sun, 27 Aug 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

> Jorge Guitart wrote:

>

> > On Sat, 26 Aug 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

>

> > Sheila E. Murphy wrote

> >

> > > On Sat, 26 Aug 1995, Rod Smith wrote:

> > >

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> > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

> > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she

> > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

> > > > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's

> > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance

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> > > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango

> > > > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,

> > >> kook!"
> > >> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > >> warehouse, curls
> > >> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> > >> dry cleaners
> > >> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> > >> prescience
> > >> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
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> > >> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
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> > >> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
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> > >> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > >> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > >> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > >> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > >> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > >> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
> > >> go ahead
> > >> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > >> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > >> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > >> of boys talking on their feet and men talking to their hands
> > >> in whispers conducive to disrobing weaponry
> > armaments sano in corporate corridors to
> > hold back the Eatern Horde renga take to horse
> play & violent stump time air just as i wanted to be some orb
> >
> itally pivots and throwss with his gloved hand to get him at first.
> We all wanted to play in the bigs and keeps of Arthurian woe
tinkering with ever & chance (Bud & Lou had it right about *form*)

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917. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga

Mon 28 Aug 1995

On Sun, 27 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >On Sun, 27 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:
> >
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> > > > in whispers conducive to disrobing weaponry
> > > > down where dead men tell no lies and misdemeanors
> > > > whisper the lies of sleep to form small scented chapters
> > each with its own erotic carnival and lack of ruin,
> plenty of stalagmites seeming to protect whatever we redeem within and of
the cave of caves in connecticut, but don't let me unleash you now that

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918. **H. T. KIRBY-SMITH**

Bill Moyers and "Shared values"

Mon 28 Aug 1995

I appreciate being sensitized by Ron Silliman to the risks of talking about "shared" values or ideals. I suppose I should have watched more of the Bill Moyers stuff, but... well.... he did start off as a Baptist preacher, then became

an apologist for Lyndon Johnson, whom I think of as more evil than Nixon because he seemed so humane at one point.

But to get back to poetics and "shared" things. Would "shareable" be any better? That wouldn't seem to presuppose aligning oneself with some already-established hierarchy.

I am much disturbed at any poetics that presupposes an incommunicable authenticity, a messianic or God-like bard who speaks a strange tongue which we fall down before and venerate but which we cannot understand. I don't like the idea of the reader, or listener, serving as the adoring substratum or pedestal. To me there's something creepily reminiscent of a religious ceremony in too many poetry readings--worse, since you don't even get to sing a hymn; it's all preaching or testifying. Once thought of starting an action group called SOPOR, Stamp Out Poetry Readings.

I never can quite get John Nims's epigram straight, the one about an approaching poetry reading:

A vision of the bard appears:
God help your booze, your wives....your ears.

Tom Kirby-Smith
English Department
UNC-Greensboro
Greensboro NC 27412

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919. **Gale Nelson**
Re: music and poetry
Mon 28 Aug 1995

When I listen to tapes of the Four Horsemen or Kenward Elmslie, I do not attempt to categorize them out of music and into poetry or out of poetry and into music.

Gale Nelson

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920. **Chris Scheil**
corn detoured
Mon 28 Aug 1995

,

imperative land that: injury precedes doubt, only no reign in to this visit of amazed sum of originals restoring absolutes. Far seemed this thrill of latest

poop incoming. Get so imperative mail grating to cope opinion with an orchestra of misted anticipation auctioneers that apron to this rail. Imperative: awfully couple beef & biscuit, quiet then sorely of told prayer, thrilling pathos filled double. Kindred uncanny manifolds are serpentine; hearth thunders accidental (what hearth) wee yields beside the leaden lawn. Throughout arrangements, oak drains overhead. Who captures tigers, which imperative logic copes beyond until exclamations purify overhead.

To beloved: with opposite social ponds, imperatives don't tally, saying prayers, white developments to chase phrased sanatoriums: misery, chemical, laconic their thrill. Why is beauty absolute latest, nought aside space of polyglot implications abutting reason only set to latest? Anticipation, implication, a butte heaves north, iron individual, chatting on someone's anamatronic thrill, why only leaders to series this praise to yourself. Anticipation of esteem this span of abstract & paired wastes? On this practice ought incoming of exception pop: this imperfect that amaze poppas arrogate on esteem irons, that northern popul vuh joint evidently grammars ought to go banking, careering beauty bestows callings sorely perplexed, old, chemical only in calling the neighbors the same. Chicken abstracts pair in the extreme: when absolute slave drawbridged with absolute northward maladies of polyglot, down absolute really beloved auction this beloved anticipation in persons centrifugal rebuffs the edge of polyglot with esteem, irony, entry, lessons anticipated, figuring income on esteem, the met opinion excited in palms, release of what elegant hat throughout this? Implications about doubt, about wiped beef and enclosed sanatorium departures, this imperfect sum, whose winning never distressed aside of this out. Jointed till about a hundred abutted reflexes? Originals down the absolute only accidentally, sore in an equilibrium box, gout onto overhangs, respect sorely withheld in pleural anticipation of favours, districts overheard with absolute clatter, except.(?) Beauty howling.

Calling this scarlet tool implication extremely jars my assurance (cool assurance) sorely. Of this prayer say, "Job, joke a hundred jokes on madhouses absorbing ten districts," & popular assurances are easily got for these original rifles (original coffins, original wily coyotes?). Are there jointed tallywhackers that aren't an exception? Implication is in jointed, orange baying jokers, this distract of manifolds? What arrangements abstract stirring? Whispered death knells claw together this vapor cup, that health behold arguments to this exception of polyglotted & snowy debauches. One imperative heaved to another attempt by him to say why hearths doubled the tally of reflex; this "man" poops too, that he told to a racing individual with ADD. Offence throughout arrangements other than ribbon hearth jokes, building to history's exception to that hearing of double miniatures--living (imperative mail, leaden habitation).

Then say, "concerning foxed duplicates from outcry, Corn presaged we ought madly to dishonour & arrogate the external."

Original southern living, that. Wilt they arrange thrilling *fearfully* crushed oracles for that diver to cut "mail" from "man," to overwork towards beauty this destruction, this anticipation that purifys? What imperative danger loads to what help, purifying this detailed carpet of compunction & the clot of thought.

My pain's extreme: imperative to heave rebuff in a manageable anticipation of dinners that tally some glorious apprehension out of them. Imperative is anything I sorely excuse from the individual absolute comedy of accidental thinning. They digress to ally stertorous cores with the joined & are too oriental because their routine skinning schticks often precede the opening & displaying of green carry-lamps. That they are imps in love with a racing amazement regains my individually strewn ironic praise, marched sorely through slang for a motive alone. Hearty atonement, that these madhouses narrow the weary individual to a projection of mute squadrons in a suitable gulf (who are neither Nortoned nor sheeted), mayhap scarlet agoniste's baton, anticipating that individual encounter which some thrilling might cover. To "rebuff" the edge off other, per wrote beauty (my "cypress to help which other latch amaze from that tiger") turning; anticipation, implication just so, what arrangement is this directory that maniacs incoming by cartloads can accidentally yield this whole other slant? guns? Might be too humbled by that joint goodness to sceptic it in anguish, incoming to display this imperfect dye on which these polyglot ought to be batted. In location, so why sum to absolute dispatches, anticipation of the why is a clear absolute pledge in this use of dishonour?

In Amaze, my Camera

Alfresco Cornet

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921. **maria damon**

Re: Children of the Corn

Mon 28 Aug 1995

seve carll writes:

> Ron Silliman writes:

>

> >It's what I've generally

> >thought of as the "Marilyn Hacker Problem" (probably because she does

> >it well, so it deserves to be looked at critically in her work) of

> >writing unquestioningly in forms that institutionalize a world in which

> >her gender and sexual orientation have historically (and not

> >accidentally) oppressed and suppressed.
>
> I'm wondering about the word "unquestioningly" here. It's always seemed to
> me that Hacker's "sonnet novel" *Love, Death, and the Changing of the
> Seasons* was precisely a serious questioning and even deconstruction of the
> historical assumptions of that form from the perspective afforded by her
> gender and sexual orientation.
>
> I'd love to hear you (or anyone else, for that matter) expand on this,
> actually. Can any form be "retrieved"?
>
> Steve

bob perelman referred to the hacker phenomenon as "tuxedo porn," which immediately made me willing to reconsider her, whom i'd regarded with some impatience...md

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922. **Alan Golding**

Lost Mail

Mon 28 Aug 1995

Associate Professor of English, U. of Louisville

Phone: [REDACTED]; e-mail: [REDACTED]

In my early morning/first day of semester fog, I just managed to delete three days of Poetics Digest (Fri.-Sun.). If I lost a personal message from you to me, can you please resend it or backchannel me? Thanks.

Alan

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923. **Mark Wallace**

Re: POETICS Digest - 26 Aug 1995 to 27 Aug 1995

Mon 28 Aug 1995

A message for Bob Drake that I thought I should send to the Poetics List to clear up any confusion:

Bob, in your recent list of magazines and authors, I noticed that next to the name of the magazine I publish (Situation) was a list of names of writers who have never appeared in the magazine, and my name appeared next to a magazine I've never been in. I don't mean this as a criticism, but were you trying to offer info about those magazines, or something else? Maybe I'm just

missing the point, but clarification would help me, and maybe others also...
Hope I'm not being blatantly stupid here...

mark wallace

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924. **Chris Stroffolino**
Re: Children of the Corn
Mon 28 Aug 1995

Gwyn--I think the critic's name is Christine Miller---though the readings she offers of Dickinson are pretty peurile and/or conservative/traditional (LOADED GUN she reads pejoratively as an "adolescent fantasy"), you're right to point out that she points out her conservatism---Actually GWYN I've been thinking of raising this issue on the CAP-L list, where it might be more needed than here---(especially now that corn's gone as schultz says)---are you on that list? would you care to mention it there? chris stroffolino

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925. **Jorge Guitart**
poetry and music
Mon 28 Aug 1995

In the last 96 hours, two unrelated people have given me the (unsolicited) datum that the whole of Emily Dickinson's poetry can be sung to the tune of "The Yellow Rose of Texas". I tried it with "Title divine is mine/the wife without the sign/Acute degree conferred on me/Empress of Calvary, etc." and it sort of works.

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926. **Chris Stroffolino**
Re: Children of the Corn
Mon 28 Aug 1995

GWYN--there was a dreadful typo in my last note on Dickinson--- I mean that Miller points out that Dickinson's syntax, meter, ambiguities (even if we don't appeal to the recent work of MARTA WERNER etc) is NOT as "conservative" as the "scansion" crowd over at CAP-L (presumably) would say---Sorry for the confusion, chris....

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927. **Kenneth Goldsmith**

(no subject)

Mon 28 Aug 1995

take any of them. Emilio. Rob. Tom. Ally. Demi. Andrew. Judd. And you can throw in Molly Ringwald and Charlie Sheen just to be thorough. On gut instinct alone I'm saying that at least one of them will die in an auto crash in the next 6 years.

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928. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: Typoo

Mon 28 Aug 1995

thought that was an unpublished Melville novel!

Want to make one correction to Luigi's list from the Sun & Moon anthology --

I have never been published in *_Avec_* -- In fact, having been unceremoniously rejected on numerous occasions, I gave up -- My poem in the anthology appears in :that:, and god bless steve ellis for being open to unknown poets!

Yes, many of the usual suspects in the anthology, but, as one of the nominators for that year's bunch, I made a point of suggesting poems from more nearly micro presses -- I suppose it's in the nature of an awards anthology that many already-known poets will appear -- but this book at least makes an effort to go beyond the well-established -- several of the poets on Ron Silliman's list of people who might have been in another anthology representing itself as representing something appear here --

(and by the way, thanks *_very_* much to whoever it was who nominated my poem)

one hopes the anthology will become more expansive with each year --

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929. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: Susan's experiment

Mon 28 Aug 1995

experiment design is everything -- there's nothing wrong at all with your desire to get more discussion going among the varied groupings of poets & critics, but such experiments must begin in good faith on all sides -- In this instance, Corn began by insulting everybody and then announced his refusal to do even the most rudimentary job of reading the posts on this list prior to characterizing their tenor and the intellects of those who write them.

Imagine the following --

I have someone forward a post to CAP-L: in this post I announce my genuine desire to engage in thoughtful colloquy: I announce in another post that I once read part of a book by Helen Vendler, but I couldn't get anything out of it. I once looked at an issue of *New Formalist*, but it made no sense, seemed too self-promoting, party-line, etc. I ask CAP-L folk to suggest a "good" formalist poet and further ask that the criteria determining this "goodness" be laid out for me so that I might judge them without actually having to plow through several volumes of published criticism on the subject. And, I declare that I simply haven't time to subscribe to CAP-L or to engage its members in discussion on common ground -- etc.

Well now, what do you think would be the image people might form of my willingness to discuss the issues in good faith?

("colloquy") hell, I'll be back on my own, correctable machine tonight.

Further, suppose that one of the CAP-L folk takes me at my word & offers a reading list -- following that I wonder "outloud" in my still forwarded posts whether that individual is the only one on the list-serv who doesn't hew to the party line (which I somehow know all about without having read anything by any of the participants) --

In my profession we have a name for people who ask others to do all their homework for them --

Now, there are plenty of real dialogues going on about these issues all the time, even at such staid venues as the MLA -- When I present a paper somewhere, there is often a critical respondent on the panel whose task is to test my arguments and my evidence -- we engage in creative debate -- we don't ask intermediaries to carry our slighting remarks into the next room to be read to an audience we clearly disapprove --

anyway -- here's an open invitation to any and all who wish to debate aesthetics to backchannel me or to meet at high noon in the glare of the list serves of America -- but we talk face to face, no?

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930. **Gwyn McVay**
Re: Children of the Corn
Mon 28 Aug 1995

I thought it was Miller, too, but that seemed too simple. Chris S.--No, I'm not on CAP-L, hadn't even heard of it until I subscribed here. I am on CREWRT-L, which is directed more at academia/teachers/students and thus may have a bit

of overlap with them--who knows. Do I get to list the listservs I subscribe to under "Professional Affiliations" on my CV?? And who says fantasies are necessarily puerile? I read that in Miller's book more as her reading of the work's genesis rather than its existing construction, if you can say there's a difference.

Gwyn

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931. **Gwyn McVay**
Re: poetry and music
Mon 28 Aug 1995

Jorge, the "Yellow Rose of Texas," I find, really works best on "Because I could not stop for Death" and "A narrow Fellow in the Grass," giving both a mien of cheery, robust horror.

Gwyn

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932. **David Kellogg**
Re: place genre heading here and behead
Mon 28 Aug 1995

On Sun, 27 Aug 1995, Patrick Phillips wrote:

| *next thing you know, Wyatt Prunty will be president*
| *Gingrich's press secretary.*

Wouldn't be a bit surprised.

Cheers,
David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

David Kellogg	The moment is at hand.
University Writing Program	Take one another
Duke University	and eat.
Durham, NC 27708	

█ --Thomas Kinsella

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933. **Marjorie Perloff**

Re: MisunderstandingsPOETICS Digest5

Mon 28 Aug 1995

I want to clarify a few points because I can see from Susan Schultz's posting and some of the others that one thing I said was sort of misunderstood--my fault no doubt for writing at white heat at midnight as is my wont.

Anyway: I wasn't trying to set up a "them" versus "us" situation and Susan, you know, I don't think there's only one "good" group of poets and so on. I too love Stevens and I admire Merrill's work very much. That was not the issue. What bothered me--and I've since written this to Alfred who wrote me--is that I felt Alfred was being condescending and making the case that, hey, we're actually quite similar, aren't we and besides Rimbaud has already done it so what's so new, and therefore, I felt, co-opting the group a bit in ways I found troublesome. And so I wanted first to remind the people in this group that Charles Bernstein founded it and that far from "language poetry" being where it's at, so far as the larger public goes (and at Buffalo I noticed students especially seem to think this way--which is natural since they're there), that it has been a tremendous uphill battle for the more radical poetries as no one knows better than Ron S.

So just a few facts for the younger people who may not remember all this: 1) In 1978 or so when Bruce and Charles were first editing L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E, poets like Alfred and Sandy, John Hollander, Richard Howard, Charles Wright, and in fact most of the "respected" poets, male or female--Cynthia McDonald, Adrienne Rich, Denise Levertov (who hates L poetry), said loud and clear and in print that language poetry was a scam, a fraud, worthless, and so forth. At the Alabama Poetry Conference (see Hank Lazer, WHAT IS A POET?), Denise L said to Charles Bernstein, who was invited, on my suggestion, only because John Ashbery couldn't come, "Your poetry is no good because it doesn't move people." I asked her, "How do you KNOW it doesn't move people?" No real answer but at that conference Louis Simpson, Gerald Stern, Denise etc. virtually trashed Charles.

2) This was par for the course. In 1985, when I was offered a job at Stanford, Denise tried to sabotage my appointment by writing a memo distributed to every member of the dept, saying that although I was a "very nice lady," she recommended not hiring me because I was too fond of Zukofsky and "would turn the students into little Gertrude Steinlets." She then spent two pages excoriating "language poetry" and said she had met some of these people in San Francisco and that they were without any talent.

3) Now it's not just a question of did or will Lyn win a Guggenheim. The question is, today, in 1995 are things better? Yes and no. No, so far as

Stanford, which just hired Eavan Boland (to my way of thinking a wholly negligible late confessional poet with some Irish patina), is concerned. Michael Palmer and Lyn couldn't even make the short list. And it's no better at Berkeley where, when I recommended Charles and Ron and BOB Perelman a few years back when they had a poetry job, I was told, no one has ever heard of these people and to forget it.

4) Only in the last few years--about 3, I'd say--has the tide turned somewhat. The Buffalo program has gotten a lot of attention. Individual "l poets (some of them like Susan Howe not really l poets anyway) have gotten the attention they deserve. Some have actually gotten academic jobs, although these jobs have little to do with their poetry. Most of the people at Penn didn't even know Bob P wrote poetry! He got tenure strictly on his critical work, believe me. But, yes, in the last few years the "establishment" has finally realized that there are other poets besides Philip Levine and Amy Clampitt. It's still very partial: I was asked to be a poetry consultant for a NEH series called "Poetry for the 21 century." The person doing it keeps sending me lists and I keep telling her I hate them, but the whole ethos is like Bill Moyer's and is all about "how can poetry matter at a time of crisis?"--that sort of rhetoric and the poets to be featured don't include a single poet on this list or known particularly to those on this list. It's Maxine Kumin, Rita Dove, W. S. Merwin, Edward Hirsch, et. al.

But things ARE a little bit better. And I take Alfred's interest as a sign of this. What I took his posting to mean was that perhaps it was time to at least deign to address members of this group since it was becoming clear that language poetry wasn't just an aberration that was going away but that some of its principles and principals were here to stay.

What bothered me is that the response to this less than cordial foray was what seemed like joy--hi, there, Alfred, join the party. And that seems like a certain cooption to me. Because if Alfred Corn is genuinely interested in, say, Lyn's MY LIFE, or in the work published in SULFUR or AERIAL or whatever, let him put his money where his mouth is and invite some of the language poets to read at Columbia or at the New York Y and so on. And once that has happened, once the anthologies really do blur (let's remember that Helen Vendler's Harvard Book doesn't even admit Creeley!), then when can all be very hospitable and say we like poetry of all kinds and isn't it nice how varied American poetry really is.

I hope this makes sense, Susan and Wystan and others who raised what are very real issues.

Marjorie

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934. **Lindz Williamson**

Brat pack

Mon 28 Aug 1995

On Mon, 28 Aug 1995, Kenneth Goldsmith wrote:

take any of them. Emilio. Rob. Tom. Ally. Demi. Andrew. Judd. And you can throw in Molly Ringwald and Charlie Sheen just to be thorough. On gut instinct alone I'm saying that at least one of them will die in an auto crash in the next 6 years.

I'm sorry I don't how this fits in, do we do Hollywood gossip now?

Emilio- accused of being an abusive husband and responsible for Ex- Wife Paula Abdul's bulimia, currently filming Mighty Ducks III

Rob-Video pervert, caught on tape with a minor, best roll he's had lately

Tom- trying to be a respected actor and father of two adoptive children

Ally- in detox

Demi- Vanity Fair playmate of the month, Haper Lee fan and starring in The Scarlet Letter.

Andrew- Washed up, hasn't done anything interesting since Pretty In Pink

Judd- party animal, recently spotted at LUV-A-FAIR (a Vancouver nightclub) buying drinks and drugs for everyone.

Molly- In Europe, trying to escape the type casting of John Hughes

Charlie- soon to be married if he can escape the Heidi (can't spell her last name) Flice trial.

Now fill me in why they're all going to die in car crashes.

Lindz, fan of trash TV.

Ps BET ya that the Cap-L's don't cover the important stuff like this.

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935. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: poetry and music

Mon 28 Aug 1995

Thank you, Gwyn. I was just trying it with "There is certain slant of light/in Winter afternoons/that oppresses like the heft/of cathedral tunes..." and you are right on target about the qualities of the horror.

On Mon, 28 Aug 1995, Gwyn McVay wrote:

Jorge, the "Yellow Rose of Texas," I find, really works best on "Because I could not stop for Death" and "A narrow Fellow in the Grass," giving both a mien of cheery, robust horror.

Gwyn

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936. **Jonathan Brannen**

Re: Children of the Corn

Mon 28 Aug 1995

What's the CAP-L list?

jb

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937. **Louis Cabri**

Riff Barkers Frig Intention's Loam

Mon 28 Aug 1995

Steep
commiseration & brinkfall!
Let the Brinks man visit the next bank
job too late
Disclose indifference
& - coin - the coin
Alarms themselves are the fires we
are a jig
Rigged
transparently romantic
Materialist?
then think your wall
Thought building
class
Class
breaks you're history
History - your
move ear closer
Composition as
film production maybe
Of "of"
intention as
"Ideology

& in other staples
Corn etc"
to the wall
Outside on
its sides
In
sides'
Stomach a natural
pump romantically
Make, fool
yourself not for reason, but a reason
Ladders in every ironed crease
a grim pill's waterway
Wastes
slithers folds
Solvency's
expenses
"Demurs the bank
loan
Me an intention
riffs exculpatorily"
Imperatives
impair!

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938. **Louis Cabri**

Chris Scheil

Mon 28 Aug 1995

I love your situationism. "We" - if you allow me to use this just once & tactically for a mo' - might be limiting ourselves & the issue, as Ron Silliman seems to suggest that "we" are (& here the "we" would embrace some of the rengaists too, & even Ron's one line on the matter) when Corn is dealt with as poetic corn or at least concern. In fact in many ways I agree with him, for when the differences between CAP-L and this listserv are plain why complicate them, in a response to for example a post from a CAP-L member (Corn), with a poetic form of ornamentation, thus trivializing the differences and possibly even obfuscating ("limiting" in that sense) them? Until your post came along!

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939. **beard**

Re: Children of the Corn

Mon 28 Aug 1995

Ron Silliman writes:

That's what always has bedeviled me about the poetry in, say, The Nation, an ostensibly left journal that has (ever since Levertov left as poetry editor 30 years ago just as her own work was veering to the right) continually focused on a poetics of the most conservative assumptions. How those assumptions do NOT fit into a larger framework of conservatism/patriarchy I just don't get. It's what I've generally thought of as the "Marilyn Hacker Problem" (probably because she does it well, so it deserves to be looked at critically in her work) of writing unquestioningly in forms that institutionalize a world in which her gender and sexual orientation have historically (and not accidentally) oppressed and suppressed.

I'm wondering about the word "unquestioningly" here.

Steve Carll writes:

>It's always seemed to
>me that Hacker's "sonnet novel" *Love, Death, and the Changing of the
>Seasons* was precisely a serious questioning and even deconstruction of the
>historical assumptions of that form from the perspective afforded by her
>gender and sexual orientation.

...

>I'd love to hear you (or anyone else, for that matter) expand on this,
>actually. Can any form be "retrieved"?

...

>Can this
>be done from *within* the culture in which the form operates, or can we,
>even while creating, not get far enough outside our cultural assumptions
>(and if we can't, then does it matter what forms we work in?)

Another example of a woman poet (re)claiming the sonnet sequence is Michele Leggott's *_Blue Irises_*, in DIA. This is an explicit attempt to wrest the form away from the traditional formulation of male lover/female beloved towards an expression/exploration of "feminine" sensuality in the broadest sense, and a highly successful attempt it is too. I use the word "feminine" advisedly (knowing the loaded connotations of the word) since "female" doesn't quite cover the field - it is a "femininity" with which I can readily identify.

I think that if one is aware of the cultural assumptions behind a form, then one can quite happily exploit/subvert/play with those assumptions, but it's the assumptions of which one is unaware that are dangerous. But need the values

of the society that creates a form necessarily "contaminate" that form? Does writing in the tradition of Pound make one a fascist?

Tom Beard.

I/am a background/process, shrunk to an icon. | Tom Beard I am/a dark place.
| [REDACTED] I am less/than the sum of my parts... | Auckland, New Zealand I
am necessary/but not sufficient, | <http://metcon.met.co.nz/> and I shall
teach the stars to fall | nwfc/beard/www/hallway.html

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940. **jms**

Rejected posting to [REDACTED]

Mon 28 Aug 1995

This keeps getting rejected. I think it should go through this time. Although it seems a bit out of date now.

Forgive all the <.

Jordon asks:

Juliana Spahr where are you?

I've been lost mainly over the last two years in an all encompassing job search that has hurt all aspects of my life. I remember wanting to continue to discuss with Ron generational issues what now seems like a long time ago but being unable to do that since I spent every free moment writing job letters. My advice: never look for a job.

But I am finding the Alfred Corn discussion most interesting now. I actually am glad that he posts from afar as an intruder. When I was working on getting a graduate student union there used to be this continued discussion about whether people who haven't done any work, who have just shown up at a meeting, should be allowed to participate or not. I would reply similarly to complaints about Corn's posts: it isn't that these people have a right to be involved in the conversation but rather that we need their input because they might say things that might not otherwise be obvious or noticed. While I'm not pleased or actually

glad or feel that Corn has blessed this list with his presence there are things that I've learned from Corn: language poetry remains threatening and poets can, unfortunately, flaunt their lack of knowledge of one of the major poetic movements from the seventies onward without shame (while I've only met a few alternative type poets who have read only alternative type poetry it seems to be almost de rigeur to flaunt one's lack of knowledge about alternative type poetry in certain, mainstream?, circles--I've experience this first hand many times, once in another conversation with Corn). Other thing that has tantalized me: the way both sides claim Ashbery (which tells us something wonderful about his work).

As to Marjorie's:

And as a new generation of students arrives on the scene, I've learned that they have no problems with the "meanings," in, say, Lyn's OXOTA, which my theory class at Stanford read last year and loved. There were a number of Russians in the class and they were especially pleased by their "shock of recognition." Their finding the persons and places they know well in this book.

I just got done teaching at what was basically a glorified composition program at Bard College. For this class I was given an anthology that had poets like Jorie Graham ("Framing") and Ted Weiss ("Fractions") and Lyn Hejinian (My Life, two sections from it) and Charles Bernstein ("A Defence of Poetry"). I tried for the first time to teach without dogma, to teach, in other words, all of these poets (they made me teach Weiss but that is another story). After I was done I asked students to answer a series of questions about how they related to each poem. Questions were: 1) do you take anything away from this poem? if so what, if not why not? 2) what images, devices, or other parts of the poem stick out in your mind? 3) are there any parts of the poem that you identify with or feel a special relation to? All but one of the students didn't like the Weiss (this might be because Weiss also came to read and I think the student that liked the poem skipped the reading). When it comes to what the students liked it seemed to be tied between the other three (even though I didn't ask them almost all of them ranked the poets). I found also that the students had "no problems with the 'meaning'" or with the nonconventional language. Some of their comments were useful (and I did not encourage them to value the work of one poet over another): On Hejinian: "I like the writing style of My Life. I identified with the style of writing, picking out memories, making correlations about your life, but keeping it loose and not super-analytical." On Bernstein: "The poem made me realize how difficult I make things for myself. I read it two times before I could allow myself to just let it be nonsense." "Bernstein makes sense--

many times I'll read into a work too much and it'll turn to mush and get more confusing than it should be." "I relate to this poem because I feel the poet's frustration in a way." "Bernstein's poem I was excited about. Especially when we did that translation. That seemed to stick with me. Also it was so true how by not really studying closely you could decipher what he had written. I liked that."

What I am now wondering: have other people asked similar questions? what have been the results? But also I am also wondering how much of this has to do with the teaching method used at Bard in this program which is something that might be close to Peter Elbow's ideology. Like one of the reason I think My Life might have been available to them as a text was that one of their assignments was to imitate it (write something that is 18 sentences long and without narrative connection). Several of these pieces turned out to be the ones that the student like the best (they would read them at group readings or put them in their portfolios). I'm not sure it is totally the teaching method (I've taught similar works in more traditional classrooms and had some success with them). But it just made me begin to think about what new teaching methods might be required to teach this work.

Sorry to go on at such length about something that might be of little interest. I am curious about this reading and identification issue because it seems to haunt so many of the dismissals of alternative type poetry (and poetry seems to have something to do with identity and identification as the relentless autobiographical impulse of confessional poetry illustrates). Yet, at the same time, I feel that the dismissal of alternative type poetry on the argument that such works don't allow identification is without evidence.

As is obvious, I'm dying to do some real ethnographic work on this issue. Maybe when I get a job...

Juliana Spahr

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941. **Rae Armantrout**

Re: Rejected posting to [REDACTED]

Mon 28 Aug 1995

Juliana,

What was the name of that anthology you used? Who published it? I'd like to see it.

Rae

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942. **maria damon**

it's unsub time

Mon 28 Aug 1995

okay, now that i've weathered the corn-stalking episode, the time has come to say arivederci. i gotta unsubscribe cuz this is taking up all my time and i'll reappear maybe after sept 10 w/ a diff. address. love u all madly, md

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943. **Michael Boughn**

To reefer or not to

Mon 28 Aug 1995

| *Are there people*

| *here who would take this refusal to refer as a principle of their writing?*

Dear Tom Beard:

What does "refer" mean here? Are you proposing some unmediated instrumentality? You don't have to be an I-person to find that idea suspect. What is the address here anyway?

Best,

Mike

[REDACTED]

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944. **beard**

LangPo & the refusal to refer

Mon 28 Aug 1995

Some recent posts discussed whether or not "a refusal to refer" (or words to that effect) was a defining characteristic of Language Poetry. Are there people here who would take this refusal as a principle of their writing? And is writing

that refuses reference necessarily more interesting to you than, for example, writing that acknowledges and takes advantage of the fallibility of reference while still "attempting" to refer to the "world"?

I'm asking this in the spirit of curiosity, and not with any "Corn"y animosity. My practice is closer to the latter of the above two poetics: while I recognise and delight in the ambiguities, allusions and delusions of language, I feel language is more interesting when it refers to something outside of itself, despite (or rather because of) the difficulties that this raises.

We evolved (with) language because it improves our evolutionary fitness - it helps us survive and breed. To do this it has to refer to the objective world, in order for us to modify/avoid/eat it.

When language refers to or otherwise evokes human concerns while being aware of itself, I find it more interesting than when it restricts itself to one of these qualities. Where do people on this list stand on this issue? Reference, self-reference or both of the above? And if language poetry is not defined by a refusal to refer (and several counterexamples of "language poets" whose work does refer have been given recently), then what are peoples definitions?

I hope I don't sound like a rabid taxonomist - it's just that LP is a term that gets bandied about, and it would be interesting to hear what people think when they see this term.

Best wishes,

Tom Beard.

I/am a background/process, shrunk to an icon. | Tom Beard I am/a dark place.
| [REDACTED] I am less/than the sum of my parts... | Auckland, New Zealand I
am necessary/but not sufficient, | <http://metcon.met.co.nz/> and I shall
teach the stars to fall | nwfc/beard/www/hallway.html

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945. **Jeffrey Timmons**

Re: Corn talk

Mon 28 Aug 1995

Having been away for some time and just recently returned I am somewhat surprised at the "tone" of some this "corn talk". . . . I realize he must have stepped on some toes, but I'd like to think that what ever he said he did say it in some spirit of exchange. I guess I object to some of the responses and their needlessly cruel tone. Poetry is not just stylistic, but ideological, yes, but does it have to be so darn mean?

Jeffrey Timmons

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946. **maria damon**
must be kismet

Mon 28 Aug 1995

okay, this is the third take on unsubbing. i can't seem to get it right --or maybe, something's got a holda me and i can't let go, o, o, o, maybe this is my fate, to be tied to cyberpoetics irrevocably hurtling thru space w/ a renga round my throat...cool melody ropes/ entwine my neck...md

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947. **Edward Foster**
Re: furnished, remember?/no renga

Mon 28 Aug 1995

marisa: just got back from motorcycling in the rockies with side-trip (BIG MISTAKE) to Salt Lake City, now here's yr post reminding that this is where yr going and wish to help. Will send books, consolation, the place is infested w/ FAMILIES!

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948. **Jeffrey Timmons**
Re: Rejected posting to [REDACTED]

Mon 28 Aug 1995

I found Julianna's comments very interesting--particularly (and I don't want to beat any dead animals here) as they related to "outsiders" intruding into the POETICS listserv. I think it is good--even if the interlocutor (sp) was not up to snuff for some folks--that we attempt to engage those that do not share our ideology. I think we lose twice when we first reject those that do not share our views and then vent on them. I only skimmed the whole exchange so forgive me if I'm not seeing this thing clearly enough. Also, her comments about teaching "alternative" poetry were great. It is worthwhile, I believe, to discuss the success or failures of such classroom (or other) experiences with other than "mainstream" poetries (and we all know it when we see it. I guess one question might be, is identification necessary for the aesthetic experience? I mean, is identification with poetry taught as a way to engage with it? I am curious as to why such a mode of response seems so prevalent. I'd like to see more discussion of such work with poetry.

Jeffrey Timmons

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949. **Robert Drake**

Re: Typoo

Mon 28 Aug 1995

aaarrrrrrrrrgggguh...

first, sincere & abject apologies for the word-processing (& lack of proofreading) error that resulted in the scrambled attributions in the _stein awards..._ listing. i'll post a corrected (tho probably still imperfect listing) after this...

i hope that my error doesn't keep folks from responding to my question, tho, of whether or no (or in what ways) there is a langpo orthodoxy, and if so, how that "tradition" is compatable with an program that sets out to challange received traditions... as further data, i'm recalling various references in recent posts where folks 'fess up to liking various poets (frm stevens on down...) but being hesitant to admit, lest they show their un-hipness. if it intimidates like a cannon, it just might _be_ a canon (tho certainly there are bigger guns...)

its kind of the contradition of any "avant guard movement", eh? th attempt to construct a space (social space? community?) that challenges the normative values, w/out imposing its own norms on itself... th 13yr old daughter (fan of Hole, amongst other female rock bands) was just explaining to me why she hates the term "alternative" music, how coopted it is... being a parental unit, of course, i just wouldn't understand...

lbd

6ix:.....abigal child
abacus:.....liz waldner
arshile:.....gilbert sorrentino
 robert creeley
avec:.....charles bernstein
 david bromige
 karen mac cormack
 kit robinson
 mary angeline
 michael davidson
 peter ganick
 phillip foss
 rae armantrout

steve mccaffery
william fuller
big allis:.....catriona strang
conjunctions:.....forrest gander
myung mi kim
exquisite corpse:.....will alexander
grand street:.....lyn hejinian
martine bellen
mei-mei berssenbrugge
robert fitterman
green z:.....jeff vetock
pam rehm
hundred flowers:.....janet gray
lingo:.....albert mobilio
charles north
craig watson
kenward elmslie
peter gizzi
tan lin
long news...:.....barbara guest
aaron shurin
lower limit speech:.....brett evans
buck downs
drew gardner
joe ross
kim rosenfield
susan smith nash
lyric&:.....elizabeth robinson
george albon
mirage:.....juliana spahr
o-blek:.....cole swensen
daniel davidson
deanna ferguson
elizabeth willis
jeff derksen
jennifer moxley
jessica grim
john mcnelly
mark wallace
roberto tejada
rod smith
susan m. schultz

o.ars:.....andrew levy
 bruce andrews
 stephen ratcliffe
object:.....joan retallack
poetry project:.....nathaniel mackey
raddle moon:.....finoa templeton
 jean day
 kathryn macleod
 lisa robertson
 peter inman
re*map:.....paul vangelisti
ribot:.....martha ronk
 norma cole
 rober corsson
situation:.....bill tuttle
 elizabeth burns
 jeff conant
 sheila murphy
sulfur:.....michael palmer
 rachel blau duplessis
talisman:.....john perlman
 laynie browne
 michael ledly
texture:.....clark coolidge
that:.....a.l. nielsen
to:.....dennis phillips
 larry eigner
 nathaniel tarn
 ray dipalma
 tom mandel
washington review:.....darin de stefano
witz:.....nick piombino
the world:.....douglas messerli
 elaine equi
 kimberly lyons
 lydia davis
 marjorie welish

luigi

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950. **Pierre Joris**
Re: new & forthcoming
Mon 28 Aug 1995

Issa -- first, thanks for the kind words on Breathturn. & yes, more volumes are forthcoming: the plan right now is to publish Threadsuns next year & Lightduress a year later. Pierre

=====

Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."
Dept. of English | --Paul Celan
SUNY Albany |
Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots
tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet
email: | drawn up plans for the first coup."
[REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne

=====

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951. **Steve Carll**
Old Hats, New Heads?
Tue 29 Aug 1995

If you want to take issue with Corn's notion that "unfamiliar methods of communication" are actually old hat because the French Symbolists used them--and I do want to take issue with that notion--you could point out that the hallowed Emily Dickinson used grammatical and syntactic ambiguity, ellipsis, obliquity--as one critic pointed out, "unrecoverable deletion." (The source is Emily Dickinson: A Poet's Grammar; I'm spacing on the critic's name right now.) Or see Howe on E.D., who may have been a little more subversive than some of her staunch defenders give her credit for.

Gwyn

So if even ED was using them, wouldn't it still mean they're old hat?

A little more seriously, I think it's the fact that we become (or seem to become) through various cultural methods of coopting what is unfamiliar, Cf. Emily's canonization despite the fact most of us still don't quite have a handle on what she's talking about!) familiar with the unfamiliar methods of communication, and then someone needs to come up with a new tactic for defamiliarizing us that makes us realize--language is bigger than we are (or our poems smarter; whatever).

Steve

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952. **Steve Carll**
(no subject)

Tue 29 Aug 1995

Kenny:

Don't change the subject!

Steve

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953. **Chris Stroffolino**
Re: poetry and music

Tue 29 Aug 1995

GWYN and JORGE---Dylan's "Gates Of Eden" (did I say this b4?) ALMOST works as a setting for Dickinson too---

---CS.

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954. **Lindz Williamson**
Help..

Tue 29 Aug 1995

I copied this, but I can't remember who posted it.

"When language refers to or otherwise evokes human concerns while being aware of itself, I find it more interesting than when it restricts itself to one of these qualities. "

i agree with this because it makes the language responsible and introspective upon itself. I'm having trouble with understanding these LAnguage poets and I think this is the main cause. I still see poetry as a form of communication as that is the primary use of language. POetry although not directly conversive still does perform this task, why eles do we feel the need to write poems in response to other poems. Or even why do we renga? Word play, concrete images, and phonetics are experiments within the realm, but communication is the goal. If not then why bother showing it to anyone else. If its not going to invoke emotion or atleast a reaction then I don't understand the purpose.

Lindz

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955. **Aldon L. Nielsen**
Re: Alan Golding's Lost Mail
Tue 29 Aug 1995

Alan -- I sent you a virus, but it seems you've escaped my perverse designs once more. Coises, foiled again.

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956. **Chris Stroffolino**
Re: MisunderstandingsPOETICS Digest5
Tue 29 Aug 1995

Marjorie--thanks for the post---Okay Rod (etc.), I relent--Marjorie in this case is right.....cs

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957. **Aldon L. Nielsen**
Re: ref ref
Tue 29 Aug 1995

How would a writer go about refusing to refer, and in what language could such a refusal ever be accomplished?

No, what I think happened back there (and I'm old enough to remember) was a critique of a correspondence theory of truth and a radical questioning of representation -- another kettle of fish entirely --

Charles Dickens rewrites Wittgenstein:

The world is all. _That_ is the case.

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958. **Susan Schultz**
Re: MisunderstandingsPOETICS Digest5
Tue 29 Aug 1995

Thanks, Marjorie, for putting everything in perspective as only one who's been in the trenches of the avant-garde (sorry, that became intentional only halfway through) can do. I see why lines got drawn so strongly, at least on "our" side, if not on that of the Establishment. But what makes me pause at this moment in history is that I see, in my very few experiences of "mainstream" poets, a kind of envy toward the Language group (to say nothing of so-called multicultural poets, who include anyone not white, so far as I can see). When Charles B was in Hawaii, he got attacked for being a successful academic, which was rather ironic since he'd only had the Buffalo job for about three

years when he came here--and he was being attacked by other successful academics, though they obviously didn't think so. It's rather like the way poets on our faculty used to dismiss local writers as "inferior" and now try to argue against them on the grounds that they publish themselves in BAMBOO RIDGE, a wonderful journal that was founded in part because these writers couldn't get into other journals--or didn't want to. So we've now hired a "distinguished visiting writer" FROM Honolulu, after the creative writing faculty spent hours wondering whether to take the "distinguished" part off the title. Such progress.

At any rate, I still hope for some cross-listed dialogues at some point. And I think that the current balance of power (or lack thereof) between old and new establishments may help. May.

Susan

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959. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: To reefer or not to

Tue 29 Aug 1995

I was talking with George Stanley about this the other night. According to him, the notion of words refusing to refer is impossible, unless they are not words, I suppose. Maybe we mean mean.

Michael B. wrote:

*Are there people
here who would take this refusal to refer as a principle of their writing?*

Dear Tom Beard:

What does "refer" mean here? Are you proposing some unmediated instrumentality? You don't have to be an I-person to find that idea suspect. What is the address here anyway?

*Best,
Mike*

██████████

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960. **George Bowering**

Re: communication

Tue 29 Aug 1995

Lindz, communication is probably going to happen. When you get into trouble is when you think of communication AT THE TIME of composition, if you have something you want to tell some other person. That is when you will screw the p[oem. You dont have to emp[loy Spicer's trope of the radio/poet, but it would be a good idea while composing to be all ears rather than aware of using the words to convey something to someone.

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961. **Ron Silliman**

Re: music and poetry

Tue 29 Aug 1995

>When I listen to tapes of the Four Horsemen or Kenward Elmslie, I do not

>attempt to categorize them out of music and into poetry or out of poetry

>and into music.

>

>Gale Nelson

>

Well, Kenward Elmslie will always be a category of himself.

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962. **Ron Silliman**

From the CAP-L list

Tue 29 Aug 1995

I thought I would repost this message from the CAP-L list, where they have been discussing "can poetry occur in T-shirts, rock songs, etc." with some of the same oblique anxieties about the Moyers phenomenon as we (I) have expressed here. The question of slams is interesting to me in that it is as far removed, I think, from the Poetics list as a characteristic genre of poetry as it is from CAP-L.

While I'm here, I do want to say that I've been startled by the anger (M Boughn, say) that has been expressed at Corn's attempt to articulate his position, say. I always try to treat the list from a netiquette standpoint much as I would a cocktail party in which everyone will be able to remember what you said tomorrow (because they can look it up in the archives!). Personally, I appreciate

his attempts, regardless of their tone or his unwillingness to join a list that sends 50 messages a day....

Ron Silliman

██████████

Subject: Poetry Slams

The discussion about t-shirts, etc. makes me wonder (since I am fairly new to

this list) if the whole poetry slam phenomenon, and its implications (if any)

for more traditional (?) kinds of poetry, has been debated here. If it's all

been hashed out ad nauseam, apologies; but if not, I'd be interested to hear

what people think.

For my part, I'm pleased to see poetry on subways, buses, posters, t-shirts,

and any place else it will fit.

John Landrigan

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963. **Ron Silliman**

CAP-L/refusing to refer

Tue 29 Aug 1995

You wrote:

>

>What's the CAP-L list?

>

Contemporary American Poetry Listserv (a discussion group like this, only with far fewer posts and more conservative poets involved. Alfred Corn is the most visible poster there.)

Also, forgot to mention in that refusal to refer post response to Tom Beard above that what I do think was/is happening is that reference is being considered as an active variable in the poem, that can be modified and directed to a lot of different places. Quite a distinction from mere refusal.

Ron Silliman

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964. **Ron Silliman**

Repost, re post

Tue 29 Aug 1995

There's a post below, believe me. I decided to leave all this weird header stuff in. I've posted 5 little missives to POETICS this AM (it's 6:05 right now), using the reply button each time. Three got through and two did not. I have no idea why, Loss. This bounceback arrived from New Zealand, so it appears the internet is taking the long way to Buffalo.

Hmmm,

Ron

---- Begin Forwarded Message

(8.6.12/SMI-4.1/Netcom)

id CAA22333; Tue, 29 Aug 1995 02:33:56 -0700

Date: Tue, 29 Aug 1995 09:36:04 EDT

From: Local delivery agent <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Subject: LOCAL delivery error

Note: this message was generated automatically.

An error was detected while processing the enclosed message. A list of the affected recipients follows. This list is in a special format that allows software like LISTSERV to automatically take action on incorrect addresses; you can safely ignore the numeric codes.

--> Error description:

Error-For: "[REDACTED]"@metdp1.met.co.nz

Error-Code: 2

Error-Text: Error in delivery to user [REDACTED]
%MAIL-E-USERSPEC, invalid user specification
'@UBVM.CC.BUFFALO.EDU'

Error-End: 1 error detected

----- Rejected message

SMTP; Tue, 29 Aug 1995 09:35:56 EDT

CAA18331; Tue, 29 Aug 1995 02:33:23 -0700

Date: Tue, 29 Aug 1995 02:33:23 -0700

From: [REDACTED] (Ron Silliman)

Subject: Pound's forms

To: [REDACTED]

Tom Beard asks

Does writing in the tradition of Pound make one a fascist?

No it does not. Nor does writing a sonnet, as Bernadette Mayer, Louis Zukofsky, Ted Berrigan and others have repeatedly proven. Forms by themselves are amoral. It is how they are used.

But they do have formal implications and the order of the sonnet is so thoroughly ingrained and historically conditioned not by one poet but by at least 6 centuries of poetry that its implications (its expression

of a universe of great and preordained orderliness) have to be dealt with in some fashion whenever one uses the mode. Some people (see above) play against that and use the form ironically to great affect. I'm more concerned/disturbed by a poetics that seems to "leave it alone" as a form, which at best is laziness and at worst seems truly conflicted and disturbing (which is how I read the formal strategies in

a poet like Merrill, who is fascinating in his dreadfulness, given his enormous talents).

Ron Silliman

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965. **Ron Silliman**

Repost #2

Tue 29 Aug 1995

Repost #2

Tom Beard writes,

>

>Some recent posts discussed whether or not "a refusal to refer" (or words to that effect) was a defining characteristic of Language Poetry.

This canard is a carry-over from some of the first put downs of LP in the late 70s (exacerbated, I must say, by some of the early attempts of

articulating what was going on, viz. Grenier's pre-LP term for this movement "nonreferential formalism").

But I think I'm the most referential poet who ever lived. Although Bruce Andrews might be moreso.

Ron

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966. **Michael Boughn**
Re: From the CAP-L list

Tue 29 Aug 1995

*While I'm here, I do want to say that I've been startled by the anger
(M Boughn, say) that has been expressed at Corn's attempt to articulate
his position, say.*

Dear Ron:

I guess we all have our buttons, eh? After spending 12 years on the shop floor encountering that attitude (Corn's arrogance) every day, it sends me over the edge. That combined with the fact that I really just get so tired of being accused of sectarianism by sectarians wrapped in the flag of "transparency" (as I was after a recent reading in Toronto).

The knife thing was a joking reference to an old Buffalo Creeley story, though I think that incident involved a discussion of jazz, not poetry. Bob, of course, wielded the blade. Ah, those were the days.

Part of Corn's arrogance is his assumption he can say anything he wants, and not have to account for it. Where I come from, you can say whatever you want, but you better understand that some people take these things personally and act accordingly.

Best,
Mike



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967. **Daniel Bouchard/College/hmco**
Laughlin/Corbett

Tue 29 Aug 1995

FYI: Anyone who will be in or near Boston on September 14, James Laughlin and William Corbett will be reading at a local bookstore. I'll provide details for those interested.

daniel_bouchard @ hmco.com

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968. **Rae Armantrout**
Re: Repost #2

Tue 29 Aug 1995

I think most L poetry (and I have some doubts about whether that is even a meaningful term) is closer to a wild excess of reference than to a refusal to

refer. My work has been included in most Langpo groupings since the beginning and, personally, I have never refused to refer.

Rae Armantrout

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969. **Herb Levy**
an aside on grants 'n' stuff

Tue 29 Aug 1995

Some people have noted with various degrees of despair which writers receives support from MacArthur, Guggenheim, & the like.

In most cases, staff members don't choose grantees, but they do greatly influence the outcome through their selection of jurors. Who gets funded is a function of who selects the selection panel & why. Because it's a matter of public record, you can go through the NEA's annual reports & see how even 1 or 2 supportive panelists can substantially change the stylistic range of grant recipients.

In the case of the MacArthur Fellowships, for instance, where the literary selections have been primarily dreary, the selections for composers with some link to the "jazz" tradition have been almost uniformly "progressive" (is that a less "problematic" term than "avant garde"?) and recipients have included musicians such as Ran Blake, Anthony Braxton, Ornette Coleman, George Russell, & Cecil Taylor.

Note that, while this works toward solving the problem of lack of recognition for less "mainstream" artists in the field, it increases the problems of at least a perceived "official" "avant garde." (& if you don't think there's been a lot of talk among conservatives as to why "the only MacArthur awards in jazz have been to these weird so-called avant garde jazz musicians", then you don't get out enough.)

Note too, that the MacArthur awards for composers working more directly in the western classical tradition have been much spottier in their support of artists working outside of the traditional venues.

I can imagine the changes in the system that could in turn change who gets funded, but I can't imagine what it would take for those changes to occur.

Herb Levy



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970. **Herb Levy**

Re: place genre heading here and behead

Tue 29 Aug 1995

Chris -

I address some of the issues you raise in another post, but to answer one of your other points: Corn's "code" name is an undented <Indepen>.

Bests

Herb Levy



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971. **Herb Levy**

Re: Hello Alfred Corn (longish)

Tue 29 Aug 1995

Tom (& others) -

Believe me, I know how much of an asshole I was.

In the thread "marketing strategies" a few weeks ago (the thread that apparently got Corn interested in nosing around here to begin with) I wrote a little about the limits of negative definition in the "avant garde" tradition. To put this most succinctly, a sense of who "they" are isn't enough, there's got to be a useful common definition of who "we" are, too. This group is diverse enough that the ready-made terms don't work (though Alan Golding is, perhaps, moving in the right direction, with his phrase 'the "so-called 'so-called "language poets"'). All negative definitions are, by their nature, reactionary and far more limited than even the most provisional positive definition. (I'm talking about tendencies here, I realize that definitions are contextual & can't be entirely negative or entirely positive.)

In any case, however clear the various individuals "here" at poetics are about their positions in regard to "language poetry" the "mainstream," the "avant garde," or anything else, the sense of the place itself is much more provisional & fragile. Recently there've again been the beginnings of a discussion of who "we" may be, of what this "place" is. This is an endless topic, that many find seem to find annoying. It can't, or shouldn't, take the place of others discussions, but it's part of the function (or at least the use-value) of this list, that it's one of the topics "here."

In other words, I think the issue of what this place is, is more important than the definition of any particular stripe of "non-'mainstream'" writing that may be represented here. In this light, it was particularly annoying to see the few

halting steps in this direction subverted again and again by Corn's willfully (& aggressively) ignorant questioning.

I'm not an isolationist (the poetry I'm reading now includes Carla Harryman's *Vice*; a stack of various visual poetries from *Light & Dust*; & James Merrill's *Changing Light at Sandover*). Susan Schultz is right that people on all sides of the divide need to know how to talk to each other. But, <poetics> isn't some monolithic institution, there are already people from many sides of the divide trying to talk right "here." That's why there are the fifty messages a day that Ron Silliman correctly notes would ward off many sane people from poking their nose in "here." (For most of the last month, I've been getting my email every 2 or 3 days, so I really understand the problems this kind of volume creates.) But it's also why all of those messages are important, not just the ones which pertain directly to my (or anyone else's) interests. The range of the discussions "here," including all the chat, rengas, and bad jokes, is what "here" is.

I really do think that, given given the fragile or tentative beginnings of group definition "here" at <poetics>, it's exactly NOT the time to get caught up in defining "ourselves" in terms of "them" & how "they" see "us." I've seen too many interesting "alternative" new music projects (concert series, festivals, ensembles, recording companies, publications, etc.) dry up (either literally or figuratively) when they decided to be too "inclusive," too quickly, to want to see the same thing happen "here."

Chris Stroffolino is right that we need to question critical paradigms, as well as what makes this potentially "virtual" community feel like more than just another bundle of unexamined email. & he's right that self-serving poormouthing along the lines of "the power of pretending you have no power" can be as much of a problem "here" as it can be anywhere. (I think there are other sources for this concept that go into somewhat greater analytic detail than the current renga; Gramsci & Foucault are two that come to mind.) This was also a significant issue in a previous "renga" composed mainly by Spencer Selby & Tom Mandel several months ago.

But the solution to this posturing on power issues isn't to appeal to some authority with even a little more power in the still quite tiny world of, what do we call it since there is no mainstream, more generally recognizable (?) poetry, even if that authority is also willing to claim that they too have no power. That's still a negative definition of <poetics-list> and I don't think it'll move anything forward.

Anyway, Tom (& others), yes I was an asshole. But, obviously, I've at least rationalized it enough so I don't feel too badly about it. Sorry to any of you who were offended.

Bests

Herb Levy



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972. **Fred E. Maus**

Re: an aside on grants 'n' stuff

Tue 29 Aug 1995

The MacArthur awards in music scholarship--Steven Feld, Gary Tomlinson, now Susan McClary--have been brilliant.

Fred

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973. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: pardon my formalism

Tue 29 Aug 1995

I will be signing off the list for awhile--If anybody wants to get in touch with me, please backchannel---thanks alot, and it's been 'fun'---chris stroffolino

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974. **Gale Nelson**

Re: Laughlin/Corbett

Tue 29 Aug 1995

On the same day that Bill Corbett and James Laughlin read in Boston, we'll have Rae Armantrout reading in Providence. Alas, cloning seems an unlikely solution to making it to both readings...

Gale Nelson

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975. **Rae Armantrout**

Re: Laughlin/Corbett

Tue 29 Aug 1995

That reminds me that I could use the list to say that I'll be reading at Brown the evening of Sept. 14 and at U. Penn on the 15th in the afternoon.

Rae A.

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976. **Jordan Davis.**

Re: Renga

Tue 29 Aug 1995

> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> >& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> >flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> >halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > (inspection
> >denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> >pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> >mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> >when the attorney general came, selah haes said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > kook!"
> >Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > warehouse, curls
> >no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> > dry cleaners
> >piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> > prescience
> >the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> >the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> > encore
> >Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> > moments to be
> >of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> > were hooks.
> >All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> > darkness
> >falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise

> >sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> > fruit
> >of subject's object status, violent transformation
> >la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> >and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> >shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> >flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> >by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> >through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
> > go ahead
> >and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> >out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that

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977. **Jordan Davis.**

Re: Renga

Tue 29 Aug 1995

>> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>> >> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>> >> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> >> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
>> >> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> >> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>> >> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>> >> (inspection
>> >> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing

>> >> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
>> >> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>> >> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
>> >> kook!"
>> >> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
>> >> warehouse, curls
>> >> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
>> >> dry cleaners
>> >> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
>> >> prescience
>> >> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>> >> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
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>> >> moments to be
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>> >> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
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>> >> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>> >> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>> >> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>> >> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> >> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
>> >> go ahead
>> >> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>> >> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>> >> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>> >> of boys talking on their feet and men talking to their hands
>> in whispers conducive to disrobing weaponry
>down where dead men tell no lies and misdemeanors
whisper the lies of sleep to form small scented chapters
of participation, a kind of rhomboid pastry it turns out

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978. **Alan Golding**

Subjects

Tue 29 Aug 1995

Associate Professor of English, U. of Louisville

Phone: [REDACTED]; e-mail: [REDACTED]

My usual random list of responses, questions, etc. to various folks' posts:

Gwyn: Assuming that CREWRT-L is a creative writing programs list (that is, it sounds like it is from the name), how does one subscribe?

Gwyn and Jorge: Where "The Yellow Rose of Texas" works for ED, so too usually does "Heartbreak Hotel," I've found. Very appropriate for "There's a certain slant of light. If that fails to inspire, put "Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening" to "Hernando's Hideaway," and "A Psalm of Life" to "My Darling Clementine. " Really.

Since a couple of people recently have mentioned Cris (it's actually Cristanne) Miller's name, y'all might want to know about her and Lynn Keller's edited essay collection from Michigan, *Feminist Measures: Soundings in Poetry and Theory*. Essays likely to be of especial interest to the list would include pieces by Rachel Blau DuPlessis, Joan Retallack, M. Nourbese Philip; one on Theresa Hak Kyung Cha; and one by Lynn Keller on the very topic raised here, Marilyn Hacker's reclamation of the sonnet sequence.

Since I like to be a little perverse: can Edna St. Vincent Millay be said to reclaim the sonnet sequence for "alternative" purposes? Elinor Wylie in "One Person?"

Alan

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979. **George Bowering**

Re: Herb's anatomy

Tue 29 Aug 1995

Herb, you werent an asshole. You were more of a sacrificial duck. While most of the people here were being very (ironically sometimes) polite to Corn, many were probably thinking of bad things to say to him, stuff he might have to hear, even if it didnt do any good. I for one, while cringing a little at the vehemence, appreciated your posting and enjoyed it, to tell the truth. While it would do little good to weild flamethrowers all over the place like testosterone boys on a Star Wars net, ((wield, I mean)) one does get a but weary of smarminess. When I was a younger dad I didnt much like my kid's daycare races in which everyone got a ribbon. Well, I kind of liked it. You see the ambivalence? That is, Someone

on this list needed to say that stuff to/about Corn. You, as fate wd have it, got the job. And I think we owe you our thanks. We got to come off as goodies with both shoes on while you jumped into the war zone.

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980. **Kit Robinson**

LangPo & the refusal to ref

Tue 29 Aug 1995

Subject:

Time: 2:20 PM

OFFICE MEMO

LangPo & the refusal to refer

Date: 8/29/95

Tom,

This idea that language poetry is somehow non-referential, which I think Ron was partly responsible for promulgating in an essay in the 70s, has never made any sense to me. Words refer, and it's almost impossible to use them without doing so, even if one wanted to, which most of the usual suspects under the L= rubrick don't, least of all Ron, whose work can be mined like a time capsule of 70s-90s Bay Area daily culture (so far). Maybe P. Inman would qualify, working as he has at the level of the phoneme, but for the most part, forget it. What might distinguish langpo -- but why is anyone so anxious to do so? -- would be the role of referentiality among other dynamics: sound, rhythm, syntax, synthesis, the page, the tone, the tome. So that the transparency associated with a writing in which referentiality takes precedence over all other factors is rejected in favor of what? Not opacity really, though it may seem that way at first, but a continually shifting frame of reference that enacts itself as content.

Wait a minute. Who's work am I talking about now? By defining a school, one rigidifies reference, just what I hate. Boundaries are porous. References litter the ground, which keeps moving us, round & around, with all that's said and done just under foot.

Kit

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981. **George Bowering**

Re: referring

Tue 29 Aug 1995

I have been rifling the books and staying up all night thinking and drinking only mineral water from the Rockies, and I think I have it:

every word in every language refers

and when you get right down to it, none of them does, really.

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982. **George Bowering**

Re: Hernando

Tue 29 Aug 1995

"Hernando's Hideaway" also works splendidly with that Housman poem that starts

Oh I have been to Ludlow Fair
and left my jockstrap god knows where
and carried halfway home or near
pints and quarts of Ludlow beer.

etc

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983. **Jordan Davis.**

wac

Tue 29 Aug 1995

Women's Action Coalition (?)--viz. WAC Stats, a useful collection of statistics re discrimination against women in the worlds of work, art, and society...

Lindz & kg

last I heard those actors were explaining why Johnny Winona Brad Keanu and River didn't really bring anything new to acting

Jordan

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984. **Michael Boughn**

Re: Herb's anatomy

Tue 29 Aug 1995

| G. Bowering writes:

| *Herb, you werent an asshole. You were more of a sacrificial duck.*

Allow me to say, with no irony, right-on.

Mike



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985. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga

Tue 29 Aug 1995

> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning>> >>
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > > (inspection
> > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > > kook!"
> > > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > > warehouse, curls
> > > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> > > dry cleaners
> > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> > > prescience
> > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> > > encore
> > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> > > moments to be
> > > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> > > were hooks.
> > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> > > darkness
> > > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise

> > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> > > fruit
> > > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
> > > go ahead
> > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > of boys talking on their feet and men talking to their hands
> > > in whispers conducive to disrobing weaponry
down where dead men tell no lies and misdemeanors
whisper the lies of sleep to form small scented chapters
> of participation, a kind of rhomboid pastry it turns out
reading, "sex is true happiness; the idea that merely by screw-

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986. **Jordan Davis.**

rerenga

Tue 29 Aug 1995

> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning>> >>
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in
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> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
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> > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
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> > > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
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> > > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
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> > > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > > of boys talking on their feet and men talking to their hands
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down where dead men tell no lies and misdemeanors
whisper the lies of sleep to form small scented chapters
> of participation, a kind of rhomboid pastry it turns out
reading, "sex is true happiness; the idea that merely by screw-
driver solfege anthrax micrometer of double rabbit

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987. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga

Tue 29 Aug 1995

> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
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> > >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
> > > go ahead
> > >and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > >out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> which explains why the pump is busted and why
> he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon

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988. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: Renga

Tue 29 Aug 1995

On 29 Aug 95 at 18:54, Jorge Guitart wrote:

> > >> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > >> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning>>
>> First in
> verted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
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> > >> >> of boys talking on their feet and men talking to their hands
> > >> in whispers conducive to disrobing weaponry
> down where dead men tell no lies and misdemeanors
> whisper the lies of sleep to form small scented chapters
> > of participation, a kind of rhomboid pastry it turns out
> reading, "sex is true happiness; the idea that merely by screw-
drivers, mimosas, and those bloody marionettes we can

-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----

|||/ Joseph Zitt ==== [REDACTED] ===== Human Systems \|||

||/ Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \||

||/Joe Zitt's Home Page\|

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989. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: "getting" jazz

Tue 29 Aug 1995

On 29 Aug 95 at 20:02, Steve Carll wrote:

I don't honestly know why, but all of a sudden, after 25-some years of not being real interested in jazz (I grew up on pop and rock--everyone from the Beatles to Simon & Garfunkel to punk and Motorhead), I just all of a sudden had some unquenchable interest in it.

That happened to me, too, after 20-some years of strict classical snobbery. I can pin down the pieces that did it, too: Coltrane's "A Love Supreme" (which a friend got me to listen to as minimalism, all built up from that 4 note motif), Ornette Coleman's "Beauty is a Rare Thing" (which sounded to me like improvised Webern), and a whole evening of listening to Art Ensemble of Chicago records. I was hooked, and dove headfirst into the Smithsonian Collection -- listening to the sides in reverse order so I could hear how the avant-garde stuff, that I clicked with, could give me clues on how to listen to the older material. -----

1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1----- |||/ Joseph Zitt ==== [REDACTED]

===== Human Systems \||| ||/ Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage

Mailing List \|| ||/Joe Zitt's

Home Page\|

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990. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: Laughlin/Corbett

Tue 29 Aug 1995

how do you do the "no mail" command? for some reason i keep getting mail--even though I did what I thought was the no mail command---cs

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991. **Lee Chapman**

Yasusada = Hoax?

Tue 29 Aug 1995

As one of the editors who recently published work by Araki Yasusada (Brad Morrow, CONJUNCTIONS, and Jean Stein, GRAND STREET, were others), I feel a responsibility to inform anyone who may have read the work (in FIRST INTENSITY #5) that it is more than likely a hoax; that is, a person or persons unknown to me at this time concocted the bio and writings of this supposed Hiroshima poet. The person who submitted the work to me refuses to confirm or deny the rumors of fakery, and with absolutely no evidence in favor of Yasusada's existence, while there is plenty against it, I think it's safe to assume that the rumors are true.

I don't want to interrupt the flow of current discussions to use this forum for a big screechy diatribe on the ethical ramifications of such practices, but I want everyone to know that I did not know of the hoax when I accepted the work, which obviously I found very moving--and timely, of course. However, I believe that the author's deliberate targeting of some major literary magazines, such as CONJUNCTIONS, just in time for the 50th anniversary of the horror of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki is indefensible.

If the purpose was to bring attention to this 50-year-old horror, well I think we are already perfectly aware of that--many of us have been living "under that bomb" for all our lives! If the author's purpose was to assure that he/she/they received closer attention by synchronizing their attack with the anniversary, well they succeeded. They got our attention. But now what are they going to do with it?

My main purpose here is to alert you all to this hoax, and to warn any publishers who may have been approached by anyone (such as Kent Johnson of Freeport, Illinois, who submitted the work to me) claiming to be associated with "Yasusada's editors."

The perps did a nice job of writing, but they trashed their own creation when they decided to trash their readers' hearts. Thousands of human beings died in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and thousands of their family members are still alive

today, to remember the horror personally. To use their pain as a springboard to some kind of notoriety is unconscionable. There are hoaxes (such as the Ern Mally affair in Australia during World War II, in which the target was a single editor) and there are hoaxes (such as Yasusada, in which the pain of millions of people--as everyone on earth is affected to some extent by what happened in Japan 50 years ago this month--was callously ignored, apparently in favor of personal gratification); this one really stinks.

I guess I diatribed after all. Sorry. As it seems that the Renga got started after someone posted a note about the Yasusada business in FIRST INTENSITY, I'm somewhat to blame for the seemingly endless renga-ing. You know, I almost didn't publish the renga part of the Yasusada submission--see what happens when you don't listen to your instincts?

Best to all,
Lee Chapman

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992. **Steve Carll**
(no subject)

Tue 29 Aug 1995

Tom Beard writes:

I think that if one is aware of the cultural assumptions behind a form, then one can quite happily exploit/subvert/play with those assumptions, but it's the assumptions of which one is unaware that are dangerous. But need the values of the society that creates a form necessarily "contaminate" that form? Does writing in the tradition of Pound make one a fascist?

Or, to bring the question into poetics list currency, let's note that renga is, by tradition, a Japanese form. Japan's society is every bit as patriarchal as, well, most of the others on the globe, last time I heard. So are we importing the local Trojan Horse for Japanese-style patriarchy by playing around with this form?

Steve

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993. **Jorge Guitart**
Re: your mail

Tue 29 Aug 1995

On Tue, 29 Aug 1995, Steve Carll wrote:

Tom Beard writes:

I think that if one is aware of the cultural assumptions behind a form, then

one can quite happily exploit/subvert/play with those assumptions, but it's the assumptions of which one is unaware that are dangerous. But need the values of the society that creates a form necessarily "contaminate" that form? Does writing in the tradition of Pound make one a fascist?

(to which Steve replied)

- > Or, to bring the question into poetics list currency, let's note that renga
- > is, by tradition, a Japanese form. Japan's society is every bit as
- > patriarchal as, well, most of the others on the globe, last time I heard.
- > So are we importing the local Trojan Horse for Japanese-style patriarchy by
- > playing around with this form?
- >
- > Steve
- >

And, let's not show any more of Shakespeare because when he was around there were no female actors in his plays?

Did you notice that women have been active in the renga here? It's not a boy thing.

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994. **Steve Carll**

Re: referring

Tue 29 Aug 1995

George Bowering sez:

I have been rifling the books and staying up all night thinking and drinking only mineral water from the Rockies, and I think I have it:

every word in every language refers

and when you get right down to it, none of them does, really.

That sounds right. They all refer, but none of them does it absolutely, in a one-to-one ratio. They all set up fields of reference to bounce around in (or we bounce around in, depending on how you want to look at it). It's as if language were "code" for the world, but there's always some component of it that won't quite *de*-code.

Stefe (see what I mean?)

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995. **Steve Carll**

"getting" jazz

Tue 29 Aug 1995

Ryan:

I don't honestly know why, but all of a sudden, after 25-some years of not being real interested in jazz (I grew up on pop and rock--everyone from the Beatles to Simon & Garfunkel to punk and Motorhead), I just all of a sudden had some unquenchable interest in it. I think it was hearing Mingus, or Monk, or Coltrane, or someone who just grabbed me and wouldn't let go. I heard something in the music at 25 that I probably didn't have the ears to hear at 20. Knowing the cultural history behind the music's creation may help you "gain perspective" as a listener, but it can't substitute for just hearing something in the sound that pulls you into the music.

Steve

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996. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: aldon to alan

Wed 30 Aug 1995

alan -- do you know when that anthology will be out? I'm teaching Cha's _Dictee_ again, and would like to see that essay --

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997. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: ". . ."

Wed 30 Aug 1995

I don't see how we could import Japanese patriarchy along with the Renga form when we haven't, in fact, been importing the Renga form. Could the name alone lord it over us?

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998. **Kevin Killian**

Millay

Wed 30 Aug 1995

Alan Golding wrote:

>Since I like to be a little perverse: can Edna St. Vincent Millay be said to
>reclaim the sonnet sequence for "alternative" purposes?

I think so, but I have long wanted to find out how . . . do you, Alan (or any of the other fine critics on this list) know of anyone who is doing any interesting work on Millay right now? Yours, Kevin

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999. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: progressive v regressive

Wed 30 Aug 1995

That metion of the observable difference in patterns of award between music and literature brings something to mind. It appears to this reader that universities and university presses have been willing to print and reward some of the most progressive critical writings, but have pretty much stuck to the most mainstream of poetry publications and reward systems. I don't think this is entirely attributable to the MFA machinery, though I'm sure that's a large part of it (given who's in charge of most university press poetry series). What's odd about this is that while thousands of Americans have now read Derrida on Jabes, for example, few of them read any American poets as interesting (to me at any rate) as Jabes. (This ain't a French thing -- we can easily substitue similar examples from other languages.) (for one such counter-example -- how many American profs have read Juan Luis Martinez??)

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1000. **Steve Evans**

Words Vanish First

Wed 30 Aug 1995

Some books that are taking the sting out of my summer's end:

A F T E R R I M A G E S by Joan Retallack (Hanover: Wesleyan UP / UP of New England, 1995). MADE TO SEEM by Rae Armantrout (Los Angeles: Sun & Moon, 1995). SELECTED POEMS by Barbara Guest (Los Angeles: Sun & Moon, 1995).

All stunning, and to add perspective:

Having a look at Retallack's 1984 review article of language-centered writing in Parnassus as well as the recently mentioned piece in Feminist Measures (and thinking of her while watching Cage in the Bravo documentary a few night's ago).

A few weeks ago had the pleasure of reading the special issue of TOTTEL's (#3/1971) dedicated to Armantrout's work. It helped me clarify why it is that her work always comes to mind when I try to explain Zukofsky's notion of "objectification" to myself. (No disrespect for James Laughlin or Bill Corbett,

but I have no trouble deciding where to be on September 14.) Can't shake the line, which sort of consummately puts me in my place: "From dreams and memories, words vanish first" ("The Work," which also appears in the STEIN AWARDS volume).

The Guest SELECTED is a case, for me, of finally "coming to" someone's work who had hovered just outside comprehension. The physical presentation is certainly one element--I find this book wonderfully balanced, weighted (I got the hardback), well-printed, etc. (A caveat being the absurd heights Sun & Moon hyperbole often reaches in jacket-copy: totally out of keeping with Guest's own rhetorics.) I don't know Guest's oeuvre well enough to judge the selection (presumably her own, since no editor is credited), but I was especially drawn to THE TURLER LOSSES (1979) and "Byron's Signatories" (from MOSCOW MANSIONS, 1973). As I read "A Handbook of Surfing" (from THE BLUE STAIRS, 1968) for the first time I was made aware, by its divergences from the "kind of poet I thought she was," of the inadequacy of my previous take on her (she had been for me, I realize now, primarily the author of "Parachutes My Love...").

Maybe it's that issue of AERIAL, but I've also found myself in what Ron Silliman called, some while back, "the age of Watten." Even against the backdrop of great editing projects of the 1970s-1980s, THIS still stands out, and judging from recent rereadings neither DECAY (1977) nor PROGRESS (1985) have "aged" noticeably. I'm watching for more "Bad History" in the magazines.

I have what can only be described as a transrational love for Bill Luoma's poem, GOBI, which scrapes interstellar space in THE IMPERCIPIENT #7. While no Luoma stanza can be hummed to "The Yellow Rose of Texas" the sound of birds whistling early Ramones can be heard distinctly in such quatrains as:

big yeska anna billet
clare voler gringa
lunch docket oui blinker ato
cran nowheres un off.

Best surprise while reading (archival): coming upon a little glycene (?) envelope towards the back of the first issue of THE DIFFICULTIES (1980), in which a "y" and an "s" were jutting (minutely) against one another, part of Tom Raworth's "Loose Alphabet."

And many other pleasures: Palmer's AT PASSAGES (New York:New Directions, 1995), Rod Smith's THE BOY POEMS (Washington DC: Buck Downs, 1995), Pat Reed's journal excerpts in BLOO 3 (about teaching English as a foreign language to Asian students), the pieces of DURA by Myung Mi Kim that appear in recent numbers of SULFUR and CONJUNCTIONS, Dodie Bellamy's "final" (!) Mina Harker letter in the regrettably typo-ridden RIVER CITY (Summer

1995), Bruce Andrews's DIVESTITURES (especially "E," from Leave back in 1993 I think) and STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, Brian Schorn's STRABISMUS just out days ago from Burning Deck....

What did Schuyler say, "I salute that various field"

Steve Evans

[↑ Contents](#)

1001. **George Bowering**

Re: "getting" jazz

Wed 30 Aug 1995

I think Steve's right; there is just something that gets certain people re jazz. I was a honky kid growing up in an orchard town in B.C., and I loved jazz more than any other music when I was, I dunno, eleven, I guess. Of course in them days there was lots of jazz on A.M. radio. No one else in my family could ever hear anything in it. My mother couldnt even understand how Louis Armstrong's singing could be called singing. Of course, she couldnt understand what was funny about "Pogo" either.

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1002. **George Bowering**

Re: Renga

Wed 30 Aug 1995

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several*

mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool

[↑ Contents](#)

1003. **Ron Silliman**
Re: Laughlin/Corbett
Wed 30 Aug 1995

You wrote:

>

>On the same day that Bill Corbett and James Laughlin read in Boston,
>we'll have Rae Armantrout reading in Providence. Alas, cloning seems
>an unlikely solution to making it to both readings...

>

>Gale Nelson

>

Rae will be reading at Penn on the following day, Friday, September 15.
The event of the autumn here in Philadelphia. Bob Perelman (who will be
back on line next week he tells me) will have the details.

Ron

[↑ Contents](#)

1004. **Ron Silliman**
Re: wac
Wed 30 Aug 1995

My mother apparently contemplated joining the WAVES briefly before I came
along right at the end of WW2.

Keanu Reeves is an interesting case. There is a long tradition of leading men
who were remarkably awkward and "non actorly" on the screen, but mostly
they have been macho types (John Wayne, who couldn't act his way out of a
paper bag, Robert Mitchum, Broderick Crawford in a more character actor
type). Keanu brings a vulnerability to the "deer caught in the headlights" school
that is new.

Winona is becoming the actress that Molly Ringwald shoulda been.

Ron

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1005. **Gwyn McVay**
Re: Subjects
Wed 30 Aug 1995

A couple of people have asked: The listserv CREWRT-L, Creative Writing in
Education for Teachers and Students, can be subscribed to in the usual way in

care of [REDACTED]. Be warned: this is a *very* high-volume list with a great deal of chitchat mixed in and around the writing discussions.

Gwyn McVay

[REDACTED]

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1006. **Gale Nelson**

Re: Millay

Wed 30 Aug 1995

Nancy Milford, author of *_Zelda_* a biography of Zelda Fitzgerald, recently completed a biography of Edna St. Vincent Millay. We'll have to wait to see the results...

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1007. **H. T. KIRBY-SMITH**

Music and the Renga

Wed 30 Aug 1995

I just this minute learned that a certain Guido of Arezzo, round about the year 1025, invented a way of combining poetry and music. He made each of the vowels equivalent to a note on a scale: a=C, e=D, i=E, o=F, and u=G.

All you do is sing each syllable according to the right pitch. So if anyone wants to set the Renga to music--well, there you go!

Tom Kirby-Smith
English Department
UNC-Greensboro
Greensboro NC 27412

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1008. **Daniel Bouchard/College/hmco**

Re: Music and the Renga

Wed 30 Aug 1995

I just this minute learned that a certain Guido of Arezzo, round about the year 1025, invented a way of combining poetry and music. He made each of the vowels equivalent to a note on a scale: a=C, e=D, i=E, o=F, and u=G.

All you do is sing each syllable according to the right pitch. So if anyone wants to set the Renga to music--well, there you go!

I'd like to hear hear him sing his own name.

-dan bouchard

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1009. **Mark Roberts**

AWOL: September Happenings

Wed 30 Aug 1995

SEPTEMBER HAPPENINGS

A monthly guide to writing events around Australia.

AUSTRALIAN WRITING ON LINE

PO Box 333 CONCORD NSW 2137 AUSTRALIA

email: [REDACTED]

Phone: (02) [REDACTED] fax (02) [REDACTED]

AWOL Happenings. A monthly guide to readings, book launches, conferences and other events relating to Australian literature both within Australia and overseas. If you have any item which you would like included in future listings please contact AWOL.

AWOL is also setting up a virtual bookshop for Australian small magazines and presses. This will take the form of regular newsletters (which will be available both on the net and by mail and fax) that will pre/review new publications. These titles will then be able to be ordered by mail or fax. Associated with our Virtual Bookshop is our Sydney distribution service for small presses. Please contact us for further details if you want to distribute your publication to bookshops in Sydney.

AWOL posts are archived on the WWW at the following address
<http://www.anatomy.su.oz.au:80/danny/books/AWOL/> then click on Australian Writing OnLine.

How to receive AWOL postings

Internet

All AWOL postings, including the monthly Happenings list, one off posts about special events, the latest literary magazines and small press books, together with information about AWOL's Virtual Bookshop, are available free to subscribers with an internet address. Simply send a post, asking to be added to our mailing list, to [REDACTED].

Mail

Each month AWOL will post a hard copy of that months Happenings list, together with a copy of all special posts, to AWOL subscribers. While we are setting up our Virtual Bookshop there will be a introductory charge of \$12.50

(for six months) to cover postage and printing costs (rates will be reviewed early in 1996). Please send cheques, made payable to Rochford Press, to AWOL, PO Box 333, Concord NSW 2137 (overseas rates on application).

Fax

Subscribers in the 02 telephone area can elect to have the monthly Happenings list and special posts faxed to them for \$5.00 for six months. please send cheques, made payable to Rochford Press to AWOL, PO Box 333, Concord NSW 2137. Subscribers outside the 02 area should contact us for individual fax rates.

NSW

SYDNEY

READINGS BOOK LAUNCHES

Every Tuesday...POETRY SUPREME 9pm, Eli's Restaurant, 132 Oxford Street, Darlinghurst. Details phone/fax (02) [REDACTED].

Every Sunday...THE WORD ON SUNDAY 11.30am Museum of Contemporary Art, Circular Quay. 2 Admission \$8/ \$5. 3 Sept Judith Fox, 10 Sept Susan Geason, 17 Sept Angus & Robertson Fiction prize winner. Details phone (02) [REDACTED].

Every Thursday...POETRY ALIVE 11am-1pm, Old Courthouse, Bigge Street, Liverpool. Details phone (02) [REDACTED].

1st and 3rd Wednesday ...POETS UNION 7pm, The Gallery Cafe, 43 Booth Street, Annandale. Details phone (02) [REDACTED].

1st Friday...EASTERN SUBURBS POETRY GROUP 7.30pm, Everleigh Street, Waverly. Details phone (02) [REDACTED].

1st Tuesday...ICEBREAKERS GAY POETRY 8pm, 197 Albion Street Surry Hills. \$2 includes free coffee. Details phone Noel Tointon (02) 3172257.

2nd & 4th Saturday...GLEEBOOKS READINGS 2pm, Gleebooks, 49 Glebe Point Road, Glebe. Details Nick Sykes (02) [REDACTED].

3rd Sunday...POETRY WITH GLEE: THE POETS UNION AT GLEEBOOKS. 2-4pm, 49 Glebe Point Road, Glebe. Admission \$5/\$2 Details Nick Sykes (02) [REDACTED].

4th Monday of each month...FUTURE POETS SOCIETY 8pm, Lapidary Club Room, Gympie Bay Road, Gympie. Details phone Anni Featherstone (02) [REDACTED].

4th Wednesday...LIVE POETS AT DON BANKS MUSEUM 7.30pm, 6 Napier Street North Sydney. Guest reader plus open section. Admission \$6 includes wine. Details phone Sue Hicks or Danny Gardiner (02) [REDACTED].

A CELEBRATION OF AUSTRALIAN LITERATURE at the University of Western Sydney, Nepean Campus. Sunday 17 September 1995 10am - 3.30pm.

Celebrating Australian Literature by established writers, writers of today and tomorrow. Meet Allan Baille, Libby Gleeson, John Marsden, Maureen People, Mary Small and Steven Herrick. Learn about illustrating from Kerry Millard, about helping children read, about using Australian literature in the classroom and about publishing books for children. Details phone Mary Morrissey on the festival hotline (02) [REDACTED].

Poets Union / State Library Workshops at the State Library Macquarie Street Sydney 4th Saturday . September 23 Alan Jefferies, October 28 John Bennett, November 25 Luke Davies Poets Union Inc. or The Library Society members \$20 per workshop Non-members \$25 per workshop. Details phone [REDACTED].

September 28 8pm Writers at the River, Roscoes Riverside Restaurant, Penrith, NSW. 'Cause and Effect Theme' featuring Bernard King. Open Section included. Details contact Carl Leddy (047) 21 2087.

Coming up in October (28/29) Writers at the River at the Penrith City Festival - The Wonder of Words Weekend. Writers/Performers include Steven Herrick, John Derum, Anthony Lawrence, Peter Minter & Patricia Gaunt. Details contact Carl Leddy (047) 21 2087. More details will appear in the October Happenings.

NSW WRITERS' CENTRE EVENTS

WOMEN WRITERS' NETWORK 2nd Wednesday. 7.30pm, NSW Writers' Centre. Details Ann Davis (02) [REDACTED].

FEMINIST & EXPERIMENTAL WRITERS' GROUP meets every second Friday 6.30-9.30pm. Details Margaret Metz (02) [REDACTED] or Valerie Williamson for details of venues.

BILL IDEN's first book of poetry The High Price of Eating Out, will be launched by Ann Davis at the NSW Writers Centre on September 15 at 7pm

WOMEN WRITING Saturday September 23 9.30am - 5pm. UK based Australian poet and novelist Gillian Hanscombe will be running this workshop which will examine the following questions: Do women write differently? How to edit your work, Writing wrongs and how to write love letters. Cost \$60 (members NSWWC) \$80 (non members). Bookings contact NSWWC (02) 5559757 or fax (02)8181327.

SPRING WRITING WEEKEND a two day literary festival featuring a mix of established and emerging writers. September 16-17 at the NSWWC. Writers include Justine Ettler, Penelope Nelson, Matthew Condon, Sue Woolfe, Judith Fox, Hazel Smith, Ruby Langford Ginibi, Judith Beveridge, Morris West, Fotini Epanomitis, Antigone Kefala, Anna Kokkinos, Tim Thorne, Bruce Dawe, Don

Anderson, Drusilla Modjeska, Frank Moorhouse, Dale Spender and many others. For further details contact NSWWC Phone (02) 5559757 or fax (02)8181327.

Unless otherwise stated all NSW Writers' Centre events are held at the Centre in Rozelle Hospital Grounds, Rozelle. Enter from Balmain Road opposite Cecily Street and follow the signs.

REGIONAL NSW

ARMIDALE 1st Wednesday 7.30pm, Rumours Cafe in the Mall. Details phone James Vicars (067) 73 2103.

WOLLONGONG 2nd & 4th Tuesday 7.30pm, Here's Cheers Restaurant, 5 Victoria Street, Wollongong. Details phone Ian Ryan (042) 84 0645.

LISMORE 3rd Tuesday 8pm. Stand Up Poets, Lismore Club, Club Lane. Details phone David Hallett (066) 891318.

NEWCASTLE / HUNTER VALLEY

3rd Monday... Poetry at the Pub. Northern Star Hotel, 7.30pm Beaumont Street Newcastle Street \$2/\$1. September features Springwood Poets. Details phone Bill Iden (049) 675 972

September 23 3pm at the Joy Cummings Centre, corner Pacific Highway and Scott Street Newcastle. Newcastle launch of Bill Iden's first book of poetry The High Price of Eating Out. Details phone Bill Iden (049) 675 972

MAITLAND Poetry group 4th Friday 7.30, Literary Institute in Banks Street East Maitland. 22 September Celtic night. \$2. Details phone Bruce Copping (049) 301497.

WAGGA WAGGA

2/3 September Tony Reeder is presenting his Life Stories Writing Workshop for aspiring writers, (auto) biographers, etc. Both afternoons will be taken up. Cost \$35.00 Enquiries (069) 332465.

Tuesday 5 September at 8 pm, Firenze Restaurant, RICHARD ALLEN & KAREN PEARLMAN, poets/dancers will perform some of their recent word/text work. Exciting both visually and verbally. Admission \$8 and \$6 (Members of Wagga Wagga Writers Writers get in for \$5).

15 - 24 September. Inaugural FESTIVAL OF THE VOICE in Wagga, featuring performance poets (eg Myron Lysenko, Lauren Williams, Grant Caudwell, Kerry Scuffins etc), troubadours, musos in a multitude of venues. Loads and loads of vocal and verbal activity. For info contact Roger Ansell, ph (069) 235705.

QUEENSLAND

Queensland Writers Centre Events

EXCITING WRITING: READINGS OF NEW WORKS AT THE QUEENSLAND WRITERS' CENTRE

Tuesday 3 October. 7pm. As part of Warana Writers' Week The Queensland Writers' Centre Presents an evening of writing excellence at Grand Orbit, 1 Eagle Street, The Pier, City with Andrew McGahn, Robbie Lappan, Matthew Condon, Fran Ross, Marcus Gibson, Michael Richards (including a preview of his upcoming QTC production 'Christmas at Turkey Beach'). 'Paradise to Paranoia' an anthology featuring many of the featured writers will be launched by Laurie Muller and Marion Halligan. Tickets must be booked before the event. Contact QWC for further details phone (07) 8391243.

Saturday 7 October 8.30am Romance Writers of Australia One Day Conference at Lennons Hotel, Queen Street Mall, Brisbane. Speakers include Helen Bianchin, Lu Cairncross, Kath Filmer Davies, Emily French and Meredith Webber. Details phone (07) 3821 1373.

NOW AVAILABLE FROM THE QUEENSLAND WRITERS' CENTRE..... HANDBOOK FOR QUEENSLAND WRITERS.

Contents include Preparation, Representation, Professional Issues and Development and Funding. Cost \$10 plus \$1.50 postage for QWC members Or \$15 plus \$1.50 for non members. For more information contact the QWC.

WARANA WRITERS WEEK 1995

Sunday October 1 - Thursday 5 October.

Daily program in the Brisbane Customs House, evening events at various city venues. Interstate visitors include Penelope Nelson, Damien Broderick, Thomas Shapcott, Justine Ettler, Marion Haligan, Nick Enright, Gilian Hanscombe, Victor Kelleher, Ursula Dubosarsky, Patsy Adam-Smith, Rosemary Dobson and Fay Zwicky who will join many Queensland writers of fiction, biography, poetry and drama including Helen Demidenko/Darville, Venero Armano, Jay Verney, Daynan Brazil, Hugh Lunn, Michael Noonan and Estelle Pinney among others.

Highlights include the Awards Dinner in the Customs House on Sunday 1 October where the Steele Rudd Award, the David Unaipon Award, the Premier's Poetry Award, the City of Brisbane Short Story Award and the State Library Young Writers Award will be presented.

The Festival program will be available from early September from Brisbane libraries, Queensland Writers' Centre, selected newsagents and booksellers, Brisbane City Council Information Centres and the Warana Offices. Or phone the Warana Hotline on (07) 38522468.

NORTHERN TERRITORY

The Northern Territory Community Writing Program presents 'Word & Breath: A celebration of Poetry from any Nations' (incorporating the 1st Northern Territory Aboriginal Writers' Convention). Darwin 1 - 10 September.

Word & Breath will draw together writers from throughout the Northern Territory and beyond to celebrate and explore the spoken word and its significance to people from a range of cultural backgrounds. Events will incorporate the reading and recital of poetry and short stories, storytelling sessions by NESB creators (both Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal), and the performance of music and dance reflecting the survival of cultural traditions in the modern world.

Interstate writers visiting Darwin during the festival will include Komminos, Antigone Kefala, Herb Wharton, Barry Hill and Terry Whitebeach. A number of Central Australian writers will also be visiting including Aboriginal novelists Alexis Wright and Kenny Laughton, poets Herbie Laughton, Lana Quall and Sylvia Neal and songwriter Bobby Randall. Local Darwin writers appearing include writers from Bengali, East Timorese, Estonian, Filipino, French, Greek, Indian, Italian, Papuan, South African, Sri Lankan, Thai and Vietnamese origin. There will also be regular Darwin writers/performers including Karyn Sassella, Steve Holliday, Ann Parry, Crinkle Steward, Anita Carcour, Noodle E String, Natalie Sprite and Brian Bailey.

The Word & Breath Festival will be launched at the Old Town Hall Ruins on the evening of 1 September. Events during the festival include 'Poetry on the Rocks' (Dudley Point) each weekday evening at 6pm, Palm City Poetry at Brown's Mart from 7.30pm on Wed. 6 September and a Poetry Fair in the Botanic gardens on Saturday 9 September. The festival will close with One Last Blast at Stokes Hill Wharf on Sunday 10 September.

Over the four days of the festival the 1st Northern Territory Aboriginal Writers' Convention will also take place in Darwin.

For further details contact Andrew McMillan, Literature Officer Northern Territory Community Writing Program, GPO Box 1774, Darwin NT 0801, phone/fax (089) 412651.

VICTORIA

MELBOURNE

Last Friday 6.30pm MELBOURNE POETS Meeting and reading/workshop The Hawthorn Lower Town Hall, 360 Burwood Road, Hawthorn (entry and car

parking at rear). 6.30pm meeting begins, 7.30pm reading/ workshop begins. Cost \$3 (Members), \$5 (non members). Details write to Martin French 1/16 Kent Road Surrey Hills Vic 3127.

VICTORIAN WRITERS' CENTRE EVENTS

The Victorian Launch of SCARP/Five Islands Press New Poets series 3 will be held at the Victorian Writers' Centre 156 George Street Fitzroy on Saturday 2 September at 6pm. The writers in Series three are MTC Cronin, Karen Attard, Lisa Jacobson, Peter Minter, Sue Nichols and Mark Reid. Details phone VWC (03) [REDACTED]

TASMANIA

GARY DISHER'S TASMANIAN TOUR.

Saturday 2nd September. Reading and workshop in Stanley. Numbers are limited and you are advised to contact Bruce Roberts on ph 004 423543 to check availability.

Saturday 2nd 1.30pm. September. Reading in Ulverstone for the North West Tasmanian FAW. Details ph Bruce Roberts 004 423543.

Sunday 3rd September 6.30pm. Dinner and Reading at Donna's Restaurant, Davenport. Details Glynis Donnelly, Tasmanian Arts Council ph 004 245497.

**

Wednesday 4th September there'll be a Tasmanian Writers' Union (TWU) reading at the Bavarian Tavern 28 Liverpool Street Hobart at 7.30 pm. featuring three of the readers from the Tasmanian Poetry Festival: Matt Simpson (U.K.), Jenny Boulton and Chris Mansell. Cost \$8/\$5 conc. Details phone TWU (002) 240029.

22nd September, Vivien Smith and Stephen Edgar will read for the TWU at the Old Magistrates Court, in Main Street Richmond, at 6pm. Entry by donation. Details phone TWU (002) 240029.

The Tasmanian Poetry Festival takes place at Launceston from 29th September to 1st October. Readers include Matt Simpson (UK), John Harding, Chris Mansell, Dennis Kevans, JS Harry, Dipti Saravanamuttu, June Perjins, Marilyn Arnold, Jenny Boulton, Bruce Penn and Tim Thorne. Also open readings, young writers' reading, bookstall and the famous Launceston Poetry Cup - Australia's oldest and most prestigious performance poetry competition - on Saturday night 30 September at the Launceston Novotel. Further information from the director, Tim Thorne, on (003) 319658 (phone/fax) or from PO Box 345 Launceston Tas. 7250.

COMPETITIONS

15 SEPTEMBER: UNIVERSITY OF THE THIRD AGE CENTRAL COAST REGION AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LITERARY COMPETITION 1995

Section 1 Short Story min 500 max 2000 words). Section 2: Article (min 500 max 1500 words). \$3 per entry. No postal orders or cash. Cheques payable to U3A Central Coast Region.

No limit number of entries but entry fee for each entry. Prizes each section: 1st: \$150 2nd: \$75 3rd: \$50. No entry forms required but COMPETITION CONDITIONS must apply to ensure entry will be judged. All entrants must be financial members of U3A at time of sending in MSS. Indicate section for which it is intended. Staple pages together. SSAE of sufficient size and postage for return of MS and results slip. U3A does not accept responsibility for the non-arrival or the loss of MSS. Send entries to: The Convenor. U3A Literary Competition, 1 Shopping Village. Saratoga NSW 2251. Winners will be notified and results announced by 31/12/95.

29 SEPTEMBER: BLUE MOUNTAINS FAW

Theme The Blue Mountains. Short Story to 3000 words and Limerick Section. No entry forms required but send SSAE for details and conditions before submitting entries. Entry fee: \$3. Competition conditions must apply to ensure entry is judged. No handwritten manuscripts. \$500 plus in prizes. PO Box 125 Springwood NSW 2777.

30th SEPTEMBER: FAW NSW Inc 1995 MARJORIE BARNARD AWARD:

Prize \$500 for a Short Story of not more than 3000 words, Entrants must be permanent residents of Australia. Entries should be typed on A4 paper, in English double spaced on one side only with good margins. Real name not to appear on MS but on a separate title page with address and phone number. Work should be original, unpublished and not having won any competition at time of entry. No entries will be returned instead they will be shredded and the paper recycled. Judges decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. The Award will be presented at the Annual Luncheon in November and results published in December issue of Writers Voice. Entry Fee \$3. Send to: Competition Secretary. PO Box 5 Blakehurst NSW 2221

20 OCTOBER: MELBOURNE POETS NATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION

Prizes to the value of \$500. Judged by Judith Rodriguez. \$3.00 entry fee. Entries to 'The Melbourne Poets National Poetry Competition', c/ Martin French, 1/16 Kent Road, Surrey Hills, Victoria 3127. Poems should be previously unpublished, they can be on any theme, they should be typed, no longer than 20

lines and should be accompanied by a cheque or money order of \$3 per poem. There is no limit to the number of entries any individual can make. Each poem should be accompanied by an entry form (contact organisers). The poet's name should not appear on the page with the poem. For further details contact Melbourne Poets at the above address.

30 OCTOBER ULITARRA SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

For details on this competition contact Ulitarra magazine at PO Box 392 French's Forest NSW 2086.

CONFERENCES

EUROPEAN ASSOCIATION FOR STUDIES ON AUSTRALIA

Third conference: Copenhagen, October 6-9, 1995

Conference theme: Inhabiting Australia: The Australian Habitat and Australian Settlement.

The conference aims to bring together contributions from a wide range of disciplines, from architecture to zoology. Papers which take up the theme from cultural, historical, social, scientific, literary and other perspectives are invited.

Further information available from Conference organisers:

* Bruce Clunies Ross (45) 35 32 85 82 internet: [REDACTED] * Martin Leer (45) 35 32 85 87 internet: [REDACTED] * Merete Borch (45) 35 32 85 84 internet: [REDACTED]

Copenhagen University, Department of English Njalsgade 80, DK-2300 Kobenhavn S Phone. (45) 35 32 86 00 Fax (45) 35 32 86 15

* Eva Rask Knudsen Wiedeweldts gade 50, st. 2100 Copenhagen O. (45) 35266025

SYMPOSIUM: (POST) COLONIAL FICTIONS: RE-READING ELIZA FRASER AND THE WRECK OF THE STIRLING CASTLE.

University of Adelaide, 25-26 Nov., 1995.

Contact: Kay Schaffer, Department of Women's Studies, 08 [REDACTED] direct, 08 [REDACTED] FAX, e-mail: [REDACTED]

Post-colonial studies within Australia have attempted to re-evaluate and re-write colonial history to include those people either marginalised or subjugated by the colonial process. This two day symposium will explore a different aspect of post-colonial discourse through the exploration of one of the best known events in Australian colonial history. In 1836 the 'Stirling Castle' was wrecked off the Queensland coast and many of the crew together with the Captain's wife, Eliza, were marooned on Fraser Island. Events surrounding the rescue of the

castaways, in particular Mrs. Fraser, received international media attention. In the last 160 years the story of Eliza Fraser has become the subject of popular myth, fiction, opera, art, film and scholarly research in the areas of cultural studies, literature, history, anthropology, archaeology, women's studies, and the visual arts. (Post) Colonial Fictions will examine critically the Eliza Fraser saga by bringing together, for the first time, an interdisciplinary team of academics, authors, artists and members of the Fraser Island community. Discussions will include feminist analyses of the incident, textual and iconographic representations of Aboriginal people, and Eliza Fraser as a creative inspiration for the arts.

Speakers on 19th century ethnography, visual arts, and Fraser Island history include: Ian Mc Niven, Lynette Russell, Rod McNeil, Olga Miller, Elaine Brown; on 20th century cultural studies and Batdjala representations include: Kay Schaffer, Sue Kossew, Jim Davidson, Jude Adams and Fiona Foley. We are hopeful that the symposium will include an exhibition of Fiona Foley's works and a performance by University of Adelaide Conservatorium of Music students of the theatre opera: "Eliza Fraser Sings" (arranged by Peter Sculthorpe/libretto by Barbara Blackman).

AUSTRALIAN STUDIES AND THE SHRINKING PERIPHERY: SURFING THE NET FOR AUSTRALIA.

The Centre for Australian Studies in Wales, University of Wales, Lampeter, are hosting this conference next year. Organisers are calling for papers.

"In recent years the consolidation of Europe into the 15 states of the EU, the integration of east and west within Europe, and the progressive turning of Australia to its own Pacific backyard have furthered the impression of periphery: one world's edge looking distantly at the other."

The contacts are:

Dr Graham Sumner and Dr Andrew Hassam
Centre for Australian Studies in Wales
University of Wales
Lampeter
Dyfed, SA48 7ED,
Wales, UK.

Telephone: Graham Sumner [REDACTED] or 424790 (secretary) Fax: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Andrew Hassam [REDACTED] (secretary) Fax [REDACTED] E-mail: [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] Offers of papers should reach the organisers by 31 December 1995, and comprise a full title and an abstract of no more than 100 words.

Further information will be sent when available, and will appear on the Centre's WWW home-page (<http://www.lamp.ac.uk/oz>).

INTERNATIONAL P.E.N. 62nd WORLD CONGRESS

26 October - 1 November, 1995 at the Esplanade Hotel, Fremantle, W.A.

This Congress will be one of the most important literary and cultural events ever staged in Australia. The Congress will seek to explore the issue of freedom of speech in relation to different cultural contexts. It will also include literary readings, discussions and performances of Aboriginal culture, an International Quiz Night, a Hypothetical and many events designed to be fun!

Speakers will include Ronald Harwood (England), Goenawan Mohamad (Indonesia), Keki Daruwalla (India), George Aditjondro (Indonesia), Satendra Nandan (Australia-Fiji), Samina Yasmeen (Australia-Pakistan), Beth Yahp (Australia-Malaysia), Andrey Voznesensky (Russia), Ilsa Sharp (Australia-Singapore), Sally Morgan and Jill Milroy, Elizabeth Jolley, Judith Rodriguez, Tom Shapcott, and many more. The Congress is open to anyone interested in literature and culture, and in the issue of Freedom of Speech. For the full program and other details, please contact Promaco Conventions, Ph. 09. [REDACTED], Fax 09. [REDACTED]; or your local PEN Centre, or the Perth PEN Centre, PO. Box 1131 Subiaco, Australia 6008, Ph. & Fax: 09. [REDACTED]. Expressions of interest in membership of PEN are also warmly welcomed, and should be addressed to the PEN Centre. PEN works for freedom of speech and on behalf of writers in prison.

A FESTIVAL OF AUSTRALIAN CHILDREN'S LITERATURE "COUNTRY VICTORIA CELEBRATING THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE CHILDRENS' BOOK COUNCIL OF AUSTRALIA"

Saturday September 16th to Tuesday September 19th

To celebrate 50 years of the CBC, Latrobe University, Bendigo is holding a Festival of Children's Literature, offering sessions for all people interested in children's books, writing and illustration.

The program features addresses and workshops with major figures in Australian Children's Literature such as Maurice Saxby, Lilith Norman and Agnes Nieuwenhuizen, authors Margaret Aitken and James Moloney, and illustrators Noela Young, Terry Denton and Geoff Hocking.

A curated exhibition of the work of Noela Young ("The Muddle-headed Wombat", "An Older Kind of Magic", "Pigs might fly" ...) and of Terry Denton ("The Paw", "Mr Plunkett's Pool", "Spooner or Later"...) will provide a centrepiece of the Festival and will be available for public viewing all week.

The Festival will be opened by Maurice Saxby at a cocktail party at the exhibition on Saturday evening, with a display of 50 years of winners of the CBC Book of the Year awards as well.

Sunday will see papers on Children's Literature from Maurice Saxby, Lilith Norman and Terry Denton, and workshops featuring Noela Young, Terry Denton and Geoff Hocking. Lunch is included.

Monday has sessions for schools from *No Mates Drama in Action* during the day, and a lively panel discussion on the current state of Australian Children's Literature in the evening. Margaret Aitken, Terry Denton, James Moloney, Lilith Norman, Maurice Saxby and Noela Young will be on the panel.

On Tuesday, schools will be able to choose from more *No Mates* action or from two *Bookgigs* - Terry Denton discussing "The Paw" with primary students and James Moloney discussing "Gracey" with secondary students. The Festival winds up on Tuesday evening with Agnes Nieuwenhuizen talking about Young Adult fiction.

Tickets for the whole Festival (\$100) or various parts (various prices) are now available!

For further information contact David Beagley at Learning Resource Centre Latrobe University, Bendigo PO Box 199, Bendigo phone (054) 447334 Victoria, Australia 3550 e-mail [REDACTED].

THE IRISH CENTRE FOR AUSTRALIAN STUDIES: AUSTRALIAN STUDIES CONFERENCE

The Irish Centre for Australian Studies will be holding an Australian Studies Conference in Dublin from 3-6 July 1996. The three major streams will be history, culture and the environment. For further details contact David Day Professor of Australian History Department of Modern History University College Dublin Ireland.

While AWOL makes every effort to ensure the accuracy of Happenings listing we suggest you confirm dates, times and venue.

AWOL would like to thank the following organisation who provided information for this list: NSW Writers Centre, Queensland Writers Centre, Tasmanian Writers' Union, AusLit discussion group (internet), WIProud (Women in Publishing), Northern Territory Community Writing Program, FAW WWW LINK (<http://www.ozemail.com.au:80/~faw/>) and the other individuals and organisations who supplied information about their events directly to AWOL.

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1010. **Lisa Robertson**

Vancouver this fall

Wed 30 Aug 1995

BOB PERELMAN AT THE KOOTENAY SCHOOL OF WRITING: OCT 13 - 15

CultureWriting

"It's

No longer an age of transition, your prophecies
are driven deep into jargon, there is no standard
so purifying the world you speak all day,
hours of air, more things fall."

(Song)

Poetry can function as a discursive struggle to transform the relation of forces inside society. Cultural "battles" erupt for stronger social identities and better access to the public domain of the "real". Has the utopian notion of identifying with the world accomplished anything more significant than a greater variety of retail services in the mall? If alternatives exist, do they merely lead to a more dispersed network of powerless micro-political agencies?

These questions and more will be explored in a special two day workshop on aesthetics and social opposition, a cultural theme that can be traced from Olson's modernisms to the pleasure politics of contemporary utopian poetics. Seeking to inspire an in-depth discussion on contemporary writing spaces, Perelman will focus upon such important concepts as "the pastoral" in all its up-to-date retro-modes and the production a space as "field, as it appears in Olson's "composition by field: and in bourdieu's notion of "literary field".

This will be a two evening seminar, Oct. 13 & 14, 7 - 9pm

Perelman will also read from his work sun Oct 15, 3pm

For more information: Andrew Klobucar, Kootenay School of writing, 112 w. Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C. V6B 1G8 [REDACTED]

under development: KSW Web homepage

RADDLE MOON 14 now available. Contents: Perelman Essay --A false account of

talking with Frank O'Hara and Roland Barthes in Philadelphia, and the long(ish)

poem "The Manchurian Candidate: a remake"

Also, work by Deanna Ferguson, Kevin Davies, Melissa Wolsak, Anne Tardos and

Yasmin Ladha. Cover Art Judy Radul. Orders to 2239 Stephens St, Van, V6K 3W5, or

for quicker response email me [REDACTED] Single issue

\$7;

sub, \$12, \$17 institutions.

FORTHCOMING FROM TSUNAMI

Mouthpiece, by Kathryn MacLeod

McLeod's work has appeared in Avec, Big Allis, Raddle Moon and WestCoastLine, as

well as in her chapbooks How To, (tsunami, '87), and ...a little closer (pomflit '92)

"This time, rebuilt. A vital walk. A very long story, a holiday, our needs met.

There is one organization running the whole country. The river teemed with death. We missed you."

Avail. Dec. \$7.95

Also from Tsunami (Box 3723 MPO, Vancouver, BC V6B 3Z1)

The Garcia Family Co-Mercy Lissa Wolsak \$8.95

Thimking of You Dan Farrell \$8.95

XEclogue Lisa Robertson (Cover art and photographs by Kelly Wood) \$8.95

Pause Button Kevin Davies \$8.95

Ambit Gerald Creede \$7.95

The Relative Minor Deanna Ferguson \$9.95

Raddle Moon and Tsunami also available through SPD

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1011. **H. T. KIRBY-SMITH**

Re: Music and the Renga

Wed 30 Aug 1995

I'd like to hear hear him sing his own name.

-dan bouchard

Let's see: Guido da Arrezzo--

I tried it, and it comes out a little like "Some Enchanted Evening."

Tom Kirby-Smith

English Department

UNC-Greensboro

Greensboro NC 27412

[↑ Contents](#)

1012. **Lisa Robertson**

corrected vancouver

Wed 30 Aug 1995

apologies for what is mostly a repeat of what I just sent-- but slash-marks in the original text screwed up the message a little. I think. BOB PERELMAN AT THE KOOTENAY SCHOOL OF WRITING: OCT 13 - 15

Culture - Game - Theory: Language Politics and the Contemporary Social Situation of Writing

"It's

No longer an age of transition, your prophecies
are driven deep into jargon, there is no standard
so purifying the world you speak all day,
hours of air, more things fall."

(Song)

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Ambit Gerald Creede \$7.95

The Relative Minor Deanna Ferguson \$9.95

Raddle Moon and Tsunami also available through SPD

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1013. **Carl Lynden Peters**

Re: referring

Wed 30 Aug 1995

I have been rifling the books and staying up all night thinking and drinking only mineral water from the Rockies, and I think I have it:

every word in every language refers

| *and when you get right down to it, none of them does, really.*

-- all and nothing

c

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1014. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga-Z

Wed 30 Aug 1995

> > > >> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > > >> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning>>
>> First in
> > verted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > >> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > >> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > >> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > >> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > >> >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > >> >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > >> >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > > >> >> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > > >> >> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > >> >> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> > > >> >> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > >> >> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > > >> >> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > > >> >> (inspection
> > > >> >> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-
colonizing
> > > >> >> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > > >> >> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > > >> >> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > > >> >> kook!"
> > > >> >> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > > >> >> warehouse, curls
> > > >> >> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> > > >> >> dry cleaners
> > > >> >> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> > > >> >> prescience
> > > >> >> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > > >> >> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose

> > > > > > encore
> > > > > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> > > > > > moments to be
> > > > > > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> > > > > > were hooks.
> > > > > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> > > > > > darkness
> > > > > > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > > > > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently
soft
> > > > > > fruit
> > > > > > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > > > > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > > > > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > > > > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > > > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > > > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > > > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > > > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > > > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
> > > > > > go ahead
> > > > > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > > > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > > > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > > > > of boys talking on their feet and men talking to their hands
> > > > > > in whispers conducive to disrobing weaponry
> > down where dead men tell no lies and misdemeanors
> > whisper the lies of sleep to form small scented chapters
> > > of participation, a kind of rhomboid pastry it turns out
> > reading, "sex is true happiness; the idea that merely by screw-
> drivers, mimosas, and those bloody marionettes we can
inflict the something that is on the many who are. But the meager

[↑ Contents](#)

1015. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga

Wed 30 Aug 1995

On Tue, 29 Aug 1995, George Bowering wrote:

> >
> > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> > > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > > > >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > > >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > > >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > > >The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > > >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > > >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > > >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > > >Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> > > > >& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > > > >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > > >kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > > > >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > > >flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > > > >halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > > > > (inspection
> > > > >denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > > > >pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > > > >mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > > > >when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > > > > kook!"
> > > > >Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > > > > warehouse, curls
> > > > >no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> > > > > dry cleaners
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> > > > > fruit
> > > > >of subject's object status, violent transformation
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> > > > >and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > > > >shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging

> > > > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to
> > > > > go ahead
> > > > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > > > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > > > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > > > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
shade of the mimetic & chewing on the emetic stuff. Yet he

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1016. **Edward Foster**
Re: desire / and the 39 steps
Wed 30 Aug 1995

and done, his artifice outside the edge. what's real is on a screen. the young man in his bed has the coverlet, can trace dry stitching in his sheet. "wild pumping valve"? true? in his determination: yours, and mine.

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1017. **Edward Foster**
hey, ron, watch it!
Wed 30 Aug 1995

memo to rs: rumor has it you compared me, coupla weeks ago, to jersey city sleaze. hey, ron, it's folks like you, swimming against the tide, that make up my nearest, dearest. what's a little ideological difference among friends? best to you, r.

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1018. **Edward Foster**
Re: Repost #2
Wed 30 Aug 1995

all of us at rosy's diner here in jersey city record our outrage at rs's comparing a local sleaze with OUR NEXT PRESIDENT; sleaze is sleaze, whereas OUR

NEXT PRESIDENT is dignified, upstanding, and always wears a suit. -tony and the gang

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1019. **Edward Foster**
shocked and dismayed
Wed 30 Aug 1995

i just returned to town to discover that in my absence, someone (who shall be nameless) has compared me here to--well, you know who. i'm shocked and dismayed at this mudslinging, comparing ME, yr everyday sleaze, to... oh, i just can't go oon.

[↑ Contents](#)

1020. **Jordan Davis.**
Re: Millay
Wed 30 Aug 1995

I believe Marisa J has been kicking around a piece on "renascence" by esvm for a while now. At the very least, she's a millay booster who got me to read her as a modernist on par with Niedecker and Loy... maybe...



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1021. **Jordan Davis.**
Re: Renga
Wed 30 Aug 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
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& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
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denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
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Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
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no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
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Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments
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All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
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la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
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flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
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out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
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uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so

1022. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga-Z

Wed 30 Aug 1995

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>> > >> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine
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>> > verted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> > >> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
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>> > >> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> > >> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
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>> > > >> >> go ahead
>> > > >> >> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
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>> > down where dead men tell no lies and misdemeanors
>> > whisper the lies of sleep to form small scented chapters
>> > of participation, a kind of rhomboid pastry it turns out
>> > reading, "sex is true happiness;the idea that merely by screw-
>> drivers, mimosas, and those bloody marionettes we can
> inflict the something that is on the many who are. But the meager
cheshiring goes global last (repasting where we thought we were

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1023. **George Bowering**

Re: Reeves

Wed 30 Aug 1995

There is an obvious reason for Keanu Reeves's perceived vulnerability and lack of Waynesian swagger etc. Canadians are more sensitive and less aggressive and all that stuff. Isn't that normal?

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1024. **Lindz Williamson**

More Movie talk.

Wed 30 Aug 1995

Keanu shouldn't speak. He's performing best when he just stands there with his mouth open, gazing into space. HE butchers some of the best dialogue from Henry IV in MY Own Private Idaho, which is a pretty good adaptation of Will's play. MAtt Dillian was the first choice for the part, but he was a little scared of the love scenes with Rlver, and didn't like being portrayed as a male prostitute as Drug Store Cowboy and the SE HInton films had type cast him enough already as the moody outsider. I also think that KEanu has ruined A Walk in the Clouds. It's such a beautiful film with a great cast, and then there's dork boy standing there. It turns my stomach.

Lindz

Hey I was thinking why don't we start doing limericks, there always oodles of fun. I'll start

There once was a girl from Moose Jaw
Who ran very far and saw . . .

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1025. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: Music and the Renga

Wed 30 Aug 1995

On 30 Aug 95 at 11:15, H. T. KIRBY-SMITH wrote:

I just this minute learned that a certain Guido of Arezzo, round about the year 1025, invented a way of combining poetry and music. He made each of the vowels equivalent to a note on a scale: a=C, e=D, i=E, o=F, and u=G.

Jackson MacLow did much the same thing (I wonder if he knew of GofA at the time?) in his Instruments pieces..

Speaking of MacLow: I'd like to quote a piece of his (the "Statement" from "The Poetics of the New American Poetry") on my Web page, since he explains stuff about poetry and anarchism far better than I could. How could I get permission? -----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1----- |||/ Joseph Zitt

==== [REDACTED] ===== Human Systems \\\| \\\| Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \\\| \\\|Joe Zitt's Home Page\|

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1026. **Jeffrey Timmons**

Re: More Movie talk.

Wed 30 Aug 1995

The best thing K. Reeves ever did was Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure.

Jeffrey Timmons

[↑ Contents](#)

1027. **Eryque Gleason**

Re: Renga

Wed 30 Aug 1995

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
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>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
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>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
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>denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
>pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
>mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> kook!"
>Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> warehouse, curls
>no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
> cleaners
>piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
>the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
>Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments

> to be
>of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were
> hooks.
>All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
>falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
>sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> fruit
>of subject's object status, violent transformation
>la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
>and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
>out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
>which explains why the pump is busted and why
>he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
>crap about not having a cousin on the moon
>capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
>prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
he through herself night outright read backwards this

Eryque "Just call me Eric" Gleason If I weren't a monkey, there'd 71 E.
32nd St. Box 949 be problems. Chicago, IL 60616



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1028. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga

Thu 31 Aug 1995

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>The caravan of windows to what they flee
>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
>& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> (inspection
>denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
>pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
>mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> kook!"
>Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> warehouse, curls
>no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
> cleaners
>piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
>the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
>Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments
> to be
>of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were
> hooks.
>All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
>falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
>sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> fruit
>of subject's object status, violent transformation
>la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead

>and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
>out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
>which explains why the pump is busted and why
>he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
>crap about not having a cousin on the moon
>capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
>prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
shimmy toward the portabello traction

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1029. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Renga

Thu 31 Aug 1995

>>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
>>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>>The caravan of windows to what they flee
>>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>>Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
>>& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>>kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
>>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>>flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
>>halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>> (inspection
>>denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
>>pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
>>mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>>when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
>> kook!"
>>Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
>> warehouse, curls
>>no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry

>> cleaners
>> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments
>> to be
>> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were
>> hooks.
>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
>> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
>> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
>> fruit
>> of subject's object status, violent transformation
>> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
>> and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
>> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
>> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>> saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
>> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>> uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
>> which explains why the pump is busted and why
>> he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
>> crap about not having a cousin on the moon
>> capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
>> prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> he through herself night outright read backwards this
petrified tangle of consonants supposed to mean

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1030. **Steve Carll**

Re: your mail

Thu 31 Aug 1995

>> Or, to bring the question into poetics list currency, let's note that renga
>> is, by tradition, a Japanese form. Japan's society is every bit as
>> patriarchal as, well, most of the others on the globe, last time I heard.

>> So are we importing the local Trojan Horse for Japanese-style patriarchy by
>> playing around with this form?

>>

>> Steve

>>

To which Jorge replies:

*And, let's not show any more of Shakespeare because when he was around
there were no female actors in his plays?*

*Did you notice that women have been active in the renga here? It's not a
boy thing.*

Well, that by itself doesn't affect my question; uncounted women throughout history have been complicit in their own oppression. But I'm really only playing devil's avocado here anyway, so I'll stop. I don't believe the form (and as A.L. Nielsen points out, we're using a pretty adapted form of the form anyway) necessarily sneaks its own intent in under that of the user, provided she's aware of what she's doing adapting the form for her use anyways.

Steve

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1031. **George Bowering**

Re: Renga!

Thu 31 Aug 1995

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several*

mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments
to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were
hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation, William
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging, Dean,
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten, Howells
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom^h
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
he through herself night outright read backwards this
petrified tangle of consonants supposed to mean
a lower on-base percentage in September, the long season

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1032. **George Bowering**

Re: limerick

Thu 31 Aug 1995

Lindz, your lines dont have limerick scansion.

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1033. **Ron Silliman**
Keanu, the living god

Thu 31 Aug 1995

But did you like him as Buddha in The Little Buddha?

Limerick is the name of a nuclear power plant on the other side of Valley Forge.

Ron

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1034. **R I Caddel**
New books

Thu 31 Aug 1995

Since Bill Corbett's cropped up on this list, it's worth giving a plug for his NEW AND SELECTED POEMS just out from Zoland Books, 246 pages of exact and physical writing as good as you'll get. Corbett was the subject of a special issue of LIFT magazine earlier this year.

Then there's a new SELECTED POEMS by John Riley from Carcanet. Riley was connected with the "Cambridge School" poets (Prynne, Crozier, Oliver etc), and to my mind his "Czargrad" (included in full in its final version in this edition) is one of the finest poems out of the UK in the last twenty years.

I've had two or three enquiries from US about recordings of Bunting: the best set is available from Richard Swigg, English Dept., Keele University, Keele, Staffs., ST5 5BG UK. Eight cassette set, including most of the major poems, some lectures and two interviews, \$100. "Briggflatts" (v.1 of this set) is available on its own, \$19. Cheques made to Keele University. The same outfit does all kinds of other tapes - Williams, Roy Fisher, MacDiarmid...

x x Richard Caddel, E-mail: R.I.Caddel @ durham.ac.uk x x Durham University Library, Phone: 0 [REDACTED] x x Stockton Rd. Durham DH1 3LY Fax: 0 [REDACTED]
x x "Words! Pens are too light.
Take a chisel to write." x x - Basil Bunting
x x x

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1035. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga

Thu 31 Aug 1995

On Wed, 30 Aug 1995, Jordan Davis. wrote:

- > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
- > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
- > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
- > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
- > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
- > The caravan of windows to what they flee
- > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
- > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
- > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
- > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
- > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
- > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
- > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
- > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
- > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
- > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
- > (inspection
- > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
- > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
- > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
- > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
- > kook!"
- > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
- > warehouse, curls
- > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
- > cleaners
- > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
- > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
- > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
- > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments
- > to be
- > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were
- > hooks.
- > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
- > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
- > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
- > fruit

> of subject's object status, violent transformation
> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> which explains why the pump is busted and why
> he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
what if the trees are conservative well i hate them

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1036. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga

Thu 31 Aug 1995

On Wed, 30 Aug 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
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> >The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> >& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> >flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's

> >halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > (inspection
> >denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> >pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> >mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> >when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > kook!"
> >Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > warehouse, curls
> >no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
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> >piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
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> >Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments
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> >of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were
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> >All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
> >falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> >sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
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> >of subject's object status, violent transformation
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> >shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> >flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> >by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> >through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> >and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> >saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> >out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> >uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> >which explains why the pump is busted and why
> >he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> >crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> >capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> >prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so

> shimmy toward the portabello traction
and I'll carry you to your logical conclusion, but don't

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1037. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga!

Thu 31 Aug 1995

On Thu, 31 Aug 1995, George Bowering wrote:

> >
> > >>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> > >>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > >>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > >>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > >>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > >>The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > >>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > >>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > >>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > >>Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> > >>& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > >>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > >>kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > >>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > >>flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > >>halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > >> (inspection
> > >>denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > >>pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > >>mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > >>when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > >> kook!"
> > >>Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > >> warehouse, curls
> > >>no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
> > >> cleaners
> > >>piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
> > >>the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > >>the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
> > >>Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments
> > >> to be
> > >>of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were

> > >> hooks.
> > >>All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
> > >>falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > >>sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> > >> fruit
> > >>of subject's object status, violent transformation, William
> > >>la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > >>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > >>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging, Dean,
> > >>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > >>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > >>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > >>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten, Howells
> > >>alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > >>and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > >>saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > >>out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom^h
> > >>inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > >>uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > >>which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > >>he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > >>crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > >>capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > >>prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > >he through herself night outright read backwards this
> > petrified tangle of consonants supposed to mean
> > >>a lower on-base percentage in September, the long season
and "The environmentalists are trying to destroy your daddy"

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1038. **Willa Jarnagin**

Re: New books

Thu 31 Aug 1995

On Thu, 31 Aug 1995, R I Caddel wrote:

Since Bill Corbett's cropped up on this list, it's worth giving a plug for his NEW AND SELECTED POEMS just out from Zoland Books, 246 pages of exact and physical writing as good as you'll get. Corbett was the subject of a special issue of LIFT magazine earlier this year.

YES!!! Bill's poems are great. He doesn't get half the attention he deserves. Check him out! If anyone is interested in getting the *lift* issue mentioned above, write to Joe Torra, 10R Oxford St., Somerville MA 02143.

Willa

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1039. **Jordan Davis.**

Re: Renga

Thu 31 Aug 1995

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> (inspection
> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
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> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> warehouse, curls
> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
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> to be
> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were
> hooks.
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> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> fruit
> of subject's object status, violent transformation
> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
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> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
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> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> which explains why the pump is busted and why
> he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
 what if the trees are conservative well i hate them
the emir said as much as any garrulous ill-advised backbiter

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1040. **Jordan Davis.**

Re: Renga!

Thu 31 Aug 1995

> > >>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> > >>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > >>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > >>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > >>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > >>The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > >>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > >>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > >>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > >>Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> > >>& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > >>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > >>kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she

> > >>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > >>flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > >>halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > >> (inspection
> > >>denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > >>pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > >>mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > >>when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > >> kook!"
> > >>Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > >> warehouse, curls
> > >>no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
> > >> cleaners
> > >>piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
> > >>the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > >>the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
> > >>Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments
> > >> to be
> > >>of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were
> > >> hooks.
> > >>All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
> > >>falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > >>sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> > >> fruit
> > >>of subject's object status, violent transformation, William
> > >>la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > >>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > >>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging, Dean,
> > >>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > >>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > >>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > >>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten, Howells
> > >>alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > >>and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > >>saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > >>out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom^h
> > >>inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > >>uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > >>which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > >>he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > >>crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > >>capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool

> > >>prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > >he through herself night outright read backwards this
> > petrified tangle of consonants supposed to mean
> > >>a lower on-base percentage in September, the long season
and "The environmentalists are trying to destroy your daddy"
but we are loving you madly upstairs in the evening

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1041. **Peter Larkin**

New Publication

Thu 31 Aug 1995

May I alert my fellow lurkers or loquacionists to the appearance of a new book of mine, from Spectacular Diseases: Seek Source Bid Sink. 28pp \$6.50, stlg3.00: For first passage times across general boundaries, consider earth in columns as of two soils, its start-away and sink-in. A net absorber, in open circuit, at the candour of origin.

The massable irreversible, simplifying new which is impotence in setting, a stride in sinking.

The publisher, Paul Green, also asks me to mention an earlier book, Six Affirmed (sic) Elegies (\$2.50, stlg1.00). Also: Spectacular Diseases Issue 10: Allen Fisher: SCRAM, or the transmutation of the concept of cities. \$7.50 stlg4.00 All this and much more is available from: Paul Green, Spectacular Diseases, 83B London Road, Peterborough PE2 9BS UK

Peter

Peter Larkin Philosophy & Literature Librarian
University of Warwick Library, Coventry CV4 7AL UK
Tel: 01203 524475 Fax: 01203 524211
Email: [REDACTED]

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1042. **Lindz Williamson**

Re: Keanu, the living god (fwd)

Thu 31 Aug 1995

No, I haven't seen little Buddha but a friend told me it was brutal. What was really killing me is that he was in Winnipeg doing Hamlet for a while, curiosity was ripping me apart. I assume he was better than Mel Gibson, at least I hope so. However, I'm really looking forward to Othello when it comes out, but I can't remember is Samuel L Jackson, or Lawrence Fishburne playing Othello?

And sorry about the wrong scansion in the limerick, the only ones I know are about some girl from Nantucket, and a large bucket.

And there is a group of New York poets that I read about a year ago, and I was wondering if anyone knew them or about them. They're called The Pussy Poets, in particular I'm interested in Kathy Ebel. She wrote this great poem called Driving Miss Lazy.

Lindz

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1043. **Loss Glazier**

"Related" Listservs

Thu 31 Aug 1995

EPC --> "Related" List Suggestions

I am revamping/building a list of "related" listservs, by not too restrictive a definition, other listservs that *may* be of interest to Poetics list people/visitors to the Electronic Poetry Center. I thought to expand this list in time for the EPC's grand opening on Sept. 1 at our new location. So, I would be most grateful if anyone who has a list (or lists) to suggest might send *directly to me* (I don't want to cause too much list traffic) info about lists they think I should include. Please send, along with the "handle" (acronym) of the list, its "name", a subscription address, and, only if you wish, a line or two about it. I thank you in advance, Loss

-->Loss Glazier

--> [REDACTED]

PS. If you can't get your suggestions to me by Sept. 1st, still send them, I can always update the list later.

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1044. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga!

Thu 31 Aug 1995

On Thu, 31 Aug 1995, Jordan Davis. wrote:

> > > >>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> > > >>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > > >>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > >>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > > >>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > >>The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > >>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > >>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > >>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > >>Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> > > >>& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > > >>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > >>kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > > >>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > >>flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > > >>halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > > >> (inspection
> > > >>denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > > >>pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > > >>mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > > >>when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > > >> kook!"
> > > >>Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > > >> warehouse, curls
> > > >>no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
> > > >> cleaners
> > > >>piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
> > > >>the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > > >>the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
> > > >>Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments
> > > >> to be
> > > >>of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were
> > > >> hooks.
> > > >>All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
> > > >>falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > > >>sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> > > >> fruit
> > > >>of subject's object status, violent transformation, William
> > > >>la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > > >>and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > > >>shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging, Dean,
> > > >>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > >>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > >>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > >>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten, Howells

> > > >>alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > > >>and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > >>saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > > >>out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom^h
> > > >>inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > >>uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > > >>which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > > >>he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > > >>crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > > >>capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > > >>prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > > >he through herself night outright read backwards this
> > > petrified tangle of consonants supposed to mean
> > > >>a lower on-base percentage in September, the long season
> and "The environmentalists are trying to destroy your daddy"
> but we are loving you madly upstairs in the evening.

However, can you put that heuristic chainsaw down? Thanks!

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1045. **Daniel Bouchard/College/hmco**

Fate

Thu 31 Aug 1995

This list is pretty handy. Had I not posted that Laughlin and Corbett were reading in Boston on 9/14, I might never have found out that Rae A. was reading in Providence on the same night. This posed a dilemma. Walk a few blocks in Boston, or amtrak to RI? As it turns out, the hosting bookshop in Boston burst into flames last night, and will be lucky if they open by Xmas. Gale: what time does the reading start and where is it being held?

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1046. **Patrick Phillips**

Re: Fate

Thu 31 Aug 1995

Daniel Bouchard writes:

As it turns out, the hosting bookshop in Boston
>burst into flames last night, and will be lucky if they open by Xmas.

Which bookstore?!

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1047. **Gale Nelson**

Re: Fate

Thu 31 Aug 1995

Rae Armantrout reads on Thursday, 14 September at 8 p.m. in the Russell Lab, T.F. Green Building (not the airport out in Warwick). T.F. Green is located at 5 Young Orchard.

Directions:

Take Highway 95 to

Highway 195 East (the only direction you can go, as this is the start of the highway)

Highway 195 to exit 3 (Gano St.)

From the offramp, turn Right onto Gano St.

Turn left onto Power St.

Turn right onto Hope St.

Park where parking is available.

Young Orchard is one street north of Power.

Any additional questions, please feel free to call [REDACTED]

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1048. **Jeffrey Timmons**

Re: Rejected posting to [REDACTED] (fwd)

Thu 31 Aug 1995

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Mon, 28 Aug 1995 19:51:33 -0700 (MST)

From: [REDACTED]

To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>

Cc: Multiple recipients of list POETICS <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Re: Rejected posting to [REDACTED]

I found Julianna's comments very interesting--particularly (and I don't want to beat any dead animals here) as they related to "outsiders" intruding into the POETICS listserv. I think it is good--even if the interlocutor (sp) was not up to snuff for some folks--that we attempt to engage those that do not share our ideology. I think we lose twice when we first reject those that do not share our views and then vent on them. I only skimmed the whole exchange so forgive me if I'm not seeing this thing clearly enough. Also, her comments about teaching "alternative" poetry were great. It is worthwhile, I believe, to discuss the success or failures of such classroom (or other) experiences with other than "mainstream" poetries (and we all know it when we see it. I guess one question might be, is identification necessary for the aesthetic experience? I mean, is

identification with poetry taught as a way to engage with it? I am curious as to why such a mode of response seems so prevalent. I'd like to see more discussion of such work with poetry.

Jeffrey Timmons

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1049. **George Bowering**

Re: Renga!

Thu 31 Aug 1995

>
> > > >>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> > > >>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > > >>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > >>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > >>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > >>The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > >>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > >>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > >>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > >>Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> > > >>& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > > >>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > >>kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > > >>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > >>flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > > >>halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > > >> (inspection
> > > >>denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > > >>pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > > >>mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > > >>when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > > >> kook!"
> > > >>Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > > >> warehouse, curls
> > > >>no ideas but in the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at
the dry > > > >> cleaners
> > > >>piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
> > > >>the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > > >>the odor day boy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
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> > > >>Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments

> > > >> to be
> > > >>of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were
> > > >> hooks.
> > > >>All belled like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
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> > > >>falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > > >>sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
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> > > >>of subject's object status, violent transformation, William
> > > >>la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
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> > > >>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > >>by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
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> > > >>and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
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> > > >>capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > > >>prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > > >he through herself night outright read backwards this
> > > >petrified tangle of consonants supposed to mean
> > > >>a lower on-base percentage in September, the long season
> and "The environmentalists are trying to destroy your daddy"
> > > >>but we are loving you madly upstairs in the evening
> > > >>l'abondance des touchers, ni la lenteur furtive,

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1050. **Jordan Davis.**

re pussy poets

Thu 31 Aug 1995

Lindz

The pussy poets disbanded sometime late last year. Janice Erlbaum has been writing her memoirs for a free paper, the New York Press, which is slated for

demolition as soon as Time Out New York hits the stands at the end of September. Janice also works for a local online service as a facilitator and she reads around NY quite a bit. Douglass Rothschild alias Tony Door and Janice hosted a talk show at the Poetry Project for a while last year. Kathy Ebel is the only other pussy poet _I_ know, and though I don't know "Driving Miss Lazy" I do like her work at least as much as Janice's. I haven't seen the other two around lately (on the street or the Poetry Calendar)... anybody else have info?

Jordan

PS the pussy poets was a group of four young women in NYC who read performed rapped sang their poetry together, something like the Last Poets or Cayenne or bloodtest (correct name?) groups

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1051. **Jordan Davis.**

Re: Renga!

Thu 31 Aug 1995

> > > >>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> > > >>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > > >>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > >>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
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> > > >>Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
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> > > >>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > >>kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
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> > > >>flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
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> > > >>inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
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> > > >he through herself night outright read backwards this
> > > petrified tangle of consonants supposed to mean
> > > >>a lower on-base percentage in September, the long season
> and "The environmentalists are trying to destroy your daddy"
> but we are loving you madly upstairs in the evening.

However, can you put that heuristic chainsaw down? Thanks!
Hey! Hey! Hey! Stripmine your family! Encode your boredom!

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1052. **Jeffrey Timmons**

Re: Help..

Thu 31 Aug 1995

On Mon, 28 Aug 1995, Lindz Williamson wrote:

I still see poetry as a form of communication as that is the primary use of language. POetry

although not directly conversive still does perform this task, why eles do

> we feel the need to write poems in response to other poems. Or even why

> do we renga? Word play, concrete images, and phonetics are experiments

> within the realm, but communication is the goal. If not then why bother

> showing it to anyone else. If its not going to invoke emotion or atleast

> a reaction then I don't understand the purpose.

However, the sorts of responses generated by poetry--and I'll include music or, even more generally, sound--are not necessarily communicative, or even concerned with communicating a specific intention. I agree that evoking response of some sort is commonly assumed to be at the root of poetry--sound, aesthetics--but limiting it to communication is a highly instrumental or use-value point of view. That is, it tends, as I see it, to reduce poetry--art in general--to its functionality, when in fact much can be made of the fact that 20th century aesthetics deliberately upsets such notions. That seems to be an important aspect of non-referentiality, to upset such clearly instrumental perspectives of art. When I listen to "noise"--as in deliberately produced as art noise-- I do not hear communication, but the upsetting of the very basis of communication. I live in it and relish it for its simple inversion of the ideology of opacity that permeates our lives. Or something like that....

Jeffrey Timmons

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